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American

Wm. L. Chapin
13. March 1828

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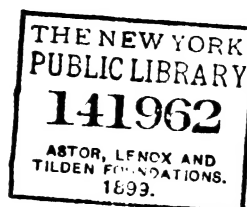
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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 3, 1827.

[No. 1]

MASONIC RECORD.

*Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ.*—[*Juv. Sat.*]

[From a correspondent.]

In the year 1781, a young American merchant, settled in France, employed several Nuns in a Convent at Nantes, to execute a variety of masonic ornaments, including aprons, with the American and French flags intertwined, emblematical of the happy union then subsisting between the two countries. They were elegantly executed, and were sent as a present to General WASHINGTON, accompanied by a masonic address. The year following (being the last year of the revolutionary war), the same merchant, while travelling in England, received a letter of which the following is a copy, which had made the tour of England in pursuit of him. Had the various post offices through whose hands the letter passed, known they were transmitting the signature of the immortal Washington, at that crisis of the Revolution, what would have been their sensations?

State of New York, August 10, 1782.

"Gentlemen—The masonic ornaments which accompanied your brotherly address of the 23d January last, though elegant in themselves, were rendered more valuable by the flattering sentiments, and affectionate manner in which they were presented.

"If my endeavours to avert the evil with which this country was threatened by a deliberate plan of tyranny, should be crowned with the success that is wished, the praise is due to the *Grand Architect* of the Universe, who did not see fit to suffer his superstructures and justice to be subjected to the ambition of the Princes of this world, or to the rod of oppression in the hands of any power on earth.

"For your affectionate vows permit me to be grateful, and to offer mine for true brothers in all parts of the world, of whatever nation, and to assure you of the sincerity with which I am yours.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Messrs Watson & Cossard, East of Nantes, France.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS,

Delivered by M. W. G. M. De Witt Clinton, to the M. W. the Grand Lodge of New-York, 5806.

The principle of association, which is implanted in our nature by the author and dispenser of all good, is calculated to produce the same beneficial end in the moral, that the power of attraction does in the natural, world. This propensity to associate may be observed in every stage of society, from the rude hunter of the forest, to the polished inhabitant of the city; from the first elements of simple societies, to the more complicated and expanded associations. Whether it is an instinct or a habit; whether it is the dictate of powerful unerring nature, operating for the benefit of the subject, or the result of prudence and reason, consulting individual as well as general good, it is not necessary to investigate. We feel and we know that it predominates over our species; that it operates with the power of both those causes; and that, whether it exhibits itself in families, in literary and benevolent institutions, or in nations, its spirit is good and its object beneficent. The absence of this principle in men, or in other animals, is generally attended with ferocious and sanguinary propensities: and wherever it prevails, we find our nature improved, our felicities increased, and the general condition of society ameliorated. The gloomy anchorite, the unfeeling fanatic, and the repulsive misanthropist, always inshroud them-

selves in solitude, and seek in vain for that happiness which they failed of obtaining on the busy theatre of the world. Independent of those associations which may be denominated natural, we observe voluntary societies springing up in a thousand shapes, for the improvement of our physical, mental, or moral faculties. Of all the institutions however, which have been established for the purpose of improving our condition, none are more numerous and more beneficial than charitable ones, which are as diversified as the various wants and miseries of man. Amongst associations of this description, freemasonry stands as pre-eminent in usefulness as it is in age. Its origin is lost in the abyss of unexplored antiquity. No historical records, no traditionary accounts, can point out the time, the place, or the manner of its commencement. While some have endeavored to discover its footsteps amongst the master builders and artists engaged in the construction of the first Jewish temple, others have attempted to trace it to the Eleusinian mysteries, which are said to have taught the immortality of the soul, and the other sublime truths of natural religion. Some again have ascribed its rise to the sainted heroes of the crusades, while others have endeavored to penetrate the mysteries of the Druids, and to discover its origin amongst the wise men of that institution. Amidst this uncertainty which must ever result from the absence of written history, our safest course is to avoid a particular conclusion, and to rest satisfied with the general conviction, that our society is the most ancient benevolent institution in the world. It is remarked by an elegant and profound delineator of nature, that no other species but that of man is generally diffused over the globe. The assimilation of his nature to every clime and country indicates his excellence and demonstrates his superiority. This remark may be applied, with some modification, to our institution. While other societies are either ephemeral in point of duration, or limited in respect to place, freemasonry is coextensive with the enlightened part of the human race, and has raised its insignia in every quarter of the globe. Wherever man in his cultivated state fixes his habitation, freemasonry may be seen enlightening and consoling him. No diversity of religion or form of government opposes barriers to her progress. Amid the dark clouds of fanaticism and despotism she may be seen shining with unsullied brightness, diffusing light and imparting joy. In countries where one man's happiness is the cause of all men's misery, we observe with astonishment the ardour with which our institution is cultivated, and the eagerness with which it is embraced by all descriptions of men; but our astonishment must cease when we reflect that it inculcates the natural equality of mankind: it declares that all brethren are upon a level: it admits of no rank except the priority of merit, and its only aristocracy is the nobility of virtue. The avidity therefore, with which men resort, in despotic countries, to the standard of freemasonry, is the effort of nature to recover her original rights, and to surmount the corruptions of society. Amidst the pleasing intercourse of brethren, the artificial distinctions of rank and office, and the adventitious advantages of wealth, are lost. Seeing the strong hold which masonry has upon the human heart; that it intertwines itself with the best sympathies of our nature, and is approved by the most enlightened faculties of the mind; that all the terrors of punishment—that even the horrid inquisition has not been able to destroy the institution; that like the true religion, it has flourished on the bloodstained soil of persecution: the despotic ruler, perceiving these striking characters of freemasonry, and despairing of extirpating it, has endeavored to make it an engine of state, or to regulate it in a way most conformable to his interest. Hence he has frequently descended from his throne, approached with reverential awe our sacred altars and mingled freely among the brotherhood. The beneficent and enlightened ruler, although clothed with unlimited

power, yet anxious for the good of his subjects, cannot fail of countenancing an institution calculated to produce so much benefit to mankind. Hence, from different motives, and with various views, our society has been encouraged and fostered in the most ungenial climes. Its progress in free nations, where law, liberty, and good order prevail, has been singularly great; but, in these United States, it has attained an elevation and a perfection unequalled in other countries. It travels with our population from the Atlantic to the Michigan; from the St. Lawrence to the Missouri: it flourishes in the sequestered hamlet as well as in the wealthy city—it is embraced by all descriptions of men as a softener of the cares and an improver of the felicities of life. In this country, where there is so little poverty, masonry in the restricted sense of pecuniary beneficence is not so essential as in other countries, where man is reduced to the most abject state; but in its more comprehensive signification of benevolence in general, and as a school where all the friendly affections of the heart, and all the delightful charities of life are taught and cherished, it is deservedly ranked amongst the most important establishments.

The state of society, of government, and of knowledge with us, is admirably calculated to countenance and encourage freemasonry: like seed thrown into a congenial soil, it has flourished accordingly. Some of its most important doctrines are here practically illustrated in the condition of our species. Man here recovers his dignity: he no longer exists a slave. All institutions which ennoble his nature, which elevate his mind and purify his heart, must be cherished by him in proportion as he feels, in his own experience, the importance of those objects; and he is certainly better qualified to receive and to foster the doctrines of masonry, than if he were the slave of ignorance and despotism. There can be no doubt but that much of our flourishing condition is to be attributed to this source. Masonry, considered as a moral benevolent institution, will unquestionably prefer those stations where she observes man in his most dignified and happy form: and as an intellectual establishment, where can she be more gratified in beholding the diffusion of knowledge and the supremacy of mind, than in this country?

The purity of freemasonry, here, has no doubt, had an auspicious tendency in promoting its prosperity. It is vain to conceal that our institution has in various countries been adulterated and degraded by the arts of designing and interested men. The distinction between ancient and modern masonry, which occurred in England a long time ago, is well known; but Germany has been the prolific parent of a thousand devices, intended to sport with public credulity, and calculated to degrade the simplicity and beauty of our society. The great landmarks have been broken down: the genuine degrees of freemasonry have been considered as initiative steps into more elevated orders, and more sublime mysteries; with a view of gain or gratifying that taste for frivolous parade which is the natural companion of frivolous minds, a great number of orders have been invented as connected with and more exalted than freemasonry. They are decorated with stars and ribbands and garters, and other insignia—all calculated to mislead the weak, the frivolous and the vain. They are attended with all the pomp and mystery and solemnity which the imagination can invent. They are imposed upon their credulous votaries as the offspring of heroic achievements—as the establishment of sages who administered before the oracles of God—or as the invention of heaven-endowed philosophers, possessed of all the secrets of nature—of the immortal elixir—the philosopher's stone, and the powers of invisibility and ubiquity. Such gross impostures being invented and practised in most instances by unworthy brethren and being ingrafted upon our institution, have tended to degrade and debase genuine freemasonry. In this country, ancient masonry, as used and taught for ages, ex-

ists in its pure unsophisticated shape: its venerable simplicity has not been invaded by the rude hands of modern barbarians; its sublime doctrines have not been sullied by the ridiculous fables of wretched adventurers—nor have its beautiful ceremonies been ridiculed by the empirical parade and disgusting mummery of recreants and cowards.

The exertions of some individuals have had a signal effect in exalting the institution. At the close of the revolutionary war, some distinguished brethren applied themselves with zeal and industry in rebuilding the masonic temple, which had been nearly destroyed. This generous spirit was communicated to others; and to this original and continued impulse, we are indebted for much of the ground we now occupy. Some of the brethren of whom I now speak, have gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Many of us have witnessed—all of us have heard of their laudable exertions. No pains were spared—no talents were unemployed by them in their honorable career: that enthusiasm which they felt they communicated; and before they descended to the silent tomb, they had the satisfaction of seeing their efforts crowned with success, and their most sanguine anticipations surpassed. Had I time or the talents, I would pronounce their eulogium—but I cheerfully submit the task to the grateful feelings which animate the bosoms of all who hear me: that they will enjoy the rewards of benevolence in another and a better world, cannot be doubted.

But turning from a subject, calculated to operate so much upon our sensibility, and to excite the mingled emotions of sorrow and joy, let us render the justice due to the paternal and superintending care of the grand lodge and its officers. A good government, a flourishing community, cannot exist without good rulers as well as good laws. It is impossible that our institution could have attained such an elevation in feeble and unworthy hands. The success of your past efforts, will doubtless serve as a stimulus to future exertions.

ELECTIONS.

Amber Chapter, No. 69, Skaneateles, Onondaga co.
James M. Allen, High Priest; John Richards, King; Killian H. Van Rensselaer, Scribe; Benjamin Trumbull, Secretary; John Van Benthuysen, Treasurer.

Village Lodge, No. 456, Skaneateles, Onondaga co.
James M. Allen, W. M.; William Gibbs, S. W.; Augustus Hickox, J. W.; Stephen Horton, Secretary; Charles Pardee, Treasurer.

Western Light Lodge, No. 105, Lisle, Broome co.
Elected December 13, 5826:—Nathaniel Bosworth, W. M.; Cyrus Salisbury, S. W.; Samuel M. Hunt, J. W.; Carding Jackson, Treasurer; George Wheeler, Secretary; Lyman Richards, S. D.; Henry Sherwood, J. D.; David Clark, 2d, Tyler; Abijah Sherwood, James Campbell, Stewards; Daniel Sherwood, Pelatiah B. Brooks, Ira Seymour, Censors; Joshua Baker, Marshal.

During the past year about twenty brethren have been initiated in the above Lodge.

Regular communications, Wednesday preceding full moon.

Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

Installed December 27, 5826:—John Soley, Esq. of Charlestown, G. M.; Rev. John Bartlett, of Marblehead, D. G. M.; Hon. John Keyes, of Concord, S. G. W.; Hon. John Mills, of Southwick, J. G. W.; John J. Loring, Esq. of Boston, G. T.; Thomas Power, Esq. of Boston, G. R. S.; W. J. Whipple, Esq. of Cambridge, G. C. S.; Ferdinand E. White, Esq. of Boston, G. Marshal.

Grand Chaplains. Rev. Paul Dean, Boston; Samuel Clark, Princetown; Wilkes Allen, Chelmsford; Benj. Hutton, Canton; James Sabine, Samuel Barrett, Boston.

James A. Dickson, S. G. Deacon; B. B. Appleton, J. G. Deacon, Boston.

Grand Stewards. Michael Roulstone, Daniel Baxter, jun. Elias Haskell, David Parker, Boston. Thomas J. Goodwin, Charlestown, G. S. B.

Grand Pursuivants. G. G. Smith, J. P. Bigelow, Esq. Boston. Josiah Baldwin, Boston, Grand Tyler.

Committee on Charity. Ferdinand E. White, B. B. Appleton, Elias Haskell, David Parker, Gilbert Nurse.

Grand Lodge of Ohio.

Elected January 9, 5827, at the annual session held in Columbus:—M. W. John M. Goodenow, Grand Master; R. W. Thomas Colwin, Deputy Grand Master; R. W. William R. Foster, Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Roswell Stone, Junior Grand Warden; L. Lincoln Goodale, Grand Treasurer; W. Bela Satham, Grand Secretary; W. Walter M. Blake, Grand Marshal; Rev. and W. George C. Sedgwick, Grand Chaplain; W. Robert T. Lytle, Grand Orator; W. David Spangler, Grand Senior Deacon; W. William Coolman, Grand Junior Deacon; W. William Fielding, Grand Lecturer; W. William John, Grand Tyler.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&3 Tu. e. m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e. m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Th. e. m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Tue. e. m.
Indefatigable Lodge,	Albany,	
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e. m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3 M. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	1st Tu. e. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	3d Tu. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	3d M. e. m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. aff. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. aff. f. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. aff. f. m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

VISION AND COLOURS.

In the second part of the tenth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, is a paper on this curious and interesting subject, by Mr. Harvey. The person possessing the remarkable peculiarities of vision described in the paper, is, it appears, sixty years of age; who, having served in early life an apprenticeship to a farmer, but disliking agricultural pursuits, became a tailor, and entering afterwards the navy, served in several general actions. After quitting sea-service, he resumed his trade, in the employment of which he now continues. From his childhood, it appears, he was unable to point out colours by their proper names, or, except in a few cases, to distinguish one color from another. From the nature of his avocation, this unfortunate circumstance must, of course, have often been to him the source of much inconvenience; and during his whole life, it appears, he has found the utmost embarrassment from it. He has remarked to Mr. Harvey, that his inability to distinguish colours has cut him off from the enjoyment of many innocent and harmless pleasures. If a painting were placed before him, abounding with the most beautiful varieties of color, it would only present a dull and cloudy appearance; and hence he has never made a practice of stopping at print-shops, or of visiting any scenic representations. In early life, Mr. Harvey informs us, he once visited a panoramic exhibition, and remarked that his mortification was extreme when he found every one around him delighted with the splendour of the scenes, whereas, to him, to adopt his own words, the whole presented "a smoky appearance." The face of nature, which to the perfectly organized eye presents so many exquisite varieties of color, and so many beautiful varieties of light and shade, has always appeared to him under a dark and murky aspect. While others have contemplated with high gratification the splendour of the setting sun, or the glory of the rainbow, he has seen but little to admire;

and, when led by the chances of a seaman's life into the Mediterranean, where a bright sun and a pure and cloudless sky lend to the glowing tints and the vivid colouring of nature charms unknown to the climates of the North, the contrast produced no peculiar effect on him; nor has this arisen from a morbid constitution of mind—for, on the contrary, he is remarkably happy and cheerful; and, from all the information Mr. Harvey has been able to obtain respecting him, has always been distinguished for his steadiness, cheerfulness, and good conduct. After these general observations, Mr. Harvey proceeds to illustrate some of the remarkable peculiarities of the case, by striking and appropriate examples. Being desired to repair an article of dress that required black silk, he employed crimson; and a similar mistake occurred on two other occasions. On another occasion he compounded sky-blue with green, when repairing an article of dress; and once, when a young gentleman's dark blue coat was brought to him for immediate repair, the mother of the lad was surprised to find the elbow of the coat repaired with crimson; indigo and Prussian-blue he regarded as black; China and azure-blue, he considered to be blue, but thought them good matches for carmine-red, when placed by its side; ultramarine-blue he thought to be the same as lake-red.

VOLCANOES.

Professor Daubeny remarks that there are ten volcanoes in the Japan Islands, but so little is known of them or of any thing relating to those islands, that some account of the devastation occasioned by volcanic agency in Nippon and Kiou Siou, the most central of that group, may excite some interest. The particulars are given by M. Fittingh, and may have undergone some alteration from having been translated from the original Dutch, through the French, into English. A minute account of a series of earthquakes, eruptions, and showers of sand, and red hot stones, inundations, and other volcanic phenomena, prevailed during ten years, in which twenty-seven villages were swallowed up or overwhelmed. The details are somewhat prolix, and we omit them, except the following account of the destruction of Kiou Siou, the most westerly of the volcanic islands of Japan. [N. Y. Times.]

From the *Annals of Philosophy*, Dec. 1826.

In 1793, a first shock was felt, with a motion which lasted upwards of an hour and a half, and became more and more violent, threatening all around with instant destruction. It was not long before several houses were engulfed with their inhabitants, which seemed to be the signal for most dreadful disasters. The cries of men and animals aggravated the horrors of the catastrophe. Prodigious rocks, rolling from the mountain, overthrew and crushed every thing that happened to be in their way.

A tremendous noise, resembling loud and repeated discharges of artillery, was heard under ground and in the air: at length, when the danger was supposed to be over, a horrible eruption of Mount Miyayama took place; the greatest part of it was exploded into the air, fell into the sea, and by its fall raised the water to such a height as to inundate both the town and country. At the same time, an enormous quantity of water issuing from the cliffs of the mountain, met the sea-water in the streets, and produced whirlpools, which, in some places, washed away the foundations of houses, so as not to leave a vestige of habitations. Men and beasts were drowned in the flood. Some were found suspended from the tree, others standing upright, others kneeling, and others again on their heads in the mud, and the streets were strewn with dead bodies. Out of all who fled, a very few only escaped. The cries of those who were still alive beneath the ruins, pierced the heart, and no assistance could be rendered them.

The tubs which are used in Japan, instead of coffins, for burying the dead, were uncovered in the cemeteries, or broken, the large stones laid over them having been carried away by the torrent. Thus the whole country was at once transformed to a desert; but the province of Figo, opposite to Sitabara is reduced to a still more deplorable state. Its form is entirely changed: not the least trace of what it was can now be discovered. A great number of vessels in the neighborhood went to the bot-

tom; and an incredible number of carcasses of men and beasts, and other wrecks, were brought down by the current, so that the ships could scarcely force a passage through them. The wretchedness that every where prevails is inexpressible, and fills the spectator with horror. The number known to have perished exceeds 53,000; and it is impossible to describe the consternation produced by this catastrophe.

BLUE, FROM WOOD.

A new method of preparing wood, for dying in blue, has been read by Messrs. Robiquet and Colin, before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, the title of which is "Researches on the colouring principle in wood." By means of a new process those chemists have succeeded in obtaining very expeditiously and economically that precious article, which now sells from fourteen to fifteen francs an ounce. They designate under the name of alizarine the tinctorial matter in wood, which they believe to have obtained in its greatest purity by the following process. Their researches had induced them to propose the alcoholic fermentation, which disengages all heterogeneous substances, which might impair its beauty, at the same time that it does no injury to its fine coloring substance. But they now propose the following method, as being much more expeditious. Grind well the wood, and add two or three parts of clear water, subject the whole to a very strong pressure, repeat the same operation for three successive times, bruise well the residue and suffer it to be thus exposed to a liquid bath with five or six parts of water added to it, in which a sufficient quantity of allum has been previously dissolved; afterwards strain well that liquid and precipitate it by an addition of subcarbonate of soda. The precipitate thus produced must be very carefully washed in clear water. The maceration in alum water is then continued till it becomes of a properly thick consistence. By the above process you obtain in three hours a result which by the old method required as many months.

WET ROT.

Centuries, as the chemists know, would be inefficient to destroy charcoal by moisture; it would rather turn to stoue. The quickest decay of out-door posts, gate-posts, and all other wooden uprights in or upon the ground, exposed to changes of weather, though ever so well painted or pitched, or covered with coal-tar, is always at the foot. To prevent which, that end of the post which is inserted in the ground, or the under part of wooden thresholds, or quartering used as the ribs of ground-floors, should be charred, coated, or encrusted with charcoal, something more than coopers do the inside of barrels; (whether so intended or not, barrels best charred remain the sweetest, and are most easily cleansed after exposure to air.) The most ready way to apply intense heat, without so much flame as materially to reduce the dimensions of the wood, is to make red a heavy bar or plate of iron, and pass it over the surface of the wood, until nothing but blackness is to be seen. Shakes or cracks should be treated in the same manner, with a red-hot hatchet, or bay-knife blade, so that the charcoal case may let in no portion of moisture.

NEW STEAM CARRIAGE.

The Reading-room of the Mechanics' Institute, in Hull, England, was crowded, in November last, to witness the exhibition of a model of a steam carriage to run on common roads. This machine weighs 82 oz. is eleven inches in length, has three wheels, and is guided by a lever in front. The boiler and engine are placed in the hinder part of the carriage: the steam cylinder is half an inch bore; and the stroke of the piston is seven-eighths of an inch. The eighth part of a pint of water being put into the boiler (which is heated by a tallow lamp,) causes it to go for the space of half an hour. It will turn in a circle, the diameter of which is only twice the length of the carriage, and the inner wheel will form the centre of its motion. It is capable of being backed in a moment with the greatest ease, and when allowed to run in a straight direction, at its greatest speed, will proceed at the rate of upwards of five miles per hour. The youth-

ful inventor is a clerk, and the machine is the production of his leisure hours.

THE ANTIQUARY.

AMPHITHEATRE OF VERONA.

This celebrated structure was supposed to have been built about the time of the Emperor Adrian, its diameter according to Lalande, is four hundred and sixty-four feet, by three hundred and sixty-seven: and that of the arena two hundred and twenty-five, by one hundred and thirty-three: its circumference one thousand and three hundred and thirty-one feet. It had four stories, and the total height was 120 feet.

There were forty-five rows of seats, which could contain 22,000 persons: the whole building was erected without cement, and joined and secured by iron cramps, overlaid with lead. The ferocious disposition of the Romans, was immoderately fond of every species of amusement, which was of a bloody or horrible nature. In the amphitheatres they witnessed gladiators contending together, or entering the lists with wild beasts, which were hunted, or encountered, or left to devour each other, according to the humour of the times, or the taste of him who gave the entertainments.

It appears also that criminals were sometimes forced to fight with those ferocious creatures, for the gratification of the Roman people; and in the days of Christianity, many of the Christians suffered death in this brutal manner. It is also reported, that artificial mountains were sometimes constructed with caves below, whence these devouring animals rushed forth to attack their prey. Lucius Metellus brought the elephants which were part of the Carthaginian spoil, into the circus, in the year of the city five hundred and two; and this proved the cause of the introduction of wild beasts into the spectacles of Rome. The number of wild beasts that could stand together in the arena has been calculated to be 10,779. Titus exhibited 5000 in one day, and Probus 4000 ostriches, bears, deer, ibexes, wild sheep, and other graminivorous animals, amidst a forest which had been transplanted into the amphitheatre. Pompey exhibited in the last five days of his spectacles, 400 tigers, 500 lions, several elephants, and rhinoceroses, and other strange beasts from Ethiopia.

THE HUMOURIST.

[A volume has lately issued from the London press, under the title of *Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse*, by Thomas Hood, author of *Addresses to Great People*, &c. This volume is illustrated with forty original designs. Mr. Hood's puns are as palpable in his plates as in his pages. In order that the reader may properly understand "My aunt Shakerly," we will give him an idea of one of these punning pictures. Under the head of "a Spoiled Child," is an enormous fat woman who has just sat down upon a chair upon which an infant was sleeping; she is, unconscious of the mischief done, reading the accidents and offences of the *Morning Herald*; the head of one paragraph is very plainly, "Child Killed." "My aunt Shakerly" is the illustration.]

MY AUNT SHAKERLY.

My aunt Shakerly was of an enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth; how, then, should I have ventured to trace, like mapping in a continent, the surpassing boundaries of my aunt Shakerly! What a visage was hers!—the cheeks a pair of hemispheres;—her neck literally swallowed up by supplementary chin;—her arm cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster;—her body like the featherbed, of Ware. Her waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh;—her an-

kles overlapped her shoes. With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary. When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the waterman. With looks purposely averted, he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair. The hackney coach driver whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals, had just broken his poles. Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street, through the narrow pavements;—others, like the Hill of Holborn, from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible incumbance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her. That, the celestial staircase was without a landing. For a person of her elephantine proportions, my aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgencies, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers;—it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly, were blasted in the bud. Oh, my tender cousin** (for thou wert yet unbaptised) Oh, would thou hadst been,—my little babe cousin—of a savager mother born! For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantle shelf, or behind the kitchen door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair! In the meantime, the "Herald" came. Next to an easy seat, my aunt dearly loved a police newspaper;—when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer,—the world and the roasting-jack stood equally still; so without a second thought she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath—found its way into the upper air—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear. My aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone thro' the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise,—which was suddenly;—the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rat ran out together; as they are said to do from a falling house. "Heyday!" said my uncle, above stairs as he staggered from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket book for the royal birth day. But the almanac not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid—and there lay my aunt, stretched on the parlour floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words,—"Ah—the apoplexy!" Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body edgeways, he did not perceive it.—When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she neighbor called in, and asked if we should not have the coroner to sit on the body; but my uncle replied; "There was no need." "But in cases, Mr Shakerly, where the death is not natural," "My dear madam," interrupted my uncle, "it was a natural death enough."

Apology for Absence. A conceited young man asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it, you were never missed."

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

UGOLINO, THE BANDIT;

OR, THE REVENGE.

O, sweet revenge!
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of human woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the Hydra of calamities;
The seven-fold death; the jealous are the damn'd.
Oh, jealousy, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments, thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire! (Dr. Young.)

At the foot of a celebrated mountain in Italy, is still to be seen, the cave of Ugolino, the Bandit. Never did the biographer record a more ferocious character, though he possessed those brilliant traits of intellect which might have rendered him illustrious, had his inclinations led him to the paths of virtue. Impetuous in his temper, he was easily led away by passion; and unrelenting in his disposition, his revenge, when once determined, could never be relinquished, though opposing barriers might present themselves, which, to others, of less determined character, would appear insurmountable. Fear never swayed the soul of Ugolino; and he looked with contempt on him whose mind would ever swerve from its firm resolves. Nor less fortified against fear was the soul of Ugolino than his athletic and gigantic frame. Though he had once moved in the highest circles of society, where luxury and voluptuous indulgence too often beget effeminacy and imbecility, both of body and mind, yet his active spirit had preserved him from the contagion, and had ever urged him to daring deeds, and the overthrow of every obstacle which sprung up in his path. From small causes great effects have proceeded, and revolutions have been the consequence of trifling disputes. Such had been the case in the soul of Ugolino. He who had been the admiration and the admirer, had now become the foe of man. His soul in its dark visions brooded over the injury he had received, and was constantly planning schemes of revenge. Night and day, he sat in his dark dwelling and meditated on vengeance.

In the very wildest spot in nature, amid the almost impenetrable gloom of a wilderness, was situated the cave of Ugolino, the Bandit. Seldom was the silence of that dark woodland broken, save by the nightly band who attended the councils of Ugolino. The gloom of that spot was congenial to his soul; and there he gathered his band around the midnight lamp, to lay plans for the accumulation of wealth and the destruction of those who had incurred his displeasure. Ugolino was the terror of the country; but none knew or could discover his abode, for it could only be approached by climbing almost perpendicular rocks, and then sliding down a tremendous precipice, which would have made any shudder but the daring followers of the Bandit. Ugolino became sullen to his comrades; and three nights they came to the dismal cave, but still he had but little to say, appearing to be deeply absorbed in thought.

"Why are you so lost to your comrades, Ugolino?" said Petrini, as he took up a bag of gold from a corner of the cave. "Cheer up, our brave leader, melancholy but ill becomes the daring soul of a bandit."

"Hear, then, comrades," said Ugolino, "the cause of my musing melancholy. You all remember, that some seven years since, my character shone conspicuous in Naples, and that my family stood in the first rank of society. Since then, you know, I have fallen to be the enemy of man, and now I shall relate to you the story of my wrongs. Ere I arrived at manhood, I wedded the beautiful, the accomplished Cornelia, with whom I lived as happily as man can be on earth. Time sped on, and the beautiful Cornelia gave to my arms a lovely daughter, whom I called Cornelia, in honor of her mother. I watched over the little cherub's infancy with all the solicitude of a father, and as years passed away, I beheld my daughter grow up the very image of her beautiful mother. Ugolino was then the happiest of men; but ah, a serpent dashed the cup of bliss from my lips, and Ugolino is now the most wretched man alive. Count Obizzo, the

man who but three days ago was wedded to another, was the man who wooed my fair Cornelia, on whom I doted, and having won her love, then ruined her, and left her to despair. Oh, had a dagger been planted in my heart, it had not pained me half so much as when my blooming flowret withered and perished in neglect. Disgrace was the lot of all, but more of her's, and she could not bear the cold neglect of an unfeeling world. My much loved Cornelia died; and Count Obizzo felt not even the world's reproach. It was a dagger to the heart of poor Cornelia's mother, and she soon followed her poor daughter to the grave, over whose memory she had shed so many tears. It was almost fatal to Ugolino; but he lived to weep over the ruins of all he loved on earth. Gods! do I live, or do I dream! Oh, had I then but found the villain, I had torn him to pieces in my rage. But he escaped. I have not seen him since, until of late, and three days since he wedded. Three days and nights I have meditated on revenge; and now, hear me, comrades, while I swear—never will Ugolino rest, until the wretchedness, or blood, of Count Obizzo, shall atone for my wrongs. I will follow him to the ends of the earth! but I will not kill him, for that poor pain of dying, would not satiate my vengeance."

"Comrade, you are brave, and able to revenge injured innocence," exclaimed one of the banditti, "but tell us, Ugolino, the particulars of this affair. Was not your daughter's crime equal to that of her seducer?"

"Oh, no," cried Ugolino, as he wiped a tear from his eye, "heaven is witness, that she was innocent. The falling fortunes of Ugolino gave Count Obizzo the opportunity to triumph over innocence. I stood in need of a friend to support me in my difficulty, occasioned by a loss at sea, and he came forward like a generous friend, to snatch me from the gulph of poverty, into which I fell, at last, by the ruin of a wealthy house in Naples. Still Count Obizzo was the friend of Ugolino. My daughter, the lovely fair Cornelia, who now sleeps in peace, saw his disinterested friendship, and loved him, ay, loved him even in proportion as she loved her father. He knew she loved him, and while she praised his kindness to Ugolino, he planned the destruction of the fairest flower that ever flourished in the garden of Italy. Oh, cursed be that hour, for it was then that all my hopes were withered. He partly saved my fortune, and took, as his reward, the happiness and the life of an only daughter. I could have borne any thing but that."

"And how did the demon kill your daughter?" interrupted Petrini, "and what was the punishment he received?"

"Cold, cold neglect," returned Ugolino, "for which there is no punishment. When she was blighted, and found his promises untrue, she dare not meet my face, though ruined as she was, I would have pressed her to my bosom. It is a hard task for a parent to disclaim a child, an only child. But ah! she wandered into distant lands, where no feeling bosom pitied her afflictions, and there, despised, she died. This letter, which I received from a stranger, informed me of her death. Seven years have rolled away since I last saw my daughter, and since that time, Ugolino has become a bandit. When my fortune was wrecked, I was thrown into prison; and it was in that cold, comfortless abode, that the news of my daughter's death came, like a thunderbolt to my heart; and ere the long period of my imprisonment had expired, the bosom friend of Ugolino was no more. Friendless, and childless, I awoke from my dream of former greatness, and found myself undone. The hopes of Ugolino once were bright, but he has fallen from the splendid pinnacle on which he was seated, and revenge now fills the soul of Ugolino the Bandit, the terror of all Italy. Comrades! prepare to revenge the cause of Ugolino. The castle which stands in Gothic grandeur, three leagues distant from our cave, encloses in its walls the object of my vengeance, who has recently returned from travel, with a blooming bride. This arm could easily plant a dagger in his heart, but that revenge would but feebly gratify the soul of Ugolino."

"What more daring deed than death, comrade," said Petrini, "can satiate the vengeful soul of Ugolino?"

"That would be but momentary," returned Ugolino with a smile, "I will find more poignant means to sting him to the soul. It is well known to you, that the dark foreboding heart of an Italian shrinks from the idea of jealousy, and three days and nights my brain has laboured for a stratagem, by which I may blast his happiness, and bid him feel the anguish which he preyed upon the heart of Ugolino. By well executed plans, I will blast the fair fame of his beloved Countess, whom I have never seen, and urge him on to desperation; and when he feels the hell of jealousy burning on the altar of his heart, then joy shall triumph in the soul of Ugolino. To night we part, but when you hear this horn sounded from yonder cliff, then hasten to my cave, and you shall be made better acquainted with this affair."

The banditti now separated from each other with mutual pledges, and left the terrific Ugolino to ruminate alone. It was a fearful stormy night, and the roar of the distant ocean came mingled with the echoes of a hundred caves to the ear of Ugolino: but it frightened him not, for it only resembled the tumult in his own soul. Ugolino feared not the stormy soul of man, and why should he shrink from the rage of elemental war, or the spirit of storms and darkness? Alone, he sat in his cave by the flickering lamp, and while revenge lowered upon his dark eyebrows, he traced with his pen the outlines of a letter, which was to be dropped in the path of Count Obizzo, and which, when read, was to fire his heart with suspicion of that fair object which he had but lately taken to his bosom. Absorbed in thought, we leave the bandit Ugolino, in his cave, planning the destruction of his fellow man, for whom he had conceived a deadly hate.

Three leagues hence, as observed before, stood the ancient and venerable castle of the family of Obizzo, which had descended through a long line of illustrious ancestors to the present possessor. Situated in one of the most beautiful valleys of Italy, and surrounded by scenery, as beautiful as the romantic imagination of a poet might create, it seemed more like the abode of celestial, than terrestrial beings; for nature had lavished on that spot all her imagery of the sublime and beautiful. In the distance were seen, the lofty mountains, bathing their summits in fleecy clouds; at the bases of which, were all the varieties of rural scenery in perspective; and surrounding the mansion more immediately, were pleasure grounds, and gardens, and groves, and cool grottos, through which crystal cascades murmured, and invited the weary to repose. At the bottom of the flower garden was seen, a beautiful artificial lake, whose lucid waters dazzled the eye, like polished silver beneath the clear sunshine of an Italian sky. Here, in a little gondola, the bride of Obizzo paddled at the moonlight eve, while she sung to her delighted husband the song of the gondolier, and heard it reverberated in a hundred echoes from the surrounding rocks. In the garden and grotto, beneath the fragrant vines which overshadowed it, Count Obizzo and his lady spent much of their time, where many fashionable guests from the neighboring city delighted to spend the hours of their visits. The Count, in venturing into matrimony, had filled up the measure of his happiness, for he now possessed wealth, reputation, and a bosom friend, and he could ask no more to render him as contented as it is possible for man to be below the skies. But there was a dark storm lowering upon his head, which he knew not of, and which was to plunge him, perhaps, in the lowest depth of misery. Revenge is one of the most powerful passions of the human heart.

Ugolino frequently held a council in his cave, after reconnoitering in disguise to discover the situation of his enemy, and learn on which side to plunge the dagger of the mind with the more fatal effect. Of all daggers, as well as of all tyranny, those of the mind are the most excruciating and horrific. Such were the weapons of the vengeful Ugolino, and he scorned that revenge which terminated by death, as he delighted to see his victim writhe under the anguish of his soul, having no friend like death to put an end to his agony.

"Tell me, Petrini," said Ugolino, "if you have seen any thing which can forward the plan which I have concerted?"

"I have," returned Petrini, with a smile, "and I

shall now unfold it to you. According to your request, I have often sauntered about in disguise, around and through the pleasure grounds of Count Obizzo, and frequently, of late, I have seen his bride seated in the grotto, in friendly chat with young Cordova. I wished to feast my eyes upon her beauty, but she was covered with a flowing veil, that screened her from scrutinizing gaze. I marked them well, and I have reason to believe, that there is something more in young Cordova's breast than friendship, for, from behind a tree, I heard her speak quite tenderly, and saw him nod his head, while a languid smile played upon his cheek."

"Thanks, to thee, comrade," said Ugolino in a hurried voice, "the die is cast, and now, Ugolino, it is thy time to triumph. My instrument of vengeance is prepared, and, to-morrow night, it shall be placed in Count Obizzo's reach, and if this letter sting not his soul, then Ugolino is deceived. Small things to jealous hearts wound deeply, and when once suspicion finds access, not all the reason of philosophy can overcome it. O, revenge, how sweet art thou to him who groans beneath an injury, for thou canst soothe and heal the wound inflicted."

The next night arrived, and Ugolino, at the midnight hour, stole to the grotto at the bottom of Count Obizzo's garden, and there deposited the letter. Silence reigned around, and the moon just rising above the eastern hills, illuminated the beautiful winding avenue, adorned with flowers and overshadowed by clustering vines, which led up to the mansion, and her pale rays were dancing on the silver surface of the lucid lake, like smiles on the face of infancy. The bandit, Ugolino, seemed like the fiend who stole into the garden of Eden to destroy the happiness of the first pair, as he moved with cautious steps to the grotto, to place a dagger there, more fatal to the happiness, than the Upas of Java to the life of man. Aurora, goddess of the morning, had but just thrown open her golden gates, and ere the sun had appeared above the eastern mountains in his flaming chariot, when Count Obizzo wandered to that delightful spot, to breathe the fresh air and gaze on the beauties of nature beneath an Italian sky. Suddenly his eye rested on the letter, which had been carelessly dropped, and, grasping it, his rolling eyes quickly devoured the superscription, which he found addressed to Count Obizzo's bride. With a face as pale as death, and with trembling hands, he opened it, and read as follows:—

"FAIR ANGEL—

"My happiness depends upon thy determination, and the consummation of the wish which I expressed to thee when last we met. Heaven is in thy smile, and death the minister that waits upon thy frown. I need not tell thee that thy beauty hath bound my heart in chains, but O, permit me to snatch thee from the tyrant who loves thee not, and place thee in a bosom where thy image sits enthroned the sole mistress of my fate. I shall wait your determination with impatience, and in the mean time, for heaven's sake, keep this from the eye of Count Obizzo.

Your Slave, &c. C*****"

"Death and vengeance," cried Obizzo, as he tore the letter, and saw the fragments wafted on the winds, "what fiend is it that thus dares to break in upon my newborn happiness, and point a dagger at my heart? Can it be possible that she, whom I love so dearly, can be false? No, no, I will not believe it; and yet, I have observed that her company is very agreeable to young Cordova, the initial of whose name was signed to the letter. Oh! what horrors rend my heart, to think, that he should endeavor to subvert my happiness, when I have been a father to him! Great God! can it be possible, that he should be so ungrateful as to poison my cup of joy, when I took him to my bosom a friendless orphan, and brought him up to manhood as my child. If he is a villain, as the letter seemed to indicate, then have I nurtured a viper on my breast to sting me. Ungrateful wretch! Yonder comes the woman in whose affections I placed my happiness, and she looks as innocent as though no guile were in her heart."

"Why, my dear Obizzo," said the Countess, approaching, with a smile, "do you leave me so early, to wander by yourself. Good Cordova and myself sought after you in the woodland; but not finding you, we thought you were in the grotto."

"Woman," returned the Count, "never mention

your good Cordova to me again: he is a villain, and you know it."

"And is it thus you treat the woman of your love," said the Countess, as she burst into tears. "I have never wronged you."

"Tell me no more," cried the Count, "your sex are all deceitful; and I little thought that the bosom on which I reposed my head concealed a serpent. Oh, talk to me no more of love, for I am sick of such Utopian nonsense."

The imagination of Count Obizzo had become so highly excited by having read the letter forged by Ugolino, and from having heard the innocent expression of good Cordova fall from the lips of her whom he loved, that he broke from her as she kneeled, weeping, before him, and fled to the mansion. He walked the splendid hall alone; and the more he thought on what he had seen and heard, the more was his mind harassed by the visions of jealousy. Now he resolved to discard his hapless wife forever; and now he determined to revenge the wrong, and send the young Cordova to a dungeon. The latter resolve was put into execution; and his distracted wife pleading for his innocence, only served to convince the Count that he was guilty, and to make him more inexorable. The Countess endeavoured to console, to persuade, but all to no purpose; for the more she spoke in favor of Cordova, the more was he inclined to think him guilty; and now, the habitation which before had been filled with merriment and mirth, had become the theatre of woe; and that bosom on which he had sighed his cares to rest, he now shunned as the bed of venomous reptiles, which had already stung his jealous soul to madness.

Ugolino, in the mean time, had heard of the success of his forged letter, and he gloried in his triumph. Like those unhappy beings whose hearts are filled with envy, his happiness consisted of the misery of his enemy, and his joy was in proportion to Count Obizzo's agony. But the vengeful soul of Ugolino was not yet satiated, and he resolved on one more attempt to mar his peace and lengthen out his miseries, until life should become a burthen to him, and his own dagger should put an end to his woe. For this purpose he repaired, at the midnight hour, to the garden and grotto where he had before placed the fatal scroll. He had scarcely arrived when, by the light of a clear moon, he beheld a female figure gliding along down the long winding avenue, and lest he should be discovered, he retired behind a large tree and shrubbery which stood on the margin of the lake, where he could perceive all that passed in the grotto without being perceived. The Countess came near to the spot where Ugolino was concealed, and he discovered that she was weeping bitterly for the loss of her husband's confidence and affection. She passed on to the bank which overhung the lake, where she stood some moments with her hands and eyes lifted to heaven, and again indulged in a flood of tears. Her breast seemed bursting, and after gazing around to discover if any being was near, she, in broken accents, uttered the following:—

"Be witness, heaven, that the ill-fated Cornelia is innocent of that for which a once affectionate husband has renounced her, and for which she soon shall cease to weep. Death is but a momentary pang; but to live the supposed victim of crime, neglected and despised, is too horrible to think of, and far more painful than a thousand deaths. I was once loved by the best of husbands, but alas, some fiend fabricated a horrid deed, and charged me, with it to his face, for which he cursed me. Oh, cruel, cruel, husband, thy heart will bleed when poor Cornelia lies cold in death, and thou shalt have discovered that she is innocent. Oh, my father, the once loved and still remembered Canari, if thou art now in heaven, look down and pity thy poor distracted daughter, whose life must soon be extinguished beneath these waves. Farewell, my still beloved husband, and all I once held dear."

As she uttered the last words, she plunged into the lake; and, for a moment, Ugolino stood in astonishment and horror. He had heard her breathe the name of Cornelia, and call upon her father, Canari, which was his name before he became a bandit and assumed that of Ugolino. He could delay no longer, but plunged in after her, to rescue his long lost and beloved daughter from immediate

death. His revenge was forgotten, when on the shore, reclining in his arms, he gazed on her whom he supposed long since dead. At this moment Count Obizzo came down to the grotto, where a mutual discovery took place, to the great satisfaction of all, which led to a discovery of the fatal errors under which both Ugolino and Count Obizzo had laboured. Cordova was released from prison, and Ugolino resumed his proper name of Canari, and ceased from the hazardous employment of a bandit, to be happy in the family of his daughter. This story is intended to shew the ill effects of jealousy and premature suspicion, and also, the impropriety of determining on revenge before we are convinced that we have suffered an injury, inasmuch, as the arrow of vengeance generally flies back and inflicts a wound on him who discharges it.

MILFORD BARD.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1827.

The patrons of "The Escritoire" will observe that we have not noted the volume in the title-page of that journal. This omission was intentional. The paper is complete in one volume. We have thought proper, also, to omit the register of the whole number, which it was our intention to insert under the head of this paper; for the reason, simply, that we have assumed a title entirely irrelative to the one we formerly used. These petty alterations, we trust, will receive the indulgence of our patrons; as the inconvenience (if any) which they occasion, must necessarily result to ourselves.

Printers who exchange with us will please to direct their papers to the *Masonic Record*, instead of *The Escritoire*.

Necessity has compelled us to delay our publication one week. For the future, however, our paper shall be issued in good season. It may be expected that we should, on this occasion, enter into an exposition of our views and objects, and give a foretaste of our sentiments respecting the subjects which are to occupy our attention. The custom is an old one, and perhaps good policy requires that we should follow in its train. We will not, however, imitate those who serve up the "cameleon dish" of promises at the commencement of their labours, without the intention of rendering their repast more substantial and agreeable by action.

It is of course known that the primary intentions of this journal are, to develope information respecting freemasonry, and to pursue such a course as shall be deemed best calculated to do away the erroneous impressions which exist against the masonic institution. We are not unadvised of the magnitude of the undertaking, nor are we unaware that the misrepresentations of interested calumniators promise us but meagre success; but if the venom of hypocrites and demagogues could deter us when in pursuit of justice, we never would have taken up the gauntlet. Freemasonry has no warlike feature: in contention it acts solely on the defensive; and when we think ourselves called upon to advocate its cause, we shall be governed by moderation; being confident that, though the ferocious zealot may sway the vulgar, the better informed portion of the community will respect opinions that are advanced with justice and temperance. Unexampled turpitude may at times call for a harsher rebuke, and then we shall mete it out to the deserving.

As to religion, we possess the most unbounded respect for the pure and holy precepts of Christianity; but as to sects and their peculiar notions, we shall attempt no distinction between them.

Which is correct it is not for us to say: it will not be questioned that there are sincere and pious members in each; and it remains for the Grand Architect of Heaven to determine who are the most worthy among his people.

As to politics, we shall have nothing to do with them, farther than to record events without the least partiality to either contending party. We shall leave the arena to those who make political contention "their vocation."

As its title indicates, a part of our paper will be devoted to miscellaneous reading. The scientific matter with which we intend to enrich our pages, will be taken, for the most part, from standard American and European journals, which are exclusively devoted to science and the arts. The theorist, as well as the practical man, will find much interesting matter in this department; and we trust that our efforts in the cause of useful knowledge will not be unprofitable to our readers.

In our miscellaneous department we shall study variety. Good writers have promised us much original miscellaneous matter; and we have no reason to question the probability of receiving it. We shall every week furnish our readers with the whole or a part of an original or a selected tale. We are promised, by a correspondent, a series of original essays on the mind; and we have fair hopes of receiving, from various sources, much amusing and interesting matter. Our selections shall be made from new publications, and such journals as the great mass of readers are unacquainted with.

A summary of news, and a collection of matters of chit-chat, or table talk, will be found in our columns every week.

In our own remarks we shall "be just, and fear not;" and no end we aim at shall be opposite to "our country's, our God's, or truth's." Our press shall be free from the shackles of interest, and no influence shall awe us into the support of bad and corrupt measures or men. We shall pursue "the even tenor of our way," calmly expressing our views of such subjects as we may consider it our duty to notice, and court only the approbation of "good men and true." It will probably fall to our lot to castigate more hypocrites than we have any wish to deal with; but as it is not a love of dispute which urges us on to the contest, it will not be a fear of our opponents' strength which shall induce us to relinquish it.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER. We did hope that our attention would not again be called to that silly, crazy fanatic, the editor of the National Observer. But his last night's paper is distinguished for such unexampled turpitude, that we cannot reconcile silence with our duty. One would naturally suppose that a man of Mr. Southwick's age and experience should be possessed of better sense than to enter into such vile and trafficking practices as must ultimately ruin him in the estimation of all good men—practices which can be of no benefit to the community, and of little advantage to himself; and which must leave him with a little ill-gotten wealth, that will always render him a reproach to his own moral sense. There must be a day of retribution; and whether that day comes sooner or later, its boon to him will be an agonizing retrospect. A dexterous play upon the bad passions of the community may throw the horn of plenty into his present path; but it must as certainly strew poisonous weeds upon the brink of the grave.

In his last night's paper, Mr. Southwick has renewed his foulest attacks upon the the masonic

fraternity, and enforced them with all the vigour of his imagination. He seems to have gathered boldness from practice, and to be rendered desperate by the fact that his cause is hopeless. After two or three paragraphs of unmeaning and disgusting cant, he commences a general fanfaronade upon those editors who have had the independence to condemn the pestiferous proceedings of enthusiasm. He says they "have either secretly approved of the daring wicked outrage, on the one hand; or have not, on the other hand, possessed the moral courage to denounce the deed, and its guilty authors." Now there is not an honest hearted editor in the country who has not heartily condemned the whole proceedings of the Batavia rioters. But let us inquire who are Mr. Southwick's guardians of the public welfare? Is David C. Miller,—a political renegade,—a man loathed and detested by the honest men of every party—one who acknowledges that it is his misfortune to be an ATHEIST—we say, is he to regulate the scale of virtue? or is the quixotic gambler of the National Observer to be considered the moral genius of the western hemisphere? But let these things go: when they come to pass, we guess the "sky will fall, and we shall have larks in plenty."

Next, after a very learned comparison of the western editors with the ancient Britons, he says, "The Masons have said to the Western editors, if you publish the facts relating to Morgan's case, we will deprive you of patronage, of bread!" Now we pronounce this to be a wilful misrepresentation. The masons never said that they would deprive any man of patronage or of bread for publishing "the facts relating to the Morgan case." The masons have said, that they wholly disapproved of the proceedings against Morgan, but that they could not consistently extend their support to presses which were determined to rob them of their good name, by declaring them guilty of acts of which they were innocent, and which could never be performed by men who were under the influence of principles which they cherished as the soul of their institution. Masons have never said more than to this import, and this honest expression of opinion the editor of the Observer has misrepresented in the manner above stated! And then, with all the sang froid of a gladiator, he snatches from oblivion an old worn out lie, manufactured by his excellent friend Mr. Miller, in the first stage of this business, and ekes out his paragraph with a eulogy upon that consistent man's zeal in favour of Morgan's book! Here is the "cat let out of the bag" at once: if Mr. Southwick had not an interest in this book, he would be mute; we should not hear so much about *lap* and *justice*. If he says that he is governed by good motives, we say, we do not believe him. A man who was engaged with him in the lottery business, in this city, left the place as his agent, with a parcel of these books in his possession. When we heard from him last, he was in Montgomery county—his progress thus far, in consequence of his superstition, had been more laughable than serious.

He next proceeds to talk about himself, and says he has lost the patronage of masons in consequence of taking so conspicuous a part in the war against masonry. Now this is as it should be. What right has a public slanderer to expect support from those he is vilifying? Would any christian sect support a press that continually traduced its character? If Mr. Southwick had only aimed his philippics at the guilty, masons would have been the last men in the world to deprive him of a penny of his

income. But he did all that he could to connect the fraternity with the outrages at Batavia—he traduced its good name,—he said that it aimed at the foundation of liberty—in a word, that it was useless and dangerous. After being thus insulted, masons would have been wanting in respect to themselves if they had given him their support. He says that one gentleman, through his agent, gave as a reason for stopping his subscription, Mr. Southwick's "publications in relation to the Morgan affair." Now, we know the agent did not tell Mr. Southwick any such reason. He told Mr. Southwick explicitly that it was *not* for his publications against the kidnappers of Morgan, but that it was for his foul abuse of masonry, that the paper was stopped. Here then he is guilty of another misrepresentation, of the basest kind, and we think that this case, together with what has before been said, portrays the character of his word in its true light.

As to his foolish talk about the inadequacy of punishment, we believe Judge Throop did his duty; he is not a mason, and cannot be accused of partiality to the order. The editor of the Observer should recollect that Mr. Foote, who introduced into the Assembly the bill to prevent *man stealing*, is an officer of the Grand Lodge of this state; so, if the law is to be made a party thing, the masons deserve the credit of it.

Morgan. The editor of the *Escritoir*, a paper devoted to Freemasonry, published at Albany, and the editor of the *National Observer*, Solomon Southwick, Esq. have got by the ears, on the merits of the "Morgan matters." Not wishing to identify ourselves in this controversy, we now only advert to an error of the latter editor; merely a geographical error, but which destroys all the beauty of Mr. Southwick's remarks. Mr. Southwick says he is convinced "that the wretched man, (Morgan,) after being confined a few hours in the abandoned and solitary fortress of Niagara, was forcibly sent adrift in the river at midnight, and carried by the current over the falls! This, we believe, was his awful fate."

This would be an "awful fate," truly. Fort Niagara is situated where the Niagara river disembogues itself into the Lake Ontario, and some 14 miles below the *Falls of Niagara*! If "Morgan in his boat," took the direction of the falls, he must have rowed up stream to Lewiston, which from the gentle current of the Niagara, he might have accomplished; but then, to talk of passing up the rapids, breasting the tumbling and foamy river for seven miles, through the tremendous gulf, must be the work of a super-human agent. And then, to take a "Salmon leap" of 150 feet, up the feathery sheet, to gain a footing on the centre of the horse shoe! would require more than mortal exertion.

[Black-Rock Gazette.

[Here now, is our neighbour nailed flat upon the counter. We do not know how he can back out of this scrape, unless he meant to pull Morgan up the feathery sheet, by the cable-tow. If he tells many more such thumpers we shall be obliged to strike his name off our list of friends; and besides if he goes on at this rate his readers wont believe a word that he says, by and bye. Who ever heard of a man's climbing up Niagara falls (against his will!) at midnight for the sake of jumping off the horse shoe! Friend Solomon has undoubtedly brought on a hypochondriacal affection, by dreaming. We recommend him to receive medical aid immediately; to live abstemiously; and not dream with his eyes open about lucky numbers, for the next twelve hours.]

We have a review of the "Morgan case" in type; but have omitted it this week, in fear of nauseating our readers with the subject.

LITERARY. We have received the first number of a new monthly publication, entitled *The Boston Lyceum*. The editorial department is under the direction of Mr. F. S. HILL, editor of *The Memorial*, &c. &c. The productions in the Lyceum are written with vigour and good taste; and we notice among its correspondents names highly esteemed by the lovers of fine writing. The contents of this present number are—*Reviews*—A selection of Eulogies, pronounced in the several States, in honour of those illustrious Patriots and Statesmen, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Yorktown, a Historical Romance. The Grave of Byron, with other poems: by George Lunt. The Cities of the Plain by S. L. Fairfield. *Miscellany*—Editor's Address. Notes on France. Blue Devils. Posthumous Reputation. Christmas. *Original Poetry*—To—Anna. The Last Survivor of the Signers of our Declaration of Independence. The Music of the Winds. *Critical Notices*—Annals of the Town of Keene. Poems by Felicia Hemans. Diary of an Ennuyee. The Literary Gem. Goode's Book of Nature. *Table Talk*—Scene at Sea. Washington Irving. Campbell. Jeu de Mot. New Novel. Dramatic Jeu d'Esprit. Madame Geoffrin. New Theatre. Storm at Sea. Somerset House. Bonaparte and Talma. Ignorance of Europeans respecting America. *Drama*—Federal Street Theatre. *Political Summary*—United States. State Legislature. Foreign Summary.

The Lyceum is a neat specimen of printing, and is published on the 15th of every month for four dollars a year. The present number contains 56 octavo pages.

✂ J. B. Moore, Esq. of Rensselaerville; J. C. Burnham, Esq. of Schenectady; and R. Parkinson, Esq. of Natchez, Miss.; will act as agents for the American Masonic Record and Albany Saturday Magazine, at their respective places of residence, and in the vicinity of the same.

✂ The Right Rev. Bishop HOBART, will hold confirmation in St. Peter's Church, in this city, on the afternoon of to-morrow.

GOODE'S BOOK OF NATURE. Dr. Goode is one of those bright instances of the triumph of persevering industry over the prejudices of the world with regard to the dogmas of scholastic discipline. The strength of his own mind has gained him an enviable literary reputation, and the superiority of his self-education has been amply demonstrated by his numerous productions. His poems, particularly his translation of Lucretius—and his medical works are already known to the world; and we find him now, at an advanced age, offering to the public a production which will be as much admired from its being founded upon the principles of common sense, as for its unostentatious display of research and erudition. The lectures in the Book of Nature contain no visionary flights, but the reader is led on pleasantly and delightfully in the path of knowledge, with the mind always sufficiently excited to prevent any weariness. We cheerfully recommend these volumes, for they cannot be perused without benefit.

[*Boston Lyceum.*]

POEMS BY FELICIA HEMANS. This lady has been before the public, as an authoress, for several years, and has been constantly gaining favour with the public, and adding new laurels to her wreath, at every progressive step in the walks of Fame. There is a degree of finish in all her emanations; and a tempering of common sense mingled with her inspiration, evincing as much regard for the opinion of the world, as of carefulness for her own justly acquired renown. While the muse of Scott has passed into almost utter oblivion, and that of Campbell has been fluttering with weak and weary pinions about the Heliconian spring;—while Coleridge has mused in silent listlessness, "forgetful of his own bright name," and Leigh Hunt toiled to stir up an

effervescence in his little quiet pool; while L. E. L. has simpered about love, and fainting hearts, and "plighted vows that have been broken" till she has exhausted the patience of her readers, as well as her own vocabulary of babyish sentimentality,—Mrs. Hemans has gone on in her career, with her eye fixed steadily on the utmost height of Parnassus, and has gained an ascendancy of which she may well be proud. These volumes of poetry, will, undoubtedly, retain a conspicuous place in the literary annals of the present age. [ib.]

NATURAL HISTORY. Ornithology is generally considered as one of the most important branches of natural history, and yet we have no good popular account of the habits and external characteristics of Birds. Mr. Jennings, the author of a work on the Somersetshire dialect, is about to supply this deficiency in our scientific literature. The work is modestly enough entitled "An introduction to the Natural History of Birds." [Eng. paper.]

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.

The Edward Bonaffe, the last vessel which has arrived from France, bringing us dates only to the 16th December, could, of course, give no light upon the manner in which the recent incursion from Spain into Portugal, and the efficient stand which has been taken by Great Britain in her favour, will be viewed by France. The little sympathy, however, which the folly and bigotry of Spain have of late permitted on her behalf among the continental powers, renders it probable, that if the English keep within the line laid down by the British minister, which is merely to fulfil the obligations of a previous treaty, and assist Portugal to repel invasion, the affair will end nearly as soon as it began, and that the other powers will content themselves in remaining spectators. Nor do we see any thing in the state of continental Europe, which at the present moment can dispose it for war. France is eminently happy in the prosperity of her agriculture, her commerce, and her manufactures, and comparatively free and satisfied with her government. The liberals and Jesuits sufficiently balance each other to restrain the turbulence of the former, while the latter retain an influence, which may be hazarded by allowing greater activity to many restless spirits, through the medium of a war. If we may credit Mr. Canning, the crusade which France made into Spain, headed by the Duke D'Angoulême, for the purpose of aiding Ferdinand against his own subjects, has even become more unpopular in France than in Spain, and she would now be willing to withdraw her 30,000 men from the latter kingdom, and relinquish her posts, could she obtain any thing like indemnity for her expenses; and retire, could she do so short of a sacrifice of her national pride.

It is not probable that any events can grow out of the English campaign, to excite the jealousy of Russia; and as for Austria, although she breathes herself against the dissemination of free principles, she is, if we may credit recent accounts, as sick of supporting her army in Naples, as France is hers in Spain, and is about to withdraw it. Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, desire only to be let alone, and it would seem as if Portugal might be left to settle down under her new constitutional system, and Spain to struggle with her bigoted court and her malcontents. We see not but that every continental government has more to hope from retaining their present attitude than disturbing the existing order of things for the purposes either of interest or ambition. Still, however, we consider the different powers of Europe in some degree like the component parts of a grand electrical battery, and therefore it requires more than human sagacity to predict the result of any important movement of any one leading power. That the Peninsula will, for a long time to come, be the seat of much intestine commotion, and that the struggle between the ecclesiastical power and the reformists will continue bitter and bloody, we have little doubt. We have as little that Portugal will become as free as she is susceptible of; and that, after a rancorous contest between the parties in Spain, she too, at a late day, will arrive at something like constitutional freedom.

There are two flannel factories at Amesbury, Massachusetts, which finish weekly 500 pieces of flannel. The first factory commenced in 1821, and the second in 1825. Their water-power comes from the *Powow*. It is said that the *Powow* flannel is equal to any in the world.—A rum factory is going to be established at Tallahassee, Florida. A joker said they must be rum fellows that would never think of such a thing in the wilds of Florida.—Great mistakes are made in partridges—we do not mean Capt. Partridge—but the birds known by that name. What is called a partridge in Massachusetts is called grouse in New-York and a pheasant south and west of the Delaware. What is called a quail in New-England and New-York is called a partridge in the southern states. So there is much in understanding the application of names. A real partridge is a wandering bird, something as racy as an Arab or a Yankee.—We find that a printer in Boston has published a new paper called the *Youth's Gazette*, intended for young men. In a short time we may have "The Girl's Courier," "The Schoolboy's Advertiser," "The Little Miss's Court Calendar," "The Baby's Budget," &c. &c.—The Philadelphians must be fond of chess and mathematical ways of thinking. It is said the company visiting the automaton is still increasing. The ladies are particularly fond of calling upon the Turk.—A bill has been introduced into the Pennsylvania legislature to build a church by giving a lottery.—The theatres begin to fall off considerably. It is only very celebrated performers that bring full houses. A comic actor the other day swore by Jupiter, that if matters did not mend, he would set up a grog shop, for that was the best business a-going since the lotteries were about being diabled.—

We talk much about our freedom and independence, yet such men and aristocrats are permitted to control public sentiment and industry by means of monied coalitions. Banks will be the most dangerous combinations our country will experience.—Mr. Reynolds has been lecturing in Annapolis, where the Maryland legislature is now in session. An editor says that he has been half seduced from his belief in Newton.—Vigorous measures are adopting in Baltimore for the prosecution of the Susquehanna canal. This improvement when completed, will be of great utility to that city.—It is said that the exports of Cuba equal in value two-thirds of the whole exports of the United States.—A million and a half of oranges are gathered in the vicinity of St. Augustine, Florida.—By a single act of the South Carolina legislature over twenty incorporations are created, such as jockey clubs, sister of charity societies, fire engine companies, religious associations, &c.—Matrimonial difficulties are increasing in the world. During the last year many husbands and many wives have been advertising each other. In Ohio a husband advertised his wife that she had not performed her duty. The wife retorted, and said he had not performed the duty of a man.—A new literary Gazette is proposed to be published in Philadelphia. It is to be edited by Dr. M^r Henry.—The weather has not been so cold in Baltimore for seven years past.—It is said that the retaliatory measures to be proposed in Congress for the refusal of the English to negotiate on the colonial trade will not take effect till September next, for the purpose of giving England time to repent.—The demand for domestic goods at Providence is rising beyond the supply.—The weather has been so cold in Washington that the editor of a paper could not go to either House to report.—There were 1354 deaths in Boston during the last year, of which 231 were of consumption and 88 of intemperance.—The Georgia resolutions respecting the amendment of the U. S. Constitution as regards the Presidency, have been presented to the legislatures of Massachusetts and New-York.—The Right Rev. Dr. England lately read before the Charleston Philosophical Society, a communication on the religious rites, belief, &c. of the Aborigines of North America, and successfully attempted to prove their belief in Polytheism, in opposition to the opinion of Hume. In the course of his argument, several letters, illustrative of the Indian character, written by Roman Catholic Missionaries, were happily introduced.—The river Delaware, opposite Chester, and as far as the eye can see, is completely frozen over. A number of persons have crossed it from the Jersey side.—A bill to divorce Henrietta S. Love a vinculo matrimonii, passed the Maryland House of Delegates the other day by a large majority. The name was an echo the thing done, one would think. The bill passed in company with resolutions on a Polar Expedition.—The Philadelphians are skating by hundreds on the Delaware ice. The ladies too mix in the amusement in the sliding way.—It is said that no state in the Union has so much money expended in it as the Missouri.—This arises from the Army, the Indians and the Lead Mines.—A Mr. Cambridge was to make his first appearance at Boston on Friday evening last in the character of Rollo.—General La Fayette's grant of 20,000 acres is in the neighborhood of Tallahassee, the capital of Florida. This is said to be a charming country, producing the wild grape plumb, and may be fit for the silk worm.—Portable lanterns lighted with gas are now used in England. The carriages are lighted with gas.—A number of the citizens of Norristown, lately roasted a fat deer on the ice of the Stony Creek, and eat up the fellow on the spot. If an English traveller hear of this he will write to his friends in England thus, "a flock of the savages at a place called Stony Creek caught a deer recently and actually eat him up raw on the spot."—The disturbances recently made by the Indians in Florida have been quelled by the troops who apprehended the murderers, &c. The Georgian troops were within 40 miles of Tallahassee.—The project of calling a convention in Maryland to amend the constitution has received the go-bye for the present.—There are 63 incorporated academies in Massachusetts and 25 in Maine. 39 grants of land, each six miles square, have been given to an equal number of the academies. One of them has received a lottery.—A committee of the Massachusetts legislature have made a report on the subject of a rail road from Boston to the Hudson, in which they speak decidedly in favor of the measure. The expense is estimated at \$15,000 per mile; the aggregate cost (160 miles) at \$2,400,000; and the annual income at \$300,000.

MR. KEAN. Few men have been more conspicuous, or rather notorious, than Edmund Kean. He is, undoubtedly, a man of talents, and, as an actor, stands in the very first rank. But he appears to be as distinguished for want of moral principle, and for a total disregard of the good opinion of society, as for ability and merit in his profession. After having made a positive and unconditional engagement with Mr. Caldwell, to be in New-Orleans in March next, after having repeated his positive assurances that no proposals, however flattering, should induce him to break his engagement, he has sailed for Europe, without even offering an apology or suggesting a reason for his fatherly violation of a deliberate contract. Mr. Caldwell has, very properly, published his letters and given him the character such conduct deserves. In March last he wrote, that he should be "very happy (agreeing upon terms) to pass a portion of the ensuing winter in the western states." Mr. Caldwell, in reply, told him to make his own terms, adding, "I will agree to them at once." In May last he stated, by his agent, that he would be at New-Orleans as early in March as he possibly could, and in June he said he "should leave New-York for New-Orleans late in January or early in February;" adding, "in March I trust to make my bow to a public, who already have claims upon my feelings by the flattering terms of their invitation." In September he says, "I again assure you I shall be at New-Orleans by the first of March, winds and weather permitting;" and adds, "in consequence of my engagement with you, I have resisted the proposals of 100l. per night from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Dublin." Yet, after all these assurances and re-assurances, he has broken his engagement and gone to Europe, at the very time he should have been making his arrangements to proceed to New-Orleans. This seems to be in keeping with the general character and ordinary conduct of Mr. Kean, and he deserves to lose all the patronage which his talents as an actor have commonly secured to him.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTMENT.

If in a mortal mind
Contentment hath a rest,
Where shall a son of sorrow find
A soul so richly blessed?
The worldly hopes of each degree
All bid the inquirer, "follow me."
Who says that *Wealth* and *Power*
Are fitted for her seat?
Lo! thorns are strewn in every bower
To wound the nabob's feet:
While he whose boundless way inspires
Cannot even rule his own desires.

And *Wisdom* is a foe
The cherub scarce suspects,—
The wise are doomed to feel and know
Their follies and defects.
And self-rebuke makes any breast
Too narrow for Contentment's rest.

Truth has a voice which shakes
Her altar to its base;
And ill betide the heart which makes
Its only resting place
So near her dwelling as to know
Earth's daily narrative of woe.

And *Love*—the tenderest tie
Which trembles in the breast—
Though blessed, and loved again will sigh
A stranger to her rest.
The truest joys the heart can gain
Are linked by many a cord to pain.

If *Wealth*, and *Power*, and *Truth*,
And *Love* requited, fail,
Heaven direct the inquiring youth
To her frequented vale.
But *Earth*!—too plainly do I see
Thy wretchedness, to follow thee.

Feb. 1.

G.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

CHARMS OF WOMAN.

Like the star-rays that beam
On the blush of the rose,
Like the fanatical dream
In the noon-tide repose,
Like the moon's mellow ray
On the red cherry's hue,
Like the dawn of the day
To the mariner's view,
Are the rich ruddy smiles on the lips of the fair,
The balm of the blest, and the solace of care.

Like the gold-glowing sky
At the evening's close,
Like the ruby-red dye
Of the opening rose,
Like the tulip beside
The white lilies that bleach,
Like the rosy rich pride
Of the ripening peach,
Is beauty's bright blush on the face of young love,
The type of the virtue of angels above.

Like a star 'neath the waves
In a perilous night,
Like the violet that laves
In the dawn's dewy light,
Like the blue-bell when hung
With the drops of the shower,
Like the chilly frost flung
On the sensitive flower,
Is the bright eye of woman, dissolving in tears.
O then she most lovely and charming appears.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

[Our friend B. is not exactly under the Muses' thumb. His Pegasus bolts, occasionally; and, besides, he drives a little in the whimsico-dolorous style.—EDIT.]

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO ———.

I saw thee in thy brightest hour,
When Beauty's garb was round thee;

When hope and glee seem'd striving, which
First with joy should crown thee.
I saw thee when thy wreathed smile,
Was first in beauty woken;
Whose dazzling sweetness conquer'd all,
E'en though thou ne'er hadst spoken.

I saw thee when thy soft blue eye,
In loveliness was beaming,
Which seem'd a radiant orb of heaven,
In its own clear azure gleaming.
I saw, when round thy radiant brow,
Thy sunny curls were playing;
And deem'd thee, even some fairy thing,
From its bright world straying.

But oh! there came a high-born youth,
Whose words of silver sweetness,
Flash'd in thy heart a vivid flame,
E'en with a lightning's fleetness.

I saw a change—thy bosom's throb,
Betray'd a tender sadness—
The fleeting blush, and burning eye,
Presaged thy heart's deep gladness.
Oh! what wild rapture swell'd thy breast,
When the stranger youth was smiling;
Thou didst not deem, in thy dream of love,
That he was base beguiling!

Oh! false as hell was the whisper'd vow,
He swore to the lovely maiden!
And he scornfully laugh'd at her proffer'd faith,
And he has left her alone and forsaken!
Oh! it fell on her heart, like a hideous knell,
That told her 'twas lost and broken.
And her silent, and dreary, and fearful smile,
Was a sad and dreadful token!

I saw thee again, 'mid a gloomy storm,
When thunder the Earth was quailing;—
See! the lightning has dash'd thy boy from thy breast!
Now hark! 'tis a maniac wailing! B.

From the Boston Lyceum.

TO ———.

My cup has been a bitter one—yet time cannot erase
From the lorn tablet of my heart the image of thy face;
Last night upon my sleep it came, as soft itself as sleep,
And rose upon my vision like a star upon the deep.

That voice—methought I heard that voice—although the lips
were mute—

Its music like the dying wind upon a silver lute;
I caught the gleam of sunny hair and listen'd to the fall
Of footsteps like the antelope's—so light and musical.

Thou art a pleasant memory preserved 'mid worldly wrong,
And thou shalt be the feeling and the voice of every song;
Yea, even as the Pilgrim greets the fount in balmy shade,
My thirsting heart still stoops to thee and worships, though
betray'd.

Thy days like summer rivers run, and summer friends are thine,
And hearts that never bow'd before are bending at thy shrine;
Thou glidest through the festal hall unmindful of his fate
Whose soul like that deserted hall is dark and desolate.

The cloudy Past his golden hopes has turn'd to sick despair,
And the dim Future will but stamp his brow with deeper care:
Those very tears and smiles of thine are but the masquer's art,
And that worst famine, want of hope—thy tribute to his heart
To sad and broken whiteness soon thy kindling cheek shall
wane.

Those eyes shall have no brightness but the tears of grief and
pain—
For why does India's glittering bird 'mid careless eyes depart?
That bright bird wants the gift of song and thou, the gift of
heart. A. A. L.

From the New-York Crystal Hunter.

THE SNOWFLAKE IS FALLING.

"Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?
"Grumio. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run than
my head and my neck."

The snow-flake is falling
Upon the bare tree;
The wild duck is calling
Above the white sea.

The sun seems to sicken
When soaring at noon;
But diamond lights quicken
Around the cold moon.

The wren, from the bramble,
Is perch'd on the thatch;
The dappled deer ramble
The lichen to snatch.

The rough wind increases
Around the mill sail;
The sheep turn their fleeces
Away from the gale.

O'er meadow and dwelling
The misty clouds skim;
The quiet cow's smelling
The icy pool's brim.

The field flow'r is holding
The icicle's train;
And autumn is folding
Her leaves on the plain.

Ho!—press the doortighter;
Come—curtain the room;—
Those logs should be brighter
To frighten the gloom.

Now—set the pile blazing;—
Here—draw the red wine;
Our cups we'll be raising,
To thine and to mine.

Yes—here's, with its flushing,
To her that's away;
Whose heart may be gushing,
While mine must be gay.

May old friends caress her;
May dearer friends smile;
May both her boys bless her—
Her sorrows beguile.

May earth, with its pleasures,
Surround her for years;
And God, with his treasures,
Subdue all her fears. C. E. E.

LOVE AND HYMEN.

When Love and Hymen both were boys
They fix'd a day of smiling weather,
To show each other all their toys,
And pass an afternoon together.

To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,
And each with each was quite delighted—
Love shot his darts of surest aim,
And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen soon, capricious elf,
(Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow,)
Told Love he wish'd the bow himself,
And then began to pout and bellow.

Love gave his friend the weapon straight,
(Young Love is such a cheerful giver!)
And thus, for Hymen's torch of state,
Changed his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possess'd,
Men neither could nor would resist them;
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,
And Cupid's arrows seldom miss'd them.

But, changing thus their arms about,
The boys became perplexed and stupid;
Love put the torch of Hymen out,
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,
And broke affection's firmest tether.
So, now, if Love and Hymen meet,
They seldom sojourn long together.

ELEPHANT DESTROYER. Elephants, though from their size and strength formidable to all the other inhabitants of the forest, themselves live in continual apprehension of a smaller reptile, against which neither their sagacity nor their prowess can defend them. This diminutive creature gets into the trunk of the elephant, and pursues its course till it firmly fixes in the head, and by keeping him in continual agony, at length torments the stupendous animal to death. So dreadfully afraid are elephants of this dangerous enemy that they use a variety of precautions to prevent his attacks; and never lay their trunks to the ground, except to gather or separate their food.

To expunge faults where there are no excellencies, is a task equally useless with that of the chemist, who employs the arts of separation and refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained to reward his operations.

THIS PAPER

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BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 10, 1827.

[No. 2.]

MASONIC RECORD.

—Semita corte,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

HON. W. B. ROCHESTER'S ADDRESS.

The following ADDRESS, was delivered at Bath, in the county of Steuben, on the festival of St. John the Baptist, before Enos Master's Lodge, No. 323, and Zion Mark Master's Lodge, No. 81, on the 24th of June, 1820, by brother WILLIAM B. ROCHESTER.

Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren:

The meekness and the benevolence of the eminent and inspired patron of masonry, the anniversary of whose nativity we are this day celebrating, will, if practically appreciated, prove a salutary lesson both to the speaker and to the hearer, on the present, as well as on all other occasions.

Supported by this belief, and long sensible of the harmonized feelings which impart a charm to our secret labours, may I not reasonably hope that every effort, whether of thought or expression, however crude or illtimed, will be received with that fraternal indulgence which characterizes the craft?

When I look around me, and behold so many, my seniors in years, in discretion, and in science, I must be permitted to declare, that nothing short of a profound sense of that willing obedience which is due to the wishes of the fraternity, could have prompted me to attempt so prominent a part of our interesting exercises.

Assembled as we are, to exhibit a public manifestation of reverence to the virtues of a sainted brother, let it be deeply impressed upon our memories, that external ceremony does not unerringly indicate the homage of the heart, and that the world will look to our conduct for the test of our sincerity and merit, whether as men, as masons, or as christians.

Masonry is a system co-eval with the first rudiments of civilization and refinement; nay, some who have ministered to the altar, have, without compromising their orthodoxy, ventured to trace its origin to that momentous period, when man, by the Almighty fiat, was spoken into existence, when "the spirit moved upon the face of the waters, and God said let there be Light." Its antiquity, however, cannot, will not be disputed; history confirms the fact that it has existed in all ages, and flourished in all countries; nor can its Tuscan pillars and Corinthian columns, which are based on the deep foundations of immutable truth, be destroyed, until they are swept into the abyss of universal desolation.

It was not until king Solomon built the temple at Jerusalem, on Moriah's mount, where first the destroying angel was appeased, that masonry assumed its stability of form, and beauty of proportion; it was not until that memorable epoch, that a regularity of working, and symmetry of structure, were established.

Such was the wisdom and forecast of the royal Architect, that notwithstanding his visible fabric has long since mingled with the dust, still the towering speculative edifice, whose Mosaic pavement stands upon HOLY GROUND, whose *tessel* encompasses the living springs of refined and plastic enterprise, and the head of "whose corner is made of the stone which the builders rejected," remains unimpaired by the ravages of time.

It has survived the reign of barbarism, the rude shocks of Gothic violence, and the convulsions of exterminating war. Societies, systems, cities, nations, and empires, have successively disappeared. Nought but broken columns and dilapidated temples designate the site where once stood Rome's illustrious rival; and Rome herself, proud Rome, is almost a pile of ruins; the lofty spires of her four hundred temples, are nodding to the earth; the brazen statues have fallen into decay; the villas of the Fabii and the Cæsars have become the lurking retreats of brigands and desperate assassins; the mistress of Asia is blotted from the face of empire; yet masonry exists in all its pristine vigour and beauty,

scattering blessings to the four corners of the habitable globe.

Wherever the liberal arts and sciences have flourished, they have been made tributary to the mystic behest, and perhaps at no period since the distinguished era, to which allusions have been made, could the annals of masonry more justly than at present boast of its imperishable grandeur. Indications of decay, have, it is true, in the lapse of ages, apparently threatened the demolition of the noble structure, but it was only the mould of neglect, forming for a season, over the rough ashlers of the building, which were exposed in the shades of ignorance, the damps of superstition, and the mildews of vandalism. The corrosive incrustation has long since yielded to the gavel of science, and the chissel of refinement. The polished fabric on whose *key-stone* is "written the new name, which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it," at this day presents to the admiring view of the accepted, its original Ephesian aspect, bearing upon its pilasters the stamp of duration, and containing within its spacious apartments, the incense of devout gratitude, and the hidden manna of life. The nations of the east are gradually emerging from heathenish darkness. The day star seems to proclaim that light is beginning to dawn again in that once favoured land which gave birth to masonry, and which received the impress of a Saviour's feet.

Our sublime institution has, for its fundamental principles, universal benevolence, and brotherly love; it stimulates its professors to deeds of charity, and offers to them dignity and respect; it illustrates those awful truths which

— "point out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

To a corrected mind, and a faithful heart, it furnishes a balm for every affliction. There is no selfish inclination which it is not calculated to banish; no generous sentiment which it is not intended to inculcate; it discourages defamation; it tempers the passions, and fortifies the heart; it enjoins us to be faithful to our trusts; to let the words of our mouths express the thoughts of our hearts; to renounce error; to avoid rash engagements, but what we do promise, religiously to perform.

It would, however, be useless to declaim upon the excellence of the virtues, which are constantly arrayed before us in the most captivating manner. Every maxim of the craft breathes with them; every example of our distinguished sages illustrates them; every admonition contained in our mystical pages, eloquently enforces them; every tenet learned from the oral lectures of our enlightened compeers, teaches the bright lesson of love, charity, and universal benevolence.

When the direful blasts of war assail an unhappy country, and embattled legions of kindred men are engaged in the strife of blood; when thousands perish by the victor's sword, and humanity shudders at the sight, the mason's well known sign preserves the captive from chains. Instead of receiving the fatal weapon in his bosom, he finds himself encircled within the arms of an affectionate brother, and his heart is gladdened by the generous sympathies of a kind friend.

We have innumerable legends, which are treasured in memory, and constitute a species of intellectual heritage. Tradition has preserved and transmitted them from brother to brother, in a manner which makes them indelibly more impressive, than the modes of communication adopted by other institutions. They are not the day-dreams of a romantic imagination, but a pleasing reality; the banquet of chastened thought, combined with the fruits of tender monition, which are equally delightful, interesting, and permanent.

Our entire system is conceived in a strain of beautiful allegory, and furnishes hieroglyphics to remind us constantly of our duty to ourselves, to our neighbour, and to our God. The ark of innocence will waft its inmates in triumph over the tempestu-

ous billows of adversity; and the anchor of well grounded hope, which has been cast in the furnace of affliction and repentance, will safely moor them in the peaceful haven of felicity "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Can you, my brethren, without sensations which can be better felt than expressed, seriously meditate upon the uncertain tenure of life? Behold our appropriate emblem: how almost imperceptibly the minute particles pass away, and yet in one "little hour" they are all exhausted! Thus wastes man: "to day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honours thick upon him; next day comes a frost, a killing frost, which nips the bud, and when he thinks his greatness is a ripening," the brittle thread of life is lengthened out to the last strike of the reel, is suddenly snapt in twain, and his accountable soul launched into the boundless ocean of eternity.

Masonry has ranked among her votaries, men most prodigal of good gifts to the human family, and celebrated for their sterling virtues: philosophers and statesmen, heroes, kings, and princes, both in ancient and modern days, have been proud to divest themselves of the ermined robes of power, in order to put on the more honorable badges of our order; and have thought it no disgrace to bring themselves to the level, which knows no rank but that attained by superior wisdom and purity; and acknowledges no distinction but that which untiring zeal, and masonic devotion secure to their possessor.

Solomon, who preferred wisdom to all other earthly blessings; Hiram, who erected the temple of the living God; and St. John the Baptist, and precursor of him "who spake as never man spake," have consecrated our annals. But without resorting to antiquity, or adverting to the many living ornaments who at this day adorn the ecclesiastical and civil departments of the world, our own favored country furnishes a splendid list of departed worthies, who yield not their attachment except with their last breath. Warren, the martyred hero, who fought, and bled, and died, under the first ensign of liberty which America bravely unfurled, was a mason; so was Franklin, the philosopher who could wrest the lightning from heaven, and make it familiar with the instruments of his laboratory. And so also was Washington, "that blazoned star amidst the bright constellation of the universe, which eclipses the splendour of every surrounding luminary."

Well indeed may the institution which can boast of such champions, dispense with the meed of a studied eulogium; "recorded honours shall gather round their monuments, and thicken over them; they are solid fabrics, and will support the laurels that adorn them."

Masonry knows of no geographical boundaries; its residence is the universe: the sons of India and America alike shine upon its diffused existence: mysteriously bound by the unbroken compact, it is spread over the surface of both hemispheres, it ranges restless, through every region and through every clime. The thunders of the Vatican, the receipts of imperial despotism, the terrors of the Auto de fe, and the tortures of the inquisition, have in vain essayed to check its illimitable progress, "no tint of words can spot its snowy mantle, nor chemic power turn its sceptre into iron."

Religious and political disputes enter not our portals: every sect (acknowledging a Supreme Being) is equally respected by our order: all are left free to pursue whatever they deem important to Zion, or to the world; never forgetting, however, that we are to keep within the square with all men, and to regard the sacred volume as the only sure guide to eternal happiness.

The principles and privileges of the order are open to all, whose capacities qualify them for exercising the one, or inhibiting the other: but let it not be vainly supposed, that therefore every individual

who enters our mystic sanctuary is necessarily a free and an accepted Mason; far from it; and, brother Masons, however humiliating the reflection, too true it is, we must acknowledge to the world the lamentable fact, many, after long trial, and strict examination, have come out of the furnace, seared and scarred: disqualified and unworthy: many, too, many have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting:" they only who hold out to the end, who in all situations, and in defiance of every temptation, prove themselves true and trusty: they alone catch the unquenchable element which animates the craft, and incites them to deeds of honour, and noble daring.

He who can faithfully represent that certain point, within the circle, embroidered by the parallels of Christianity, on whose vertex rests the volumes of inspiration, and wherein are contained the commandments on which hang the law and the prophets, may well exclaim with the philosopher of Saneos, *Ureka*, I have found it; and it will require the sacrifice of a hecatomb to secure to him the benefits of the discovery.

[Conclusion in our next.]

MASONIC HONOR.

Never perhaps did any body of Freemasons pay more deserved honors to humble but inflexible integrity, than yesterday, when 190 members of a single lodge followed the corpse of Mr. Pendrell to that most durable of all masonic or architectural works, the grave! Mr. Pendrell was by trade a shoemaker, and resided when alive, in Newgate street. At the time when a reward of £1000 stg. was offered for the apprehension of young Watson, he secreted him in his house dressed as a female, watched over him to prevent the approach of every intruder, accompanied him to the United States of America, and never left him till he saw him in a place of safety—yet was Mr. P. very poor. His refusal to betray the trust he had accepted, and obtain the reward, was a great sacrifice of interest to honor; and his further exertions on behalf of the young man who had confided in him, were made at a great cost of time and trouble. He was rewarded in life by the testimony of his conscience, and in death by the avowed approbation of those who were best acquainted with his merits.

[Foreign paper.]

ELECTIONS.

Cazenovia R. A. Chapter, Cazenovia, Madison Co.

Elected in December, 5826:—Enos Cushing, High Priest; O. Mead, King; Jesse Kilborn, Scribe; Siba Brown, Captain of the Host; David Mitchell, Royal Arch Captain; Hugh Ross, Principal Sojourner; James Berthrong, 1st, Elihu Williams, 2d, Daniel Woodworth, 3d, and Jairus Stanley, 4th, Masters of Vails; John Needham, Treasurer; David B. Johnson, Secretary; Othniel Clark and Lemuel White, Stewards; John B. Gray, Tyler.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2d Sat. e. m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1st 3M. e. m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1st 3Th. e. m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1st 3Tu. e. m.
Ineffable Lodge,	Albany,	
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e. m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1st 3M. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2d 4Tu. e. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1st 3M. e. m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. aff. f. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. af. f. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. af. f. m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pao-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

GROUND SWELL.

The ice in the Polar regions accommodates itself to the surface by bending, but when several yards in thickness, it refuses to yield beyond a certain extent, and is broken in pieces with dreadful explosions. The best account that we know of the appearances presented on such occasions, is given by a party of Moravian missionaries, who were engaged in a coasting expedition on the ice along the northern shore of Labrador, with sledges drawn by dogs. They narrowly escaped destruction from one of those occurrences, and were near enough to witness all its grandeur. We extract it from the recent interesting compilation of the Rev. Dr. Brown, on the history of the Propagation of Christianity. The missionaries met a sledge with Esquimaux turning in from the sea who threw out some hints that it might be as well for them to return; after some time, their own Esquimaux hinted that there was a ground swell under the ice; it was then scarcely perceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow disagreeable grating noise was heard ascending from the abyss. As the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, they became alarmed, and began to think it prudent to keep close to the shore; the ice also had fissures in many places, some of which formed chasms of one or two feet, but as these are not uncommon even in its best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, they are frightful only to strangers: as the wind rose to a storm, the swell had now increased so much that its effects on the ice were extraordinary and really alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding smoothly along on an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and sometimes seemed with difficulty to ascend a rising hill; noises too, were now distinctly heard in many directions like the report of cannon, from the bursting of the ice at a distance: alarmed at these frightful phenomena, our travellers drove with all haste towards the shore, and as they approached it the prospect before them was tremendous; the ice, having burst loose from the rocks, was tossed to and fro, and broken in a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a dreadful noise, which added to the raging of the sea, the roaring of the wind, and the driving of the snow, so completely overpowered them as almost to deprive them of the one or both their eyes and ears. To make the land now was the only source that remained; but it was with the utmost difficulty that the frightened dogs could be driven forward, and as the whole body of the ice frequently sunk below the summits of the rocks and then rose above them, the only time for landing was at the moment it gained the level of the coast, a circumstance which rendered the attempt extremely nice and hazardous; both sledges, however, succeeded in gaining the shore, and were drawn up on the beach, though not without great difficulty; scarcely had they reached it when the part of the ice from which they had just escaped burst asunder, and the water rushing from beneath instantly precipitated it into the ocean; in a moment, as if by a signal, the whole mass of ice for several miles along the coast, and extending as far as the eye could reach, began to break and to be overwhelmed with waves, the spectacle was awfully grand, the immense fields of ice rising out of the ocean, clashing against one another, and then plunging into the deep with a violence which no language can describe and a noise like the discharge of ten thousand cannons, was a sight which must have struck the most unreflecting mind with solemn awe. The brethren were overwhelmed with amazement at their miraculous escape, and even the pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for their deliverance.

[London Mechanic's Magazine.]

BALLOONS.

A writer in a recent number of a Continental publication recalls the public attention to the subject of balloons, and expresses a persuasion that that invention, will, in some future day, be considered as of much greater importance than it has hitherto been. He subjoins a description of the use which was made of balloons in the earlier periods of the Revolution, contributed by an old officer of

the name of Coutelle, who at that time was appointed captain-commandant of the balloon corps! and a transcript of a manuscript memoir on the same subject by M. Meunier, an officer of engineers, and a member of the Academy of Sciences. Some of the most remarkable details are as follows:—

A proposal having been made to the Committee of Public Safety to employ balloons with the armies, for the purpose of observation, it was accepted, on condition that sulphuric acid should not be employed in their inflation, sulphur being scarce and necessary for the fabrication of powder. The means resorted to were to obtain the gas by the decomposition of water on hot iron. A large apparatus for that purpose, and a balloon 27 feet in diameter, were constructed by M. Coutelle, whose experiments on the subject completely succeeded. He was sent to the French army under General Jourdan, at Manbeuge, and ascended repeatedly to the height of 270 fathoms (the length of the cords by which he was retained) which gave him an opportunity of observing all the movements of the enemy. On several of these occasions he experienced great danger from the violence of the wind; and in one instance was fired at three times during his ascent, the balls passing so near the balloon, as to induce him to fear that they had perforated it. The victory of Fleurus was in a great degree attributable to the advantage which the French derived from the communications made to them by M. Coutelle, from his aerial station, to the manoeuvres of the hostile army. From what reasons ~~does~~ not appear, but the use of balloons in military operations were soon after discontinued.

M. Meunier's memoir is curious. Proposing to himself nothing else but the power of making very long voyages, he had of course to consider the means of sustaining the shocks of strong and adverse currents of air, of stopping and anchoring, of raising himself and remaining at a convenient elevation, of moving in a calm, and of modifying the direction and speed of his progress. Again, as none of the materials of which air-balloons are composed are absolutely impermeable by the hydrogen, it was indispensable to discover how to retain the gas, or to repair its loss. It remained to determine the size, and shape of a balloon, that should be capable of transporting the apparatus, the observers and their instruments, and a quantity of provisions necessary for the longest voyage they might be required to undertake. This skilful mechanic conquered a number of the above difficulties by putting a second cover on his balloon. This outer cover was of linen, not permeable by the atmospheric air. Between the two covers there was a considerable space. A pipe, of the same fabric of the outer cover communicated between that space and a forcing pump fixed in the car. By means of this pump the air between the two covers could be condensed, the volume of the hydrogen diminished, and thereby the mean specific gravity of the fluid contained in the balloon increased. As the cover was scarcely extendible, and as the cords on its outside would not allow it to change its shape, the volume of the balloon varied very little, while its weight increased or diminished according to the mean specific gravity of the two gases which it contained. Thus, when the aeronauts were at a great elevation, all that it was necessary to do in order to descend, was to work the forcing pump, by which the weight of the atmospheric air between the covers was increased, so that the balloon would not remain suspended except in denser, that is to say, in lower air. Ballast was thereby rendered unnecessary. When it was required to ascend, the opening of the valve allowed the compressed atmospheric air to escape. By this ingenious contrivance, the aeronauts were enabled to regulate their distance from the earth; and, as the currents of air at different degrees of elevation frequently run in opposite directions, to get into that current most favorable to the object they had in view. In calms, they made use of oars, by which, however, they could not advance themselves above a league in an hour. The writer seems to think that it would be possible with such a machine, to reconnoitre the interior of Africa, without being exposed to any of the evils which have hitherto proved so fatal to travellers in that country!

[London Times.]

IODINE.

Much has been said of the good effects of Iodine in swellings of the thyroid gland, and against scrofulous tumours in general; but no where has the atal action which it exercises on the breast been properly noticed. M. Hufeland reports, among other cases, that of a girl of twenty years of age, endowed with a good constitution, who made use, during six months, of the tincture of Iodine, for the resolution of a goitre. It produced the desired effect; but she perceived in time that her breasts were sunk, and diminished in volume. Notwithstanding the disuse of the Iodine, this diminution continued, so that at the end of two years there remained no vestige of the mamillary gland. Two other analogous cases might have been cited, but the preceding M. Hufeland thinks sufficient to arrest the attention of practitioners upon a subject of so much importance, for if these facts are confirmed, in a majority of cases, a remedy which deprives a female of one of her most important organs, ought to be rejected. The author asks in conclusion, if it is not possible that this peculiar action of Iodine may extend itself to the other organs indispensable in the conformation of both sexes. Besides he observes the extraordinary effect of this remedy upon those organs in the normal state might be efficacious in a pathological condition. We shall add that the employment of Iodine externally produces the same alterations. M. Eusebe de Salle has successfully employed Iodine in a chronic enlargement of a particular organ, and Magendic in his formulae under the article Iodine, has made known the results of this medicament.

[Silliman's Journal.]

PLATINUM.

M. Pongauit, a celebrated French chemist, has recently discovered a mine of platinum at Antioquia, in the department of Cundinamarca, in Colombia. Hitherto this precious metal, so valuable in the arts, had only been found in the Uralian mountains, in Russia, and in the provinces of Choco and Barbacoas, on the coasts of the South Sea, but always in alluvial lands, where it could only be met with accidentally; but in this case there can be no doubt that the metal exists in real veins in the valley *De Osus* (being very near the province of Choco, from which it is separated only by a branch of the Cordillera of the Andes, which circumstance accounts for the same metal in the alluvial soils of the valley of *De Osus*); and it is sufficient to pound the materials which these veins contain, in order to obtain from them, by washing, the gold and platinum which they embody. Mines of platinum have recently been found in the Uralian mountains in the government of Perma, so extremely rich, that the price of platinum fell nearly one-third at St. Petersburg; and hence we may reasonably expect that this valuable metal will cease to bear that high price at which it has hitherto been sold.

ELECTRICITY.

M. Pouillet, in a memoir on the subject of electricity of gases and atmospheric electricity, deduces that no electricity is developed, by fusion or vaporization, or by the inverse changes in the state of bodies. That during combustion, combustible bodies assume the negative state, and the supporters of combustion the positive state, and that the electricities pass from the combining molecules to those which are ready to combine. That as soon as the vegetation of a plant is well developed, it produces electricity in the earth. That alkaline solutions of soda, potash, baryta, and strontia, however little they be concentrated, give electricity; and the alkali which remains after the evaporation of the water is positively electrified. The other solutions of salts or acids equally yield electricity, and the bodies combined with the water then acquire negative electricity.

CHARACTER.**MIRABEAU.**

Honore Gabriel Riquete de Mirabeau was born at Bignon, near the town of Nemours, on the 9th of March, 1749. He lived 42 years, in which period he underwent every species of persecution, was accused of every sort of crime, thrown into prison seventeen times, by virtue of as many lettres-de-ca-

chet, procured chiefly by his own father; tried, condemned, exiled, executed in effigy. He tasted the sweetness and the bitterness of every individual stream which flows from the fountain of human passion; he gave the immediate impulsion to a mighty revolution; he created and directed the dominant opinions of twenty-five millions of men, for two years together, by the single magic of intellectual superiority; he was hated, and feared, and courted, by antagonist factions; he triumphed over every obstacle, and avenged himself of every enemy; he died an exhausted debauchee, a professed Atheist, amidst the tears and groans of thousands, in the bosom of an immense popularity, a representative. France bore him the first to his tomb within that splendid monument, which she had raised in gratitude to the lovers of their country!

His power at the moment of his victory over the Jacobins was immense; his popularity approached to an idolatry for his person. He was tall, thick and ugly; yet he reigned more indisputably in the hearts of the fair sex than he did even in the tribune. The girls embraced him as he walked in the streets; threw ribbons around his neck, and scattered flowers before his feet. He gave himself up to the most destructive excesses, and sunk himself to apathy in the mad voluptuousness which the finest women of Paris were proud to participate with him. At the same time he never ceased from his intellectual toils; his ambition was never lulled, his reason was never intoxicated, never asleep. He saw with accuracy the exact position in which he was placed, and understood the relative strength and intentions of the various parties with precision. He restrained the Aristocrats within bounds, and repressed the furies of the democratical faction; he might have strengthened the bands of the king—he might have quelled the clubs; he might have saved France! but death came and snatched him from the earth, when his life was invaluable and his loss irreparable. His debauches racked him with pain; his mind became lethargic, his energies languid.

Mirabeau felt that his end was approaching and submitted to it with fortitude. He ordered the windows to be opened wide on the day of his death:—"My friends," said he to Cabinis, "I shall die this day; when a man has arrived at this point there remains but one thing to do—to languish in perfumes, to enwreath his head in flowers, to surround the senses with music, that so he may enter sweetly into that sleep from which he shall never more arise."

He became speechless, but still remained perfectly sensible. His sufferings were excruciating, and taking up a pen he wrote legibly the word *Dormier*. He twice or thrice wrote to express his request that they would give him opium; he fell back again apparently dead; when some artillery being discharged in the neighbourhood, the dying Mirabeau raised himself upon one arm, opened his eyes, smiled, and said with a clear and almost exulting voice, "Sont-ce deja les fumerailles d'Achille?—J'ai pour un siecle de codrage, et je n'ai plus pour un instead de force." He sunk with the effort, and expired.

No monarch was ever carried to his long home with more imposing magnificence; it was rather an apotheosis than a human entombment. The representatives of the people, all the public functionaries, twelve thousand of the national guard, and more than four thousand citizens in mourning, formed the procession. A slow and melancholly music told of departed greatness, the thousand torches, the intermittent cannons, the windows and balconies breathing with all the beauty of Paris, presented a striking and memorable contrast of motion and stillness of life and of death.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Towards the end of the year 1777, the Abbe Raynal, calling one evening on Dr. Franklin, at his lodgings in Paris, found in company with the Doctor their common friend, Silas Deane. Ah, Monsieur l'Abbe," said Deane, "we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?" The Abbe resisted this attack with some warmth: and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works,

which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of Polly Baker, on which the Abbe had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. "Now here," says Deane, "is a tale in which there is not a word of truth." Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed. "My dear Abbe," said he, "shall I tell you the truth? When I was a young man, or rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper; and as it sometimes happened that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality: now the anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my invention." "And upon my word," cried Raynal, quitting at once the tone of dispute for that of flattery, "I would much rather insert your fictions in my works than the truths of many other people."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MEMORIAL. The editor and publishers of this "annual," encouraged by the flattering reception which their first number has met with in the reading community, take this occasion to inform the contributors to the pages of *Christmas and New-Year's Offering*, and the public at large, that they are commencing a similar volume for the year 1828. Their arrangements have been made with reference to the issuing of a larger and more beautiful Souvenir, than that which they have already presented; and from the resources now at their control, and the devotion of time and attention to its preparation, they trust that the intrinsic merits of their publication will recommend it to notice. They are now ready to receive original communications, designs for engravings, &c. and productions of merit will, when desired, meet with a liberal compensation. All contributions must be forwarded "to the Editor of the Memorial, care of Messrs. True & Green, Boston, Mass. on or before the first of May next."

ATLANTIC SOUVENIR. Messrs. Carey & Lea, proprietors of that popular and beautiful work, the *Atlantic Souvenir*, wish it to be generally known, that all literary contributions should be sent to them for the editor, by the beginning of April, in order to enable them to publish each number in due form and season. The work is open to literary composition in any quarter; and a liberal compensation in money will be paid for all the articles that shall be inserted.

THE FREDONIAD. Subscriptions are obtaining in Boston, for a Poem under the above title, from the pen of Richard Emmons, M. D. of Kentucky. The poem is historical and heroic, being in part a history of the events of the late war. It is proposed to publish it in four volumes. Dr. Emmons is a native of Boston, and is deserving of liberal patronage.

Timothy Pitkin, Esq. of Connecticut, (formerly for many years a prominent member of Congress, and author of a well known work on the Statistics of the Union,) has issued proposals for a work, entitled "Sketches of the Political and Civil History of the United States," from the settlement of the colonies to the close of the Administration of President Washington; to be comprised in two volumes, of 500 pages each, at \$2 50 per volume.

The London Courier of the 12th ult. announces a new work, entitled "The Campaign of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, by the author of 'The Subaltern.'"

Mr. Jared Sparks, editor of the North American Review, has made arrangements with Judge Washington for publishing an entire edition of "General Washington's Works," to consist of his letters to the Governor of Virginia during the French war, his State Papers, Official Correspondence, both military and civil, and such of his private letters as may be deemed suited for publication; the whole to be comprised in a series of volumes, with notes and illustrations by the esteemed editor.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

There are tragedies in real life which, but for their every day occurrence, would penetrate men's souls deeper than all the fabled woes that poets ever yet imagined. I do not allude to the consuming or broken hearts which one meets at every turn, and which are either masked by their owners' pride, or pass unheeded by the selfish shortsightedness of the million; but of those public and notorious spectacles on which, as on a stage, the miseries of mankind are exhibited; even paraded without exciting from the beholders more than a passing remark; sometimes without being thought of at all.

The condition of criminals sentenced to die, is of all others the most heart-sickening. Every feeling of humanity revolts at the degradation to which these human beings are exposed; and putting aside the enormity of their crimes, and the justice of their punishment, upon which latter topic much might be said, it is impossible to contemplate men in this condition without sensations of the deepest pain and humiliation. Few persons visit these abodes of wretchedness; and it is perhaps well that they do not. Little good can result from the spectacle; it is indecent to gaze upon sorrows which cannot be alleviated; and as for the benefit of example, always strongly overrated, what can be the force of example from persons whom imprisonment, and suffering, and conscious helplessness, have reduced to a condition little above that of the inhabitants, of Bedlam, in point of intellectual power?

Years have passed since I saw the condemned cells at Newgate; but many more must elapse before the impression which that sight made upon me can be removed, or even weakened. It was on a gloomy November day; the streets were filled with that damp murky vapour which is the reproach of our climate; and everything looked as sad and dull as the task I had undertaken. The approach to Newgate; the appearance of the building, and the entrance to the prison; form a succession of horrors, the gradual increase of which prepare the mind for those which are to ensue, and are a fit prologue to the tragedy behind. The massy fastenings to the doors, the chains, of forms and size as various as the crimes which fill the heart of man, and hanging upon the walls as if in mockery of the ornaments which are to be found in ordinary dwellings; the thick stone walls, through which the passages seem rather to be cut than built, cast a chill upon the blood, and the respiration is checked by the weight which falls upon the animal spirits. This oppression is heightened by the scarcely human appearance of the goalers, who swarm about the entrance of the prison. Originally possessing the same feelings as other men, their features expressed those feelings; but long commerce with the most abandoned of their kind, the necessity for exercising an incessant vigilance, and, more than all, the knowledge of crime with which their minds have become familiarized, have had a blighting effect on their whole being. Like those plants which blossom and flourish under the light of the sun and the dew from heaven, but which in the noisome damps of a dungeon lose their freshness, change their odour for rankness, and their beauty for deformity, these men seem to have been lowered from their first nature, and to have undergone a similar degradation. But frightful and painful as was the approach to this scene of horrors, every further step became infinitely more so.

At the period of my visit to this place, for some reason; perhaps on account of the number of criminals then under sentence of immediate execution, they were not confined in the cells commonly allotted for such purposes, but were all placed together in a long chamber, on what might be called the first floor of the building. A staircase of stone led to it; and as the edifice stood within a court yard, the entrance to which was secured by several gates and passages, it had not been thought necessary to fasten the door of the room. It was a long whitewashed chamber, lighted by small windows, which were secured with thick iron bars. At one end lay the mattresses and bedding of the inmates, rolled up in as small a compass as possible, to be out of the way; a small wooden desk, furnished with materials for writing, stood near them. At the other end of the

chamber there was a chimney, in which a fire, as dull as the weather, was consuming. A long deal table, with benches on each side, stood in the middle of the room; and on the right hand was a large leaden sink, furnished with water for the use of the prisoners. Everything was kept scrupulously clean; but, at the same time, so bare and desolate an appearance prevailed throughout the room, that if all the other circumstances of horror had been absent, there was enough in the mere look of the place to make one's blood run cold. But the people; the human beings of whom this was for a time the abiding place; they formed a sight the most revolting, and which words can hardly describe.

On a seat near the fire sat a miserable looking old man, dressed in a loose brown great-coat, and wearing a white night-cap. He was reading, or rather spelling, a hymn, from a book which had been given him by one of the dissenting clergymen, who are always about the prisons. The utter want of expression in this poor wretch's countenance, and the almost idiotic manner in which he continued to mutter, half aloud, words which he did not understand, excited feelings of greater pain, because there was something of disgust mixed up with them, than a display of violent grief. This man had been a small farmer, and was possessed of some substance. He had long been suspected in this neighborhood of dishonest practices, and at length been convicted of sheep-stealing: the general circumstances of his life prevented his being treated as many others who had been found guilty of the same offences. The apathy which he displayed formed a sickening contrast to the scene around him: the helpless wretch, with less intelligence than a beast destined to be slaughtered, was awaiting his fate with as little apprehension.

On the opposite side of the room three men, each of whom was heavily ironed, were walking up and down in a row. At every step their fetters rung on each other, and the regularity of their paces produced a dull and horrible sound, monotonous and sad as the groans which may be imagined to proceed from the prison caverns of the damned. The first of these persons was a pale, slender youth; who, with the second, an elder and more robust man on the other side, had been condemned for a burglary. The third man, who occupied the middle place, was a Jew, of sturdy limbs and short stature. He had been found guilty of a secret robbery, and as he had maltreated his victim after plundering him, he was doomed to a fate, which but for the cruelty he had practised, he would probably have escaped. After his condemnation he had suffered his beard to grow, a practice which it seems is common with the Jews; and the grizzled black hair, of several days' growth, which now overspread all the lower part of his face, added to the natural base and ferocious cast of his features. These three persons walked and talked together in a dogged, reckless manner for some time. At length the younger, as if tired with the tediousness of his exercise, quitted his companions, and sat down at the table to read a prayer book which was lying upon it; the others continued their walk for some time longer. Their conversation, however, seemed to flag, they said less to each other, and each was evidently thinking of some other subject than that on which they spoke. The burglar at length went towards the sink, and drew some water in a cup which he drank, while the expression of his eyes told that he was almost unconscious of what he was doing: he sat down, and, as if at that moment some bitter thought thrust itself upon his memory, the tears started involuntary to his eyes, he buried his face in his hands, and threw himself upon the table, while a low groan burst from him, and the quivering of his whole frame told the agonies which remorse was inflicting upon his inmost soul. The Jew left alone, continued to walk for a short time, looking more sulky and dogged than ever: after a few moments his features relaxed a little; a tremulous motion was apparent upon his upper lip, and a tear rolled down from either eye, which he wiped off with his hard, muscular hand; and, as if more surprised than softened by so strange an emotion, he went into a distant corner of the room and sat down upon the beds.

I believe these three men were wholly unconscious of the presence of any other person in the room. In their actions might be traced, as plainly as if they had been described by words, the feelings

which worked upon them. A deep and bitter remorse; not repentance of their crimes; but regret that they were reduced to this condition; a sense of their own helplessness, and a desperate conviction that there was no hope left for them. These feelings, as by turns they sprang up and exercised their power upon the uncultivated minds of the miserable men, swayed them as the winds move the waves of the ocean. It was curious speculation, and I have often thought since; for at that time I was too much pained at the spectacle to reflect upon it; that a strange lesson might be learned of the heart of man in such a school as this.

Another man was there of a superior character to the criminals I have mentioned. His mind had been to a certain degree refined by education and by travel. He had served in the army abroad, had fought bravely, and had signalized himself on several occasions, the only reward for which was some severe wounds, which were not even then wholly cured. The idleness which the peace brought with it to soldiers, and a desire to improve his fortune in pursuits for which he was better calculated than for the military profession, induced him to quit the army. He was married; and this was a more cogent reason than all the others for his entering again in civil life. He did so, and was unfortunate; perhaps imprudent; but he lost his all, and, in time, found himself beggared; without the cost of a day's subsistence in hand; and with a wife whom he loved, he only wanted children, dying slowly of a broken heart, which people called a "fever." In this situation a friend recommended him to "try the forged notes." At first, of course, the proposal was rejected. But, next day, furniture, clothes, every thing but the bed his dying wife lay on, and that lay on the floor, was gone; the demon was not to be cheated out of his prey, he went to work, and to destruction.

The unskillfulness with which he set about his task ensured his detection; in the second attempt he made he was taken and imprisoned; he was tried, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to be executed. At the period of which I now speak, he was in the same room with the others, destined to a similar fate; but upon him the effect of the surrounding circumstances was extraordinary, as well as dreadful; for he was impressed from the beginning with a belief that his life would not be forfeited. The lenity which so many confirmed offenders had experienced, the small amount of a crime he had committed, his previous character, his distress, all combined to strengthen that opinion, and it became stronger and deeper as all rational hope declined. The following day was now fixed for his execution, but still he believed that his life would be spared; the sands of his existence were rapidly dropping, and still, though he might have counted them, he insisted with a desperate infatuation on believing that years of life were yet before him. With a smile, which was full of horror, he dismissed the exhortations of the clergyman, recommending to his care the other culprits who really had need of them; and to every other suggestion he either turned a deaf ear, or received them with an incredulous shake of the head, adding, occasionally, as he strode about in feverish anxiety, "It is quite impossible; they will not, they cannot, they dare not commit so needless, so useless an injustice!" It was evident to all of cooler reason who observed him that he had nourished this fatal belief until it had taken the place of his judgment, and in this belief until the morrow, until the preparations for his death begun, he resolutely continued.

At the desk near the lower end of the room a young man was engaged in writing a letter. He was pale and looked ill, but his features were handsome, and his clothes made in the extreme of fashion; hanging over him stood a young woman, dressed in a splendid but awkward manner; her clothes were of a very expensive description, but tawdry and unsuitable for the state of the weather and the time of day. When she looked up, I recognized one of those unfortunate women whom "the dangerous gift of beauty" has brought to the most fatal destruction. The appearance of these two persons in this place of unmixt wretchedness, and among people of whom privations and confinement had fixed their hard and degraded stamp, formed a distressing contrast; and a sense of the ridiculous,

which intruded itself among the other sensations to which the scene gave rise, made it horrible. The young man, whose fate at this period made some noise in the town, was an artist of respectable talents; he had long been pursuing dishonest courses, and at length, being engaged in a burglary, he was sentenced to death. The female had shared his short lived prosperity, and now, with a rare fidelity, clung to him in his lost fortunes, when all the world besides had abandoned him. This instance of the power of that passion which rules the world, struck me as being infinitely more remarkable than many of those proofs of female affection which are cited as heroic.

Here were two persons whose life had been base and profligate to the last degree; that of the woman too vile to be thought upon; and yet that holy and purifying passion which neither vice, nor crime, nor misery could extinguish, now seemed as it were to triumph over all; and in the very hour when it was the turn of the most hateful qualities to have uncontrolled sway; when every inducement, even the opinion of the world; of that world by which she was abandoned, was in favor of her deserting the man, she was impelled by the unaided, irresistible power of her affection to comfort him in his hapless wretchedness; to strip herself of all that she possessed to furnish him with food and such aid as might bestead him; and this too for a man whose claims upon her affection, if they could have been estimated, were probably, as such men's claims mostly are, less than that which he would have had upon a brute devoid of reason! I know that most females know no limits in their exertions for men whom they love; and that this should be the result of a sincere, and ardent, and pure attachment, excites no wonder; but that a woman divested of the most estimable attributes of her sex, degraded in mind and in person, regarded by the better part of society as an anomaly; a monster, belonging to neither sex, but the reproach of both, that she should, in the depth of her humiliation, practise, and in one instance at least, the same devoted virtue which would have added dignity to the most exalted of women; that she should do this with a disinterestedness which admits of no doubt, for the object of her love was a wretched criminal, whose days were numbered, and whose name was wedded to contempt and disgrace; this it is that excites my astonishment, and the highest veneration for the passion which can work such wonders.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in a woman's love!

In a corner near the door stood another group, which had commanded my attention from the moment of my entering. It consisted of a hard featured ugly young man who was also to die on the morrow, for uttering forged bank notes, an old man of most respectable appearance, and a middle aged person, upon whose arm the old man was leaning. The elder of this party appeared to be about eighty years of age; he was dressed in a fashion long gone by; his head was bald at the top; but from about his ears some few silver locks hung curling down and reached his shoulders. He was talking to the criminal in a solemn manner, but in so low a tone that its purport did not reach me. The frequent use which the other persons made of their handkerchiefs induced me to believe that he was earnestly exhorting the culprits to prepare for the fate which awaited them. The youth listened with unmoved features, and when at length the old man bade him farewell for the last time, and, blinded by his tears, felt his way down the stairs, the criminal accompanied him into the court yard, when the gate which separated them for ever was closed upon him. He immediately came back to the dismal prison in which his fellows were, and after standing for a few moments with his eyes fixed, and the same dull, impenetrable expression in his countenance, he uttered a loud yell, and dashed himself with a frightful violence on the floor. It is impossible to describe the effect which this scream, accompanied by the noise of his fall, and the clashing of his fetters against the floor, had upon every one present. The criminal looked aghast towards the spot, and the terrified woman grasped the arm of the young man near whom she was standing. It seemed as if the poor wretch had resisted, as long as he was able,

the feelings which flowed upon his heart, and that at length the force which they had acquired by being thus bent up enabled them to burst through the restraint with overpowering violence. The old man was his grandfather, and had not seen him for several years before this last fatal interview.

I could endure no more, but made a hasty departure from a scene of horror and despair, which I am conscious that I have failed in attempting adequately to describe, but which I can never forget.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PASSIONS.

OF FEAR. NO I.

First fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the horrors bewilder'd land,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made. [Collins.]

The learned Dr. Johnson, than whom there can be no better authority, has said that the passion of fear is essentially necessary to the human mind; inasmuch as it points out the dangers which surround the body, and gives timely notice to escape. It is a safeguard both to the mind and body; because were it not for the intercession of this passion, the mind would often be wrought up to the commission of crimes, which would eventually end in the ruin of both. Fear does not exist the same in every individual; and by certain causes it may be expelled from a mind where it once had powerful influence; as in the case of a coward who has been so fortunate as to escape from death in one or more battles. We are told that the best disciplined soldiers fight much more valiantly after the first engagement, and many have ceased to dread the billows of the ocean after a successful voyage.

The symptoms of fear are so familiar to every one, that it is needless to enumerate them here, any further than to observe that fear generally arises, in its strongest forms, in weak nervous systems; as in delicate females. However, this hypothesis will not always be exempt from exception; for we read of the heroic exploits of females as well as men; among whom we find Philippa, the brave queen of Edward III, who defeated the Scots at the time they invaded England, and led their sovereign, David II, prisoner to London. We are also informed that the Amazonian Queen carried succours to the Trojans in the time of the Trojan war; and Pliny says she invented a battle-axe. Joan of Arc, or the maid of Orleans, celebrated in history, is said to have relieved Orleans by driving the English; and by defeating Talbot at the battle of Patrai, to have recovered Champagne. She was bred a shepherdess, and finally, by pretending to inspiration from Heaven, she was burnt at the stake for a witch, about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Fear may be excited by many causes. I have known a young lady to be much alarmed at the presence of a simple worm; and probably had an innocent lizard been placed upon her neck, she would have been thrown into convulsions; and I have read of an instance where death was the consequence from opening a closet where a human skeleton was suspended. The fear excited by dead bodies, (with the exception of Physicians,) is almost universal. It would seem strange that a body divested of life, and consequently unable to injure, should frighten, did we not know, from daily experience that it is a fact. I can well remember my feelings when a lad, on first entering a dissecting room, containing ten dead bodies; but habit, the powerful ruler of the passions, soon made it familiar, by sitting among them alone; and so far from being terrifying, it finally became the most interesting place and avocation I could possibly find. Prejudice was overcome by familiarity, and fear by the acquisition of knowledge. The belief in the existence of ghosts and witches, has a powerful influence in exciting fear; and should be overcome by reasoning upon the fallacy of such incongruous opinions, and by sending the persons to such places as they are said to inhabit. When night shades her mantle over the realms of creation, parents, instead of allowing their children to be lighted to bed, and

persons to remain with them, should drive them alone in the dark, which finally will eradicate all fear. I remember to have been frightened at a side-saddle, and had not resolution carried me to the spot, I could have sworn that it was a demon with horns and glaring eyes: so wonderfully did my imagination transform the object. There was once a man within the sphere of my knowledge, who was actually deranged, partially, on the subject of witchcraft. He never permitted a horse-shoe to be torn from the sill of his door, because he said it prevented the entrance of the witches; and he would describe, with all the appearance of truth, the manner in which the witch forced her bridle into his mouth, and what she said when they both "popt" through the key-hole together. This man would bring forward the Scripture to prove the existence of witches; but he should have recollected that "old things are done away, and all things become new." Death is the cause of fear to many persons, and I know of but one specific remedy, which is religion. This balm will soothe the cares of the approach of death, and mitigate the pangs of a dying moment. The venerable Dr. Johnson, before quoted, declared in the waste of life, that the prospect of death was terrible; but we are informed by the celebrated Dr. Rush, that General Miranda, and the Marquis de Chatelet while confined in Paris, and every day expecting to be led to the guillotine, prevented the fear of death by reading history and other entertaining books constantly, and never permitting themselves to speak of their expected fate. This circumstance was told to the Doctor by General Miranda, in his visit afterwards to Philadelphia. The fear of death is often more terrible than death itself; for Voltaire tells us that Louis the fourteenth said, "It is not so difficult a thing to die as I expected." We are informed that the celebrated John Hunter subdued the fear of speaking in public by taking opium, but I would not recommend it, as it too often ends in a confirmed habit. There are many persons alarmed at the idea of venturing upon water; and history furnishes an instance, in Peter the Great, of Muscovy, who was born with a dread of that element, but which was obliterated by subjecting himself to the mercy of the waves, which frequently produced fainting, until finally he crossed oceans for the benefit of his country, by introducing many important arts. Fear may be occasioned by a variety of causes, which the limits of my essay will not permit me to mention, and therefore I pass on to take an observation of the most singular and astonishing effects arising from the excess of this passion.

The excess of fear has often ended in death, but at present I do not recollect any authenticated cases to bring forward as testimonies. The excess of fear has also occasioned a falling off of the hair of the head, as related by Dr. Rush, of a gentleman who witnessed the great earthquake at Lisbon, in the year 1775. It has also occasioned the erection of the hair perpendicularly, which may be found elegantly described by Virgil and Shakspeare. I recollect to have entered the university at night, and on going up the dark flight of stairs where no lamp was permitted to be kept, I put my hand suddenly upon the cold face of a dead carcase. Before reason could give her impulse, I directly felt my hair elevate my hat. But the most singular phenomena in the effects of this passion, are the sudden changes in the color of the hair to gray and white. There is a case recorded in the Duke of Sully's memoirs, in the following words,—"Henry IV. told the Marquis De la Force, that the moment he was informed that Henry III. had published an edict, ordering all the Hugonots either to go to mass, or to abandon the kingdom in six months, his mustaches turned suddenly white on that side of his face which he supported with his hand." Mr. Wesley gives an account of a nobleman in Germany who had received the sentence of death for a crime which he had committed, and whose execution was to take place the next day. In the course of the night previous, fear operated so powerfully upon him that the jailer did not know him; his hair, instead of being black, having turned perfectly white. The Emperor was informed of the circumstance, and said, "he has suffered enough," upon which he was pardoned. A gentleman of veracity once informed me of a similar circumstance, which

took place in the East Indies, where the hair turned gray. A certain author recites the case of an Englishman being wrecked at sea, and who saved himself on a very small rock, surrounded by the roaring ocean, without a single hope of ever being liberated. He was taken off by a boat several hours after, and his hair had changed, to the astonishment of his friends, to a silver color. It is almost incredible that fear should operate so powerfully on the human system; but it is substantiated by good authority. The reason why fear does not have this effect in all cases, is that death supervenes before the system can be so powerfully acted on; which proves that they suffer more than death in fearing it. How wonderful is the connection of mind and matter, and how still more wonderful is the power of the one when acting on the other!

MILFORD BARD.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1827.

THE CASE OF WILLIAM MORGAN.

Previous to its adjournment this afternoon, the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this state had the following proceedings:

To the Most Excellent the Grand Chapter of the State of New-York:—

The committee appointed by resolution of the Grand Chapter, on the affair of William Morgan, RESPECTFULLY REPORT:

That they have attended to the duties assigned them, and that from the highly agitated and inflamed state of public feeling on this subject, and from the false and undeserved imputations which have been thrown upon freemasons, and the masonic order generally, your committee deem it proper that this Grand Chapter should make a public expression of its sentiments in relation to the affair alluded to. Your committee as expressive of their views on the subject embraced in this report, would offer for the consideration of the Grand Chapter, the following preamble and resolutions.

Whereas, the rights of personal liberty and security are guaranteed by the free constitution under which we, the members of this Grand Chapter, in common with the rest of our fellow citizens, have the happiness to live: And whereas we esteem the preservation of these rights of vital importance to the perpetuity and full enjoyment of the blessings of our republican institutions: And whereas the community has lately witnessed a violation of the same, under the alleged pretext of the Masonic name and sanction, (in the case of William Morgan): And whereas, the principles of our ancient and honorable fraternity contain nothing which, in the slightest degree, justify or authorize such proceedings; but, on the contrary, do in all their tenets and ceremonies, encourage and inculcate a just submission to the laws, the enjoyment of equal rights by every individual, and a high and elevated spirit of personal as well as national independence:

Therefore Resolved, by this Grand Chapter, that we its members, individually and as a body, do disclaim all knowledge or approbation of the said proceedings, in relation to the abduction of the said William Morgan; and that we disapprove of the same, as a violation of the majesty of the laws, and an infringement of the rights of personal liberty, secured to every citizen of our free and happy republic.

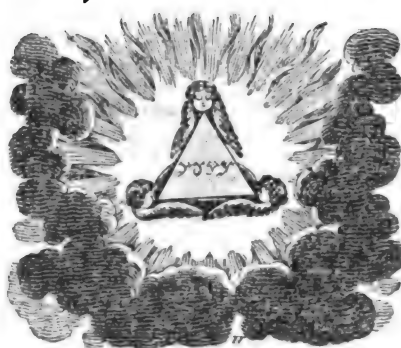
Resolved, That the foregoing report, preamble and resolution be published.

A true extract from the minutes of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-York.

J. O. COLE, G. Sec'y.

To the sentiments above expressed, every true mason will respond AMEN.

UNITAS, CONCORDIA FRATrum.



LUX EX TENEBRIS.

The GRAND COUNCIL OF PRINCES OF JERUSALEM which forms the subject of this notice, was originally established by authority emanating from Thr. Ill. Br. Henry Andrew Francken, D. G. Inspector General, &c., who received his high powers from Thr. Ill. Br. Stephen Morin, appointed 27th Aug. 1761, Inspector General over all lodges, &c. &c. in the new world, by the G. Consistory of S. Princes of the R. S. convened in Paris, at which presided the King of Prussia by his Deputy Chaillon de Johnville. The authority of this G. Council has been duly recognized by the Supreme Council of the 33d, &c. for the United States of America.

This G. Council is now in a flourishing condition, owing principally to the exertions of Thr. Ill. Brn. Giles F. Yates and James M. Allen.

They held their annual convention at the G. East in the City of Albany, on the 8th day of the 11th month Shevat 5587 (5th Feb. 1827), Br. G. F. Yates declined a reappointment as G. Sov. The election of officers then took place and the result was as follows:—

John W. Bay, M. D. of Albany, M. Eq. G. Sov.
James M. Allen M. D. of Skaneateles, Onondaga County, E. Sub. G. Sov.

John G. Van Deusen, of Palatine, Montgomery County, M. En. G. Warden.

Dwight F. Lawton, of Saratoga Springs, En. G. Counsellor.

Giles F. Yates, A. M. of the City of Schenectady, Ill. G. Chancellor.

Rev. Nathan N. Whiting, A. M. of Ballston, Saratoga County, Ill. G. Priest.

Eli Savage, of New-Hartford, Oneida County, Ill. G. Recorder.

Nathaniel Calkins, of New-Hartford, Oneida County, Ill. G. M. Finances.

Almos Mathews, of Mayfield, Montgomery County, Ill. G. M. Ceremonies.

Samuel H. Drake, of Saratoga Springs, Ill. G. Herald.

Lorin Putman, of Saratoga Springs, Ill. G. Pursuivant.

Collins Odell, of Mayfield, Montgomery County, Ill. G. Guard.

At this convention there was a full representation of the five Lodges of Perfection under the jurisdiction of this G. Council, and Warrants passed the seal of said Council for the creation of a new Lodge of Perfection at Clarkson, County of Monroe, and for another at Amber, County of Onondaga. Of the former Ill. Brn. Simon B. Jewett, Esq., of Clarkson, County of Monroe, Elihu Mather, Esq., of Gaines, Orleans County, and Gen. Jacob Gould, of Rochester, and Samuel B. Bradley, M. D. of Greece, Monroe County, were appointed officers; and Ill. Brn. David S. Van Rensselaer, Killian H.

Van Rensselaer, and Samuel Selkirk, Esqs., of Amber, County of Onondaga, were appointed officers of the latter.

A system of "Mandates and Decrees" for government of this G. Council, and of the Lodges and Councils under its jurisdiction, was unanimously adopted.

Virtus junxit, mors non separabit.

The GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER of the State of New-York commenced its annual session in this city on Tuesday last, and adjourned this day. Upwards of one hundred and ten subordinate chapters were represented, and much business of importance to the craft was transacted. On Wednesday an elegant and appropriate address was delivered by Rev. Com. Joseph Prentiss, Grand Chaplain, a copy of which, together with the proceedings of the chapter we shall hereafter present to our readers. A body so numerous and respectable has seldom convened in our city. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

M. E. Asa Fitch, of Washington county, Grand High Priest.

M. E. Richard Pennell, of the city of New-York, Deputy Grand High Priest.

E. Orville Hungerford, of Jefferson county, Grand King.

E. Jacob Gould, of Rochester, Grand Scribe.

E. John O. Cole, of Albany, Grand Secretary.

E. Gerrit L. Dox, of Albany, Grand Treasurer.

E. and Rev. Joseph Prentiss, of Catskill, Grand Chaplain.

LITERARY. We have received the February number of *The Casket; or Flowers of Literature, Wit, and Sentiment*. This work, (the prospectus of which was repeatedly published in the *Ecritoir*) is devoted to the best articles in prose and verse which appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is neatly printed on good paper with fine type, and embellished with copperplate and wood engravings, and issued in monthly numbers of forty octavo pages, at \$2.50 cents a year, payable in advance.

The *New York Crystal Hunter* is a weekly literary publication conducted with more than ordinary spirit and singularly good taste. Its editor (C. E. E.) is a poet, in the true sense of the word, and a very clever writer of good natured prose. The *Crystal Hunter* is published every Saturday, in numbers of sixteen octavo pages, and is sent to subscribers in the country for \$3 50 cents a year, payable in advance.

The gold medal of fifty dollars value, offered by the editor of the *Philadelphia Album* for the best original tale, has been awarded to Richard Penn Smith, Esq. assistant editor of the *Aurora* and *Franklin Gazette*, Philadelphia. The tale is entitled *The Sea Voyage*, and is very well written.

Mr. William G. Simms, of Charleston, S. C. has published a volume under the title of *Lyrical and other Poems*. The editor of the *New-York Literary Gazette* says, "the fire of true genius burns in his song, and its light is pure and brilliant."

Mr. Fairfield has published a volume under the title of *The Cities of the Plain*. The subject is taken from Scripture. The poetry is said to be defective; yet the volume is, on the whole, spoken of favourably.

There are a number of volumes of fugitive poetry in embryo; one by a lady in one of our western counties; another by a lady of Philadelphia, and so on.

We have received a few numbers of *The Halcyon*, a literary journal, published at New-Orleans. Its columns tell favourably of its editor's talents.

Messrs. Bliss & E. White, Booksellers of New-York, have in press, nearly ready for publication, a work entitled *Father Clement*, a Roman Catholic Story, by the author of *Decision*, &c.

The following article is from the *Troy Budget*. If we pleased, we could every week extract a score of articles which place the scribbler for the *National Observer* in a truly contemptible and awkward situation; but we have other matters to attend to: and, besides, we believe the good sense of the community has something in keeping for him—something in the shape of a reputation which will be posthumous to his journal, though not to himself—which will be a sufficient curse for his present temerity. He will one of these days be overthrown by a whirlwind of his own creating.

PROPHET Solomon Southwick, within a few months has killed, in his paper, two notorious men. The first was Kean the tragedian, who died a few days after he left New-York. Mr. Southwick wrote his eulogy in the most pathetic and woe-begone terms, burying the faults of Kean, beneath the deep blue wave, and lauding his talents and performances, touching a little withal upon the treatment he received from the public, to the highest pitch of bombastic biography.

Soon after this, Mr. Southwick laments in doleful accents, the "awful fate" of Captain Morgan, who was set afloat in an "open boat" on Niagara river, fifteen miles below the falls, but who came to his untimely end by a "salmon leap" up this foaming and unequalled cataract.

Now the truth is, the late arrivals from England inform us that Kean arrived there "in good health." Mr. Southwick's story, therefore, about the "awful fate of Morgan," will probably turn out to be as true as that of the death of Kean.

We cannot condescend to continue a war of words with such a man as the editor of the *National Observer*. In his remarks respecting masonry and ourselves, he has manifested a total disregard for truth and justice, and has basely sacrificed the courtesy which is due from one gentleman to another. We shall leave Mr. Southwick to baffle with the contempt of good and honest men. He is welcome to the plaudits of the vulgar; and if the eclat which the wicked bestow upon iniquitous acts be congenial to the thirstings of his soul, he may drink the draught, and like a loathsome and detested thing, sink, neglected and despised, into an oblivious grave. We do not deem it necessary to enter into a refutation of the calumnies in yesterday's *Observer*—they bear their character on their face. What we have said respecting Mr. Southwick's motives, is correct in every particular. His attack upon the Grand Chapter and upon masonry will be duly appreciated.

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.

The King of Spain has issued an order for dismissing all the Censors of the Spanish Theatres, for having permitted the representation of a piece called the *Mysteries of Isis*, which was supposed to allude to the Masonic Lodges.—The commerce of Calcutta, as stated in the French papers, amounts on an average to fourteen millions of pounds sterling a year. About 600 vessels enter that port annually. In 1717, Calcutta was nothing but an inconsiderable little village, surrounded by marshes and forests: it now contains more than one hundred thousand houses, and extends more than two leagues along the banks of the river. The English are estimated at 600,000; and the whole population of the city and environs within the compass of 70 miles each way, is stated at more than two millions.—The brig *Sun*, of Calcutta, has been lost in the India Seas, and the 1st and 2d officers, and 22 lascars, perished.—A writer in the *Springfield (Mass.) Journal*, recommending an

increased manufacture of Potatoes Starch, states that 40,000 lbs. per annum of Starch, are consumed by the Springfield, Ludlow, Wade, Monson and Brimfield Factories.—There are twenty-six newspapers in Maine, two of which, at Portland, are published semi-weekly, the rest weekly.—On the 20th ult. it was 23 years from the cession of Louisiana to the U. States; it then contained about 8000 persons and 1000 houses. It is now estimated to contain 50,000 souls and 6000 houses.—From South Carolina there are pending 100 applications for admission to West-Point Academy, about one third of which are from Charleston. The whole state is entitled, by law, to only three admissions in a year.—It is stated that the business of manufacturing whips, in Westfield, (Mass.) furnishes employment to two or three hundred hands in that village.—One inhabitant of Guatemala collected from a part of his land last year, \$12,000 worth of Cocchineal. The territory is represented as more healthy than Cuba. The Priests say the Deity has blessed Guatemala with both hands. In Guatemala they say earthquakes are not so numerous as formerly—and they add it is because the earth has a better opportunity to breathe, by the help of wells.—The *Richmond Whig* states, that 42 bushels of letters and papers were brought to that city in two mails.—*Was it so?* The *National Intelligencer* says: "*House of Representatives*. A new member, viz: James W. Ripley, elected in the place of Mr. Lincoln (now Governor of Maine) appeared, was sworn, and took his seat upon the floor.—Bell's (London) Weekly Messenger, of the 10th ult. remarks: "If emigration is to take place from this country, we decidedly object to Canada. A Canadian soon becomes an American: eventually he must be one. Canada never was, and never will be, worth keeping."—A man engaged in splitting timber for rail-roads, near Kensall, in Chester, (England) a few weeks since, discovered, in the centre of a large pear tree, a live bat, of a bright scarlet color. The tree presents a small cavity in the centre where the bat was inclosed, but is perfectly sound and solid on each side.—The jail limits in Ohio, for debtors, are co-extensive with the county—and an Ohio county is no small space.—An advertisement appeared in a London paper, a few months ago, offering a parrot for sale, which was represented to be perfectly good tempered—could laugh, sing and talk—used no bad language—and was well worth the attention of any person in want of a companion.—One of the counties composing Randolph's Congressional District in Virginia, has invited him to become a candidate for the House of Representatives. No doubt he will be returned.—England now possesses about twenty islands in the West Indies, but the single one of Cuba is worth them all. Should she take the latter, by any way, it would make enemies to her of six great republics. This will teach her caution.—There is a great mourning made over Mr. Randolph by some of the Virginian newspapers. One says that the only fault of Mr. R. is his eccentricity.—A public meeting has been held in Pittsburg in favor of the Greeks. It was well attended. Mr. Livingston's resolution in Congress was cordially approved. The workmen of the various factories contribute in that city. The workmen at a factory contributed \$11; those of a foundry \$49; those of a hat factory \$7.—The editor of the *Boston Evening Gazette* and a wild-beast-caravan-man are quarreling about the number of lions in the United States. The caravan-man says there is only one, but the editor says ten.—The Pennsylvania legislature have decided against the removal of their seat of Government to Philadelphia.—It is said that a man and two boys were drowned recently at Philadelphia, by falling through the ice on the river.—The *Boston Banks* refuse the bills of the *Mechanics' Bank* of New-Haven.—A committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives have made a report, expressing their confidence that Congress will protect the woollen manufactures.—There are insinuations in a Boston paper that *Judge Story*, of the U. S. Supreme Court has been writing to several of the members of the Massachusetts legislature, respecting the choice of a Senator.—It is said that the Corporation of Philadelphia will not permit their arcade to be lighted with gas. They have a horror to gas lights in Philadelphia.—In the United States there are 2139 Sunday schools, 19,293 teachers, and 135,074 scholars.—The Greek Fund in Philadelphia has increased to \$4,670.—Philadelphia paper says that the British have entirely out-generalled our government on the subject of the colonial trade, and that whether we regain that trade depends not in their wisdom, but the supposed feelings of the people.—Mr. Robert Gifford, of Schaghticoke, came to Lansingburg market the other day, with a load of pork of his own fattening, and among other mammoth hogs, was one that weighed, after dressing, seven hundred and sixty pounds, decidedly the heaviest hog ever brought to that market.—Amos Warner, Esq. of W. rightstown township, Bucks County, Pa. slaughtered and sold lately, a hog, weighing eight hundred and sixty-two pounds! This hog from his nose to his hind hoofs measured 9 feet! Girth behind his shoulders 7 feet 6 inches, and was 2 years and 4 months old.—A coach

is about to be established, to run from Bridgewater to London (a distance of 150 miles) in one day! It is to be called the *Wonder*.—Judge Pendleton, of Dutchess County, has recently imported three *Thibet Goats*, of the purest race. They are entirely white, and their distinguishing mark is a long and pendant ear. They are hardy, and, it is believed, will thrive in our climate. It is from the wool of the Thibet goat, that the Cashmere Shawls are made.—The legislature of Maryland have had the following bills before them: "The bill to divorce Hannah Boudet, of the city of Baltimore; the bill to divorce Elizabeth Blakely, of Baltimore county; the bill to divorce Rebecca Thrush, of Baltimore city; the bill to divorce Mary Davis, of Washington county; the bill to divorce Lucinda M. Watkins, of Anne-Arundel county; the bill to divorce Elizabeth Smith, of Washington county; the bill to divorce Ann Culverwell, of Baltimore city—being the order of the day, they were taken up and passed."

The following items are gleaned from the news received by the packet ship *Canada*, which arrived at New-York, on Sunday evening last:—The President's Message at the opening of the present session of Congress, was published in *Billing's Liverpool Advertiser* of the 2d ult.—Mr. Kean, the tragedian, arrived in Liverpool on the 31st December, in the ship *Silas Richards*.—John Brie, Esq. a celebrated Irish Barrister, and one of the leaders of the Catholic Association, had been killed in a duel with a Mr. Hays. The catastrophe was caused by a dispute relative to the Cork election.—The *Austrian Observer* states expressly, that the infant Don Miguel had not refused to take the oath to the new constitution of Portugal.—M. Poletica (the late Russian Minister to the United States) has been appointed by the Emperor of Russia, to the station of Inspector of the civil authorities in the Government of St. Petersburg.—Amongst other Regiments ordered to Portugal, is the 10th Hussars—which has made itself so conspicuous for its extravagance, turbulence, and coxcombry throughout England.—The New-York Packet ship *Canada*, was seized at Liverpool, by the officers of the Customs, in consequence of having on board 10 hogheads purporting to be filled with Quercitron bark, but in reality filled with tobacco and snuff. Jeremiah Platt, the consignee of the hogheads, was taken into custody, and proceeded against and fined 100l.—Several outrages have been committed by the turn-out spinners at Oldham. The injury done to the works and workmen was considerable.—The converts from Catholicism to Protestantism are getting to be very numerous. Sometimes they amount to 50 or 60 in a day. In the county of Cavan, alone, they amount to 253 within 2 months.—Letters from Constantinople, dated Dec. 17, state that the foreign ambassadors in that city, have exerted themselves with so much activity, that a result favorable to Greece might be expected.—The *Journal de Paris* contains a very silly extract from a pretended Madrid letter, of the date 14th Dec. The letter states that the message of the King of England, and the speech of Mr. Canning on the subject of Portugal, were received at Madrid on the 13th. The simple fact is, that Mr. Canning's speech was delivered on that very day, the 13th Dec.—Mr. Hutchinson, the son of the late member, has been elected for Cork, and Lord John Russell has been returned for the borough of Bandon.—It is calculated that a camp of 10,000 French troops will speedily be formed in the Department of the eastern Pyrenees.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Dr. C. S. Button, Arcadia, Wayne co.
A. W. Goff, Phelps, Ontario co.
Charles F. Ames, Editor of the Republican, Hudson.
R. St. John, Editor of Western Sentinel, Salina.
R. Martin, one of the editors of the Telegraph, Rochester.
J. J. Tappen, Editor Whig, Monticello, Sullivan county.
P. K. Allen, Editor of Advocate, Kingston, Ulster county.
Editor Album and Ladies' Weekly Gazette, Philadelphia.
Thomas G. Plummer, Baltimore, Maryland.
B. F. Smead, Editor Advocate, Bath, Steuben co.
Joseph W. Seymour, Editor Michigan Herald, Detroit.
H. C. Frisbee, Editor of Censor, Fredonia, Chautauque co.
A. Green, Editor Berkshire American, Pittsfield, Mass.
A. G. Dauby, Editor of the Observer, Utica.
Wm. Berry, jr. P. M., Madison, Madison county.
James Graham, P. M., Canastota, Madison county.
Lyman Ellis, P. M., and Theodore Dickinson, Ellisburgh.
P. Reynolds, jr. Editor of the Herald, Johnstown.
James Wright, Editor of the Herald, Sandy Hill.
J. J. C. Cantine, Editors of the Journal, Cortland Village.
David Haigh, Lockport, Niagara county.
Br. Wm. B. Collier, P. M., Middlebury Village.
Thomas B. Barnum, Editor of the Advertiser, Syracuse.
C. P. Barnum, Editor of the Telegraph, Poughkeepsie.
S. D. W. Drown, P. M., De Witt's Valley, Allegany co.
Samuel Peck, Malone, Franklin county.
Editor of the Public Advertiser, Louisville, Kentucky.
R. M. Voorhees, Editor Village Register, West Union, Ohio.
George Nashee & Co. Editors State Journal, Columbus, Ohio.
Editor Republican, Zanesville, Ohio.
Ira Davis, Postmaster, Passumpsic, Vermont.
A. F. Carpenter, Editor Parthenon, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents allowed every seventh copy, gratis

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

TUNE—"Has sorrow thy young days shaded."

The flowers I loved best soonest faded;
Yet I looked on their death with a smile.
And thus is my life ever shaded
By clouds of decay and guile.
The friends I loved best have departed,
Ah!—far from fond friendship's call.
But now I am thrice deserted,
By thee—the most cruel of all.

I looked on the harbour I cherished,
And guarded with tenderest care,
When its promising boughs had perished,
And death sits exulting there.
I sighed—but I wept not o'er it,
Though sorely I grieved for its fall.
But thou wert beloved before it;
And thou wert more cruel than all.

O how did thy young Love flatter!
But sorrow has withered up
The hopes too serene to scatter:
They were watered from misery's cup.
And now to the desolate hearted,
Affection in vain may call,
For all that I loved has departed
With thee,—the most cruel of all.

Feb. 7.

G.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MELANCHOLY.

Far in a wild sequestered vale,
Pale Melancholy dwells;
And to the winds her piteous tale,
The musing maiden tells.

Where crystal cascades dashing pour,
At noontide oft she strays;
And listens to the rocks that roar,
In dreams of happier days.

At midnight's solemn sacred scene,
Where steals the winding wave,
With wild-buds and with flowrets green,
She strews the new made grave.

And now, in Memory's glass she throws
Her kindling eye of fire;
Starts wild!—and in her dream of woes,
She sweeps the Lydian lyre.

Fired at the sound of pity's tale,
She beats her bosom bare,
Rends the loose silken snowy veil,
And waves her hanging hair.

And now again, when Luna's light
Illumes the gurgling rills,
Her song awakes the shades of night,
And dies along the hills.

But ne'er the joys of youthful years
Shall bless that heart of care;
She wanders o'er the world in tears,
The victim of despair.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

DIRGE OF THE YEAR.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is still asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking at your untimely weeping.
As an earthquake rocks a corpse,
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-old year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air swirls and sways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rock the year;—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.
January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;

February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

JULIA.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

To the graves, where sleeps the dead,
Hapless Julia took her way;
Sighs to heave, and tears to shed
O'er the spot where Damon lay.
Many a blooming flower she bore,
O'er the green grass turf to throw;
And, while fast her tears did pour,
Thus she sang to soothe her woe:

"Soft and safe, thou lowly grave,
Fast o'er thee my tears shall flow;
Only hope the hapless have,
Only refuge left for woe.
Constant love and grief sincere
Shall thy hallowed turf pervade;
And many a heartfelt sigh and tear,
Hapless youth, shall soothe thy shade."

"Lighted by the moon's pale shrine,
See me, to thy memory true.
Lowly bending at thy shrine,
Many a votive flower to strew;
But how little do those flowers
Prove my love and constancy!
Yet a few sad fleeting hours,
And, dear youth, I'll follow thee."

"Rose, replete with scent and hue,
Sweetest flower that nature blows;
Damon flourished once like you,
Now o'er him the green grass grows.
Rose, go deck his hallowed grave,
Lily, o'er the green turf twine;
Honour meet that meets shall have,
Beauty's bed and virtue's shrine."

"Primrose pale, and violet blue;
Jasmin sweet, and eglantine,
Nightly here thy sweets I strew;
Proudest deck my true love's shrine.
Like you, my Damon bloomed a day;
He did die, and so must you;
But such charms can you display?
Half so virtuous, half so true!"

No, sweet flowerets, no such charms,
No such virtues can you boast;
Yet he's torn from my fond arms;
Yet my faithful love is lost.
But a radiant morn shall rise
(Loitering moments faster flow!)
When with him I'll tread the skies,
Smile at death, and laugh at woe."

Thus she sung, and strewed the flower,
Beate her breast, and wept, and sighed;
And, when toll'd the midnight hour,
On the green turf grave she dy'd.
Many a night forlorn,
Sung her knell, while breezes sighed;
Haughty grandeur heard with scorn,
How so prone a maiden dy'd.

From the New York Crystal Hunter.

THE BLACK BOOMING BILLOW.

"Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!"

The lad of the valley may send his mild glance,
O'er fields where the yellow corn waves;
May smile, where the summer lambs gambol and dance;
And watch, where the woodland duck laves.
The soul of the artist may glow in the sun—
The poet sit under his tree:
But I love the wave, with its beautiful run;
The black booming billow for me.

I heed not the flame in my mother's warm home;
The smoke rising up to the cloud;
Within the neat garden I wish not to roam,
Where spring covers winter's white shroud.
I love the small spark of the binnacle light;
The rainbows that dance on the sea;
Give me the vast spread of the wave in its might:—
The black booming billow for me.

The light-freighted palanquin glides o'er the plain;
The horse rushes wild through the wood;
From the vines on a hill comes the villager's wain—
Where I, in my young days, have stood
But I have no joy with the motion of these:
My courier's my vessel so free;
I heed not the cart, with the swell of its trees:
The black booming billow for me.

'Tis there I can smile, when the morning-beams rise;
Can weep, when the night-watch is set!
Can sing my love-song, when the thunder-cloud flies;
Stand firm, when the capstan is wet
And when the hot ball, like a comet, shall come,
No one will my monument see;
The hill of the wave is the dead sailor's home:—
The black booming billow for me.

C. E. E.

THE HUMOURIST.

THE DOCTOR OUT-DONE. Some three or four sleigh loads of lads and lasses halted at one of our Hotels, on the first ultimo—among the number was a loving couple who were about to commence the new year by a matrimonial connexion; the rest were to witness the ceremony. A worthy divine was sent for; ushered into the room among the company, and the groom and bride pointed out to him. Somewhat surprised to see them at opposite sides of the apartment, the minister asked the man if he wished to be married? "No!" was the reply, in a gruff and determined tone. At this the bride fainted—the girls screamed—the young men were confounded—the holy man withdrew, and all prospect of joy and merriment vanished. Convulsions succeeded the fainting fit, and a doctor was immediately sent for—he was of the Thompsonian school—he tried his never failing prescriptions, steaming and hot drops—good remedies, in their own way, for bodily complaints, but of little benefit to "a mind diseased"—all would not do, and the poor girl was evidently growing worse. At this juncture a sage magistrate of our village entered—he knew something of human nature, and had no faith in steam doctors, especially in such cases—assuming authority he cleared the room of all save the love-sick damsel and her quondam lover—gave them a little friendly advice, and then retired—the knot was tied, and so ended the adventure.

[Johnstown Herald.]

POLISHING. A person in a public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth."

DESTRUCTIVENESS. The organ of destructiveness sometimes exhibits itself in a droll way. The mother of a family was the other day saying, that as soon as the youngest child was of such an age, she should break up the nursery. "La, mamma!" said one of the children, "that will be fine sport—I'll break up the chairs, and John shall break up the tables."

UNLUCKY QUESTION. A bishop, upon his visitation, found a curate of the diocese so ignorant that he knew not how to say the mass. The bishop, enraged, asked him, "Who was the ass of a bishop that gave you ordination?" "Your most illustrious lordship," replied the curate, with a humble reverence.

CROSS EXAMINATION. A witness lately examined in one of the courts, in Illinois, upon a trial concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant how the plaintiff generally rode?

Witness. He generally rides a straddle, sir.

Counsel. How does he ride in company?

W. If he has a good horse, he always keeps up.

C. How does he ride when he is alone?

W. Really, sir, I cannot say, for I never was in company with him when he rode by himself.

C. You may stand aside, sir.

Mrs. W. the well-known theatrical Aspasia, asked Colman, last week, how she should go to Wright's next masquerade? "Oh in the old way," said George. "How is that?" "Without a character," responded the wag.

THIS PAPER

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BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1827.

[No. 3

MASONIC RECORD.

*Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ.* [Feb. Sat.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE MASON.

When life becomes a scene of woe,
Of pain and poverty;
When sighing man is doomed to know
Too much of misery;
Who then will seek his humble door,
And smooth his nightly bed?
Ah, who will pity then the poor,
When all his friends have fled?

The Mason.

When he is doomed to death, nor knows
His wife and children's fears,
Who then will soothe the widow's woes
And dry the orphan's tears?
Ah, who will then a father be,
To those in deep distress—
Extend the hand of charity,
And sorrow's sighs suppress?

The Mason.

If to the grave the mother fall
The victim of despair,
Who then the orphan boy will call,
His bounteous board to share?
Who will bind up his bleeding heart—
His little hands extend—
And bid him breathe, with lips apart,
His thanks unto his friend?

The Mason.

And who will bend his little knees
Before his God on high—
Teach him to reverence Heav'n's decrees,
And fit him for the sky?
Yea, teach him to shun paths of shame,
And honour virtue's laws—
A patriot on the page of fame,
In his dear country's cause?

The Mason.

Yet man denies the garland green—
The blooming bay of praise;
But calls the Mason's motives mean,
And tho' convinced, inveighs.
Thus prejudice thro' time hath been
The scourge of Masonry.
Of all—the worst that I have seen,
Is mental tyranny.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

HON. W. S. ROCHESTER'S ADDRESS.

[Concluded from page 10.]

I am aware that many persons, strangers to the inviolate principles which unite the craft, make the misconduct of some of our associates, a radical objection to the institution.

Without intending to enter into a laboured strain of polemical disquisition with such fastidious cavers, it may be answered, that even the inspired precepts of the Mediator have not been secure from abuse and profanation. When Moloch fell, his defection left no blemish, on the white throne where sits Supreme Majesty. Shall Religion, that sacred principle (without a reverence for which it is morally impossible to become a Mason) be neglected and rejected? Shall the house of prayer and worship be avoided, because apostates and pretenders have forsaken the glories of perfection, to wander in the mazes of infidelity? No; forbid it genius of masonry; forbid it every promise which keeps alive the hope set before us, and intimates to fallen man, the bright prospect of immortality and salvation.

However numerous, and however flagrant may be the instances which furnish cause of regret for

the aberrations of frail human nature, I boldly maintain, and I call upon every brother within the sound of my voice, to support the declaration, that whilst on the one hand, masonry has confirmed the wise determinations of the virtuous and the pious; on the other, our history, our records, and our tradition, abound with memorable instances, where a misguided fellow-mortal has been entirely reclaimed from the haunt of vice, and suddenly arrested from a course of self destroying depravity, after every suggestion of native pride or intuitive principle had failed.

This is not ordinary praise. Yet I will go further; I solemnly declare, in the presence of this respectable assemblage, that I never witnessed among masons, when employed in their useful labours, any thing like envy, strife, or malice, nor the gleam of any sentiment incompatible with warm friendship, and cordial brotherly love; nothing to poison the feast of reason, which is seated in the heart, or to dim the calm sun-shine which plays upon the soul.

Never have I beheld within the body of a just and regularly constituted lodge, erected to God and dedicated to the holy order of St. John, a hypocrite, a pretender, or an apostate.

The occasion does not require that we should trace the unhallowed denunciations of every tyro who has thought proper to wield against us the shafts of ridicule and calumny. Indeed it would be equally useless and improper, at present to notice the several quips and cavils which have at various times been started by the weak, the vain, and the sceptical. We are taught by our cardinal principles to avoid disputations, and the unequivocal consciousness of their influence and tendency, denies to the contumacious levity of our enemies, any other feeling than that of silent charity. Let us, however, while on this branch of subject, glance for a moment at one inquiry, which has been the fruitful source of much idle and captious conjecture.

Every brother will at once anticipate the question. Why are not the gentler sex permitted to become members of our institution?

To this the answer is brief, and ought to be satisfactory.

Masonry is founded in the fitness of things, relative to men exclusively, which forbids the idea of subjecting female tenderness to the preparatory dispositions for initiation, and to the labours required to secure advancement. Besides, the implements of the craft are not adapted to the delicacy of the female hand.

The plan of the Deity has designed the fair for a different, and no less enchanting sphere in the wide range of intelligent existence. The advancement of female happiness, the protection of widows and orphans, the defence of "injured innocence," and "suffering virtue," peculiarly allotted to the harder sex, and among none, more than masons, have these laudable objects been cherished with more devoted zeal, from time immemorial.

All that is lovely, all that is virtuous, all that is dignifying to the most charming, and amiable part of creation, is held by us in sacred reverence. Eden was a wilderness, its fragrance was wasted in the "sad solitude" of man's companionless hour, "till woman smiled." She is "the glory of the man."

The mantle which surrounds the female character, is made of so delicate a texture, that even the breath of surmise will sully its purity; and that secrecy, which gives value to our indispensable labours, would render it, in the eyes of a censorious world, obnoxious to the blasts of suspicion. Man is formed of coarser materials, and in a rougher mould; he is doomed to encounter dangers and difficulties; he is apt to become morose, vindictive, and inexorable: he needs all the influence of masonic discipline to soften the ruggedness of his nature; to quiet his angry passions; and to render him mild, tolerant, and humane. But how different the attributes of the last, and more perfect part of creation! Who

that has seen the seraph form of beauty, bending with fond anxiety over the cradle of sleeping innocence, and guarding with a mother's care its infant slumbers; who that has beheld the tender wife, soothing the sorrows, encouraging the hopes, and whispering comfort to the bosom of an afflicted husband; or the affectionate daughter supporting the tottering steps of declining age, and smoothing the pillow of sickness; who that has seen woman, ever susceptible of generous emotions, dispensing blessings with "a hand open as day to melting charity;" who that has known her as the ministering angel of health, and in sickness, in weal, and in woe; who that has seen, and known, and felt all this, would willingly subject her to vocations, appointed by Providence exclusively for masculine exertions? Among the foremost ranks of her guardians and protectors, will masons ever be found; they cannot be accessory to a violation of the laws of nature.

It would ill comport with the situation or duty of any reflecting craftsman, to attempt to cull the meretricious decorations of fancy, or to scatter the flowers of persuasion among those who are not masons, for the purpose of procuring an accession to the numbers of the fraternity! Masonry needs no resort to such means, to give it either strength or durability. We expect, nay we wish, no one to approach our mystical altar, who comes not spontaneously, to undergo the severe difficulties and dangers which beset and embarrass the most courageous candidate at every gradation. That there are difficulties and dangers, and those of the most unexpected and trying nature, a regard to truth will not allow us to deny. We who have surmounted some of them unhurt, may well exclaim, cold must be that bosom, which has not been warmed by the electrifying ordeal! and obdurate indeed must be that heart, which has not been softened by the trials and tribulations.

Brethren: It is time that my present work were finished. Let me earnestly entreat you to cherish with devotional affection, the cardinal principles of friendship, morality, brotherly love, and charity; make them your morning study, your evening meditation. The bible, the great light of masonry, will guide you to all truth, and direct your march to the temple of happiness. Let no dazzling delusion, no ephemeral glare, no false estimate of mere worldly acquisitions, lead you astray from the straight line of moral rectitude, which this sacred book points out and illuminates. One false step often leads the bewildered traveller through the intricate mazes of folly, into the labyrinths of vice, whence nothing short of divine interposition can rescue him. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." "Mark well the entering of the house, and every going forth of the sanctuary." May your deeds of charity be as constant as the returning wants of the distressed widow, and the cries of the helpless orphan. "Take good heed of these things, for the night cometh when no man can work." The all seeing eye of the Supreme Architect is upon us. He sees not as man sees. He looks directly on the heart.

"While you have the light, believe in the light, that you be not cast into outer darkness; that you may not knock when the door shall be shut." May the rules and designs laid down on your tessel boards be well gauged and plumbed. If any of you have passed the veil of the sanctuary, let no stain or blemish tarnish the spotless purity of the white banner entrusted to your care; clasp to your embrace with redoubled fondness the immovable jewel, and let nothing short of the last throes of departing life, disengage it from your grasp.

May you be enabled to perform with honour every kind office, and every endearing charity of life: may your first and last care be to diminish the aggregate of human misery: may you be taught to win all who come within the sphere of your agency, to the exercise of those tender duties. May you as fathers, as husbands, as friends, as worthy men, and

worthy Masons be enabled to distinguish and adorn the profession.

Let every brother be faithful to his conscience, that inward monitor, whose warning voice no human art can silence: pause for a moment, behold how swiftly the sands run! how rapidly our lives are brought to a close!

May we all, amidst the cares and troubles of this transitory life, prepare for the approach of the king of terrors; may we be more strongly than ever cemented by the ties of union, hospitality and friendship; may the short, but precious time of our mortal existence, be wisely employed; may we cherish an unceasing desire, in the interchange of kindness and affection, to promote not only our own mutual interests, but the happiness and welfare of all around us; may the whole fraternity spread over the globe, be not weary, but persevere in well doing; and finally, by the unmerited grace of Immanuel, be invigorated to finish all their work, and to take a seat in that "spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

LECTIONS.

Ames Royal Arch Chapter, Lockport, Niagara Co.

Elected December 12, 1826:—Hervey W. Campbell, High Priest; William Buel, King; Eli Bruce, Scribe; Jared Darrow, Captain of the Host; David Haigh, Principal Sojourner; Levi E. Rounds, Royal Arch Captain; Hiram B. Hopkins, Orsamus Turner, and Daniel Pomroy, Masters of Vails; John Gooding, Treasurer; Stephen B. Pond, Secretary; John Ladd, Tyler.

Niagara Council of Royal and Select Masters.

Election held in Lockport, Niagara County, on the 31st January, 1827:—Henry Maxwell, Thr. Ill. G. R. G. Master; Hervey W. Campbell, Thr. Ill. D. G. Master; Alfred Barrett, Ill. G. Warden; Levi E. Rounds, Ill. G. Treasurer; David Haigh, Ill. G. Recorder; Seymour Scovill, Ill. G. Marshal; Orsamus Turner, Ill. P. C.; Eli Bruce, Ill. G. C.; William Buel, Sentinel.

Delphi Chapter, No. 44, De Ruyter, Madison Co.

Nathan B. Wilbur, High Priest; Richard W. Allen, King; James Nye, Scribe; Jeremiah Wilbur, Captain of the Host; Bradley Merchant, Principal Sojourner; Stephen G. Sears, Royal Arch Captain; Jonathan Shed, Elias Benjamin, and Elmer D. Jencks, Masters of Vails; Sylvester Aylesworth, Treasurer; Thomas C. Nye, Secretary; Epaphrus Leete, Steward.

Moriah Lodge, De Ruyter, Madison County.

Marvel Underwood, W. M.; Timothy Miner, S. W.; Bradley Merchant, J. W.; Sylvester Aylesworth, Treasurer; Nathan B. Wilbur, Secretary; Esic Patten, S. D.; Samuel Jones, J. D.; J. Wilbur, and R. Allen, Stewards.

Hamilton Lodge, No. 121, Eaton, Madison County.

Elected and installed December 8, 1826:—Joseph Morse, W. M.; Lyman Gardiner, S. W.; Stephen Coman, J. W.; William Morse, Treasurer; Harry C. Gardiner, Secretary; Lewis Pierce, S. D.; Lyman G. Hatch, J. D.; James Peterson and William Abbot, Stewards.

Regular meetings on Thursday preceding full moon.

Steuben Chapter, No. 101, Hornellsville, Steuben Co.

J. R. Stephens, High Priest; Asa Hovey, King; Thomas Bennet, Scribe; James Jones, Captain of the Host; Philip P. Rich, Principal Sojourner; William Stephens, Royal Arch Captain; Elijah Stephens, Christopher Doty, and Roswell Clark, Masters of Vails; John S. Livermore, Treasurer; Otis Thatcher, Secretary; Rev. Jedediah Stephens, Chaplain; Stephen Webb, jr. Sentinel.

Regular communications, Thursday after full moon.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Ohio.

Elected January 10, 1827:—M. E. Charles R. Sherrnan, Grand High Priest; E. John Satterthwaite, Deputy Grand High Priest; E. Joshua Downer, Grand King; E. Lemuel Stokely, Grand Scribe; E. Lincoln Goodale, Grand Treasurer; E. Bela Latham, Grand Secretary; E. and Rev. J. McAbey, Grand Chaplain.

Evening Star Lodge, No. 259, Hornellsville, Steuben County.

Christopher Doty, W. M.; Bazy Barker, S. W.; Stephen Webb, jr., J. W.; James Jones, Treasurer; Otis Thatcher, Secretary; Jesse Harding, Tyler.

Regular communications, Thursday preceding full moon.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&3 Tu. e. m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e. m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Th. e. m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Tu. e. m.
Ineffable Lodge,	Albany,	
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e. m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3 M. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2&4 Tu. e. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3 M. e. m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. af. f. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. af. f. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. af. f. m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

THE ARTS IN FRANCE.

Within these twelve years France has made immense progress in almost every branch of manufacture. Pins are now made at a single operation, the "heads and tails" being of a piece; so that the proverb, "As useless as a pin without a head," is likely to be soon lost, from the thing not being possible.

A new discovery has been made in printing, by which classical works used in every country need only be set up once; thus, if an edition of the classics be printed at Paris, editions may be published in England, Germany, Holland, &c. without being at the expense of a new composition. Besides the advantages of cheapness, the text, once established, can never vary, and the type is always new. We have seen three volumes in 8vo. printed upon the new principle; they are beautifully got up, and sold to the public at less than 3s. the volume.

In the article of plated goods, the French seem even to surpass the manufacture of Birmingham. We have seen plated candlesticks of which the making only cost five sous the pair, and they are sold at thirty pence in retail. The same manufacturer has discovered the method of making coffee-pots, tea-pots, &c. of one piece of metal, without soldering, and that too at a cheaper rate than by the old method: we have seen several articles of this kind, of very elegant forms.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

In a letter from Mr. Douglas, the botanist, to Dr. Hooker, dated from the Great Falls on the Columbia river, the 24th of March, 1826, there is the following curious paragraph respecting the North West Passage:

"There is here a Mr. Macleod, who spent the last five years at Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie river. He informs me, that if the natives, with whom he is perfectly acquainted, are worthy of credit, there must be a North West Passage. They describe a very large river that runs parallel with the Mackenzie, and falls into the sea near Icy Cape, at the mouth of which there is an establishment on an island where ships come to trade. They assert that the people there are very wicked, having hanged several of the natives to the rigging; they wear their beards long. Some reliance, I should think, may be laid on their statement, as Mr. Macleod showed us some Russian coins, combs, and several articles of hardware, very different from those fur-

nished by the British Company. Mr. Macleod caused the natives to assemble last summer, for the purpose of accompanying him in his departure for Hudson's Bay. The sea is said to be open after July.—This gentleman's conduct affords a striking example of the effects of perseverance. In the short space of eleven months, he visited the Polar Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, undergoing such hardships and dangers as, perhaps, were never experienced by any other individual." The letter from which this is an extract, with various others from Dr. Richardson and Dr. Drummond, will be published in the forthcoming number of Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.

SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.

Academy of Sciences, Paris, December 11, 1826.

"An apparatus to examine the interior of the Bladder.—M. Segelas read a notice on a method of lighting the urethra and bladder, so as to see into the interior of these organs. The plan is as remarkable for its simplicity as for its results. It consists in two candles; two looking-glasses and some cylindrical tubes, and constitutes a species of optical instrument, to which M. Segelas has given the name of Speculum Urethro-Cystic. This physician, to illustrate the idea of the quantity of light thus thrown into the bladder and urethra, asserts that with the aid of his instrument he has read in the darkest spot at fifteen inches distance, the finest printed characters, those of the classics in miniature for example. In fact, after the session, M. Segelas demonstrated this circumstance to many members of the Academy, in the Library of the Institute. The Speculum Urethro-Cystic will afford useful information not only on the state of the mucous membrane of the bladder and urethra, but likewise upon the foreign bodies which are found there, particularly stone. As the author remarks, it is likewise susceptible by slight modifications of being applied to other parts heretofore inaccessible to sight, as the deep regions of the rectum, of the pharynx, and of the nasal cavities."

LIGHT FROM BENZOIC ACID.

M. Buckner, of Magonza, having mixed impure, yet dry, benzoic acid with a sixth part, by weight, of powdered charcoal, left it exposed for several days at a moderate heat. The crystals had begun to form, when M. Buckner, to expedite the operation, placed the apparatus in a stove of high temperature. Half an hour afterwards, brilliant flashes of light were emitted from the mixture, and continued for half an hour. The flashes ceasing when each crystal was deposited, caused M. Buckner to consider that the light was produced by a neutralization of electricity. Similar phenomena have been observed in other salts; and M. Dobreiner is of opinion that those salts which contain no water of crystallization, are particularly powerful in producing light during the formation of their crystals.

NEW INVENTED RAT TRAP.

Take a barrel, and stretch a skin of parchment over it with a string; cut it across and athwart, nearly to the outside. Take some dripping, and mix it with meal; smear it on the middle of the parchment. The rats will smell it, and treading on the parchment it will give way, and they will fall into the water in the barrel. Put a plank for them to creep up to the barrel's brink outside, and strew some oatmeal on it. You must not let the water be too deep, but set a brick endways in it, and the first rat that is caught will make a noise, which will entice more; so that that they will fight for possession of the brick, and the noise will draw others. Thus, in one night, the house may be cleared of rats, be they ever so many. Mice and other vermin may be caught in a similar way.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Mix one pound of nitre with two pounds of bole ammoniac, and three pounds of clean common sand; then, in dry weather, take fruit of any sort, which is not fully ripe, allowing the stalks to remain, and put them one by one into an open glass till it is quite full; cover the glass with oiled cloth tied closely down. Put it three or four inches down in the earth, in a dry cellar, and surround it on all sides to the depth of three or four inches with the

above mixture. The fruit will thus be preserved quite fresh all the year round.

NEEDLE MAKING.

I will attempt to give you some idea of needle making. The wire is first cut into suitable length for two needles. Each end is sharpened by taking fifty or a hundred between the fingers and rolling the points on a revolving stone. The needle is then placed on a die, exactly in the centre, and one blow makes two eyes, and, at the same time, cuts the wire nearly in two, between these eyes. This was done with so much rapidity that I asked how many times the die fell to make the eyes, not perceiving that the boy took up one at every blow. Two needles, are then parted, and you have two in an unfinished state. Tempering them is the next process. The needles while heated red hot, are thrown into cold water, and afterwards are brought to a spring temper by being rolled in plates of hot iron. Each is then filed in the eyes, and last of all, receives the polish in the same way as it is pointed, only on a finer stone. In the last room I visited were 15 or 20 young girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, busy in counting them out, putting them into papers, and labelling them. The principal part of the work is done by boys, who, from their appearance, must be poorly paid.

[London paper.]

NEW CELESTIAL BODY.

An astronomer at Marseilles, M. Gambard, discovered, in the month of November, in the neighborhood of a Serpentis, a body, in size and appearance much resembling the planet Mars. It was seen on four successive nights with different telescopes. The Royal Society of London were waiting with much interest for a second communication from the distinguished astronomer who observed this phenomenon. An attentive observation the nights of the 25th and 26th November, did not discover this extraordinary body, which, it is supposed, has not been visible in the latitude of London, or that if it has, is now invisible from the rapidity of its motion.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

The London Magazine for December contains an article on American dramatists, purporting to be written from Philadelphia. The article itself is very defective; but it is considerably amended by the editors of the Galaxy and Literary Cadet. We shall publish it in its most perfect state. This department of American literature is very little understood, and any attempt to draw the public attention to it, must be witnessed with pleasure.

It appears to me that very little is known in Great Britain concerning the present state of American literature; and less of the dramatic than of any other department. Though nothing of commanding merit has appeared, still there are many dramas before the public which deserve a passing notice; and a brief sketch of our dramatists may prove neither stale nor uninteresting to the English reader.

The first drama written by a native Philadelphian, was a tragedy in five acts, entitled "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, the son of the inventor of the quadrant, now known by the name of Hadley's Quadrant. This production contains much fine poetry and nervous writing; but as the amiable and gifted author died before he had completed his poem it is not as perfect as it otherwise would have been; a defective education is also discernable in many parts. It was intended for representation, but never performed; and after his death which occurred in his twenty seventh year, it was printed in Philadelphia, in a volume of miscellaneous poems, in 1765.

Peter Markoe, a citizen of the same place, published in the year 1784, a tragedy in five acts, entitled the "Patriot Chief;" and also a comic opera, entitled "Reconciliation," which, I believe, were never performed; they possess but a moderate share of merit.

John Leacock, at one time coroner of Philadelphia, published, 1767, a comic opera, entitled "Disappointment, or the Force of Credulity," which was designed to ridicule the belief at that time prevalent, that Blackbeard, the pirate, had buried vast treasures along the American coast. The piece contains much broad humour, and passed through a second edition in 1796, but was never introduced upon the stage.

In 1824, Lemuel Sawyer, a member of Congress from one of the southern states, published a comedy in ridicule of the same absurd opinion; and also to satirize the practice which prevails in the district from which he was elected, of treating the voters with liquor at the polls on election days. His satire is not, I fear, sufficiently pungent to effect the laudable purpose of the writer, who died since the publication of his play, which was never performed.

Between the years 1785 and 1800, a hair dresser, named Murdock, published two or three dramatic pieces: among the number is one entitled the "Triumphs of Love or the Happy Reconciliation," which was accepted by the managers of the Philadelphia Theatre, performed, and permitted to pass peaceably into oblivion by an indulgent audience. The writer, no doubt, understood the mystery of slaving as well as Allan Ramsay, but not the art of poetry.

In the year 1801, Charles Jared Ingersoll, Esq., then in his nineteenth year, published a tragedy in five acts, entitled "Edwy and Elgiva," founded upon incidents in the history of England. This production was highly promising, considering the youth of the writer; and was performed with flattering success upon the Philadelphia boards. Mrs. Merry, to whom the piece is dedicated, sustained the character of Elgiva. Mr. Ingersoll has since been in Congress, and is at present one of the most distinguished members of the Philadelphia bar, and has held for some years past the office of attorney general for this district, under the United States' government. Mr. Ingersoll is also the author of "Inchiquin's Letters," and other publications.

There are several dramas of considerable merit before the public, from the pen of James N. Barker, Esq. an alderman of the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Barker was, during the late war with Great Britain, a major in the artillery service, and served on the frontiers. After peace was declared, he returned to his native city, received a commission as a magistrate, and established himself. He served for one year as mayor of the city: and is now about forty years of age, of small stature, and spare habit of body. His visage remarkably sharp: high and capacious forehead, small pointed nose, and a robust chin, which indicates firmness and decision of character; qualities which he possesses in an eminent degree. His eyes are small, but at times full of animation and meaning. As early as in 1807, he produced a comedy at the Philadelphia Theatre, entitled "Tea and Smiles;" and a melo-drama, founded on the story of Pocahontas, which he called "The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage." These were favorably received by the audience. The popularity of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, led the manager of the Philadelphia theatre to believe that if dramatised it could not fail of being successful; and he accordingly desired Mr. Barker to undertake the project. The play was speedily finished, introduced upon the stage, and had an astonishing run. Those concerned, apprehending a prejudice existing in the public mind against native productions, thought it politic to announce "*Marmion*," as from the pen of Thomas Morton, and as having been received "with unbounded applause in London." By this stratagem the piece obtained an impartial trial; and thousands lavished applause, who otherwise would not have endured the strains of an American muse, lest their critical acumen might be called in question. In 1817, Mr. Barker published a remarkably neat and sprightly comedy, entitled "How to try a Lover;" and in 1823, he produced a tragedy, entitled "Superstition, or the Fanatic Father," the scene of which is laid in New England, and, one of the principal characters is Goff the regicide. This piece possesses a considerable share of merit, but was not successful upon the stage. Mr. Barker has written some smaller pieces for the stage, several tales and miscellaneous poems.

(To be Continued.)

CHARACTER.

LORD ERSKINE.

The eloquence of this remarkable man was an era at the bar. His addresses to juries have not been equalled; they alike captivated their understanding, their imaginations, and their passions. He often rose to the highest oratory; but it was always simple, and even in his sublimest flights, there was much that was very familiar, but this rather set off than clouded his splendour, rather increased than diminished their general effect. His skill in the conduct of a cause, and in the examination of witnesses, has never been surpassed; his discretion never forsook him, even in his highest forensic enthusiasm; his manners were always most gentlemanly; at the bar he was uniformly loved and admired; and, when he accepted the seals, no one, as Lord Eldon justly remarked of him, could have a greater wish to discharge properly the office which was conferred on him, or greater talents to qualify him for a proper discharge of it. A true friend to constitutional liberty, he was its constant and animated advocate; but he never failed in respect to the crown, or sacrificed to the prejudices or vagaries of the populace. It is highly to the credit of the two noble lords, that though the difference of their politics repeatedly placed them in a state of forensic conflict, neither ever said that to the other, which it was displeasing to him to hear. This circumstance Lord Erskine himself noticed to the Reminiscent.

[Butler's Reminiscences.]

BROWNE WILLIS.

AN ANTIQUARIAN ODDITY.

Browne Willis, the first person who undertook a detailed and general survey of the English cathedrals, acquired his love for this pursuit by passing many of his idle hours in the Abbey, when a Westminster boy. That abbey was open to the boys till within late years, when they were deprived of a liberty which produced some injury to the monuments, and annoyance to the visitors and showmen. Browne Willis, who became one of the oddest of all men, had his share of peculiarities as a boy. The monuments were his books, and before he left school he imbibed there a love of churches and church antiquities, which fixed the bent of his after-life. He was a great repairer of churches and steeples, attended cathedrals, etc., wherever he could so time his visits, upon their dedication days; and when he came to Bath would lodge nowhere but in the Abbey-house. A lively lady described him as having, with one of the honestest hearts in the world, one of the oddest heads that ever dropped from the moon. He wrote the worst hand of any man in England; it was more unintelligible than if he had not learned to write, by copying the inscriptions upon old tombstones. He wore three or four coats at once, each being of a different generation, and over them an old blue cloak, lined with black fustian, all of which were girt with a leathern belt, giving him the appearance of a beggar, for which he was often taken in the course of his enthusiastic wanderings. His weather-beaten wig was of a colour for which language affords no name; his slouched hat, having passed the stage between black and brown, was in the same predicament as the wig; and the lower part of his equipments had obtained for him, in his own neighbourhood the appellation of Old Wrinkle Boots, for, during the wear and tear and repair for forty years, the said boots had contracted as many wrinkles as their quantum of calf skin would contain, and consequently did not reach half up the legs which they once covered. Being far too deeply engaged with past ages to bestow any portion of his thoughts and care upon the present, he suffered a fair fortune to be deteriorated by neglecting his worldly affairs. And having lived long enough to hold a distinguished place among antiquities himself, he left behind him the character of a diligent and faithful antiquary, in which he will long continue to be remembered.

Louis XV. was extremely afraid of death. "You are getting old, commander," said he, once addressing M. Souvre; "where will you buried?" At your Majesty's feet," replied the commander. The King spoke not another word the whole evening.

POPULAR TALES.

THE BOY WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

The following story is from the pen of the editor of the New-York Crystal Hunter.

And there was, too, in that same bark,
A father and his son. *H. K. White.*

He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down. *Byron.*

Mr. Albert was an Englishman who had married a delicate woman, possessed of amiable manners. It was an union of love; and Mrs. Albert had the misfortune to find her husband's pecuniary circumstances in a declining state, prior to the period of giving birth to a first child. A knowledge of Mr. Albert's difficulties preyed upon the fine mind of the wife, and brought on a premature illness.

A noble, blue-eyed boy, beheld a father's face; but, at the same moment, a mother's spirit sought a sphere for which her purity and amiable manners had entitled her.

It would be idle to say Mr. Albert did not mourn, and useless to describe his grief. The fond heart of a sorrowing husband experiences a dreadful void.

Feeling acutely the loss of his wife, and the derangement of his affairs, Mr. Albert determined to leave his little living treasure in the care of a kind maiden aunt, sail for the shore of America, and try to gain, by his talents and industry, a settled home for himself and his boy.

Only three years passed over his head before he realized his wishes; and, with an anxious heart, he sought again the British shore, to receive his child, and carry him to the land of liberty. Mr. Albert could not refrain from a father's and widowed husband's tears, when he "called back the tangles" of the fair boy's bright locks, and saw, in his laughing eyes, a semblance of his sainted mother.

When Mr. Albert got on board the vessel, which was bound for the western continent, oh, how he watched each look, smile, and tear of the child with the golden locks! Never did the first Adam nurture a plant of paradise with more fondness than this father cherished his only son.

The British channel is always a dangerous one to vessels, especially in the winter season—and it was at that time of the year Mr. Albert and his fair-haired boy left Albion's isle. But, the ship bravely rode the waves, and "walked the waters like a thing of life." The captain had the pleasure of safely passing Cape Clear, (the most southern point of Ireland,) and was soon enabled to get all that a seaman, possessed of a good vessel, requires—plenty of sea-room.

Mr. Albert did not leave the side of his little child during the period of sea sickness; but, with all the intense anxiety so beautifully displayed in a mother's love, the father watched the feverish form, and ministered to every little fancy. The boy was naturally strong, and he soon shook off this universal troubler of all persons unused to the sea. And then did he display all those beautiful wild flights, and innocent joys, which a father's sight enjoys, and with which every kind disposition is gratified. The little merry fellow became a favorite with the captain, officers, and even the very crew.

It was upon a bright day, when the ship was sailing a southerly direction, that the child stole from the cabin. His father was occupied at the time in listening to an account of the perils encountered by the captain upon a former voyage. The boy climbed up the side of the ship, and stooped over her bulwarks for the purpose of looking down upon the broad waves. A frightful situation!

"Your bright-haired boy has gone up the cabin stairs," said the captain to the father.

Mr. Albert immediately ascended to the deck; and all the blood of his cheek shrunk to his heart when he saw the situation of his son. But the boy gave him no time to think; for, partly turning round his neck, and taking his small hands from their resting place, he attempted to wave his father towards him.

At that moment, a sea struck the opposite side of the vessel—the boy lost his balance—he fell into the black water, and a huge billow displayed him upon its swelling back!

The wretched father uttered a dreadful shriek, and sprang over the bulwark into the sea.

The man at the helm was the only person at that time upon deck. He instantly left the wheel, ran down the cabin stairs, and, with a trembling lip, told the master of the accident.

"Out with the boat in an instant!" roared the captain, and, at the same time, running wildly about the deck, "call the fresh watch! and about-ship immediately! Mate, up the shrouds directly; keep a sharp eye upon the poor gentleman and his boy, and let your arm be directed to where the waves carry them."

The captain was the first to spring into the boat, and his crew eagerly followed him. For never did a true American sailor want for a second order, when his aid was required. Bravery and kindness of heart are often synonymous.

"Pull, my lads; for God's sake pull!" said the captain, as he kept turning round, at one time to see the mate on the mast, pointing out the direction the bodies had taken, and then, to steer the boat aright. The men did not utter a word; but pulled at the oars with all their power.

"Tis a drifting sea," said the captain. Not one of the men answered him; but each continued to labour away.

"I have my fears!—keep a good look out at the head of the boat, Atkins!"

Here the captain turned around to look again, at the directing arm upon the ship's mast; and he turned deadly cold when he saw the mate raise, as if in alarm, his hands on high!

"God of Heaven!" cried the captain; "then they have indeed sunk!"

"I saw it," exclaimed the second officer, who was stationed in the bows of the boat. "I saw it shake its jaws! And look, Sam, is that the yellow gulf weed between his teeth? Surely it can't be the poor child's hair!"

The dreadful catastrophe was soon partly told. A billow, lightly tinged with blood, rose around the boat, and displayed within its centre a huge shark!

No traces of the poor father were perceivable. The captain grew sick at heart.

"Take the helm, Atkins," he said, keeping his eyes fixed upon the bottom of the boat. The second mate's cheek had a cold tear upon it, as he, in silence, obeyed his commander's orders. And a fine expression of still sorrow was perceivable upon the face of every man composing the boat's crew.

Slowly and faintly did the captain ascend again the side of his ship.

"Let me not be called during the night," he said, addressing his first officer; "and do not show me the log-book for some days to come."

He then entered his state room, fastened the door, and fell upon his bed, sobbing violently.

The night-watch was set. But not a man disturbed the stillness of the deck with a heavy tread. The heavens looked cold and bright. Nought was heard through the dark hours but the light cry of the wheel, as the man at the helm looked at the binnacle-light, and kept the vessel up to the wind.

C. E. E.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Among the multitudes who daily pass along the great square at Presburg, thoughtless or full of care, merry, busy, or sad, or in that agreeable state of listlessness, the furments of the Italians, probably few among the number have remarked the animated Fresco painting which stands over the door of the senate house of the city. The structure itself is traced as far back as the native dynasty of the Arpades, and that it has, since the year 1388, been the senate and council house of this second capital of the Hungarian kingdom, is clearly authenticated. During the reign of Ferdinand the First, in 1747, there were many improvements and alterations made on the building; in particular, he added a few vaulted chambers and the entrance hall, which still remain in the original form. To this period, also, belong the small arched gothic windows which run along the whole front, two of which jut out over the door, and form a projection. Close to the right of these twinkle windows, and opposite the observer, there leans the figure of an old man painted to the life, in long black garments and with a snow-white

beard which reaches to his girdle, who appears deeply absorbed in the contents of a book which lies open before him. The figure is as large as life, but the upper half alone is visible; his back is turned towards the little side window of the projection. But, in truth, he did not always turn his back when he was among the living, and when the measure of his iniquity was not yet full.

He often looked down from this window upon the crowded city, as a spider from its web upon the flies which it watches to ensnare. This figure, which has bid defiance to the power of time, is the representation of a citizen and senator of Presburg, which the artful and deluding destroyer of mankind had in an instant painted upon the wall.

About the conclusion of the sixteenth century, and in the turbulent days of Rodolph, there lived a man in Presburg, who never allowed either the public or private transactions of the citizens to escape him.

They never loved nor respected, but on the contrary, feared and abhorred him. It was impossible to discover in his dark and austere countenance what was passing within, and his voice was low, hollow, and almost sepulchral; yet there were times when lightning glances shot forth from under his bushy eye-brows, illuminating, in a fearful manner, the dark and stormy tempest of his countenance. As a poor boy this dreaded one came to Presburg, but whence no one knew. In the course of a few years he raised himself to the first employment in the city; but, how, or by what means, seemed an inexplicable enigma, for he had neither friends nor relations, and, at the commencement of his career, apparently no resources save within himself. Whatever was intrusted to him prospered, whatever was opposed to him fell to the ground.

All yielded to him. Opposition to his will he never forgave. The destruction of those who opposed him became a warning to others, and he ruled with undisputed sway. All sought, but all feared him. He lived in solitude and apparent indigence. He heaped up riches and no one knew for whom, for his whole household consisted of but one cross old woman. Many curses and many tears hang upon his accumulated mammon, but this brother hardly dared to whisper to brother, so much was this powerful being dreaded. The philosopher's stone, the course of the stars, and the secret powers of nature were supposed to occupy those hours, which the duties of the city did not require. He was generally supposed to be a conjuror and a confederate of the destroyer's, to whom the grey haired sinner, for the goods of this world had sold his immortal soul.

Once on a time, when the council of the city had assembled to administer justice to the oppressed, and to hold arbitrary abuses within the iron limits of the law, a poor woman, with loud complaints, threw herself in the hall of justice. Miserably had she and her husband (this was the purport of her complaint,) struggled with innumerable misfortunes and persecution, to support themselves by the labour of their hands, and the produce of a small piece of ground, which bordered the possessions of a wealthy citizen. Some days since, after a long illness, her husband had been taken from her by death, and her rich neighbour had seized upon the little field to add to his own possessions. She called upon God and the fathers of the city for protection against the crying injustice; but alas! the robber sat in the midst of their honourable circle. He was the dreaded senator. Consternation soon became general, and the most opposite resolution alternately agitated the assembly. The accused alone retained his immobility. His voice, his countenance, his manner altered not. Without looking up, he drew out a roll of parchment from his bosom, which testified, that many years since this piece of ground had been lawfully acquired by him, but that for some service rendered by the deceased, it had been made over to him during his life, and now that the man was dead, he had, according to custom and right, which no one can prevent or object to, taken back his property again. "Impossible, inconceivable!" exclaimed the complainant. She asserted that it was known to the whole city that this piece of ground had not only belonged to his father but grandfather, and if the document asserted otherwise, it was a base forgery. Contrary to custom, a diffe-

rence of opinion divided the assembly, and doubts arose upon the authenticity of the deed; but, at length, the greater number took part with the oppressor. Then the poor woman, wringing her hands, insisted upon his making good his claim by oath; and were he able, with an undisturbed conscience, to assert his right in the face of Heaven, then the field might remain with him, and with her only the mercy of God. Slowly, but determinately, the enigmatical being arose, and walked with a firm step, to the end of the table, and stood, with downcast eyes, before a crucifix—opened the book of law, and read, with his sepulchral voice, the fearful words of the oath; he ended, and raised his right hand to swear. Then there burst a clap of thunder which shook the very earth. The tower seemed to bend, and all present grew stiff and cold, as bodies risen from the grave. The tempest rushed howling through the crevices, and tore and rent the windows; and fearful screams appeared to issue from the walls.

When recollection was restored to the assembly, the senator had vanished. A large opening in a side window marked the place where the deceiver had carried away the criminal to everlasting perdition; and, as a warning to perjurers, his image, which makes one shudder to look at it, was left behind, and still baffles the various attempts which have been made to efface the representation.

MISCELLANY.

AN EXTRACT.

Could we draw back the covering of the tomb; could we see what those are now, who once were mortal—Oh! how would it surprise and grieve us to behold the prodigious transformation that has taken place on every individual—grieve us to see the dishonour done to our nature in general, within these subterraneous lodgments—here the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attracting smile, grins horribly—a naked ghastly grin! The eye that outshone the diamond's lustre, and glanced its lovely lightning into the most guarded heart; alas! where is it? Where shall we find the rolling sparkler? How are all those radiant glories totally eclipsed! That tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land hath forgot its cunning. Where, where are the strains of melody, which ravished our ears? Where the flow of persuasion which carried captive our judgment? The great master of language and of song is become silent as the night which surrounds him.

SATURDAY EVENING.

A week is past; let my thoughts run through its business; and let my conscience pass a faithful sentence. Am I a better man, a better husband, a better wife, a better neighbour, or whatever be the duties which it lays upon me? Am I more satisfied with my conduct than I was the week before? If I am not, I have lived in vain. What have I done for the good of the neighborhood; what for the public good? How have I been prospered in business; and how have I shown my thankfulness by administering to the necessities of those around me? Are no sick, afflicted strangers in my vicinity? If not, this is the most favourable spot under heaven. And, if there are, what have I done for their relief? If in none of these things I have been improving, I am living for myself, a selfish niggard, unworthy the name of man or Christian. Am I better prepared for dying than I was last week? And when I look forward, how am I to spend the next week, and what new project for improvement have I in mind? And what can I do for the good of others?

FEMALE TEMPER.

It is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of their temper, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning and of their wit, when they grow up, depend upon the gentleness and good humour with which they conduct themselves. A woman who should attempt to thunder with her tongue, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness. We do not wish that woman should implicitly yield their better

judgment to their fathers, or husbands; but let them support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness.

A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a woman, in a passion, is disgusting to her friends; she loses all that respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other kind of respect. These circumstances should be considered by those who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes.

The happiness and influence of woman, both as wives and mothers, and indeed, in every relation, so much depends on their TEMPER, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated. We should not suffer girls to imagine that they can balance ALL HUMOUR by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, THERE ARE NONE WHICH CAN SUPPLY THE WANT OF TEMPER IN THE FEMALE SEX.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1827.

MASONRY IN MEXICO.

The editors of the National Intelligencer have received information from Mexico, of as late date as the close of December. From this information we learn that the subject of masonry is warmly debated throughout that republic. "The papers of the last of December contain the answer of the acting secretary of state to a resolution of the senate, asking information 'upon the existence of masonic lodges, their number, denominations, objects, and effects.' This report, which is an analysis of the reports of the governors of seventeen states of the federal district, and of the territories of Colima and Tlaxcala, also published, shows that masonry exists under two denominations—York and Scotch. Of the first, besides many lodges in the capital, there are two in Guadalajara—one in the state of Michoacan—and it is extending itself to various other states. Of the second, none are known to exist elsewhere than in the capital; nor is it known that there is any masonic lodge in the states of Cheapas, Chihuahua, Guanajuato, Ojaca, Puebla, Sonora, Tabasco, Zacatecas, or in the territories of Tlaxcala and Colima." The Intelligencer says, "ten of the governors recommend a suppression of such associations;" but we are not informed whether this recommendation is founded in prejudice, or whether it is made in consequence of the existence of actual evils, which the governors suppose to have arisen from a support of the masonic institution. Others refrain from an expression of their opinions upon this point; and the editors of the Intelligencer remark, that "the governor of New-Leon, while he suspends his judgment, observes that masons are very numerous in England, France, and in the United States, whose institutions they do not subvert, and that Spain presents a contrary picture." These various opinions, the acting secretary has, with some ingenuity, brought into a support of his own notions; which, though expressed with the moderation which the subject and his official character demand, are evidently intended to operate against the genuine principles of liberty which masonry inculcates. The report, which is long and intricate, thus concludes: "The government, then, disapproves all clandestine meetings, which, by fixed rules or institutes, form bodies or colleges, and profess secrecy; and in the interesting conflict between the guarantees of liberty and of the public security, is confident that the wisdom of the congress will interpose its power with that steady and judicious vigour which is necessary to conciliate them, so that neither may suffer the

the slightest detriment." After this report had been received, Senor Cavallos, a fanatic priest, and senator from Coahuila and Texas, offered a resolution "that masonic lodges, of whatever denomination, be suppressed—that their officers be deprived of their places or privileges, if they hold any, either civil military or ecclesiastical; the political rights of the other brethren shall be suspended for four years. Those who hold no employments nor privileges, shall be fined, according to the grade of their offences, not exceeding 3,000 dollars. Such as are not able to pay the fine imposed, shall be banished to California, or elsewhere, for a term proportionate to the offence, not exceeding two years."!! This resolution was of two sweeping a nature to suit men so recently recovered from the thralldom of tyranny; and be it said to the eternal credit of the Mexican senate—it was supported by ONLY TWO VOTES!!

We do not think that the masonic fraternity have good cause to fear a new foe in Mexico. Liberty in that country is still young, and cannot exercise so favourable an influence over the minds of all, as it would if it were less modern. But it is hourly growing older and waxing stronger; and there are souls that will foster and cherish it in that republic, till it becomes mighty, and then will it crush every unholy arm that shall be raised in opposition to its well-being. The present show of hostility is undoubtedly indebted to various causes for its origin; among which are prejudice, ignorance, and the conflict of opinion upon certain subjects which custom, and not law, should regulate. But it would avail little, were we to enter into an examination of this affair; and so we will pass it by. We think, however, that the Mexican governors exhibit an extraordinary perversion of intellect, or an uncommon share of ignorance, in classing the masonic institution with the political clubs of Europe; which they have done, as evidently appears from their general recommendation respecting "such" institutions, and their indeterminate censure of all "clandestine" meetings.

THE "MORGAN AFFAIR."

Our readers are undoubtedly weary of this subject; and so are we: but the mighty importance tacked to it by one means and another, renders it worthy of more notice than its intrinsic nature really demands. The proceedings of the Grand Chapter, published in our last, must convince every unprejudiced mind that masonry is not in any manner accountable for the abduction of Morgan. Our future allusions to this subject, must be made for the purpose of giving our readers some idea of the progress of discovery, and not to keep up an unprofitable warfare with writers who are determined to stick by their opinions, whether right or wrong. We have already expressed our opinion of the public meetings occasioned by this affair. A few persons recently met together in Seneca county, and passed a few ridiculous resolutions, in which they denounced the court which sentenced the conspirators, threatened the printers, declared masonry to be dangerous and useless, and avowed it as their determination never again to vote for a mason, who may be a candidate for any office of honour or profit. These fanatical resolutions have called forth the indignation of many independent editors. We copy the following remarks on this subject from the Saratoga Sentinel:

"Here is an insult offered to a highly respectable judicial tribunal, for which the authors would be strictly bound to suffer the punishment inflicted on the conspirators in the case of Morgan. The attempt,

too, to muzzle the press, to sit in judgment on what shall, and what shall not be published, and to prescribe an ancient and highly respectable institution, can find a precedent only in the despotic censorship of the press, in France, and in the edicts of the late autocrat of Russia, and his inglorious ally, the king of Spain.

"It were well if the names of the individuals composing the Seneca meeting could be brought before the public, that printers might know before whom they are required to bow and tremble, and that masons might also know to whom they are indebted for moral and political degradation.

"Such a despotic assumption in a republican government will not be tolerated. We are willing to join in condemning individuals who are guilty of outrages, whether masons or not. But when we are threatened with a censorship over our press, because we do not think proper to feed the credulity of bigots; and a degradation, because we happen to belong to an association, a few unworthy members of which have committed an outrage; we feel a spark of native republicanism and independence, which bids defiance to these usurpers of our rights. And it is the duty of every printer, with his pen, to hold up such usurpers to merited censure. They should be taught, if they do not already know it, that the only monarch in this country is the *sovereign people*, and that the only inquisition permitted, is *conscience*."

A convention was recently held at Lewiston, Niagara county, to deliberate on this subject, and, if possible, to gain knowledge respecting it. For obvious reasons, this convention has not yet disclosed any thing touching the fate of Morgan. It is thought that secrecy may prevent the interested from interfering with its inquiries. A few letters have been published, it is true; but, *we know the history of the most of them*, and place no dependence upon them. When an *official* report appears, we shall inform our readers of its nature. Sir P. Maitland, Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada has issued the following proclamation:

£50 REWARD.

"His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, having received a communication from his Excellency, the Governor of the state of New-York, by which it appears that WILLIAM MORGAN, who some years ago, exercised the calling of a brewer in this place, and who has subsequently resided at Canandaigua, in the state of New-York, was, some time in the last year, conveyed by force from that place, and is supposed to be forcibly detained, under false pretences, in some part of this Province, any person who may be able to afford any information respecting the said William Morgan, shall, upon communicating the same to the Private Secretary of His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor, receive the reward above offered.

"Government House, Jan. 31st, 1827."

✂ A paper, entitled *Masonic Intelligencer*, was commenced at Batavia, on the 7th inst. Its design is, to furnish a correct view of this affair. It is conducted with much spirit, and lashes the Batavia knaves in the style that they deserve. It is published at the rate of *twenty-five cents for three months*. This is cheap; and those who want a paper devoted wholly to this subject, had better subscribe. We extract the following from an article of some length upon the origin and growth of the Batavia riot.

"Some time after the book came out, which at first had a rapid run, and a shilling pamphlet was selling at the *patriotic and disinterested* price of one dollar, the publisher, in one of those moods, which great success in selling had heightened into an unusual glow of self complacency, unbosomed himself, by way of compliment to his own sagacity, talents and foresight, in the following manner. A neighbour said to him—"Sir, you really have succeeded in making considerable noise in the world; and have made Batavia a place of more notoriety than any other in the country."

"Yes," said he, "it has turned out exactly to my wish; just as I intended and predicted. I shall make my fortune, at least; and I am not sure but I have immortalized myself. If the masons had been as cunning as I was, and understood their interests as well as I do mine—if they had paid no attention to us, and never spoke of our book, *we never could have got enough for them to pay for the paper they were printed on*. I was sensible of that when I first undertook it. I knew I had a great task to perform, which was both arduous and dangerous. But my situation in the world was such, and as things were going on with me, I had rather hazard my life, or even lose it, if I could do it in any way to immortalize my name, than to go on in the dog-trot manner I was then compelled to do. I told Morgan so, and that we must *raise a breeze*, or nothing could be made out of it. I knew I had ingenuity and talents sufficient to effect it. I was aware of the advice and determination of the masons here, not to take any notice of it; but I was determined they should. And I knew that by abusing, insulting and provoking them, I should get them mad after a while. We could have got it out secretly, without any fuss or danger; but that would not do. I was determined to make money out of it, and I have."

"This is the language of the champion, who stands sleepless upon the towers of freedom—watching over the Morgan affair with untired zeal."

The following is an extract from a letter, received by the editor of this paper, from a friend in Tompkins county, dated February 8th.

"There are powerful exertions making here to excite the public mind against the institution of masonry, and the most illiberal and unfounded reports are put in circulation. But from whence do they come? From those whose moral character is such that her sacred portals are forever shut against them; or from those who have been cast out for violating the most noble and heaven-born principles of our order. There is no character in society, however base he may be, but what will have his influence. Hence it is no ways surprising that so much clamour and excitement should be raised against an institution so honorable as that of masonry; which ranks among her members a majority of the wisest and best of men.

"And does it all, forsooth, originate from the fact that a few reputed individual members of the fraternity, have been guilty of an outrage upon one William Morgan, in which there appears more mystery, than perhaps truth in the numerous reports now current; and of which the masonic fraternity were as ignorant, and are as innocent of any participation, as the most scrupulous of our opponents or censorious persecutors? Could but the truth be unfolded, and the secret motives from which they act be presented to human view, I doubt not but that it would place many of their most conspicuous actors in no very honorable light.

"But time will develop the matter, and truth will appear. An institution founded in virtue, will not be destroyed by the combined influence of the wicked and malicious, nor by the prejudice and fanaticism of the ignorant and superstitious."

"Persecution we shall endure, but it will doubtless prove salutary, and make us more prudent, and strengthen the bonds of our affection.

✂ We have already said that we cannot condescend to continue a war of words with such a man as the editor of the *National Observer*. We are not disposed to discuss the merits of the "Morgan affair" with a bedlamite. The Grand Chapter of this state has expressed the opinions of the masonic fraternity, upon this subject; and that expression was so plain, so entirely free from equivocation,

that we do not believe any honest man will ever take exceptions to it. A personal altercation we shall not enter into, even with *Solomon Southwick*: we have seen too much of the man to suppose that he has any respect for truth, justice, or individual worth. The street, the barber's shop, and, indeed, almost every place which he has visited for some weeks past, has been nauseated by his disgusting invectives, and gross aspersions of some of the most respectable individuals in this community; and all this abuse has been dealt out because its subjects are members of the fraternity of freemasons. Now we would ask every honest man whether such actions are worthy of a gentleman and a friend to the public peace? Are they such as any man, having at heart the public good, would stoop to the performance of? There can be but one answer to these questions, and that will be in the negative. It will be useless for Mr. Southwick to attempt to excuse such actions by a reference to his conduct in his youthful days. That he has been both a gentleman and an honourable man, no one will deny; but that he is neither now, is scarcely susceptible of being made a question. If it were true that a virtuous youth should excuse an iniquitous old age, then, indeed, would the case be different; but such is not the fact, nor is Mr. Southwick's opposition to the "white cockade" in '98, any excuse for his enmity to a virtuous and benevolent institution in 1827. We are not easily driven into an allusion to a man's private vices; nor do we think the press has any right to touch upon them, unless they exercise an influence over the public character of their possessor; but we subscribe to the opinion, advanced upon high authority, that "measures, and not men, is the common cant of affected moderation; a base counterfeit language, fabricated by knaves, and made current among fools;" and Mr. Southwick's conversation has lately so well accorded with his editorial phrenzy, that one cannot be illustrated without speaking of the other. We care not in what light he considers what we say; for we do not ask his approbation unless it can be purchased at a less price than the sacrifice of every gentlemanly and honourable principle. We now not only repeat that Mr. Southwick's motives are none of the best; but say explicitly, that it was through his direct interference that Miller's book was introduced into a certain book-store in this city, there to be sold, for the benefit of we know not and care not whom. This circumstance, together with the fact of his having an agent at the west, and the gross personal abuse privately dealt out by him, is sufficient to show that he will say any thing which can contribute to the interests of himself or his colleague at Batavia. But we understand the man perfectly; these are not his only motives of action. It is well known to the public that every attempt he has lately made to sustain the editorial character, has proved fatal to every publication with which he has been engaged—to say that a newspaper is edited by Solomon Southwick, is furnishing it with a true passport to oblivion. The sheet which he at present pretends to conduct, only six months after it was commenced, dwindled from a semi-weekly to a weekly publication; and, probably, by the time a year has expired the unfortunate thing will retire to "the tomb of the Capulets." In the vain hope to escape this inevitable fate, he commenced his attacks upon the masonic fraternity,—intending to excite opposition and gain popularity: but here he failed, and becoming frantic, he descended into the grossest personality.

A history of this personality would be too disgusting for our columns. We refer to it, merely, to show to what means he has resorted, to attach a little interest to a contemptible sheet, which has not intrinsic merit enough to keep it in circulation one month. We have, perhaps, already said too much upon this subject; but after being treated as we yesterday were, we thought it proper to say what we have. Mr. Southwick's editorial sins are of the blackest kind, and almost infinite in number; but we cannot, consistently with our sense of duty to our readers, continue to fill our columns with remarks respecting them. We have here given an abridgement of our knowledge of him; and with it we must close our notice of him forever. So, "a long good night to" this indecent and revolting subject.

MASONIC. The members of the masonic family will be pleased to learn that Br. R. Pardessus, well known to the fraternity, and to the public generally, as a man of unblemished reputation, moral deportment, and affable manners, has leased for a term of years, the new masonic hall now building in Broadway. We wish him every success in his new undertaking. [*New-York Mirror.*]

IRELAND. In Mr. Chateaubriand's Speech relative to England and Portugal, there is a particular reference to the state of Ireland, as exhibiting an angry conflict of interest and opinion, equally ominous to the welfare of England in case of hostilities, as that which Mr. Canning had thought proper to speak of as existing in the bosom, and threatening the power of the other nations of Europe.—This retort was to have been expected; but we did not think it, at the moment of perusal, so entirely justified by fact, as it would appear to be from another speech delivered almost simultaneously with it and on the same subject, in the unhappy country referred to. The orator was Mr. Shiel, the celebrated catholic barrister, and his language is no doubt that of all his catholic brethren.

After calculating the probabilities of war, and adopting the conclusion that it must take place, he says that, in the spirit of discontented fearlessness, he rejoices at it: that it is from calamity alone, the Irish catholics can hope for an amelioration of their condition; that they are like the wretches confined in the hold of a ship, who rejoice at the roaring of the storm, because the wave that carries the vessel upon the rock, tears their prison assunder, with nothing to lose by destruction, and something to hope for in the chance of preservation! He says that it is an awful situation to be in, where a sentiment of desperate and disastrous exultation is felt in what ever portends calamity! "We are like the negroes in a slave ship." "As things stand at present, we are compelled to exclaim in the language of the fallen spirit, "Evil, be thou our good." It would, indeed, be absurd to question, that it is from the distresses of the empire, that our best expectations must be derived. Facts bear us unhappily out in this most unfortunate calculation. There never was a concession made to Ireland, which was not wrung from disorder, and extorted out of fear." "It may be said that I have been speaking the language of violence. To be sure it is: and what other language becomes the times? I repeat it—the people of Ireland exult in war, and in the prospect of its terrible results. They expect that war will awaken justice. They expect that it will lead to emancipation."

The whole speech is a continued strain of indignant resentment, and is not without an intimation—sufficiently disguised only to avoid the charge of absolute treason—that in case the hope of concession founded upon the anticipated contention of Europe, shall prove vain, the people will not neglect the opportunity of doing themselves the justice that is denied. The speech was received with loud applause! From the turn that events seem to be taking, it is to be presumed that Mr. Shiel's expectations will not be realized; but the state of feeling which his remarks exhibit, sharp and burning to a degree almost bordering on frenzy, leaves but little room to doubt that the Irish catholics are uttering

estranged from their fellow subjects, and that, wearied with remonstrance, they will, on a suitable occasion, appeal to arms. [*Statesman.*]

A NEW REPUBLIC. New-Orleans papers to the 13th were received at Mobile on the 17th ult. They contain intelligence from Natchitoches of a revolution in Texas. On the 16th ult, the united forces of Nacogdoches and Ayeh Bayou had declared the province of Texas free and independent of the United States of Mexico, and hoisted a flag in Nacogdoches with the words "Liberty and Independence" on it.

It is said that a few days previous, six Indian Chiefs, in that vicinity, held a council, and promised to assist—and 200 Indians, principally Cherokees, had actually joined the new party. The new republic had been christened, "Republic of Fredonia"—and their flag consist of a stripe of red and white, emblematical of the union between the red and white men. Later accounts, received at Natchitoches, furnishes a treaty entered into between the insurgents and twenty-three tribes of Indians.—A national congress is to assemble at Nacogdoches on the first Monday in February.

REBELLION IN JAVA. A letter received at Boston by Mr. Topliff, dated Batavia, Oct. 30, says, "The rebellion is not put down, and I do not perceive any progress making to accomplish so desirable a purpose. The restored Sultan gets no adherents, and the Dutch forces in the interior accomplish nothing but marches and counter marches. Gloomy indeed are the affairs of Netherland India. It will require at least forty millions of guilders more, ere the troubles will be ended."

CENTRAL AMERICA. Official documents from this country, received by the editor of the Pensacola Gazette, represent it to be in a state of extreme anarchy. In consequence of the actual disorganization of the legislatures of one or more of the states, the irreconcilable divisions of the federal congress, and the want of due representation in it of several members of the confederacy,—together with the disorders pervading the country, especially in Guatemala, which is in actual rebellion,—the president of the republic has issued a decree for the election and assembling of a new national congress. In the mean while, till this measure can be effected for quieting the national disorders, the executive declares his intention to preserve the public peace, without derogation to the constitution, or the laws in force, and to answer for his measures to the extraordinary congress. His decree is dated the 10th Oct. 1826.

FLORIDA. A paragraph in the Pensacola Gazette places in a striking point of view the rapid progress of Florida, under the benign influence of our free and happy institutions. In 1821 when the United States received the possession of this territory, with the exception of Pensacola and St. Augustine, it was a total wilderness. There was a few families settled on Escambia river and Bay, who received their supplies from these places, but all the country between the extremes of the territory was unexplored and unknown. In 1823 about 60 bales of cotton were made on the Appalachicola river. In 1826 it is computed at 10,000 bales of cotton, Upland and Sea Island, were made in Florida for market, besides several large crops of sugar. The number of souls probably exceeds 25,000. Sugar is beginning to receive the exclusive attention of many of the best planters, and in a few years will probably constitute the chief article of export. When the good land shall be principally devoted to this crop, it is asserted that the United States may be bountifully supplied with sugar, without dependence on foreign countries.

BANKRUPT BILL. The Bankrupt Bill was finally rejected in the Senate of the United States, on the 2d inst., by a vote of 21 to 27, notwithstanding that the 93d section had been previously stricken out. Every member of the Senate was in his place and voted on the question. It is now settled beyond doubt, adds the National Intelligencer, that we shall never have a uniform system of Bankruptcy, until the public mind undergoes such a revolution as may yet, in time to come, be effected by a per-

ception of the great inconveniences arising from the variant, unequal, and clashing systems which now exist in the several members of the Confederacy.

BURIAL OF A MAN ALIVE. The last papers from the Arabian Gulf, brings an account of the seizure and barbarous murder, at Bissorah, of a courier, conveying letters of a rebel chief, to persons in that town. The unfortunate man was bastinadoed, to extort a confession, that might implicate certain innocent persons, whose integrity, perhaps, had caused them to be expelled from the sunshine of court favour, but without effect: he was then conveyed to a public cross road, where, on requesting some water to drink, it was poured into his mouth, mixed with clay; after which, his two feet were fastened separately to stakes at the sides of a pit, in such a manner, that his head and body hung reversed within it; the earth was then thrown in, and the wretched sufferer buried alive.

CHURCH IN BREMEN. A letter from the Rev. Mr. Kurtz, a Lutheran minister now in Europe, published in the New-York Christian Advocate, states that there is a Lutheran church at Bremen, Germany 370 feet long, of a proportionable width, with a steeple seven stories high, exclusive of the spire.—The congregation embraces 28,000 souls, has four clergymen and one assistant. Under the building is a cellar in which are a number of dead bodies in a state of preservation, although they have been deposited there 200 years. "With my own eyes," says Mr. Kurtz, "I saw the bodies in full as they were centuries ago. The entrails are dried away, but the external parts are yet complete; and even the caps with which they were interred 200 years ago, and other parts of the grave cloths, are in a state of preservation." These bodies are not mummies, but are preserved by the peculiar nature of the atmosphere.

Mr. Kurtz says there is a wine cellar in Bremen containing some wine that is several centuries old.

M. BOMPLAND. Madame Bompland, who has been separated five years from her husband, whom Dr. Francia, Ex-Dictator of Paraguay, caused to be carried off by main force, returned some time ago from Brazil to Europe in order to interest different Cabinets, and particularly that of France, in favor of the distinguished companion and scientific fellow-laborer of the Baron de Humboldt. This Lady is about to quit Paris to return to Brazil, and endeavor to reach, by that country, the place of her husband's detention. Several Cabinets have already claimed M. Bompland of Dr. Francia. Bolivar, who is an old friend, and the Emperor Don Pedro, have hitherto used, in vain, the most pressing solicitations. Nothing has been able to bend Dr. Francia. It is to invoke again the interest of Bolivar and Don Pedro, and try to put an end at length to so protracted a term of captivity, or to go and share it with her husband, that M. Bompland is going to return, by the way of England, to South America.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE. A school-master in one of the neighboring towns, while upon his morning's walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig's trough. "Why," said the school-master, "Mr.—, have you not furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the master this winter, and am making preparations."

[*Worcester Spy.*]

DIED.

In Paris, on the 14th of December, M. MALTE BRUN, a distinguished French author, particularly in the department of Geography, one of the contributors to the *Journals des Debats*, and one of the editors of the *Annals des Voyages, de la Geographie, et de l'Histoire*.

Suddenly, on Monday the 15th inst. in the vicinity of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, Joe Webb, the Natty Bumpo of the Schuylkill Mountains. Joe was a hunter. His language, his manners, his hunting shirt, his rifle, and his faithful hound, to which he was much attached, almost led one "to believe he sat to the author of the Pioneers for the interesting picture of the celebrated Leather Stocking. Joe inhabited for many years a rude cabin in the wild and romantic defile, formed by the Sharp and Second Mountains, remote from the habitation of the rest of his species. There he lived and there he died. Though rough in his language and uncouth in his exterior, he possessed much of the milk of human kindness in his composition, and will long be remembered.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

COMMEMORATION

OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22.

Hail! glorious morn, Columbia's Jubilee,
Roast of the good, the great, the brave and free:
Hail! ever hail! the bright immortal morn,
When our illustrious WASHINGTON was born.
O, for a harp of heaven's exalted quire,
Or that some angel would attune my lyre,
That I might gild the patriotic dream,
Nor do dishonour to the noble theme.

I sing the hero whose undaunted hand
Dispelled the foe, and saved a sinking land;
What time red war death's banner had unfurled,
And bellowing thunders shook the western world.
When Albion's legions crossed the billowy wave,
The exiled sons of freedom to enslave;
When whirlwinds wheeled the crimson car of war,
And vivid lightnings told the tale afar;
When vale and valley and the mountains rung,
With awful shrieks ne'er told by human tongue;
When the wild woods were ambushed by the foe,
And wives and children buried in one woe;
When midnight glittered with the baring dome,
And wandering orphans mourned a happy home;
When fathers, brothers, in one carnage fell,
And death-groans mingled with the savage yell;
When the wild war-whoop woke the cradle's dear,
And the sweet babe smiled at its mother's tear;
Say who then taught the generous breast to glow,
And throb with anguish at his country's woe?
Who taught the arm to strike the alarming stroke,
And spurn the British tyrant's galling yoke?
'Twas he whose fame, from age to age shall run,
The great, the good, the generous Washington.

Homermay sing of Peleus' wrathful son,
Who in his vengeance myriads had outdone;
Who stood like Mars upon the sanguine fields,
And dragged the Trojan at his chariot wheels;
Of Agamemnon who a brother's claim
Espoused, and straightway sought the Spartan dame;
Who saw proud Priam's son in death expire,
And wrapped a sinking oak in one fire;
Of hostile Hector, Troy's avenging son,
Who saw Sarpedon fall and was undone;
Who killed Patroclus and then met his due,
From dread Achilles, whom young Paris slew;
Athens may sound great Solon's wondrous praise,
And Sparta lift Lycurgus to our gaze,
Let History emblazon Philip's name,
And his proud son eclipse the father's fame;
Let Rome's brave heroes shine in legends bright,
And her wise statesmen with illustrious light;
Let Cæsar triumph in his laurel'd brow,
And Cincinnatus leave his humble plough,
Columbia still can boast a noble son,
The sage, the brave, the immortal Washington.
All Grecian glory in its brightest blaze,
All Roman reason, once the mind's amaze,
Soon fade before the patriot's shining shield,
Sage in the council—hero in the field.
Sweden may boast of her brave Charles who fell
At Frederickshall, torn by a blazing shell;
And Bonaparte, whose dread tremendous voice
Made Europe tremble, and his slaves rejoice,
May live with partial and with loud applause,
But not with freedom's universal laws:
And when their names shall be in ruin hurled
Great Washington's shall wake the wondering world;
Yea, when the stars shall lose their lonely light,
The silver moon sink in the realms of night,
The sable sun blush thro' a veil of blood,
And Nature stand confest before her God;
When even nature shall herself reverse,
And devastation fire the universe,
He shall exist, and view with smiling eyes,
Dread ruin ride around the flaming skies.

O muse, 'tis thine to sing the deathless son,
Who fought for freedom, and who freedom won;
Not all his glories flourished in the field,
Nor all his virtues crowned the saviour's shield;
'Twas his to frown the tyrant minion down,
'Twas his on monarchy to ever frown—
The demi-god before his glance expired,

The patriot's bosom with his smile was fired,
Fell faction fled before his eagle aim,
And wild confusion died without a name;
Intrigue retired before his light of truth,
And dark conspiracy ne'er passed its youth;
Each nobler virtue graced his mammoth mind,
Friend to his country and to all mankind,
Corruption's gold, nor flattery's proffered fame,
E'er built one triumph on his nobler name;
Faction beheld him, with an evil eye,
Mount on her ramparts, to destroy or die,
And dark corruption cried, with glittering purse,
"Renounce your country and your comrades curse;
Then shall this gold be at your own command,
And you the king of all Columbia's land."
Gods! had you seen him at that awful hour,
Then swelled his mighty heart with giant power;
He snatched the trump, and the loud blast was blown,
That made all England tremble to her throne,
To Europe's bounds went forth the stern decree—
America shall yet be great and free.

O muse! with cypress bind the Lydian lyre,
In death reposes freedom's faithful sire.
His course is finished, and his task is done,
He fought the best of fights, and freedom won;
He kept the faith in spirit and in truth,
And now he dwells in everlasting youth.
Sound, sound your lyres, ye tuneful Nine once more,
And let the strain reach England's utmost shore;
Let the proud Psan on wide wings unfurled,
Sail round the skies and charm the listening world.

Goddess of freedom, grant the glorious hour
When Liberty shall crush Monarchical power;
Let the auspicious moment soon arrive,
When kings and tyrants shall no more survive,
When thrones shall totter to their gilded height,
And tumbling, mingle in the realms of night;
When crowns and crosiers shall yield up their sway,
And in the flood of empires pass away;
When usurpation, from her cloudy car,
Shall fall to nothing, like the shooting star;
When tyranny, who ages hath withstood;
Shall sink and strangle in a sea of blood;
When slavery shall off the earth be hurled,
And a REPUBLIC spread o'er all the world.
Hail! glorious era, earth's millennium hail!
When songs of peace shall swell on every gale,
When Washington shall o'er the bending skies,
Lean his blent head and feast his famished eyes,—
Columbus write the deed in golden verse,
On the bright pillars of the universe.

O muse! to thee I owe the idea new,
Which the subservient pen but lately drew;
The bright example sprang from freedom's son;
From north to south already has it run;
May it from thence like lightning quick retire,
And the four quarters of the globe inspire.
But O, ere that blest day the poet's hand,
Must mouldering lie beneath his native land,
Ere that the Bard must close his earthly eyes,
And a new generation round him rise.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.
TO *****.

Remember him—remember him,
Whose heart is with thee far and near;
By day in sighs—by night in dim
And fleeting views of fancy's sphere.
But not when friends and pleasures woo
Thy heart to their warm, warm embrace;
Thy joys are pure—thy friends are true,
And I would not pollute their place.

Remember me when o'er the west
Soft night lets down her spangled wing;
When tender thoughts which cannot rest,
Run thrilling backward to their spring.
And while from our own wonted seat,
Thou gazest on the moonlight stream,
And weary objects once so sweet
To Love's bewitching early dream.

Remember me when over thy calm
Imagination, heavenly sleep
Drops from her wings her pensive balm—
The dream which makes a lover weep.

And we may in that hour renew
The raptures we have tasted, when
Hope told a thousand tales, less true
Than dreams of sleeping hours have been.

Remember me when stern regret
Shall heave thy bosom up with pain;
The thoughts of moments when we met
May drive the demon forth again.
And when unburdening tears have brought
The halcyon calmness back to thee,
And Love's delicious feast of thought
Is thine—O, then remember me!

Feb. 14.

G.

THE HUMOURIST.

EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.

Question.—Did you see the defendant throw the stone? Answer—I saw a stone and I am pretty sure he threw it. Q.—Was it a stone of considerable dimensions? A.—Why, it was considerable of a stone. Q.—How large was it? A.—I should say it was a large stone. Q.—What was its size? A.—Why it was a sizeable stone. Q.—Can't you answer definitely—how big was it? A.—I should say it was a stone of some bigness. Q.—You are a singular witness—can't you give the jury some idea of the bigness of the stone? A.—Why, as near as I can recollect, it was something of a stone. Q.—Can't you compare it with some other object? A.—Why, if I was to compare it, so as to give my notion of the stone, I should say, as near as I can judge, it was about as big as a *piece of chalk*!

A REAL KENTUCKIAN.

A Kentuckian, we believe of that class familiarly called a "Hog Merchant," rode up to a public house in the west, where a number of gentlemen were seated in the piazza. After a low bow to the company, he inquired if any present could tell him what was good for a burn. A young physician (there being several present) stepped forward, and with much complaisance, gave him a learned lecture on burns, the mode of treatment, &c. &c., for which he was thanked politely by the Kentuckian who informed him, that his prescription would not answer his present complaint, as his saddle blanket had been very badly burnt the night previously. On hearing this the physician became exasperated, and told him if he would alight he would give him a good flogging. The Kentuckian again bowed and said, that he would not alight for two floggings let alone one, and rode off with much gravity and self satisfaction.

ATHANASIAN CREED.

Parson Paten was so much averse to the Athanasian creed that he never read it. Archbishop Secker having been informed of his recusancy, sent the archdeacon to ask his reason: "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your Metropolitan does," replied the archdeacon. "It may be so," replied Mr. Paten, "and he can well afford it—he believes at the rate of seven thousand pounds a year, and I only at that of fifty pounds."

Two wits riding from London to York, and seeing a miller journeying slowly before them on his sacks, resolved to quiz him; so one went on one side of him and one on the other side, saying, "Miller pray tell us, which art thou, more knave or fool?" "Truly," says he, "I don't know which I am most, but I guess I am between both."

THIS PAPER

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[No. 4.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

From the *Batavia Masonic Intelligencer*.

Masonry not only unfolds to our minds the solemn dictates of *Morality*, but also prompts us to obey those dictates by every consideration that is awful and tender. To the humble she points out a "star-decked heaven, where all good Masons hope to meet"—to the indolent, the duties of active benevolence and the brevity of life—to the proud, death and the grave, the grand levellers of every earthly distinction not founded in virtue: and above all things, leads us to consider the Everlasting God as the architect of the Universe, and as the tender parent watching over the happiness and existence of every created being.

But whilst Masonry inculcates the necessity of the cultivation of our moral faculties, she also teaches to her votaries the propriety of intellectual improvement—to be not only good but wise. Hence, in the second degree, the *fellow-crafts* are exhorted to study the whole circle of the arts and sciences, so as to derive from these subjects more exalted ideas of the wisdom of God, and more distinct impressions of the nature, state and destination of man, and thus to lay the foundation of a rational and deep-toned piety, which alone can elevate man in the scale of creation, and lead him to subject every unholy passion and unsanctified desire. And, my brethren, allow me to add, if our hearts have not been thus influenced, we are masons only in name; and our duty and happiness imperiously demand that we should not only cultivate our moral and intellectual faculties, but also "divest our hearts of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our minds as living stones for that spiritual temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Permit me, with all possible brevity, to make a few observations on the second section of the second degree.

ARCHITECTURE. None of the Arts exhibits more clearly the inventive and imitative powers of man, than Architecture. The bird prepares its nest with wonderful skill—the beaver has manifested a sagacity in its aquatic embankments which man has done well to imitate—and the bee proceeds with geometrical exactness in the construction of its cells, yet still their instincts are very limited. But who, whilst observing the savage sheltered in summer by the foliage of the forest, and shielded from the inclemencies of winter by the gloomy cave—as pitching his scanty tent in the southern desert, or erecting his rude conical wigwam in the northern wastes—could predict that man possessed a genius which would enable him to rear the stately palace, fix the sublime arch, and poise the ærial dome in imitation of the canopy of heaven, to resound with the anthem of heartfelt praise, uttered with the intelligence and pathos of the cherubim.

Architecture may be considered in a two-fold relation—as an object of taste, and as a mechanical art; and is capable of exciting a variety of agreeable emotions: of these, utility, grandeur, regularity, order and proportion, are the chief. And the proper union of these different principles, and their adaptation to the species of building intended, forms the chief study of the architect, and constitutes the cause of all the pleasing emotions which the beholder experiences; and the skilful architect will give an *expression* to a structure which cannot be mistaken. The rural temple suggests the pleasing scenes of nature, and the bounties of Providence; the cottage reminds us of frugality and contentment; and the sombre abbey produces a train of reflections concerning the tomb and eternity.

The Orders of Architecture.—The conical hut being found very inconvenient, led to the adoption of the cubical form. They fixed the trunks of trees

in the ground at proper distances, when they could not find them growing in suitable positions, and filled the intervals with branches closely interwoven, and covered them with clay. Four large beams were then placed horizontally on these uprights, which being closely jointed at the angles, gave stability to the upright trunks. These beams supported the roof, which was composed of many rafters, covered with reeds, leaves, and clay. As men improved in the art of building, they rendered their dwellings more handsome and durable: the trunks which formed the supports were smoothed by the removal of the bark, and were elevated above the surface of the ground, on pillars of stone—the ends of the joists were carefully fitted, and the intervals between them filled with stones and clay. In this we perceive the rude original of the orders of Architecture. The upright trunks when imbedded in stone and marble, gave rise to columns; and the beams, joists, rafters and covering, suggested architraves, frizes, triglyphs and cornices.

The orders of Architecture are *five*, viz: the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, invented by the Greeks, and the Tuscan and Composite, of Italian origin.

The parts that compose an order are two—the first being analogous to the primitive hut; the second are mouldings, contrived for ornamenting the first. There are eight regular mouldings: the fillet, astragal, torus, scotia, ovolo, inverted-cyma, cyma-recta, and cavetto.

An order consists of two principal members: the column and entablature; each of which is composed of three parts. Those of the columns are, the base, shaft and capital; and those of the entablature are, the architrave, frieze and cornice. These parts are again subdivided into lesser parts, whose number, form and dimensions characterize each order, and express the degree of strength, delicacy, richness or simplicity peculiar to it.

I. **The Tuscan Order.**—This order is supposed to have been invented by the Tusci, or Etruscans, the aborigines of that part of Italy which is situated west of the Tiber. Before the Romans had any intercourse with the Greeks, they were a polished and prosperous nation, and their glory was at its height before Rome was yet founded. The only examples of antiquity remaining which resemble the present proportion of this order, are the Trajan, and antonine columns at Rome. The doctrines of Vitruvius concerning this order are very obscure, and the profiles of Palladio and other architects are all imperfect.

This order, on account of its strength and simplicity, has been denominated the Gigantic. Its proportions are as follow:—one fifth of the whole height gives the height of the pedestal; one fifth of the remainder is the height of the entablature; and the residue, the height of the column. One seventh of the height of the column is its diameter at the base; and if this diameter be divided into sixty equal parts, called minutes, forty-five of these parts give the diameter of the neck of the column—thirty, the height of the base and capital, severally—the architrave thirty-five, the frieze twenty-six and a half, and the cornice forty-three and a half minutes.

This order is suitable where strength and simplicity are required.

II. **The Doric.**—To Doris, the king of Achaia, son of Hellen, who reigned in Phthiotæ about 1495 years before the christian era, is attributed the invention of this order. "He built," says Vitruvius, "a temple to Juno, in the ancient city of Argos, which happened to be in the manner of this order, now called Doric. This manner was afterwards imitated in many other temples in the several cities of Achaia."

It retains more of the structure of the primitive hut than any other order, and is doubtless the most ancient. The triglyphs in its frieze represent the ends of joists, and the mutules in its cornice, the

rafters. In many instances the columns are short in proportion to their diameter, and without bases.

The general proportions of this order are similar to the Tuscan, except that the column is but one eighth of its height in diameter. The width of the triglyphs is thirty minutes, and their distance from each other forty-five minutes. In most of the antiques, the doric column is executed without a base, and fluted to prevent the spears from falling which were placed against them by the worshippers at the temples. On account of the grave and masculine appearance of this order it has been called the Herculean.

III. **The Ionic.**—The Athenians sent thirteen colonies into Asia Minor, under Ion, the grandson of Hellen. "Ion conquered all Caria, founded many cities, and called the country Ionia. The first temple he built was after the Doric manner, but afterwards he built a temple to Diana, of a more delicate structure, and formed upon the proportions of a female body, as the Doric had been on that of a robust man. The capital was adorned with volutes to represent the curls of a woman's hair, and flutings were cut in the shafts of the columns in imitation of the folds of her garment. This order got the name of Ionic, in honour of the Ionians, who invented it."

The appearance of this order is simple, yet majestic; it is sparingly ornamented, and has been compared to a sedate matron, in decent, rather than magnificent, attire.

The ancients were unanimous concerning the profile of this order; for in all the Roman antiques it is exactly the same. The moderns also copy the proportions of this order nearly as found in the Coliseum, the temple of Fortune, and the theatre of Marcellus. The capitals were generally made to face but one way in this order.

The pedestal occupies one fifth of the whole height,—one sixth of the remainder is the entablature; and the column being divided into nine parts, one of them is the diameter. The modillions are ten minutes in width, and twenty distant from each other.

IV. **The Corinthian.**—The Corinthian order, according to Vitruvius, owed its origin to the following accident:—A young girl of Corinth having died, her nurse placed on her tomb a basket containing certain trinkets, in which she delighted when alive, and covered it with a tile to prevent the rain from spoiling them. The basket happened to be placed on a root of acanthus, which, pushing out its leaves, covered the sides of the basket; some of the longest of which being obstructed by the corners of the tile, were forced downwards, and curled in the manner of volute. Calimachus, the sculptor, passing near the tomb, was so pleased with the beautiful appearance of the acanthus growing in this manner, that he imitated it in the columns which he afterwards made at Corinth.

Villalpandus treats this story of Calimachus as a fable, and maintains that the Corinthian capital took its origin from an order in Solomon's temple; and this opinion is rendered probable by comparing the remains of architecture in the ruins of Palmyra, or Tadmor in the desert, which was built by Solomon, with the Corinthian, and several biblical descriptions intimate strongly that this was the fact.

The proportions of this order are extremely delicate, and it is divided into a great variety of members, enriched with a profusion of ornaments. Scamozzi calls it the Virginal order, since it has all the delicacy of form, and gaiety of dress of a Grecian maiden. The three columns in the Campo Vaccino at Rome, the remains, it is thought, of the temple of Jupiter Stator, are considered the most perfect specimens of the Corinthian now extant. One fifth of the whole height is appropriated to the pedestal; one sixth of the remainder to the entablature; and one tenth of the column gives its diame-

ter: the modillions are eleven and a half minutes wide, and the dentile three and a half.

In most of the Roman antiques, the capital of this order is enriched with olive leaves; the acanthus being seldom employed but in the Composite. De Cordemoy, however, prefers the acanthus; the laurel and parsley leaves are sometimes substituted. The base of the column may be either Attic or Corinthian; they are both very beautiful. If the entablature is enriched, the shaft should be fluted, and the liability to injury may be diminished by filling the dutes to one third of their height with cablings, as in the inside of the Pantheon at Rome, where the statues of departed philosophers and heroes stimulated the living to imitate their virtues and glorious deeds.

V. *The Composite*.—The Composite was combined rather than invented, by the Romans, being only a species of Corinthian, with a capital formed from the Corinthian and Ionic.

The ancients do not appear to have given a definite form to the entablature of this order. In the temple of Bacchus the cornice is entirely plain. The arch of Septimus Severus has dentils resembling the Ionic, and the arch of Titus is enriched with both modillions and dentils.

Modern architects have varied more in this than in any other order—each consulting his own taste. The height of the composite column, and the parts of the entablature are similar to the Corinthian. The different bunches of leaves require to be strongly marked and the ornament of the volutes must not project beyond the fillet that enclose them.

The turgid embellishment of this order, like the latter Epic poems of the Romans, manifest the departure of genuine taste, and the influence of Oriental luxury, which wrested the sceptre of a mighty empire from nerveless hands, to be broken by the Vandal and the Goth.

These remarks, I trust, will not be tedious nor uninteresting to those imbued with the true spirit of Masonry—a spirit which raised the pyramids of Egypt, and formed the Grecian Rock into beautiful temples—a spirit imitative of that awful Being, who from chaos by his word created a glorious Universe.

X.

ELECTIONS.

Fidelity Lodge, No. 309, Ulysses, Tompkins co.

Nathaniel Ayres, W. M.; William Atwater, S. W.; Henry D. Barto, J. W.; John Creque, Treasurer; David K. M'Lallen, Secretary; Abraham G. Updike, S. D.; Philemon H. Thompson, J. D.; Lyman Strobridge and Henry Taylor, Stewards; Peter Sherman, Tyler.

Regular communications, Tuesday preceding full moon.

Fidelity Chapter, No. 77, Trumansburg, Tompkins co.

Nicoll Halsey, High Priest; Lyman Strobridge, King; Allen Pease, Scribe; Elias J. Ayres, Captain of the Host; Nathaniel Ayres, Principal Sojourner; Simeon M. Crandall, Royal Arch Captain; Abraham G. Updike, Ephraim Lockhart, and Isaac Watts Hart, Masters of Vails; James M'Lallen, Secretary; John Cr-que, Treasurer; Elias J. King, and William Atwater, Stewards; James Rhodes, Tyler.

Regular communications, Friday preceding full moon.

Plattsburgh Lodge, Plattsburgh, Clinton county.

Samuel Carter, W. M.; Charles S. Mooers, S. W.; Winslow C. Watson, J. W.; Hiram Carter, Treasurer; Rufus A. Gilman, Secretary; David Hore, S. D.; E. Churchill, J. D.; E. Hunter, Tyler.

Ark Lodge, No. 271, Coxsackse, Greene county.

Talmadge Fairchild, W. M.; William White, S. W.; Caleb Green, J. W.; William V. B. Heernance, Treasurer; John Bartlett, Secretary; James C. Lisk, S. D.; Simeon Losee, J. D.

Coxsackie Chapter, No. 93, Coxsackie, Greene county.

William Wheeler, High Priest; John Bartlett, King; Olney F. Wright, Scribe; Charles Bartlett, Captain of the Host; David A. Hawley, Royal Arch Captain; John M'Cagg, Principal Sojourner; Peter Thurlow, Joseph Steel, and William Kirtland, Masters of Vails; William V. B. Heernance, Treasurer; Russell Judson, Secretary.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&3 Tu. e. m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e. m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Th. e. m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Tu. e. m.
Indefatigable Lodge,	Albany,	
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e. m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3 M. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2&4 Tu. e. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3 M. e. m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. aff. f. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. do.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Tu. aff. f. m.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. aff. f. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Eve. off. f. m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	Each full m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	W. af. f. m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Mon. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Thurs. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Wed. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
		Tues. do.

A whale requires a sea, an ocean, to sport in, about 150,000,000 of these animalcules would have abundant room in a tumbler of water.

From the London Mechanic's Magazine.

CHINESE SHEET LEAD.

This article is manufactured by two men; one is seated on the floor, with a large flat stone before him, and a moveable flat stone-stand at his side. His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible filled with melted lead, and having poured a certain quantity upon the stone, the other lifts the moveable stone, and dashing it on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed, the process being carried on with great rapidity. The rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are soldered together for use.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR IVORY.

Take fine sawdust of lime-tree wood, put it in a clean pan; tie it close up with paper; dry it with a gentle heat; beat it in a stone mortar to a very fine powder. Then take one pound of fine parchment glue, the finest gum tragacanth, and gum arabic, of each four ounces; boil the whole in clean pure water and filter it; add as much of the wood as will make a thick paste. When it is finely mixed, set it in a glazed pan in hot sand till the moisture evaporates, when it is fit for casting. Pour such colours in the paste, (crimson, yellow, &c.) as you wish, and scent it with oil of cloves, or roses.

The moulds should be made of pewter, and well oiled. When dry, it will be as hard as ivory, and may be turned, carved, or planed like other wood. Among the various uses for which it is designed, chess-men, boxes, &c. are enumerated.

ib.

From the Cabinet Maker's Guide.

ANIOS.

The goodness of saws, chisels, and other edge tools, depends upon the quality of the steel, which should be uniform throughout, and it is always better to have them tempered rather too hard than too soft, for use will reduce the temper. If, at any time you wish to restore the temper and to perform the operation yourself, the best method is to melt a sufficient quantity of lead to immerse the cutting part of the tool. Having previously brightened its surface, then plunge it into the melted lead for a few minutes, till it gets sufficiently hot to melt a candle, with which rub its surface; then plunge it in again and keep it there until the steel assumes a straw colour, (but be careful not to let it turn blue;) when that is the case take it out, rub it again with the tallow, and let it cool; if it should be too soft, wipe the grease off, and repeat the process without the tallow, and when sufficiently hot, plunge it into cold spring water, or water and vinegar mixed.

By a proper attention to these directions, and a little practice, every workman will have it in his power to give a proper temper to the tools he may use.

If a saw is too hard, it may be tempered by the same means; if you are near a plumber's shop, you may repeat the process conveniently and without expense, when they are melting a pot of lead.

In other cutting tools you must wait till the steel just begins to turn blue, which is a temper that will give it more elasticity, and, at the same time, sufficient hardness.

TEA.

The cheapest and most expensive teas are all the leaves of the same tree, at least they should be so, and if there were no shoe-leaves nor privet leaves, they would be so. The high flavour, therefore, of some of the sorts of tea, and the want of flavour in others, must arise from the manner of preparing them, and must be in some measure artificial. It follows, that if we can discover any fine flavoured substance, and add it to the tea in a proper manner, so as to make it agree and harmonize with the original flavour, we shall be able to improve low priced and flavourless tea, into a high priced article of fine flavour. The flavouring substance found to agree best with the original flavour of tea, is the oil of berga-

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

ANIMALCULES.

A notice of the inhabitants of the ocean belongs more particularly to the zoologist. I shall give only two extracts, tending to show the immense number of minute animals in the Greenland seas.

They will at the same time exhibit the close investigation and research of that accurate observer, Captain Scoresby.

On examining some olive-green water, he found the number of medusæ to be immense. They were about one fourth of an inch asunder. In this proportion, a cubic inch of water must contain sixty-four: a cubic foot 110,592; a cubic fathom 23,887,872; and a cubical mile 23,888,000,000,000. It may give a better conception of the amount of medusæ in this extent, if we calculate the length of time that would be requisite, with a certain number of persons, for counting this number. Allowing that one person could count a million in seven days, which is barely possible, it would have required that 80,000 persons should have started at the creation of the world, to complete the enumeration at the present time, (1820.) *Account of the arctic regions.* (Vol. 2. p. 279.)

In examining the colouring matter of a yellowish green water, he found it to be animalcules—"Some advancing at the rate of 1-180 of an inch in a second, others spinning round with great celerity. But the progressive motion of the most active, however distinct and rapid, it appeared under a high magnifying power, did not in reality exceed an inch in three minutes. At this rate it would require one hundred and fifty-one days to travel a nautical mile. A condor, it is generally believed, could fly round the globe at the equator, in a week; these animalcules in still water, would not accomplish the same in less than 8955 years.

The vastness of their numbers, and their exceeding minuteness, are circumstances of uncommon interest. In a drop of water, examined by a power of 28,224, (magnified superficies) there were fifty in number, on an average, in each square of the micrometer glass, of 1-840th of an inch in diameter; and as a drop occupied a circle on a pane of glass containing 529 of those squares, there must have been in this single drop of water, about 26,450 of these animalcules. Hence, reckoning sixty drops to a drachm, there would be in a gallon of water, a number exceeding by one half, the amount of the population of the whole globe. The diameter of the largest of these animalcules, was only 1-2000th of an inch—and many only 1-4000th of an inch. The army which Buonaparte led into Russia, in 1812, estimated at 500,000 men, would have extended in a double row, or two men abreast, with two feet three inches for each pair of men, a distance of 1081-2 English miles. The same number of these animalcules, arranged in a similar way, but touching each other, would only reach 5 feet 2 1-2 inches!

mot; by the proper management of which, you may produce from the cheapest teas, the finest flavoured bloom, hyson, gunpowder, and cowslip. There are two ways of managing the bergamot. Purchase at the perfumers some of the perfumed pieces of wood which they call bergamot fruit. Keep one such piece in your cannister, and it will flavour the tea in the same way as a tonquin bean flavours snuff. If the cannister be a small one, the flavour perhaps would be too strong; in that case you may chip the bergamot fruit in pieces and put only a little bit among your tea. Or procure a small phial of the oil of bergamot; take some of the smallest of your tea, and add it to a few drops of the oil, till you form a sort of paste, which is to be carefully mixed with the whole tea, in proportion to its quantity, and the degree of flavour you like best. If you make the flavour too strong, you have always an easy remedy, namely, by adding more unflavoured tea. When it is thus improved, it is often sold at eighteen shillings, and a guinea a pound. Cowslip tea has been as high as thirty-two shillings.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

(Continued from page 19.)

Charles Breck wrote two comedies, entitled "The Fox Chase," and "The Trust," the first of which was performed, and both were published in 1818. They are not very creditable to the talents of the writer, who recently died, I understand, while on his travels in Europe.

The name of Joseph Hutton is upon the title page of several plays performed upon the Philadelphia stage; among others, "The School for Prodigals," a comedy; "The wounded Hussar," musical piece; and "Fashionable Follies," a comedy. He has also written several romantic tales, and published a volume or two of poetry. He pursued the business of a schoolmaster for some years, and then went upon the stage—but met with very little success—and is at present in North Carolina, writing a tragedy upon the shocking murder of Col. Sharpe, which lately took place in Kentucky.

The name of William Dunlap stands at the head of the list of American dramatists: his muse has been prolific, having produced forty-five pieces of this nature, many of which indicate respectable dramatic talent. Being for many years manager of the New-York theatre, in imitation of Colley Cibber, he availed himself of the labors of others; accordingly we find many of his pieces are translations from the French or German. He has for some years past, abandoned the unprofitable trade, and is now a successful historical painter, displaying, in his old age, fine talents for the art, which occasions a sigh of regret that he ever abandoned the brush for the pen. Besides his dramatic writings, Mr. Dunlap published a life of George Frederick Cooke, the actor, and of Charles Brockden Brown, the American novelist.

M. M. Noah, the editor of the New-York Enquirer, has exercised his pen in various departments of literature, as a traveller, moralist, and dramatist. He writes with rapidity, a habit acquired by being the editor of a daily paper: but, from his vocation, his style has become diffuse, and ill adapted to the drama, which should be terse and pointed. Mr. Noah's first dramatic attempt was a small piece, in two acts, entitled "The Fortress of Sorrento," which was printed in 1808. In 1820 he produced his comedy, entitled, "She would be a Soldier," which is still a favorite on the stage, notwithstanding its insipidity in the closet. The author has displayed considerable knowledge of the stage effect; and from the military display throughout, this piece is well calculated to please a large portion of any audience. In addition to these, he has produced "Yussef Caramalli;" "Marion;" "The Grecian Captive," &c. During the run of "The Grecian Captive," the Park Theatre at New-York was unfortunately reduced to ashes; and may it ever be recorded, as an instance of Mr. Noah's liberality, that he gave his profits arising from this play, which were considerable, to be distributed among the lower order of players, who had been sufferers by the fire. Some years ago Mr. Noah was presented with a pair of silver goblets, by the managers of the Park Theatre, for his dramatic ser-

vices. Besides the above mentioned writings, he has published "Travels in the Barbary States;" and a small volume of Essays, under the signature of "Howard."

Samuel Woodworth of New-York has written the following dramas, all of which were performed and favorably received: "The Deed of Gift;" "Lafayette, or the Castle of Olmutz;" "The Locket;" "Widow's Son;" and "Rose of the Forest." He is at present the editor of a literary paper for the amusement of the ladies; and besides the pieces enumerated, has published a dull incongruous romance, entitled "The Champions of Freedom." He has also written much lyric poetry, and acquired considerable reputation by it.

Mr. Hillhouse, the author of a highly polished poem, entitled "Judgment," claims attention, from having produced two exquisite dramatic poems, "Percy's Mask," and "Hadad," neither of which however, was intended by the author for representation. Mr. Hillhouse was, and I believe still is, in the hardware business in New-York. He is entitled to a conspicuous place among the poets of modern date.

Dr. Percival might here be mentioned as having written a tragedy, entitled "Lamor;" and also Mr. Potter of New-York, who wrote "Phelles, or the Fall of Tyranny," a tragedy superior to the ordinary run of tragedies.

Mrs. Rowson, the authoress of "Charlotte Temple," is better known as a novelist than as a dramatist. Her plays, however, which are four in number, possess considerable merit. "The Slaves of Algiers, or a Struggle for Freedom," founded on a story in Don Quixotte. The "Volunteers," a farce, written after the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania. "The Female Patriot," altered from Massinger's "Bondman;" and the comedy of "Americans in England." Mrs. Rowson was for several years an actress; she then became the principal of a seminary for young ladies in the vicinity of Boston, which character she sustained with great reputation until the time of her death, which occurred in 1824.

Colonel Humphreys, of the revolutionary army, imitated from the French of M. Le Mierre, "The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom," which was repeatedly performed in the various theatres, and finally published in a volume of miscellaneous writings by the same author.

Mrs. Mercy Warren, authoress of a History of the American Revolution, published two tragedies in a volume of miscellaneous poems, in 1790: "The Sack of Rome," and "The Ladies of Castile." It does not appear that either was ever performed.

John D. Turnbull, of the Boston theatre, wrote "The Maid of Hungary;" "Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria;" and "The Wood Demon, or the Clock has Struck."

William Charles White, of Boston, wrote a tragedy on Mackenzie's "Man of the World," which he called "The Clergyman's Daughter;" and also a comedy, entitled "The Poor Lodger" founded upon the novel of Evelina; they were both played and printed. He appears to have been the friend of Robert T. Paine, the poet, as the prologue to the first, and epilogue to the latter performance, were from his pen, which was considered no small favor in those days.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

TEMPLE OF EPHEBUS.

The temple of Diana, long celebrated for its magnificence, was situated out of Ephesus, in a marshy place at the foot of a hill, such situations being considered by the ancients as least exposed to earthquakes. The expense of forming the drains must have been great, as the stone used for that purpose exhausted all the quarries in the country. These conduits and quarries are now taken for a labyrinth. To remedy any inconveniences which might arise from damp, they very judiciously placed under the foundations strata of charcoal, and thin strata of wood.

Vitrucvius says, that its figure was octastyle dipteral; that is, on all the four sides there was a double

portico of columns, eight of which were seen in front. The ascent to the portico was by ten steps. The length of the portico was 398 feet, and its width 193. The intercolumniations were two diameters and a quarter; the length of the cell 246 feet, and its width 63. At one extremity was a niche in which was a statue of the goddess. The temple was ornamented with 127 columns of fine Favian marble, of the Ionic order, 60 feet high; 37 of which were the gift of as many kings, and were of exquisite workmanship. A small statue of ebony, representing Diana, which some fanatic, or impostor, said had fallen from heaven, gave the occasion for raising this temple, to the construction and embellishment of which all Asia Minor contributed with the greatest zeal. This great work was 200 years in finishing, and soon after its completion, Erostratus set fire to it, to render his name immortal. Alexander the Great wished to rebuild it, but the Ephesians courteously rejected his offer by replying that it was "inconsistent for the god Alexander to erect a monument to a goddess."

It was re-erected by themselves and made even more magnificent than at first, and the expense defrayed from the public treasury. This superb edifice was destroyed by the barbarians in the 3d and 4th centuries. Many of its finest ornaments now adorn the Mosques at Constantinople.

GARRICK AND BANNISTER.

"I was," says Bannister, "a student of painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick—under whose superior genius the British stage then flourished beyond all former example."

One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, when he was before the glass preparing to shave—a white night-cap covered his forehead—his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds—a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed the shining blade with so much dexterity, that I longed for a beard, to imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.

"Eh! well—what young man—so—eh! You are still for the stage? Well, now, what character do you, should you like to—eh?"

"I should like to attempt Hamlet, sir."

"Eh! what Hamlet the Dane! Zounds! that's a bold—Have you studied the part?" "I have, sir." "Well, don't mind my shaving. Speak your speech, the speech to the ghost—I can hear you. Come, let's have a roll and a tumble." (A phrase of his, often used to express a probationary specimen.)

After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," I supposed my father's ghost before me, "armed cap-a-pie," and off I started.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! [He wiped the razor. Re thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd! [He strapped it. Bring with thee airs from heav'n or blasts from hell!]

[He shaved on.]

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape. That I'll speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet! King, father, royal Dane!—O, answer me! Let me not burst in ignorance. [He lathered again.]

I concluded with the usual—

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

but still continued in my attitude, expecting the praise due to an exhibition, which I was hoopy enough to fancy was only to be equalled by himself. But, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandished the razor in his hand, and thrusting his half shaved face close up to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I showed more natural symptoms of being frightened at him, than at my father's ghost. "Angels and ministers! yaw! whaw! maw!" However, I soon perceived my vanity by his ridicule. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, he took me by the hand. "Come," said he, "young gentleman—eh, let us see now what we can do." He spoke the speech—how he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget. "There," said he, "young gentleman; and when you try that speech again, give it more passion and less mouth."

POPULAR TALES.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

TRADITION OF THE TAUMKHODS.

At what period the Island of Nantucket was originally peopled by savages, or whence its primitive human habitants emigrated, are subjects lost in the gulf of oblivion. It is known, however, that two several tribes or clans occupied its northern and southern sections, at and after the date of its first settlement by civilized beings; and, as the very appellations by which these tribes were distinguished have disappeared with the whole race, it will be sufficient for the purpose of this narrative, to designate them as the *Khauds* and the *Taumkhods*. The former held sovereign sway and dominion over that portion of the Island, reaching from the South Shore to the Great Point: while the latter claimed jurisdiction over the remainder, including what is now called Smith's Point, and extending to the Cliffs at the North Shore. Long, sinuous ponds, narrow glens, and compact forests, formed a sort of natural line of separation between the respective territories, whose outskirts were bounded only by "the salt sea ocean."

There have been discovered from time to time, since the extinction of those hordes, very satisfactory indications that they were numerous and warlike. The ruins of their encampments, and the remains of their cemeteries may still be traced in remote and deserted spots; where the curious wanderer may find vast masses of broken shells, and fragments of rude pottery, half buried in the shifting sands, or bleaching on the surface—with now and then an arrow-head of stone, or some dilapidated instrument of mischief. In exploring these decayed and melancholy marks of a departed generation, the contemplative mind would fain muse on various and solemn topics—ruminating on the rise and declension of nations—pondering on the vicissitudes of fortune—moralizing on the strange destiny of mortals—and making multitudes of other sad and sober reflections; all which, the kind reader is humbly desired to do at his leisure.

The ordinary customs and domestic habits of those aborigines, must necessarily have been very simple. They doubtless took their game by dint of such stratagems as a sort of instinctive genius suggested; dressed it in the most summary mode, by means which nature alone afforded—and devoured it with good appetites, unprovoked by artificial stimulants, and unspoiled by fastidious ceremonies. The *Khauds* subsisted chiefly upon fish and wild fowl—the woods with which their precinct abounded furnishing them with bark for lines and nets; while the *Taumkhods* preferred oysters, crabs, clams, clappers, lobsters, poquas, periwinkles, muscles, and other testaceous and crustaceous residents upon, around, and beneath the shores of their two principal bays, Mattekut and Nauntookkett. Both tribes also cultivated patches of land here and there, whereon they raised pumpions, maize, and some other vegetables; a part of which they exported in canoes to Naushaun, whence they procured tobacco. The various esculents above enumerated were prepared for deglutition by a culinary process unknown to the gourmands of modern times—yea, by a method which has yet escaped the graphic delineations of those all searching gastronomists, Dr. Kitchener and Mrs. Glasse. They excavated the ground to the depth of about three or four feet, making a pointed-hollow that might contain some three or four bushels, and lining the sides with smooth stones weighing from six to ten pounds each. Within this subterranean oven they kindled a fire, and heaped on fuel until the stones became duly calorified; then, removing the coals, they threw in promiscuously their respective contributions, gathered from the sea, the strand, the ponds, and the glebe; and overlaid the whole with a thick lid of sea-weed. When this medley was sufficiently seethed, the covering was withdrawn, and the feast ensued. The sanhops most ungallantly helped themselves first; then came the squaws, among whom commonly there was a deal of clapperclawing; and lastly the papooses, who breakfasted, dined, or supped, as the case might be, on the residuary abstract of a blue-claw, or the straggling catastrophe of a codfish.

With all their unpolished characteristics, it can-

not be supposed that these rough rudiments of humanity were destitute of feeling, or even of sentiment. Corporeal strength, it is true, constituted the basis of their government; yet, acts of injustice were as likely to produce compunction on the one hand, and resolutions of revenge on the other, as though their faiths had been disciplined in all manner of metaphysical subtleties. In illustration whereof, the subjoined legend may be cited—the which, though never before unprinted, is not on that account the less veracious.

Belonging to the *Taumkhod* tribe, there was a kind of soothsayer, called by an Indian name that signified *Mudturtle*. He dealt in rat-skins, smoked snakes, poke-weed, and future events. A more uncouth animal nature never undertook to manufacture: for his frame seemed to have been compounded of limbs and organs picked up at the four corners of the earth, and huddled together without order or object. No one part tallied with another; his feet, legs, hands, arms, ears and eyes, though coupled, were not mates—nor did they appear to act in concert; each individual agent being, as it were, independent of its neighbour, and having to perform separate and peculiar functions. His feet diverged at unmeasurable angles; one knee curved inward, and the other had its joint in the rear; the palm of his right hand faced outwardly, and the thumb of his left stood in the centre; his arms differed a foot in length, the shortest measuring an English ell—they seemed hung upon axles, for he could twirl them about, laterally, and in opposite directions, like the shafts of two windmills in a hurricane; his ears were either inverted or misplaced; and his eyes, one yellow and the other brown, stood awfully apart, so that when the yellow optic looked east, the other stretched off in a four-point course. His dark copper visage, speckled with green spots, seemed in a state of oxydation; and his black bristly hair, twisted into thongs, resembling rats' tails, gave his head the appearance of a caulker's mop. Moreover, there was an enormous hump upon his back—and finally, an inhuman elongation of the spine—something like the appendages worn by demons—to which adjunct, the credulous natives were wont to ascribe his extraordinary powers.

He dwelt alone, under a high cliff overhanging the sea, some twenty furlongs northwest from Brant Point—where he scooped a large cave, the foundation of which, consisting of several huge rocks, may now be seen, partly sunk in the tide upon the beach below; all other traces having long since been obliterated by the perpetual dashings of the restless surge. Although no apparent connection could be discerned among the divers members of this shapeless figure; yet, there was an intimate correspondence between soul and body—the mind being equally warped and convoluted. His malicious temperament, united to his prodigious personal strength, rendered him an object of dread and of hatred to both man and beast: and whenever he moved—which was neither straight-forward, sideways, nor diagonally, but in a direction partaking of each, like that of a knight on a chess-board—all classes of beings hurried fearfully out of his way. If nature had any design in the construction of this paragon of ugliness, it was, it may be safely surmised, that he might dig clams, overtake bull-frogs, and frighten owls.

The king of the *Khauds* resided at Skwom, a hamlet lying far up the harbor of Choartoo. He was a warrior of great prowess, though peaceably disposed; and his picture is preserved to this day upon the Commonwealth's escutcheon, with the motto, "ense petit placidam, sub libertate quietem." The hand of his only daughter had been successfully solicited by a young chief of that tribe. He was tall and agile—she, gentle and squaw-like. A certain evening was appointed for the nuptials. *Mudturtle* knew it, and, bent on schemes the most diabolical, launched his canoe after sunset, and paddled towards Skwom. It was a voyage of some miles, and the tide set against him, so that he did not land until midnight. Before him lay the unguarded wigwams, silently basking in the white effulgence of a full round moon. Prowling through the village, he at length entered the open cabin of the young couple. All was still. Taking from his neck a huge bag made of the skins of rats and squirrels,

he hastily drew it over the head of the slumbering bride; and before she was fairly awake, he had seated her in his canoe, and pushed from the shore.

Having torn off this suffocating head-dress, she succeeded in alarming, by violent shrieks, her sleeping friends. They soon mustered upon the strand, whence they could distinguish the unearthly yell of *Mudturtle* mingling exultingly with the cry of terror. A vigorous chase immediately commenced, and the monster, finding himself nearly overtaken, when off the peninsula of Khoartoo, plunged his affrighted captive into the deep, and scrambled with redoubled diligence to escape his enraged pursuers. This he effected while they were engaged in seeking the half-drowned female; but he dare not approach his own domicile—for, in the hurry of his flight, he had unhinged an elbow and dislocated an ankle. So villainous an enterprise as that which he had undertaken, lived not among the most ancient traditions of his tribe. Stung with this reflection, he looked upon his wounds as evil omens, portentous of horrible consequences—and in a fit of despair, he whirled himself overboard.

Meantime, morning dawned—the tawny damsel, being a swimmer, had reached land, whence, after some hours, she arrived among her astonished kindred. The *Khauds*, exasperated at this unexampled outrage, resolved on obtaining full satisfaction. A large body, armed with deadly weapons, hastened forthwith to the *Taumkhod* encampment, and demanded the head of *Mudturtle*. What could be done? No one dare approach his den—in fact it was inaccessible to all but its zig-zag proprietor. The aggrieved insisted—the assailed remonstrated—and agreed to transmit their ultimatum in two days. Numbers of the *Taumkhods* then assembled round the accustomed abode of *Mudturtle*, shouting, and occasionally darting arrows into the cave, in order to bring him forth; but he appeared not—and the tribes prepared for battle. They met at a place called the valley of Mattekajahm—and the *Taumkhods* fell on that day, like the Ephraimites at the passes of Jordan, in the days of Jephtha, judge of Israel.

Having inflicted ample vengeance, the *Khauds* granted a truce. Some days had elapsed, when, after a violent storm, the body of *Mudturtle* was thrown upon Brant Point, where it was buried without delay at low-water mark. It was again cast up, and again interred, three several times—whereupon a council was called, which decreed that the corpse should be buried with the face downwards, and a conch-shell in each hand. This was accordingly done, and *Mudturtle* has by this time dug his way through the exterior stratum of our onion-shaped planet. It should not be forgotten by the faithful historian, that at the final inhumation of this naughty necromancer, the reputed engine by which he wrought all manner of magic and mischief, the *os coccygis*, was absconded, and sent as a peace-offering to the king of the *Khauds*; who, ever after, wore it as a trophy, and a charm against the nightmare.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

There is nothing, perhaps, in common and unrestricted practice, more deleterious to public taste, or more pernicious to the public morals, than the extreme prevalence of novel and romance reading. It has become the fashion of the day; and all classes, from the dignified professional character down to the lower and more humble ranks of society, seem to have been infected, to an alarming extent, with this dreadful mania. To speak against this fashion, or rather vice, is to incur the displeasure of most, if not of all; and to denounce it altogether, is to draw upon yourself the severest censure, if not to become the object of laughter, and the butt of ridicule. These consequences are considered by some so great and dreadful, that they would rather see the evil extended, than make an attempt to arrest its progress, if not to effect its total removal. The well disciplined mind, whose hours, or a good proportion of them, are occupied in sober reflection, in useful study, and in acquiring solid information; whose precious time has not been engrossed, whose pure taste has not been corrupted, by this light and

frivolous kind of reading, and values the peace and happiness of society; views, with serious alarm, and well grounded apprehensions, the rapid advancement of this growing evil, and the total indifference evinced by parents in this point. There are, it is true, some novels that recommend themselves to our perusal by their exalted merits, correct sentiment, brilliant imagery, commanding and often felicity of diction, and sublime morality, and should therefore be exempted from unqualified reprobation. But the number of this description in comparison with those which are worse, if possible, than worthless, is so small that the risk is too great not to include them all under the ban of proscription.

Is there a parent who wishes to see his child, as he advances towards manhood and increases in years, become useful to society and an ornament to his country, that would not interpose his authority to interdict whatever might endanger the one or tend to prevent the other? and is there, I would inquire, any mode which is better calculated to effectuate this grand purpose, than by placing in his hands, such works as will store his mind with wholesome, and practical information, to the exclusion of that species of knowledge which, though it may enable him to appear for a while to advantage, surround him with a factitious glare, and give to him an artificial and unsubstantial consequence, must finally terminate, however, in both his moral and intellectual ruin. Effects like these are too momentous in themselves, and durable and distinctive in their nature, not to deserve profound consideration; and, when they can so easily, not to be avoided.

To the aspiring youth who, in this free and happy land, looks forward to some future time, when he expects to serve his country and receive her honors; whose bosom glows with the love of truth and virtue, and who is animated, by the impulses of honorable ambition, to great exertion and high and laudable endeavours, to acquire a name and a distinction which shall render him not only conspicuous and beneficial to his country, but secure to him that immortality which is the reward only, of distinguished worth and illustrious actions, let him shun these dangers; let him steer his course clear of this terrible shoal and this fatal rock against which thousands have been dashed and destroyed, and he may be successful. His country may be proud to claim him as one of her most glorious sons, and delight to do him honor. A. A. P.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MAN.

Oh, Man! I blush for thee.

[Shaks.]

There have not been wanting philosophers, who, in every age of the world, have employed themselves in speculating upon the character of man, and the great end for which he is created. Theories and opinions, at once wild and absurd, have been formed by men of the acutest intellects; and while some have considered man, in reference to his moral character, as being actuated solely by the worst passions of his nature, others have gone to the opposite extreme, and contended, that he is a being pure and virtuous, and fit to hold "communion with the skies." Others again there are, and they are the most numerous, who consider that man holds a midway rank between a devil and an angel;

"Half dust, half deity,
Alike unfit to sink or soar;"

and that no situation, however debased, or however exalted, can free his bosom entirely from vexation, disappointment and misery. Revenge, love, hate, jealousy, ambition, pride, assert their empire over his mind, whose alternate dominion consequently render him a reckless, mutable being, as fickle in disposition as inconsistent in conduct.

Under the influence of so many turbulent passions, it cannot be expected that man can arrive at that happy tranquil serenity for which he pants; for the gloom of disappointment is ever sure to close around and destroy the bright visions of happiness that his imagination has formed.

But while man cannot attain perfect felicity, it is certain he can be reduced to a state of absolute misery. We see a person, for instance, moving in all the glory of wealth and power: Pride glitters

in his eye, and Flattery tells him his hopes of happiness are secure. Years roll on, and he is still the same: calamity and misfortune are terms that amuse his imagination, and he jeeringly asks the meaning of misery. Years yet roll on. Amazing! there is his loud reckless laugh, but its tone, how fearfully changed! Can it be a mere careless burst of delight, or sounds it a knell, ominous of a broken heart? Alas! his golden dream of happiness is dissolved to terrible reality! The whirlwind of desolation has stripped him of his wealth and friends; and, can you have a heart to believe!—the wife of his bosom has scorned and deserted him! Pride has clothed him with loathsome rags; and dissipation and vice have ruined his boys. Misery! thy work is complete! thy victim raves in the Maniac Asylum!

It will be a melancholy hour in the life of any person, and deeply humiliating to his pride, when he calmly and coolly reflects upon the conduct of mankind from the creation to the present period. Stripped of the glare of their power, how degading appear the characters of those mighty ones of the earth, who have held the destinies of miserable millions in their hands, when we contemplate their cruelty, their inhumanity and their baseness. Myriads, at their nod, have been compelled to follow in the path of their unholy ambition; and we have seen, in their bloody and desolating track, cities and empires crumble into ruin, stained with the blood of fanaticism and misery!

But amid the gloom of misery and corruption that pervades the world, is heard the sacred voice of virtue, imparting the balm of her holy precepts to the desponding hearts of the sons of men. It is her province to teach, that "wealth is vanity, pleasure a shadow, and power a pageant;" that the seducing glitter of our passions will but serve to lead us deeper into the quagmire of despair; but that temperance and contentment are the true heralds to happiness.

LARA.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PASSIONS.

NO. II. OF JOY.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess;
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

[Carter.]

The subject of my essay is one of the characteristic features of the mind, denominated joy. Joy cannot be mistaken, for it sparkles in the eye, flashes on the cheek, smiles on the lip, and vociferates its happiness from the tongue, while the heart palpitates with unusual sensations, peculiarly fascinating to the mind of sensibility. The affections which were dormant, are aroused in all their warmth of enthusiasm, and the whole intellectual cabinet appears to be illuminated with a profusion of the most brilliant and vivacious ideas. Nothing is more grateful to the heart than joy; and there is no balm in life equal to its influence whether it arise from celestial or terrestrial causes. Man, without occasional periods of joy, would be far less happy, because this joy casts before it all those pleasing and endearing emotions of anticipation. Hence, Horace has said,—"pleasure goes before you, but keeps her retinue out of sight," and M. de la Rochefoucault observes,—"that it carries on an agreeable road through life." The pleasures arising from anticipation, are to joy what the rays of light and heat are to the sun. Joy is an antidote to melancholy; and it is a delicious draught to the old man tottering on his cane, as the excitation of the mind always increases the excitability of the corporeal system. The youthful part of the community instead of neglecting old age, should pay a strict regard to it, and endeavor to keep up a gradual excitement of joy, which will prolong the lives of our silver headed venerable sires; so that when they die they may leave us like the evening sun, as he casts his last red beams on the horizon of a clear sky. I remember to have been delighted in the company of an old gentleman bordering upon ninety years of age. He recited to me the circumstances of General Braddock's defeat, in the time of the French war, and upon my telling him some anecdotes which I had read concerning that hero, he was excited to moderate laughter, though his limbs were palsied, and joy shone upon his aged face. Let us not then

through pride and folly, neglect the society of our reverend sires; but endeavor to gild the evening of their days with the smiles of mirth and joy, and bid the vernal sun reanimate the decayed bosom of nature. Let us bear with their temporary peevishness, which is in a great measure occasioned by neglect; for the most serene sky usually succeeds the most impetuous and most stormy clouds.

Joy is the most pure where it is attended by a good conscience. Slander, calumny nor reproach can then throw a cloud over it; for the mind can say to its calumniators, as Diogenes once said,—"Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me were I to speak well of you." Here was a sweet joy experienced from the consciousness of being guiltless. Anaximander being told that the boys laughed at his singing; "ay," said he, with a smile, "then I must learn to sing better." He was happy in the idea that he had an opportunity to improve, by which he might overcome the shafts of ridicule.

Laughter is the most prominent symptom of joy, and is peculiar to none but the human animal. A French writer observes that "laughter is the ensign of joy, and frequently the trumpet of folly." This observation appears to savour of the truth; for we find that the wisest men seldom laugh, and Goldsmith says the loud laugh speaks the vacant mind. Hence we find that those who have but little in their own minds, will laugh at every thing which proceeds from others, or laugh through the weakness of what their own intellectual chaos may produce. We should never permit joy to transport us beyond the bounds of reason and propriety; for it never fails to render us ridiculous in the sight of the more chaste and wise. I have read of a man who, when he was excited by mirth, would throw himself into the most ludicrous postures, bursting into what is called a *horselaugh*. Being one day at the table of a friend, and being also a true parasite, he wished to give acclamation to a witty observation, made by his host, when unluckily he threw his ponderous arm around, and drew the *claret* plentifully from the nasal organs of a young lady who sat beside him, for which he was peremptorily ordered out of the room. Joy is like all other passions, absolutely necessary to the human fabric; but like all other passions, and like all other blessings, it proves a curse when allowed to triumph, and proves the overthrow of reason when allowed to hold the reigns of wisdom's chariot. There is a species of joy which has not yet been mentioned, and which I shall designate *perpetual*. This consists of an evenness of temper, united with tranquility of mind, where the person views the bright and dark sides of the picture of life alike, and never permits any thing, unless it concern eternal welfare, to molest. And it is where the mind extracts pleasure, or rather happiness from every passing circumstance, prefers the jollity of Democritus, who laughed at every thing he saw, to the tears of Heraclitus who was ever weeping at the follies of mankind. Of this kind of perpetual serenity of mind, the author of this essay can boast as large a share as any man in the United States America. He is in a great measure like the miller in unhappy occurrences, who cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him. Is the author sick? Then he is pleased with the idea of soon being well. Is he in pain? Then he flies to the arcana of medicine for a remedy, and marks with joy the gradual progress to ease. Does a cloud present itself to his mind to-day? Then he smiles and is contented with the anticipation of a blooming sun to-morrow. Does any one slander him? Then he says with Plato—"I am sure he would not do it unless he had some reason for it." Does any one slander him? Then if he is able, he endeavors to make a settlement with his adversary. Does any one love him? Ah, then he is completely blest. This process of thought never fails to produce composure, and to keep his mind at a regular standard of happiness and contentment.

But joy, when indulged to excess, is sometimes as fatal to human life as the deadly passion of grief. To substantiate and corroborate this fact, I might adduce a variety of instances; but at present I shall only produce a few of the best authenticated, by way of satisfaction to the mind not easy of belief. It is said by respectable authority that the son of the celebrated Leibnitz opened an old chest in his

possession, which he had never looked into, and found to his utmost astonishment, a vast quantity of gold. His joy on this occasion arose to such an immediate height, that he died in a very short time. The Italian historian, Guicciardini, informs us that Pope Leo X died of a fever on hearing the joyful news of the capture of Milan, so great was his joy on knowing that a calamity had befallen France which he had long desired. There is a circumstance recorded which almost every American has heard, and which runs as follows: In the time of the great struggle between the United States and Great Britain, the news was carried to Congress of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and all his troops. This animating intelligence had such an effect on the patriotic mind of the door-keeper of Congress, that he fell dead with apoplexy occasioned by his excessive joy. I think Mr. Hume mentions several who died from the same cause, at the time of the restoration of Charles II to England's throne. Livy makes mention of an old lady, who was in great distress, from having heard the awful intelligence of her son having been slain in battle; but whose joy was so extravagant, on his safe return, that she died in his arms. Pliny records the circumstance of Chilo, the Lacedemonian, who expired in triumphant joy and rejoicing, on hearing the animating intelligence, that his son had gained the prize at the Olympic games. Valerius Maximus recites a similar circumstance, as it respects the fatal cause, of Sophocles, whose life paid the forfeit of the extravagant joy which he felt on having a contest of honor decided in his favor. It occasioned his death almost immediately. Aulus Gellius record a very singular instance of the effect of extravagant joy. It is respecting one Diagora, the father of three sons, each of which received a crown of victory on the same day; the first as a pugilist, the second as a wrestler, and the third received the crown of victory in the capacity of each of his brothers. Through the vast multitude of applauding spectators the father was carried on the shoulders of his sons whose path was strewn with flowers but amid the numerous concourse who applauded his glory in having such noble sons he died in their embraces. One more instance I shall mention as a proof of the powerful effect of the higher grade of joy. In the reign of Henry VIII a nobleman, who had been sentenced to death, received his pardon unexpectedly a few hours before the time appointed for his execution which so transported him that he died immediately of excessive joy. Many such instances might be adduced to prove the influence of this passion on the corporeal system but the above will suffice. The communication of joyful tidings is, says Dr. Cogan, "Like a stroke of electricity, indirectly directed, the violent percussion has probably produced a paralysis of the heart, by the excess of its stimulus."

The higher grade of joy is not perhaps more fatal than that of laughter. There is a story mentioned by Valerius Maximus of one Philemon, a very jocular lad, who ordered some figs to be brought and given to an Ass. He was highly diverted to see the animal eat them, and he ordered some wine to be brought and poured down his throat, that the figs might be prevented from giving him the colic. This sight excited his risible emotions so high, that he died immediately on the spot. There is another story which I shall relate, and which is recorded by Caelius Rodeginus, of a fellow called Xeuxis, a painter of great celebrity, who painted an old woman in a ludicrous posture, at the sight of which his levity was so great that death alone could put an end to it. Thus two fools pursued the same ridiculous road to death. I know of no manner of dying more contemptible than that of laughing; for we behold few leave the world without leaving behind a sigh and a tear. MILFORD BARD.

No accidents are so unlucky from which the prudent may not draw some advantage; nor are there any so lucky which the prudent may not turn to their prejudice.

A patient determination of purpose is among the most trying exercises of practical philosophy; it is, in fact, the essential and indispensable quality, which at once makes men great, and is chiefly instrumental in keeping them so

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1827.

INTemperance. It appears, from a statement published by the medical association of New-Haven county, Conn., that *more than one third* of the deaths which occurred in that county during the year 1826, were directly or indirectly caused or hastened by *intemperance*; and that, for the two preceding years, a similar proportion of deaths was imputable to the same cause. The New-York Times says, "Such a state of things existing in a section of our country, 'steady' and sober to a proverb, may well lead to the question—Are one third who die in the United States, above twenty years of age, the victims of intemperance? The fact is too well established, says the report, to require discussion, that such diseases, as are of themselves not usually fatal, frequently become so in persons of intemperate habits; and that in all acute diseases the chance for recovery is greatly lessened by this circumstance."

To this we add the following paragraph from the Providence Microcosm: "Of 739 persons admitted as tenants of the Baltimore almshouse, in one year, 554 were or had been persons of intemperate habits! One hundred and sixteen of the number admitted were children, many of them, doubtless, the unhappy offspring of intemperate parents. What a picture is here presented to those who drain the intoxicating bowl to the dregs; a habit which hurries its victims down the precipice of ruin, involving those who are dearest by kindred ties."

THE LEWISTON CONVENTION. The report of this tardy body has not yet appeared. If this convention be possessed of information relative to Morgan's fate, it should publish it, and not suffer garbled statements of its deliberations to trifle with the public credulity. Contradictory accounts are continually jesting with reason. The Rochester papers state, on the authority of members of this convention, that Morgan was murdered in the most barbarous manner at Fort Niagara. The Batavia Press states, upon tantamount authority, that the fort did not present any traces of foul usage. Which of these statements is worthy of the most confidence we will not pretend to say. The official report of the investigating convention is looked for with much interest; and when it is made it will doubtless receive that attention and respect which is due to its character.

As an act of justice to the memory of the dead, we publish the following circular. The letter containing the allusion to Mr. Chapin was written by F. F. Backus, of Rochester, a member of the Lewiston convention, and, as stated in the Rochester papers, was not for publication. Our readers should recollect that Mr. Backus' letter contains the pith of all the others; and that they are all indebted for the chief of their consequence to information said to be derived originally from Mr. Chapin. It is not impossible that, if these letters were closely criticised, they would be found to be totally destitute of truth.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The feelings of myself and family have been cruelly outraged by a communication recently published in the National Observer, and republished by a number of other papers, implicating our departed friend, Mr. Seth Chapin, as being concerned in the alleged murder of William Morgan. It is a duty which I owe as well to myself and family as

to the memory of our departed friend, to announce to the public, that the publication referred to so far as it respects the late Seth Chapin having any knowledge or concern in the affair of William Morgan, is an entire fabrication and wholly destitute of the least semblance of truth, and could have originated in no other feelings than those of the basest and most malignant kind. At the time of the alleged murder of Morgan, Mr. Chapin was with his family attending his domestic concerns, and for a number of days both preceding and following that time, was confined at home by the sickness of his family, and was not during that time absent at all from the village of Buffalo. Incontestable proof of these facts will shortly be laid before the public; and I have only to observe, further, that proper measures will immediately be taken to ferret out the author of this most wicked and malignant slander, and if those measures shall, as I trust they may be, successful in unmasking the vile calumniator, he shall not escape that punishment which his wickedness and unprovoked malignity has so justly merited.

CYRENIUS CHAPIN.

Buffalo, Feb. 19, 1827.

OLD BACHELORS. A comic burletta, interspersed with new songs, called "Old Bachelors, or a hint to the Single," has been produced with laughable effect at the Lafayette Theatre. The following ditty, sung by Mr. Summerville, we copy from the New-York Mirror. The editor observes that it never fails to be encored.

TUNE—*Smokers' Club.*

Four and twenty old maids, all in a row,

Four and twenty old maids, all in a row.

(Spoken.)—There were Miss Sally Neverwed, Jenny Single, Sarah Spinster, and a few other old maids, sitting round a small tea-table. The tea being too hot, they all began to puff! puff! puff! puff! "I wonder you don't get married!" said Miss Jenny Single to Miss Nelly Neverwed. (Different voice, as Miss Nelly.) "So I would, if I could—but between you and I—now that we are here by ourselves we may speak our own minds—I'll tell you what it is, ladies, none of us are youngsters—and I have a plan in my head by which each of us may obtain a husband." (In different voices.)—"O, do! my dear soul—do!—tell us what it is!" (Miss Nelly.)—"Well, my dears—I am going! going! going! going!—You must know, ladies, I am well acquainted with a certain member in the house of assembly, who shall be nameless. I have spoken to him on the subject—and he intends to bring a bill in to the house to tax old bachelors between the ages of thirty and forty-five—which will have a good effect throughout the state—both up above and down below—"

TUNE—*When those who are single.*

When all who are single may wed to their minds—

Or those who refuse be taxed double—taxed double—

Or those who refuse be taxed double."

VERSE II.

Four and twenty old bachelors, all in a row—

Four and twenty poor decrepit miserable old bachelors, all in a row—

(Spoken.)—The bachelors hearing of the aforesaid bill being presented to the house of assembly, they all began to puff! puff! puff! puff!—after which they came to the determination to hold a meeting at the National Hotel—where they unanimously agreed that the great hero who introduced the bill was in some measure right—as they all knew that dogs were faithful animals, and ought not to be taxed in this land of liberty; upon which one of the bachelors offered a resolution whereby the tax might be taken off the dogs without interfering with the bachelors!—"Hear! hear! hear! hear him!" resounded from every corner of the room. "Silence!" said the gentleman—"for I'm going! going! going! going! I submit," said he in an audible voice, "that the tax be taken off the dogs and laid upon the cats!"—"Not me!" says one of the members, "but he's an old monster!"—upon which they all agreed to the resolution—both up above and down below.

TUNE—*Hail Columbia.*

Firm, united, let us be

In bonds of unanimity—

And bachelors for ever be

In this land of liberty.

We last week stated it as our belief that no honest man would ever take exceptions to the proceedings of the Grand Chapter of this state upon the "Mor-

gan affair." Be the truth of this belief as it may, the Rochester Telegraph of the 16th inst. pronounces the report of the committee "a most unsatisfactory and unmeaning declaimer"—"a cold, evasive, technical denial." This is shallow, wholesale stuff, and does not look well in the Telegraph. If the editors of that paper had rubbed up their spectacles and looked around them for a moment—it would have required but a moment—they would have discovered that none but the most crazy lampooners and bedlamites of the day have endeavoured to connect the whole body of Freemasons with the "Morgan affair;" and that if perchance there were men of sense who entertained a rational doubt of the injustice of this attempted implication, they expected nothing more than a plain and manly disavowal of participation in, or approval of, any acts which set at defiance the laws of the land. It could not, certainly, be expected that the Grand Chapter should so far forget its dignity, and high standing as to enter into a refutation of each particular slander thrown out by the petty he-bawds who have got astride this subject for the purpose of riding into notice. We have the pleasure of learning from every mail that the document in question is almost universally regarded as satisfactory and full of meaning, and that it is in no way entitled to the appellation of "declaimer." The calm spirit of masonry may appear "cold" during the present state of the atmosphere at Rochester; but the assertion that the expression of the Grand Chapter is "evasive" is not founded in truth: the language may appear "technical" to those who are accustomed to blazing capitals; but we do not know that the words are peculiar to the arts, or that they are out of common use. So much then, for the peculiar *justness* of the Rochester criticism.

If we were in the habit of being surprised by the eccentricities of our western brethren, we should not fail to wonder a little on observing the editors of the Telegraph, by means of an "if," or any other word possessed of a conditional meaning, insinuate against the sincerity of the Grand Chapter. The propriety

offering a reward is certainly questionable; and therefore, the Grand Chapter was at liberty to act as it thought proper, in this particular. If Morgan be living, a small reward would not entice him from his hiding place; and a large reward would be met by scores of villains, who stand ready to gratify the popular wish, by swearing to third or fourth rate circumstances, if they can, by so doing, serve their pecuniary interests. Murder is serious business, and men should not be accused of it upon slight grounds. The lives and reputation of individuals should not be made a matter of traffic among interested panders. What right have we to consider men as murderers when we have no positive proof that they are such? Certainly none. And we would ask the editors of the Telegraph if they, as editors, are more easily satisfied in such cases than they would be if they were members of a jury? and if they are, what justice or propriety is there in strengthening circumstantial evidence with ungenerous feelings when forming their judgment? A judgment thus formed, it appears to us, must necessarily be erroneous; and premises rested upon it consequently fallacious. Truth alone should govern men in their deliberations; and if the truth cannot be discovered, it will not be denied that a state of doubt is preferable to an erroneous settled belief. The declaration that certain members of the Grand Chapter are stained with the blood of

Morgan is, therefore, ill-founded and unjust, though it may not be *impolitic*, considering the present state of the public mind.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL TIT BITS. A Philadelphia paper says that a farmer inscribed the following notice on the side of his wagon, which stood the whole morning in one of the streets of that city: "*Gud Pertaturs for Sall.*"

The last Truth Teller says, "The following is a *literal* copy of a medical certificate produced a few days since in excuse for the non-attendance of a witness at court.

"Brooklyn, February 10th 1827.
this is to saterfy that _____ of Bronklyn is under Doucter Care and is not abel to leve his room with the Doter will righd his name. _____ M D.

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.

Literary. Mr. Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons has made its appearance in London. Boaden, although he has the vanity to place his work beside Cibber's *Apology*, is not the best of compilers; but his works are valuable nevertheless, and we presume the present one will be republished in this country, as a companion to his life of Kemble.—"Transalpine Memoirs, or Anecdotes and Observations shewing the actual state of Italy and the Italians, by an English Catholic," has made its appearance. It is very well spoken of by the London Literary Gazette. Also published, "The Golden Violet with its Tales of Chivalry and Romance, and other poems, by L. E. L." It is unnecessary to add that it is an interesting volume.—"The mode of spelling the great Shakespeare's name has been hitherto uncertain. Mr. Mathews, at a late visit to Stratford upon Avon, by laboriously investigating the parish register, during the time of the poet, has ascertained that in every instance Shakespeare's name is there written 'Shakspeare,' omitting the e in the first syllable. Although we have always preferred the other mode, we think this may be considered definitive of the point.—M. Chateaubriand's forthcoming work, "*The Natchez*," is the great romance upon which he has best wed the labour of many years. The celebrated *Tales, Rene* and *Atala*, are only episodes of the present grand design, which would, indeed, have been published some years ago, had not the MS. been left by M. Chateaubriand in an obscure lodging-house in England, when, in the year 1800, he was obliged to return to France under an assumed name. This important deposit was subsequently recovered, but not without great difficulty. The history of the lost manuscript, and the search after it, is, in itself, highly interesting.—A large edition of Woodworth's *Melodies* has been disposed of in New York in a few weeks; and the continued demand for the work warrants the printing of a second edition, which will be put to press immediately. Several corrections, alterations, and additions, will be made in the forthcoming impression, both as respects the text and engravings. There is not a single copy of these *Melodies* now to be had, either in boards or sheets. The author, however, has about twenty, bound in calf, and gilt, for which he charges \$1.50 cents per copy.—*N.Y. Mirror.*—We learn that Mrs. Royal's new Novel, called "*The Tennesseean*," is now published—or rather has been printed at New-Haven, and it is further said, upon the authority of the authoress herself, that the present work is much more able and interesting than the *Sketches*—if Mrs. R. is not a judge of these matters, we know not who is—in her opinion. We are glad to hear, that Mrs. Royal expects to rank as one of the first American Novelists, and become a successful rival of the great unknown. The editor of the Connecticut Herald, from whom we hold these facts, asserts that the assembled wisdom of the people at Washington, are to have the first chance of patronizing native genius. We hope that Mrs. Royal will not neglect to supply our city, as she passes through, especially when we have had little entertainment of late in the novel line.—*U.S. Gaz.*

A specimen of oriental magnificence, a Burmese Imperial State Carriage, was lately sold at Piccadilly, London. The auctioneer estimated its original cost at a lac of rupees. He said that the number of stones set in it amounted to twenty thousand; but he was not authorised to vouch for them, as being precious. After a good deal of preliminary puffing, the first bid he obtained was 100 guineas, on which it slowly advanced, and was ultimately knocked down for 1000 guineas. The throne of the Burmese monarch was bought by the same purchaser for fifty guineas.—The verdict of a jury on the body of a boy aged fifteen, who had hung himself, was that he had unintentionally destroyed himself whilst gratifying the most absurd curiosity of desiring to feel hanging sensations!

—A pelican was shot about two weeks ago, on the Mahoning river, in Ohio, which measured six feet from the toes to the extremity of the bill, and eight and a half feet from the end of one wing to that of the other. Its bill was fifteen inches long, and its pouch capable of holding two gallons.—William B. Giles has been chosen by the legislature of Virginia, Governor of that State, in the place of Gov. Tyler, who has been elected to the U. S. Senate.—The Trustees of the Roman Catholic Church of Rochester, Monroe County, have advertised their Pastor, the Reverend John M'Cormick, as having "eloped with a young woman, in violation of morality, of the obligations of his sacred office, and all other ties which good men reverence."—There is a lady at Rockaway, Long-Island, who was married at the age of 15—she is now 37 years old, and has had 16 fine children; 14 of them are now living, and the eldest child is but 16 years and five days younger than its mother.—There is a lady in East Haddam, Conn. not yet thirty-nine, who has twelve daughters—two of whom are married, and have children. This lady is described as an active, sprightly person.—No doubt of it.—The Boston Centinel says, that the instructions received at the Navy Yard there are for putting in readiness the launching of the two Seventy-fours, and the Cumberland frigate of the first class, in the course of the present year, and to fit for sea the Java, of forty-four guns, which wants nothing but her stores.—The U. S. Supreme Court have at last decided the important question that has been long pending before it, namely, whether the State insolvent laws were or were not constitutional, and determined, four to three, that they were so, as to all contracts entered into between citizens of the State subsequent to the passing of such laws.—Mr. Parmenter of Brooklyn, Long Island, has tried the experiment of leaving grape vines exposed to the weather during the winter, and found that, notwithstanding the extreme cold of last season, and what is worse the rain which froze upon the vines, that they have sustained no injury, and remain as if they had passed the winter in France.—I bought the King of Prussia has subscribed £1200 towards the Greek fund, yet he will not allow his Agents or Ambassadors to give any one of his soldiers a passport for Greece.—The late Mr. Brown, of Newburyport, Mass. has left by will, a legacy of \$1000 for the Howard Benevolent Society, and a donation to that town for the establishment at a future period, of a grammar-school. It will be recollected that this truly munificent man had during his life time given 25,000 dollars to the Andover Theological Institution. He died without any lineal descendants, except an only grand daughter, who is probably the richest heiress in New-England.—The Ohio river at Wheeling, is twenty feet above low water mark.—Dr. Neuhoff, of Brussels, is said to have discovered an operation, by which he can cure the deaf and dumb.—The committee of the legislature of Massachusetts on education has reported an abstract of the returns of the state of the schools, made in pursuance of the act of March last. Of the 302 towns in the commonwealth, returns have been made from 214, and from the other eighty-eight no returns had been received. The sums raised annually for the support of Public Schools, in these 214 towns, amount to 226,220 dollars. This sum is expended in 1,726 school districts. The number of scholars attending public schools, in these towns, is 117,189, of whom 62,417 are males, and 54,772 females. The number of Private Schools, and Academies, in the same towns, is 953; in which the estimated number of pupils is 35,083; and the estimated annual amount of tuition fees 192,465 dollars. The number returned, of children from seven to seventeen years of age, who do not go to school, is 2,974—of children prevented from attending by want of books, 318, and of persons over 14 years of age unable to read, 530.—On the 27th November, at Zlatoria, in Poland, a boy, eight years old, threw up from his stomach with the most violent efforts, a live lizard, four inches long and an inch thick.—The Maryland House of Delegates has passed a bill, giving the Colonization Society, \$1,000 annually, to be expended in the transportation of free negroes from the State of Maryland.—London paper of December 23 says—at the embarkation of the troops last week, from Deptford for Portugal, one old woman took leave of six of her sons, all fine young fellows, belonging to one company in the Guards. The separation was painful in the extreme.—Capt. Rush, from Montgomery County, Geo. was burnt to death in his own house a short time since. He was alone, and had lain down before the fire, which it is supposed communicated to his clothes.—Since 1819, fifteen cargoes of fur seal skins, taken within the southern Arctic circle, have been brought into the port of Stonnington, Conn. and sold for 277,697 dollars. Four vessels from Stonnington are now engaged in the sealing business.—Hon. Poyhattan Ellis has been elected a Senator in Congress from Mississippi in place of Mr. Reid the present incumbent.—Letters from Malta received in Paris state positively, that the Greek frigate *Hellas*, from the port of New-York, reached that harbour on the 29th Nov. and sailed again the 1st Dec. for Napoli.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

WHERE THOU ART NOT.

Where thou art not, I turn in vain
For ease to the throbbing heart and brain,
And rest to ceaseless quivering sigh,
Which knows no rest but beneath thine eye.
'Tis in vain I think of thy truth to cheer
The coldness and gloom that revel here;
'Tis in vain I dream of the coming bliss
That thou wilt bring with thy meeting kiss;
And sure it is a dark and dreary spot
Where I am alone—where thou art not.

Where thou art not, it may be day,
But all its delights have passed away.
The sun may shine,—but his cheering heat
To the heart of the desolate is not sweet.
It may be night, but refreshing rest
Visits not my wearied eyes and breast;
And stars of the wakeful midnight shine
Not less for the eyes of the dead than mine—
—Light and shade and rest are forgot
And all save thee, where thou art not.

Where thou art not, I string my lyre
In vain;—and the unformed tunes expire,
Or grate like discord on the ear,—
For nought is sweet thou dost not hear.
I cannot sing of the grove, or the bower,
Or the rivulet's bank at evening hour,
Or the gentle ripples of the shore;—
Their charms are known to the strings no more;
And lone and sad is the minstrel's lot,
In the whole wide scene, where thou art not.

Where thou art not, O, who could be
Forgetful of Love like thine for me.
I could bear the clank of the captive's chain,
And forget to sigh for every pain:—
I could toil unwearyed on, and share
The bitterest dole without despair;—
And the heaviest rod of fate were light,
And the dungeon's deepest gloom were bright,
Didst thou but smile on the sufferer's lot;—
But who can live, where thou art not!

Feb. 20.

G.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

FAIR CLARA.

Fair Clara was a comely maid,
As any to be found;
Her wit and beauty have been said,
To charm the country round:
But ah! she would not, lovely girl,
At one thing take rebuff;
Still she would rub her teeth of pearl,
I blush to say, with *snuff*.

Such virtues you can seldom find,
In one sweet maid agree;
Blest with an educated mind,
As well as charity:
To view her lips of ruby red,
To love were charm enough;
But ah! those lovely lips she fed,
I scorn to say, with *snuff*.

The features of her beauteous face,
Were dear to soul and eye;
And on her form sat many a grace,
Her dress of crimson dye:
None of her features, save her chin,
From beauty's mould was rough;
And that without, and that within,
Was stained with filthy *snuff*.

Young Damon came to woo—her breast
With generous passion strove;
Upon her lips a kiss impressed,
The tribute of his love:
But ah! her balmy breath he found,
A most unpleasant puff;
His angel with the graces crown'd
A devotee to *snuff*.

Yet still his bosom felt the pang,
Of love still lingering there;
And whilst the beauteous Clara sang,

He thus addressed the fair—
"Claim me, my dear one, for thy own,
Nor at me take rebuff;"
She placed her hand above her zone,
Upon her box of *snuff*.

Still she continued every day,
The same thing o'er and o'er;
Her lovely looks soon fled away,
And beauty was no more:
Her skin assumed a yellow hue,
Her lips were dark and rough;
Her teeth were neither black or blue,
But like the solid *snuff*.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

From the Boston Patriot.

THE SERAPH GARLAND.

BY MRS. HALE.

The flowers of Paradise are sought,
The Seraph Garland given,
And the earthly brow where it faded not,
That brow it will deck in heaven:
Mine, mine the prize, proud Valour cries,
And doff'd his nodding plume,
And the awed world, with eager eyes,
O'er his laurels saw it bloom;
There fell a drop on its brightest leaf,
The hue of blood it wears—
There fell a dew—'twas the mourner's grief,—
It withered 'neath her tears.

Go, warrior, claim the wreath of fame,
But this may not be thine.
Then jocund Pleasure laughing came,
'Around me let the Garland twine;
And a glow as bright as morning gleams
On the blended blossoms played;
And then like hues of sunset streams
Alternate light and shade;
A moment—glow and hue are past,
The Garland droops in death!
So fades the flower beneath the blast
Of the Siroc's deadly breath.

Next, Wealth advanced with lordly air,
And spread his shining gold;
Then glanced his eye on the Garland fair,
And asked if it might be sold:
And he proffered pearls had decked a throne,
And gems of costly dyes,
And deemed the hallowed Wreath his own,
And sought to seize the prize:
It shrunk like ashes in his clasp!
Yet he showed no shame, nor pain;
But gathered his gold with firmer grasp,
And counted it o'er again.

Then a sound like the myrtle's sigh is heard,
When its leaves the soft wind stirs;
And Beauty, led by Youth, appeared—
O, the Garland must be her's!
And on her fair, white brow it beamed,
A stainless coronal,
Till her idle vanity hath dreamed
Each gazer is her thrall;
And she hears her mirror call her fair,
And her heart with pride doth swell;
But while her face claimed all her care,
A blight on the Garland fell.

Then learning laid his volume down,
On his lip was a lofty smile;
And his glance with the lightning's brilliance shone,
For the meed will reward his toil;
Genius, aye, the dream is thine,
To win all glorious things;
Yet oft on thy mind in its flights divine,
There fall deep shadowings;
And then doth the ærean world prevail,
To lure thee from the skies:
For this the Garland waxeth pale—
Thou can'st not wear the prize.

But now, her meek eye raised to heaven,
All bathed with the contrite tear,
As she had erred, and been forgiven,
Sweet Piety drew near;
Her humble heart no claim preferr'd,
Already was she blest;
For in her hand was the Holy Word,
Its precepts on her breast;—
O, bind the Garland round her brow,
That is fann'd by the breath of prayer!
With Hope the buds are glowing now,
With love the blossoms fair.

EPIGRAM.

"Well, Edward, what news from the wars?" exclaims Joe,
"Has the edge of your sabre been felt by the foe?"
"You may judge if he felt it," cries Edward, quite warm,
"When I tell you it cut off a corporal's arm!"
"His arm," echoes Will, "why, in such a vocation,
'Tis my poor opinion, that *decapitation*
Had evinced greater gallantry." "True," replies Ned,
"But our cannon had, previously—*blown off his head*."

THE HUMOURIST.

"PICKLED COCKLES."

A Parrot, the property of a lady, was one day detected by the enraged cook, for the fiftieth time, in the act of larceny, stealing pickled cockles. The matter was upon him, and she inflicted a summary punishment on the green headed delinquent. "What, you've been at the pickled cockles again, have you?" said she, hurling a ladle of hot soup at him. The feathers of his head were scalded off; from being excessively talkative he suddenly became dumb; he was mute, bald, and solemn for nearly a year. At last the stubs began to peep out on his pate, and the mistress' father came from the country to see her—the old man was bald—the bird had never seen him before, and was doubtless struck with the coincidence of naked heads, for the moment the old gentleman entered the room, the parrot broke his long silence by vociferating with immense emphasis and glee, "What, you've been at the pickled cockles again, have you?"

A certain baron had a son, who, at the age of eleven or twelve years, rose to the rank of Major. One morning, his mother hearing a noise in the nursery, rang the bell to know the cause of it. "It is only," said the servant, "the Major crying for his porridge!"

A gentleman, seeing an Irish woman skinning eels, said to her, "how can you bear to be so cruel? Don't you think you put them to a great deal of pain?" "I might sir," she replied, "when I first commenced business; but I have dealt in them twenty years, and by this time, they must be quite used to it."

Two friends exchanging pinches of snuff at a coffee-house, an observer remarked, "you are making a profitable barter, gentlemen." "That cannot be," said one of the snuff takers, "as it is only pinch for pinch." "Nay," rejoined the observer, "you each get scent for scent by it!"

THIS PAPER

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BY E. B. CHILD.

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VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1827.

[No. 5.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vias. [Juv. Sat.]

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

Composed for the Installation of Syracuse Lodge, Syracuse,
Onondaga co

BY BR. L. S. BURN.

TUNE—*Indian Philosopher*.—Quick Time.

Hail! masonry, thou craft divine,
Where nature's arts combine
With Science, to unfold
The glories and the bliss of heaven,
Th' man, whose image God has given
A form of first mould.

Atheists may seek the wond'rous cause,
Why craftsmen, urged by craftsmen's laws,
Oppose all arts in vain;
An Architect has form'd a plan,
That reason govern, godlike man,
On nature glorious scene.

Our lodge shall rise on reason's laws,
And reason tell the wond'rous cause,
Why man by God forgiven,
Here various sects as one combine,
Lead captive love in chains divine,
On earth, a mason's heaven—

Thus spake the trumpet of the Lord,
And angels with attention heard,
Through heav'n's ethereal sphere;
The architecte wand for earth,
First gave to masonry a birth,
To dry the orphan's tear.

The widow shall not sigh unheard,
But as by oil on Aaron's beard,
Choice blessings were bestow'd;
A mason's love shall soothe her grief,
A mason's hand bestow relief,
The holiest gift of God.

Then Eden's blooming garden bow'd,
While in the East the Master stood,
Euphrates ceased to flow,
Havilah's precious bdellium shone,
Her sons brought forth the Onyx stone,
As gifts of richest glow.

Gilead, the place where Moses stood,
Proclaimed the power of Israel's God—
A mason's rod beheld—
Widdekel spread her eastern charms—
Chose the embrace of mason's arms,
And Three in One reveal'd.

Join, masons join, in Sign and Word,
The East is guarded by the sword,
Of flames and cherubim
Science her joyous lights reveal,
The cordial every wound shall heal.—
We praise the King of kings.

BR. W. C. WATSON'S ORATION.

The following Oration was pronounced before the Plattsburgh Chapter, and Clinton Lodge, June 24th, 1825, by Br. WINSLOW C. WATSON, the respected son of ELKANAH WATSON, Esq. of this city.

To distinguish by the solemn festival, mighty events which constitute landmarks in their annals, and to commemorate the nativities of heroes and sages, philosophers and patriots, have been common among all nations, and in every era of the world. Whilst we contemplate the splendour of the former, we are taught the hallowed obligating patriotism enjoins upon us of cherishing our national glory,

and of vindicating our national character—and whilst we listen to the recital of the achievements of the latter, we are taught to love our country. The contemplation of their virtues animates the ennobling faculties of our hearts, and we learn to emulate with sacred ardour their examples.

We are assembled here, my brethren, on this occasion, to celebrate, not an epoch that saw an empire burst into political existence—not the birth day of one, whose brow may have been entwined by the laurel of victory, nor of one whose life may have been pursued by the bays and huzzas of the multitude; nor do we offer fulsome incense on the altar of flattery to the living great. Far different and holier are the purposes for which this day has convoked us. We are here assembled, to observe the anniversary of him, who although he was "hapless, and miserable, and in want of all things," was the chosen servant of the living God the morning star that preceded the great sun of revelation, the patriarch of our religion, the patron and the pillar of our order. On this holy and august occasion, venerable to us, alike as christians and as masons, let us reiterate on the altar of our hearts, the sacred vows we have imposed upon ourselves; let us strengthen the cement of fraternal love, and in one voice, and one spirit, invoke from the Supreme Architect of the universe, his superintending care over our designs, approbation of labours.

The institution of masonry is presented to our consideration, clothed with all the venerableness and interest the profoundest antiquity can attach to a human system. The curious inquirer may pursue its principles through the long vista of ages, to the remotest point illumined by the torch of history; when he leaves her beaten track and wanders in the mazes of traditionary lore, the irradiation and the influence of masonry will still be revealed to him. What event may have called the system into existence—what circumstances of human necessity may have cherished its infancy, or what stupendous designs it may be in its inception calculated to promote, it is not my province or my purpose on this occasion to investigate. The awe which is shed around asserts the antiquity of masonry; its modern principles and designs demonstrate the purity of its conception, and the sublimity of its character.

Where are the mighty of the earth, who witnessed the early glory and promulgation of masonic principles? Where are Babylon, Persepolis, and Palmyra? Where the tremendous power of Tyre, of Athens and of Rome?

In vain the traveller wanders on the banks of the Euphrates, to discover the gorgeous domes and mighty towers of Babylonish power and magnificence. The torrent of ages, the bosom of human passions have swept in oblivion all that constituted the splendour and glory of Assyrian pride. The "queen of the sea" has illustrated the desolation of human grandeur, and in the language of that "holy writing," is a "rock where fishers dry their nets." Athens contemplated for centuries the sublime rituals of masonic principles, her mightiest temples were consecrated to masonic orgies. But the fane; the altar; and the god of mythology, have sunk together to the dust. Masonry has alone survived these devastations of human power.

The mighty Roman, whose eagle first perched upon the cliffs of our mother Isle, there introduced and promulgated the sacred mysteries of our craft. Where are now the attributes of the mistress of the earth? Her work stamp an immortality upon the name of Rome; her achievements blazon and adorn the page of history: her glory flourishes in the mind of the scholar and the antiquarian. But where is her puissance? Her seven hills indeed still remain, but the spirit that ennobled them is extinct. The diadem of power has been torn from her brow. Her eagle has been plucked of its plumes. The Goth and the Vandal have rioted in her high places; Attila has polluted the sanctuary of her glory. The voice of liberty is reverberated no

longer in her forum. The destiny of empires has overtaken her. Humanity weeps over her desolation, and history inscribes upon her moral and political ruins, "hic fuit Roma." Amid all these mighty revolutions, the humble system we this day commemorate, which was propagated wherever the Roman standard was planted, has flourished in perpetual beauty and vigor, and in expanding energy and influence.

I will ask for no other vindication of the purity and august character of masonic principles, than is afforded by these facts, at which scepticism itself cannot cavil. The mightiest empires of antiquity have been swept away in the surges of revolutions, but the sublime institution of masonry has flourished amid the storms which desolate them. Dynasties have been subverted: political tempests have shaken the world to its centre; the rage of national conflicts have prostrated the sublimest systems of human wisdom and the proudest monuments of human art: amid all this wreck of empires, and this crush of magnificence and power, the humble spirit of masonry has careered in a march steady, onward and irresistible.

To the mere superficial observer, I am aware this language may appear the utopian declamation of enthusiasm, or the hollow profession of bigotted zeal; but before it is denounced, let us observe the discrepancy which exists between the elements of political institutions, and the principles of the masonic system. We there shall find an obvious solution of the problem presented by the assertions of the advocates of masonry. The former are generally engendered in the conflicts of human passions; they too often rest upon transitory interests; are directed by the selfishness of individual ambition, and calculated alone to subserve the purposes of some evanescent policy. When, therefore, neither the exigency, nor the motive, which created them, longer exists, the foundation upon which the superstructure rested, must be demolished, and the edifice itself will crumble to the earth. But the fabric of masonry stands upon the immutable basis of eternal virtue, and is supported by the pillars of charity and philanthropy. Recognizing no distinction of empires, the principles of masonry can be affected by no revolution of political power. When crushed in the ruin of one empire, its spirit seems to be animated with fresh impulse and vigor in another. The revered and sacred purpose which inspire it, and its moral energy, have endowed it with the principles of immortal existence.

Infidelity may sneer at our obscure rituals, and our mystic symbols; trumpet tongued calumny may utter her denunciations; the world may pursue us with reproach; despotism may endeavor to annihilate masonry by oppression; but a system which reposes on the rock of ages, and is covered by the moss of centuries, vindicates itself from aspersion, and from arbitrary power.

In every era of the world, and among all nations, at intervals, masonry has felt the iron grasp of persecution. Where bigotry has enthroned herself in the human mind, and superstition has seared the best sentiments of the heart, masonry has been denounced as obnoxious to the precepts of our holy religion. Where despotism has careered over the rights, and trampled upon the liberties of man, masonry has been pronounced discordant to the principles of well organized government. The rack has groaned beneath the torture of our brethren—the stake has witnessed the awfulness of their devotion—the scaffold has drunk the best blood of our order. But the agony of the former has served to animate our ardour; the illumination of the stake has irradiated our path to the altar of masonry, and the blood of the scaffold has cemented the arch of our union. Amid all these accumulated oppressions, masonry has never been called upon to weep over the degeneracy of her disciples. No effort of human power has been adequate to burst the bond of masonic obligations, to constrain a mason to the

recantation of his faith, or a violation of the arcana of our mysteries.

That masonry is repugnant to the spirit of our holy religion, has become a trite and hacknied theme of denunciation against its character. Sagacity itself would be bewildered in an attempt to define the origin of calumnies so palpable, and assertions so unfounded. The wisest men, the purest moralists, the most devout christians have in all ages assumed the panoply of our order, have subscribed to the articles of our faith, and have been the zealous and fearless champions of our cause. Do these facts speak no language of vindication from petulant and fastidious fanaticism? Is it nothing, that we present to the world, that holy volume, as at once the rule of our lives and the charter of our religion? Or is the exhibition of that venerated anchor of our immortal hope, the mere display of occasion, and the mummery of hypocrisy? And do ye, who listen to these foul aspersions believe that the reverend pastors of our church, the holy father of our religion, nay, he who we this day commemorate, would be accessory to so monstrous a deception and so atrocious a guilt.

By "their works ye shall know them," is a precept inculcated by the sublime oracle of our religion. Upon their "works" masons repose their vindication. Invidious scrutiny may pursue the career of masonry from the first throes of its existence to the present plenitude of its glory, and it will find not one feature in its history at which virtue might blush, that is contrary to the holiest doctrines of christianity or subversive of any moral or social compact.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ELECTIONS.

OFFICERS of the CHARLESTON (S. C.) LODGES, for 1827.

Solomon's Lodge, No. 1.

Br. William H. Inglesby, W. M.; Thomas E. Casey, S. W.; John J. Alexander, J. W. Meets first Monday in each month.

Marine Lodge, No. 2.

Br. John Bennett, jr., W. M.; William Schuyler King, S. W.; A. C. Dibble, J. W. Meets first Thursday in each month.

L'Etoile Renaiscente, No. 3.

Br. John Jamieson, W. M.; John Izard Wright, S. W.; William Nelme, J. W. Meets third Tuesday in each month.

Kikwinning Lodge, No. 4.

Br. Henry A. Dessansure, W. M.; George Timmons, S. W.; John Baker Rogers, J. W. Meets third Tuesday in each month.

Washington Lodge, No. 5.

Br. Amity Bailey, W. M.; Rufus Southworth, S. W.; Rev. Joseph Brown, J. W. Meets third Tuesday in each month.

Friendship Lodge, No. 9.

Br. Joseph Moss, W. M.; John C. Lozier, S. W.; Ezdale P. Coker, J. W. Meets second Wednesday in each month.

St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 10.

Br. A. McFeeters, W. M.; James Moorhead, S. W.; Archibald Wanless, J. W. Meets third Monday in each month.

St. John's Lodge, No. 13.

Br. William Lance, W. M.; John G. Laroche, S. W.; Charles Buford, J. W. Meets first Wednesday in each month.

Orange Lodge, No. 14.

Br. J. H. Honor, W. M.; J. S. Burgess, S. W.; Gershom Jones, J. W. Meets second Monday in each month.

Pythagorean Lodge, No. 21.

Br. J. Pillans, W. M.; Claus Von Allworden, S. W.; Robert Anderson, J. W. Meets first Friday in each month.

La Loge de la Candeur, No. 36.

Br. Vincent Barre, W. M.; Claude Rame, S. W.; Ulysse Roumillot, J. W. Meets first Thursday in each month.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e.m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&3 Tu. e.m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e.m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Th. e.m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Sa. e.m.
Ineffable Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e.m.
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e.m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f.m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f.m.
Hiram Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3 M. e.m.
McDonough Lodge,	Troy,	2&4 Tu. e.m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	1st Tu. e.m.
Apollo Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3 M. e.m.
St. George's Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f.m.
Solon Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. aff. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f.m.
Ark Lodge,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. af. f.m.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Kingston Lodge,	Rome,	W. af. f.m.
Rome Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f.m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Dansville Lodge,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Federal Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.
Vernon Lodge,		

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

METALIC WATERING.

This article of Parisian invention, is much employed to cover ornamental cabinet work, dressing-boxes, telescopes, opera glasses, &c. and is prepared in the following manner.

Sulphuric acid is to be diluted with from seven to nine parts of water; then dip a sponge or rag into it, and wash with it the surface of a sheet of tin. This will speedily exhibit an appearance of crystallization, which is the moire.

This effect, however, cannot be easily produced upon every sort of sheet tin, for if the sheet has been much hardened by hammering or rolling, then the moire cannot be effected until the sheet has been heated so as to produce an incipient fusion on the surface, after which the acid will act upon it, and produce the moire. Almost any acid will do as well as the sulphuric, and it is said, that the citric acid, dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water, answers better than any other.

The moire may be much improved by employing the blow-pipe to form small and beautiful specks on the surface of the tin, previous to the application of the acid.

When the moire has been formed, the plate is to be varnished and polished, the varnish being tinted with any glazing colour, and thus the red, green, yellow, and pearl coloured moire are manufactured. [Operative Mechanic.]

TO PLATE LOOKING GLASSES.

This art is erroneously termed silvering, for, as will be presently seen, there is not a particle of silver present in the whole composition.

On tin-foil, fitly deposited on a flat table, mercury is to be poured, and gently rubbed with a hare's foot; it soon unites itself with the tin, which then becomes very splendid, or, as the workmen say, is *quicken'd*. A plate of glass is then cautiously to be slid upon the tin-leaf, in such a manner as to sweep off the redundant mercury, which is not incorporated with the tin; lead weights are then to be placed on the glass, and, in a little time, the quicksilver tin-foil adheres so firmly to the glass, that the weights may be removed without any danger of its falling off. The glass thus coated is a common looking glass. About two ounces of mercury are sufficient for covering three square feet of glass.

The success of the operation depends much on the cleanness of the glass; and the least dirt or dust on its surface, will prevent the adhesion of the amalgam or alloy.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The New York Times gives a long and interesting article, extracted from the Scotsman (Edinburgh) relative to the progress made in the manufacture of what are called India Shawls in Great

Britain. "Thirty years ago," says the writer, "there was not a single shawl made in Edinburgh, and the number made in all Britain was absolutely trifling. At this day shawls are made to the value of a million sterling, and the manufacture now forms a leading branch of national industry."

Until lately the imitation shawls, as they were called, held no kind of rivalry with the genuine India; the latter selling at 100—200 and sometimes as high as 500 pounds sterling; while the domestic were never at a higher price than from 20 to 30 pounds. At present the India shawls except those of the very first class, have no superiority over the British, and the best ones, excel only in regard to pattern; and that is the result of the tedious process by which they are made.

The India shawls were made entirely out of a kind of wool. The British imitation ones were, at first, made of a mixture of silk and wool. Organzine silk was used for the warp, and on this a weft of silk and wool was thrown in. This was changed about the year 1804 or 5 for spun silk, that is India silk chopped fine and carded &c. like cotton. Afterwards there came into use a mixture of silk and merino wool, which was called "Persian yarn." This gave place about three years ago to what was called Indian wool, or Thibet wool; "which was in fact only picked quantities from picked English or Saxon fleeces." This effected a decided improvement, but still the shawls made from this material had not the exquisite softness of the India ones, and the figures could not be so well worked into them. At last it was discovered that the proper material was "an undergrowth wool of the Thibet goat;" a kind of down that grows among the long hairs which constitute the fleece of that animal. This article though dear can be procured in abundance: but many unsuccessful attempts were made before any mode of spinning it into thread could be discovered. The discovery is not mentioned in the article from which this account is prepared; but we have heard it said that the Thibet wool is *spun wet*.

Still one difficulty remains, and that is, to discover the Indian method of *weaving* in the patterns. The British manufacturers have as yet ascertained only this, that whatever the Indian method may be, it is extremely tedious.

CAMEL'S HAIR.

We obtain from a French paper the following facts concerning the manufacture of Camel's Hair.

It is not obtained by shearing, like sheep's wool, but is shed spontaneously by the animal every year, in the month of April, in large mats, after having protected it from the cold during the winter season. The Tartars who accompany the caravans collect them with care, and load the animals with their own cast off apparel. The young camels yield the finest hair; and in its best state it is finer than the most beautiful Angola. The article is obtained from Africa, a great part of Asia, and above all from India. In Persia it is made into the finest carpets. It is supposed that the English spin it wet, and deprived of oil. It is stated, that a single manufacturer in France has used a large quantity of camel's hair for several years; and the texture of his cloth makes it probable that he practices the mode adopted in England. Those who have tried to manufacture it without extracting the oil, have not succeeded in spinning fine threads.

At Rouen it has been successfully mixed with cotton, and stuffs made of it are much softer than the ordinary mixtures of cotton and wool.

Some exertions are making in France to improve and extend this branch of manufacture.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

(Continued from page 27)

John D. Burke, Esq. the historian of Virginia, produced several dramas. The titles of the following occur: "The death of General Montgomery;" "The Battle of Bunker Hill;" "Female Patriotism, or the Death of Joan of Arc;" "Bethlem Gabot, Lord of Transylvania, or the Man-hating Palatine;" the piece is founded upon Godwin's interesting romances of St. Leon: "The Prince of Susa." All these dramas have been performed and printed. Mr. Burke was killed in a duel in Virginia; he possessed very respectable abilities as a writer.

Dr. William Joor, of Charleston, South Carolina, published in 1805, a comedy, entitled "Independence, or which do you like best, the Peer or the Farmer?" which he informs us was the first drama, written by a native South Carolinian. He also wrote "The Battle of Eutaw Springs;" and "Evacuation of Charleston, or the glorious 14th of December, 1782." Both these plays were performed with applause, when first introduced upon the stage but are now forgotten.

There are ample materials to extend this letter to twice its present length; but as I have shown sufficient to prove that something has been done towards the foundation of a national drama in the United States, I refrain from longer taxing the patience of the reader, lest I provoke him to cry out, in self defence *ne quid nimis*, and accuse me of attaching too much importance to trifles.

[Additions by the Editor of the Galaxy.]

Royal Tyler, Esq. was the author of a comedy called the "Contrast, written soon after the close of the war of the revolution, and played at Philadelphia and New-York, with considerable applause. It was also represented once or twice in Boston, in the old Board Alley Theatre, by Harper and Morris' company. In the year 1796, Tyler also wrote a farce called the Georgia Spec., or Land in the Moon; in which the rage for speculation in Georgia lands, (the Yazoo purchase) then at its height in New England, was very successfully satirized. It was performed several times at the Haymarket Theatre. This gentleman wrote about the period last mentioned, a novel called "The Algerine Captive," which for a time was very popular. He was also the author of an immense number of light and humorous articles, both in prose and poetry, that appeared in the Farmer's Museum, printed at Walpole, N. H. from 1796 to 1800, and in other papers since that period. He once held the office of chief justice in the State of Vermont, in which state he always resided from 1794, to his death, which happened at Brattleboro' during the last year.

David Everett, Esq. wrote a historical play in Blank verse, called Dranzel, the Persian Patriot, which was acted at the Federal-street theatre, Boston, in the beginning of the year 1800, and was soon after published: Mr. Everett was also considerably celebrated for his contributions to the literary departments of several newspapers; and a little volume of his essays was published some years ago, entitled, "Common Sense in Dishabille." He also published a series of essays on "The Prophecies that remain to be fulfilled"—a work, which we apprehend had but a limited circulation. In the early part of his life he conducted a village newspaper somewhere in the interior of New-England—we believe at Amherst, N. H.; and was also editor and part proprietor of the Boston Patriot, about 1810. Mr. E. died some years since, in Ohio.

William C. White, the writer mentioned in the preceding article, wrote, before he was twenty-one years of age, a tragedy, called "Orlando," which was several times performed at the Federal-street theatre. It is written in Blank verse and exhibits very considerable power of versification. The author was at that time, as we have been told, a clerk in a counting-room in this town: He performed Orlando, the leading character in his tragedy himself. He afterwards left both the counting-house and the stage, entered the profession of the law, and published in 1807, a Digest of the Laws of Massachusetts, in four volumes, octavo. He died a few years ago, at Rutland, in the county of Worcester.

J. A. Stone, formerly of Boston, now a player of some eminence in one of the New-York Theatres, is the author of several dramatic pieces whose titles are not now recollected, and which have been played at the amphitheatre in Boston, in Charleston, and in Albany. One of Mr. Stone's pieces which, we have not seen, is called "The Banker of Rouen," founded on the recent history of Fauntleroy, who was executed for forgery in England.

B. B. Curtis, a painter of some celebrity in Boston, is the author also of sundry dramatic pieces, not published. One of them was played two or three times, a few years ago, at the Boston theatre.

James Ellison of this city, many years a book keeper in the Boston Bank, wrote a play in five acts, founded on the history of the blockade of Tripoli, by commodore Preble and the campaign of General

Eaton, called "The American Captive." It was represented several times at the Federal-street theatre, when first written, and several years after, underwent some revision by the author, and was performed at the amphitheatre. Mr. Ellison died in Boston some years ago.

Henry J. Finn, one of the present managers of the Boston theatre, wrote a play called "Montgomery," which had something of a run at the time it was produced. The scene of the piece is laid on the frontiers of Vermont and Canada, and the fable is woven of incidents connected with the revolutionary war. One or two other pieces we have heard attributed to Mr. Finn, but with what accuracy we have not the means of knowing.

Perhaps we ought not to close this supplementary catalogue without recording "The Mercenary Match," by BARN A BIDWELL. This was a tragedy in two acts, written in blank verse while the author was a pupil or a tutor in Yale College. It is thirty years at least since we have seen it, and we have no recollection of its merits. Mr. Bidwell afterwards removed to Massachusetts, and obtained the appointment of attorney-general. He was a violent politician of the Jefferson school at the period of the highest political excitement, and his tragedy was made the theme of much merriment and reproach by his political adversaries. He left the state many years ago, and went into Upper Canada, where he made something of a figure among the colonial politicians. He died at Kingston or in its neighborhood.

[Additions by the (Providence) Literary Cadet.]

Doctor Joseph Shecutt, a physician of some eminence in South Carolina, was the author of two Dramatic performances, the one entitled "The Battle of Cowpens," and the other, "The Battle of Eutaw Springs." These productions, were for several years held as a kind of sacred property by the author, and for a long time he obstinately refused to suffer them to come before the public, even when he had the most pressing requests for their performance. At last, however, the author relented, and at the time the late Mr. Holman was manager of the Charleston Theatre, Dr. Shecutt most earnestly solicited him to bring his productions before the public. Mr. Holman took the dramas into his possession, and promised to bring them forward, but ere he could do so, an unfortunate difficulty occurred between him and Mr. James H. Caldwell, now manager of the New Orleans and western Theatres, which put an end to his theatrical career, and in all human probability, contributed very largely, to hasten him to the grave. After his demise, the plays were returned to the author, together with a note from Mr. Holman written some months previous to his demise, in which he remarked, that he had not had an opportunity of reading even the title page of the productions; and as he was then much engaged and probably would not soon be at leisure, he returned them unhonoured and unnoticed. The fact was, Mr. Holman was himself the author of several dramatic productions, which he then was in the habit of keeping on the boards, and had but a very small disposition to give place to the writings of a competitor. We have had the pleasure of reading these performances, and although we think they are deficient in dramatic effect, we are ready to admit that they possess many merits. The incidents are happily arranged, their catastrophe unusually effective, but the language of the dialogues are often inelegant, unnatural and ridiculous. With a little pruning from the hand of a skilful master, we think they would be well received, and might be considered considerable acquisitions to the reputation of the American Drama.

Pierre La Mootie, a native of St. Louis, Missouri, but who graduated at Oxford, as early as the year 1739, produced a Comedy, entitled "The Chase, or a way to catch them," which he carried to England, and offered to one of the managers of the principal London Theatres, which was instantly accepted and put in rehearsal, after which it was once performed and then suppressed in consequence of the licentious principles it inculcated. The author, chagrined and distracted at the ill success he had met with, threw himself into the Thames, and thus put an end to his miseries and misfortunes. Some few years since the original manuscript was found by a distinguished American now in Europe,

who caused it to be published. Several copies of the work were forwarded to this country, one of which is now in our possession. It possesses to our mind more than ordinary merit, and the dialogue is easy and frequently elegant, notwithstanding it is too often injured by a roughness which whilst it discovers the genius of the author, speaks his deficiency as a scholar.

Our townsman Paul Allen, so advantageously known as a poet and newspaper Editor, was the author of two or three dramatic performances, but as he found they would be opposed by the malignity of literary enemies, and newspaper competitors, he never could be persuaded to bring them before the public, although he was strongly solicited to do so by several of the managers of the American Theatres. Mr. A. died in Baltimore about a year since. His literary performances were numerous and interesting. His greatest fault was an eternal indulgence in parenthesis, metaphor and hyperbole—but few men possessed a richer or more luxuriant fancy.

G. R. Lillibridge, a native of New-York, but for several years a resident of this town, in the year 1823, produced a play, entitled "Tancred, or the Rightful Heir of Rochdale Castle." It was rather a compilation than an original production, and many of the scenes were copied verbatim from a novel from which the play took its name. Mr. Lillibridge endeavoured to introduce it upon our boards, a year or two since, but meeting with but little encouragement, he gave up the project, and migrated to Philadelphia, and it is said, Mr. Warren, manager of the theatre in that city, has promised to bring it forward. A year or two since, we gave the play a casual reading, and we must confess that we found but little in it, either interesting or original. Mr. Lillibridge is a printer by profession, but is as completely "Stage-stricken" as was the famous Sylvester Daggerwood. We believe that he still resides in Philadelphia, and at this time is engaged in attempting to get up a Quixotic crusade against the infidel Turks, and in favour of the Christian Greeks. He is a man of some talents, but of a wild and enthusiastic fancy, always in pursuit of fame, and rarely realizing the objects he may have in view.

ETIQUETTE.

The wife of Charles II of Spain, was very fond of riding, and several fine horses having been brought her from Andalusia, she had a mind to try one of them; but she had no sooner mounted, than the proud steed began to prance and caper, and at length threw the royal rider; and what was worse, her majesty's foot hitched in the stirrup, and the horse dragged her along, to the utmost peril of her life. All the court were spectators of this unlucky accident, but nobody had thought of succouring the queen: the etiquette formerly opposed it; for it forbid any man whatever, on pain of death, to touch the queen of Spain, and more especially her foot. That was the law, and therefore nobody durst approach her. Charles, who had a great love for his queen, and who, from a balcony, saw the danger she was in, cried out vehemently; but the custom was inviolable, and the untouchable foot restrained the grave Spaniards from intermeddling in so delicate an affair. At length, two brisk cavaliers, one named Don Louis de las Terres, and the other Don laine de Sotomajor, resolved to hazard all, in spite of the law of the queens foot. One seized the bridle of the horse, and the other laid hold of the queen's foot, and took it out of the stirrup; and, in rendering her this service, displaced one of his fingers. When this was done, the cavaliers took the advantage of the confusion this accident occasioned, and, without stopping, went home, got their horses saddled, and fled from the punishment they had incurred, for daring to offend against so strict and so august a ceremony. By much intreaty, the queen obtained their pardon from the king, her husband.

A man is thirty years old before he has any thought of his fortune; it is not completed before fifty; he falls to building in his old age; and dies by the time his house is in a condition to be painted and glazed. [Bryere.]

Solitude damps thought and wit; too much company dissipates and hinders it from fixing.

POPULAR TALES.

THE DWARFS.

The Nine Mountains, at Ramin, are inhabited by dwarfs, who dance, and sing, and sport in the moonlight, and more particularly when the earth is visited by spring or summer. These dwarfs are rather mischievous than malicious; they are fond of alluring children into their power, who then are compelled to serve them in their subterranean abodes; but this service is not hard, and, at the end of fifty years, by a law of the dwarf-kingdom, they are again set at liberty; nor do these fifty years add an hour to the age of the captives; time and the sun have no influence upon these realms of middle earth; and it is farther said, that such people have ever after been fortunate in the world, either from the wisdom they learnt below, or from the assistance of their masters, who have wished to recompense their servitude.

The unearthly beings who dwell in the Nine Mountains belong to the class of Brown Dwarfs, and they are not malicious; but in two other mountains are White Dwarfs, and they are the friends of all in the upper world. There are also Black Dwarfs, who work the metals with an ingenuity far surpassing that of man; but their hearts are evil, and they are never to be trusted. I will now tell a story of these Brown Dwarfs in the Nine Mountains, which happened long ago; I had it, in my childhood, from Henry Fierk, who was a peasant at Giesendorf, and who was well acquainted with all such matters. You must therefore suppose that it is Henry who tells this story.

There once lived at Ramin a peasant, named Jacob Dietrich, with his wife and family. Of his children, he most loved the youngest, who was then in his eighth year, and tended cows in the meadow by the Nine Mountains: here the little Hans got acquainted with a cowherd called Klas Starkwolt, a grey-headed man, whose brain was like a volume of ancient fairy tales. But if the old peasant was fond of repeating his legends, the boy was no less fond of listening to them, till at last his young fancy was so inflamed, that he could neither speak nor think of ought but Dwarfs and Gnomes, and golden cups, and crowns of diamonds. Above all, he wished to get a Dwarf-cap, for Klas had told him that whoever was fortunate enough to find or gain one, might safely descend into the mountain, and would have all the Dwarfs at his command. At last he resolved to try, and one night stole away from home, and laid himself on the top of the highest mountain, though his heart beat all the time like a hammer, and his breathing was as the wind of autumn. And now the clock struck twelve! On a sudden he heard a murmuring, and a whistling, and the song of voices, and the tramp of little feet in the dance, though as yet nothing was visible to his sight but the flowers and the leaves, that were still sleeping in the moonshine.

At last a cap fell close before his feet; in an instant he seized it, and in the pride of his heart set it upon his head—when, O wonder! the little dancers were at once visible. The Dwarf would fain have got back his cap by flattery, but Hans was inexorable, and showed his knowledge of his newly acquired power, by ordering the little brownie to provide a supper. The Dwarf was forced to obey, for his power had gone from him with his cap of invisibility.

The cock now crowed for the third time, and the young light streaked the east, when "away! away!" sounded from the bushes, and the stalks, and the flowers; and the mountain opened, and all sank below in a silver cistern. Hans was astonished at the majestic glitter of the walls; they were as if inlaid with pearls and diamonds, such was their exceeding brilliancy; while beneath, and in the distance, he heard the sweetest music, that stole upon his senses like May odours, and at length wrapped him in a gentle slumber. What time had passed he knew not, but when he awoke, his little brownie was by his side, ready to do him services; and he found himself in a chamber that was brilliant beyond the splendour of the earth. The tables were of spotless marble, the walls of emerald; and the frames of the mirrors were covered with diamonds. No sun shone in this subterranean

kingdom, but the precious stones shed around a perpetual light, that was fairer and clearer than the fairest and clearest night of earth. They were the stars and the moons of this country, but their splendour was borrowed from no sun, and eclipsed by no clouds.

It was mid-day when a bell rang, and the brownie said, "master, will you dine alone, or in the great assembly?" "In the great assembly," replied Hans, whither he was on the instant conducted by his servant. Here he saw an infinite crowd of little men and women already collected, while others poured into the hall from every side; in many places the ground opened, and tables arose, covered with the most costly vessels, and the most delicious meats, and wine that sparkled in the goblets like water beneath the sun-beams. The chiefs of the little people invited Hans to their table, and placed him between their fairest maidens. The feast began, and soon the mirth waxed loud, for the Dwarfs are a lively race, whose spirits are light and brilliant as the wine that bubbles in their glasses. Birds of the richest plumage were ever on the wing above them, pouring forth their songs of harmony, with a strange music that floated through the air, so soft, so sweet, so wild, that it drew from its throne the anxious and delighted soul, to leave it quivering on the lips.

Crowds of servants waited around the tables. Some bore about the golden cups and crystal fruit-baskets; some strewed the ground with flowers, that must have grown in gardens near the sun, such were their exceeding beauty, a beauty that was even undimmed by the lustre of the diamonds; others scattered odours so sweet, that the senses ached with pleasure. These servants were the children of men who had fallen into the power of the Dwarfs. At first Hans was inclined to pity their estate, but when he observed their rich clothes, and their rosy cheeks, and the sprightliness of their steps, he thought to himself, "after all they are not so badly off as I was in running after cows and oxen; and moreover, a time will come when they may be free again." And he thought no more of them, but sported with his little companions, happier than any earthly king upon his throne.

They had sat thus for two hours, when the principal rang a little bell; in a trice sank the seats and the tables, and the company was again upon the foot. He rang a second time; and where the tables had been, there arose orange trees, and palms, and myrtles, rich with fruit and blossoms, and upon the branches sang the sweetest birds; but though their numbers were many as the sands in the desert, yet all their voices united in a perfect harmony. Hans, however, soon found out the cause; in a niche within the roof, sat an aged man, who gave the note, to which they were compelled to sing. He was silent as hoary time, and spoke no mortal word, while the rest were often wont to talk too much.

The old man above now sounded to the dance, and the birds all echoed back the old man's tune. In an instant the whirl began, and the little maidens, that had sat by Hans, caught him by the arms, and sprang about with him in the dance for two hours long, and yet neither his breath was short nor his feet weary. The more they danced, the wilder rose their spirits, till every soul was bathed in ecstasy. Often in the time of his old age was Hans accustomed to say, when he described this scene, "there may be, and no doubt are, greater joys in Heaven, but earthly imagination is too weak to picture them."

Hans had lived thus many months, when at last he resolved to visit the schools, and become a student with the servants; for the Dwarfs make a rule of instructing all the children of earth who fell into their power, as far as they may be capable of receiving their lessons. But the little people have apprehensions infinitely finer than any human beings, and are well acquainted with all the mysteries of nature. They are besides exceedingly industrious, and work the metals with a minuteness that can only be equalled by the texture of the blossom or the flower.

Among all his companions in the school, the one he loved best, was a little fair-complexioned maiden, called Eliza, who came from his own village,

and was the pastor's daughter. With her he passed his childhood in brotherly affection, without any thought of the earth or its inhabitants, till at length he had reached his eighteenth year, and she her sixteenth year, when this affection ripened into love. The Dwarfs saw this with pleasure, for their great desire is to rule, and they hoped to enslave him by means of his passion for Eliza: but in this they were mistaken; he had learnt from his attendant, that he who was master of one dwarf, was master of them all, and could command the utmost exertions of their power.

The affection of the lovers increased with the lapse of time, and every evening was spent in lonely twilight walks; for in the hours that darkness was upon the earth, the lustre of the diamond would wax dim here below; an artificial night then succeeded, not dark indeed, but pale as the evening glimmer in the aisles of some antiquated abbey. On such occasions, Hans was ever pleased and cheerful, but Eliza would often think of the life above, where men dwell beneath the changing orbs of Heaven. Still, however, this was but a passing shadow of the moment; in listening to him she loved, all else was speedily forgotten.

It once happened that they walked farther than was their custom, until they at last found themselves beneath the very spot where the mountain opened to let out the Dwarfs into the upper world. On a sudden they heard the crowing of many cocks from the earth above, a sound that had not reached them for twelve long years; with it awoke, in Eliza's breast, a thousand recollections of the earth, of her home, and her dear parents, and the playmates of childhood; of the flowers of spring, and the winter's fireside. Her heart was full; she fell upon the bosom of her lover, wetting his cheek with tears, while, for a time, the words died away upon her lips. At length her passion found language for expression. "It is beautiful here below, and the little race are kind and gentle, but yet my heart is not at home here, and never can be. This is not a life for human beings; every night I dream of my parents, and of the church, and of the Sunday crowds waiting around my father; and then, oh! then my heart throbs to be with them. Here, too, we can never be man and wife, for here is no priest to marry us, and we must grow old and grey in singleness. Think of this, and contrive some means for our departure."

"Yes, Eliza, for the first time my heart is heavy. I will not stay here a day longer, for they dare not keep me: I am their master." At these last words Eliza became pale as death; they reminded her of what she had too lightly forgotten—of her servitude, and its necessary duration for fifty years before she could revisit earth. "Alas," she said, "this is well for you who have power above that of the dwarfs; but a cruel law holds me to this place for fifty years; what have I to do on earth, when my father and mother are dead, and the play fellows of my youth are old and grey? Age will be upon your head also, and what then will it avail me that I am young, and only in my twentieth year? Poor, poor, Eliza!"

Hans felt the truth of what she had spoken; but he pressed her hand to his heart, and promised never to leave that place of middle earth, until he could leave it with Eliza. With this they parted, sad and almost hopeless.

The whole night through Hans meditated upon the way of freeing his beloved. When morning broke, he summoned to him the six chief Dwarfs, with whom he always sat at dinner. Much as they were astonished at this call, they were forced to obey it; and when all were present, he demanded of them his Eliza. This was at once refused; upon which Hans, in great wrath, exclaimed, "you can and shall give up Eliza. You know my orders; I entreat no more; let me see you again with the morrow."

And the morrow came, but with it came no alteration in the resolves of the little people. Hans therefore began to show his power, by employing them in breaking and dragging huge stones, and other hard work, that martyred their tender limbs as if they had been stretched upon the rack. Still all was in vain. He made them mangle each other with iron scourges, till the blood poured down

in torrents; but he got no nearer to his object. At last he could no longer bear the sight of their torments, and, ceasing to plague them, he separated himself from their society, and lived almost as a hermit.

In one of his lonely walks, he was breaking the stones against each other for want of occupation, when suddenly a toad sprang from a piece of rock that he had just shivered. At this sight the tales of the old cow-herd flashed upon his memory, and he exclaimed, "now, then, Eliza is mine: the malicious Dwarfs could endure the scourge, but here is an enemy, whose sight will sting them worse than the sting of iron, or the bite of a scorpion." With this he enclosed the creature in a vase of silver, and again summoned the little people to his presence.

No sooner had they come within a few paces of their noxious enemy, than its influence acted upon them like an electric shock. They fell to the earth convulsed, shivering, shrieking, and writhing, like half-bruised serpents. Every hand was stretched forth to pray for mercy, and every voice was loud in promises. Hans, feeling that the power was now with himself, told them he should depart that night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, with his Eliza, and ordered them to load five wagons with the riches of their kingdom; their books, their gold, their emeralds, and their diamonds. To this they promised assent, and even to his wish, that all their servants should be free, who according to earthly reckoning, were more than twenty years of age.

It was an hour after midnight; the mountain opened, and they stood again upon the earth, and for the first time for twelve long years they saw the red of morning glimmering in the east. The Dwarfs swarmed like bees about the wagons; all were busy, though in silence, for the hand of their master lay heavy on them; it looked like the breaking up of their kingdom. And now Hans took the brown cap from his head, waved it thrice in the air, and flung it among the crowd. In an instant all had vanished; nothing was to be seen but a few bushes; nothing to be heard but the whispers of the grass, that waved in the morning wind like the gentle rise of ocean when it swells but no wave breaks its surface. The clock from the Ramin church struck two. All fell down upon their knees, and gave praises unto Heaven.

Great was the surprise of the whole village, when this singular cavalcade appeared before the cottage of Jacob Dietrich. But wonder was soon lost in joy when the tale was told: the old men and the pastor blessed their children, and at their wedding danced forty maidens in their shoes of glass, a thing unheard of since the marriage of Hans Dietrich with the fair Eliza.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PASSIONS.

NO. III. OF GRIEF.

Life, filled with grief's distressful train,
Forever asks the tear humane.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them sweet humanity! [Langhorne.]

Grief is the most deadly of all the passions of the human mind. It not only destroys the vigour and vivacity of the mind, but it is equally fatal, when indulged to an excess, to the corporeal system. The man of grief may be generally known by his appearance; as melancholy is invariably his attendant. The dark dreary caverns of despair are his places of resort, where not a sound of mirth can break in upon the eternal solitude of his thoughts. He looks upon the beauties of nature as objects worthy to be regarded; but which he must entirely shun. The dark and solitary hour of midnight witnesses his long drawn tremulous sigh, and the tears of sorrow gush from his eyes at the appearance of a friend, which render, for a moment, the gloom of his soul less terrible. Sleep has departed from his eyelids, and sometimes he is insensible to all around him; and again, syncope or fainting is induced by the hollow reverberation of a groan. His stomach sympathises with the brain, and indigestion is the conse-

quence. Hypochondriasis attacks his mind, loss of memory ensues; leading in its train the silver locks of premature old age; and finally, when nature can no longer support the conflicting emotions of the afflicted faculties, she sinks, like the tumbling ruins of a stupendous fabric, and buries, in a moment, the magnificence of reason, beneath the undistinguishable rubbish of madness and despair. The long continuance of grief, not only terminates in the subversion of the mental faculties, but it often winds up its career in the awful catastrophe of death; and sometimes by its own hand. I had almost forgotten to mention, that the celebrated Dr. Rush enumerates profound sleep as one of the symptoms of grief. He tells us that he has witnessed the sound sleep of mothers, soon after the decease of their children, and he also informs us, that the son of General Custine indulged in a repose of nine hours duration, the night preceding the fatal day on which he was led to the guillotine in Paris. Scripture informs us, that the disciples of Christ slumbered whilst he was experiencing his agony, which was occasioned by their "flesh" being "weak," and "sorrow having filled their hearts." Grief should never be indulged by retiring to the solitary shades of rural scenes; but the unhappy wretch, instead of brooding over his sorrows, should fly, by the persuasion of his friends, to the lively circle of society; or the mind should be applied with unremitting diligence, to some interesting employment. A variety of scenes and amusements should be presented to the mind in grief; changing constantly, in such a manner as to occasion a continual flow of ideas, by which the old ones of grief will be entirely eradicated. How many hospitals now echo with the lamentations of those, who from love, loss of property, absence from country, or bereavement of friends, have given way to its destructive influence! Could the walls of Pennsylvania Hospital re-echo the many thousand groans of the victims of grief, they would corroborate what is here mentioned.

But independent of real grief, arising from real causes, there is a distressing depression of the mind, originating from imaginary causes. Indolence or idleness may be called one of the remote causes of this languor or depression of the intellect. When the mind is left vacant, imagination grasps the reins of wisdom's chariot, and drives, with impetuosity, over the ruins of reason and judgement. Hence Cowper has said with his usual perspicuity—

Absence of occupation is not rest.
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

Nature never designed man for a life of idleness; but he indulges in it, and hence becomes the tormentor of his own mind. The brute creation never suffers this distress, because *instinct* has never been known to teach idleness; and it would seem in man to arise from an absence of reason. No man should permit that disgusting species of pride to persuade him that he cannot stoop to an humble avocation, for that pride springs from false modesty, and that false modesty from the most egregious ignorance. Every man is respectable, be his profession what it may, so long as he preserves his character inviolate; or in other words, free from reproach. If there are any people who have reason to complain, they are certainly the poets; for, with a few exceptions, they die miserably poor. Historians tell us, that the great Homer was a beggar in the streets of Athens. I have often thought that the man who procures an honest livelihood, though in the most humiliating manner, is far superior in point of merit, to the splendid monarch, dying with imaginary grief, upon the couch of indolence. Nature is never tired or wearied in her grand operations; but is constantly at work to repair the ravages of time and decay, while man, frail man, on the contrary, languishes under an imaginary evil, which a little energy of intellect, and exertion of body, might easily eradicate. He should never allow his mind to dwell upon those Utopian visions: for we are told, in the Heathen Mythology, that Narcissus, a very beautiful youth, the son of Cephus and Eriope, fell in love with his own shadow in the water, and grieved so much to embrace it that he pined away into a daffodil.

This species of grief, arising from indolence, is a common malady among fools; but it is rarely the companion of a wise man; because when he is de-

barred from the cheerfulness originating from muscular exertion, he puts his intellectual wheels in motion, which never fail to repay the mind threefold in knowledge, virtue and happiness. It is absolute fallacy for a man to complain of evils which he cannot point out; and would the laws of free-agency admit of it, he would derive a benefit from being chained to a galley, by which means he would very probably be dipt in the river Lethe, and forget his chimerical miseries. I have read of a man, who was distracted with the gout, attended by its companion *ennui*, brought on by luxury and idleness, and instead of applying to labour, to relieve his distress, he embraced an opportunity of going as a passenger to sea. Whilst he was endeavouring to enjoy himself on the ocean, he fell into the hands of the Turks, who did not fail to treat him with that usual liberality of hard labour which is characteristic of their tenderness, and which did not fail to return the gentleman back to his native country perfectly safe and sound, both in body and mind.—It is folly for a man to seek after happiness where discretion forbids; for we are told that Prometheus, the legislator of the Egyptians, committed the sacrilegious act of stealing fire from heaven, in punishment for which, the Gods decreed him to be chained upon the summit of Mount Caucasus, exempt from death, where vultures should eternally tear his liver. Thus it is with him who goes contrary to the dictates of reason; for instead of finding that relief which he foolishly seeks after, he plunges himself into a wider labyrinth of misery and despair. Orestes, it is said, very often complained of the miserable depression of his mind; and being overheard one day by a friend, that friend exhorted him to arouse himself from his mental lethargy, and spend his time in some useful employment. Orestes heard him with a sigh, and replied,—"Since there is no better method of being revenged on time, which destroys every thing, I am determined to let it pass in doing nothing." This speech was degrading to human nature, and such a man was unworthy the advice of a friend.

Every species of grief should be avoided; and in avoiding them every latent power of the mind should be called into action; and so far from transforming the mind into a theatre of pantomimic despair, it should be the Olympic one of athletic and gymnastic exercises, where all the philosophers, poets, sculptors, painters, musicians and gladiators should be invited. Fly from wretchedness, and it will not long pursue; but when the mind relinquishes all hope of a return of peace, then grief triumphs in her cloudy car, and builds her ebony throne on the former seat of vivacity and cheerfulness. It is a melancholy reflection that some minds of the most extraordinary magnitude, have been predisposed to the tumultuous pangs of grief; and among that number we find the names of the chaste and sublime poets, Cowper and Collins. Pity has long since dropped her cold tear upon the green hills where they sleep in peace, which they knew not scarcely at intervals while living; and memory has paid the tribute of gratitude to their remembrance, by irradiating their characters with the trophies of fame, which their depression of mind seldom permitted them to enjoy while living. Grief, in some instances, cannot be avoided; but at all times we should consult reason and propriety as early as possible; for it is a passion which gains strength by continuance, and fatality by indulgence. Plautius, from gazing on the dead body of his wife, is said to have become frantic; and throwing himself on the corse, he expired immediately. We are informed that the Dutchess of Burgundy, the wife of the grandson of Lewis XIV. and a princess of the house of Savoy, informed her husband that she had not long to live, and desired to know what lady he would choose for his second wife. "I hope," said the duke, "that God will never inflict so severe a punishment on me, as to deprive me of you; but, should I experience such a misfortune, I should not, most certainly, think of taking a second wife, since, being unable to support your death, I should follow you in less than a week." The presentiment was correct, for in seven days after the death of the dutchess, the duke died of grief. Grief is like the dreadful disease which appears gradually, but which never fails, when indulged, to ruin the constitution, and even to destroy life itself.

MILFORD BARD.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1827.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR.

Every week explains some of the mysterious and dastardly acts of the host of villains who, for the last five months, have thrown out the seeds of discord, and revelled with a feverish fanatical excitement. That mystery should overhang mysterious things, is not at all wonderful; but that manœuvres professedly the offspring of the nicest regard for the public safety, should eventually prove to have taken their origin from the most corrupt and villainous designs of interest, malignity and spleen, is a circumstance too singular in nature to be placed among the common occurrences of the day. Men born in the first circles, endowed with competent judgment and cultivated reason, have forgotten their obligations to society, hoodwinked the public with canting hypocrisy, and disgraced humanity by the basest acts. It was hoped that the members of the Lewiston Convention would confine themselves to a relation of the truth; it was hoped that they would not enter the lists as colleagues to the common daubers and interested scoundrels who seem to have staked their souls upon the issue of this affair; but these hopes have been disappointed—these men have penned the most merciless falsehoods, and under the shallow pretence that these falsehoods constituted confidential communications, pushed them upon the public notice to serve purposes which they dare not advocate in their official capacity. This convention entered deliberately upon its labours, it deliberately pursued its mechanical mummery, and it has deliberately trifled with the public credulity and the public patience. Its members have made the boldest assertions and offered them no other support than mere declamation. They have declared that they were possessed of information which rendered the fate of Morgan obvious; yet weeks have passed away, and they have did nothing more, in their official character, than make an unseemly general declaration. In short, their silence proves either that they have been egregiously imposed upon, or that their mighty pretensions to deep and laborious research are without foundation. The conclusion is natural, that they have made this subject a hobby upon which to ride into notice; and that they know nothing at all upon the subject with which they pretend to be so intimately conversant.

We give below two letters; one is from F. F. Backus, of Rochester, to Mr. Chapin, of Buffalo, and the other, Mr. Chapin's answer. The quibbling attitude assumed by Mr. Backus, is cowardly and dishonourable,—it is as mean as his attack was infamous. Mr. Backus harrowed up the soul of the widow, and threatened the character of her helpless offspring; and his cold evasive language, denotes a want of gentlemanly candour. While speaking of Mr. Backus, it may not be amiss to observe that the letter from him which was alluded to by the card of Mr. Chapin, published in our last, has, by piecemeal, been proved to be totally false. Among other things, he asserted that when the convention arrived at Lewiston, the "fraternity was in a terrible stew." This assertion is a silly attempt at pleasantry, upon a subject which was considered of vital importance to the community; and displays more cunning than wisdom. In good sooth, this

gentleman's famous epistle appears to be nothing else than a sorry collection of falsehoods.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 20th, 1827.

"Sir—I received yours of the 15th this evening. You requested me to answer it immediately. As to my promulgating a report that 'a man named Chapin, of Buffalo, confessed upon his death bed that he had assisted in the execution of Morgan,' it is false. Last Wednesday, for the first time, I heard a report that a man by that name at Buffalo had made some disclosures to his physician previous to his death relative to the Morgan affair; but what they were I was not told. Sometime in the course of the day, I saw Mr. Fitch, of Batavia—inquired of him; he said he had never heard any thing of the kind. I then was satisfied that it was a fabrication, and have said nothing on the subject since, only that it was a fabrication. You further observe that you have seen a letter said to have been written by me in our Daily Advertiser, in which I mention a Mr. C. of Buffalo, as being an actor in the scene, &c. and that he is since dead. On my return from Lewiston, I wrote a line hastily, late in the evening, to Col Norton, at Albany, stating to him a brief outline of some of the discoveries of the Committee. This letter was of course a private one, and I knew nothing of its publication until I saw it in an Albany newspaper. But you observe I state it as information related by the Dr. of whom I there speak. Your informant whom I know, is therefore mistaken as to the first charge—and as to that contained in the published letter, my author is probably known to you.

I regret extremely to have wounded the feelings of any man by any thing that should have fallen from my pen—and probably can but faintly appreciate your feelings; but hope this explanation will be satisfactory. If not, I ever stand ready to communicate further.

F. F. BACKUS

G. CHAPIN, Esq. Buffalo.

The following letter of Dr. Chapin, in reply to the above, precludes the necessity of any further remarks.

BUFFALO, Feb. 25th, 1827.

Sir—In the absence of my nephew, I have opened your letter to him, of the 20th inst. which is in reply to one written you by him, requesting you to inform him from whom you derived the information to which you have given publicity, that **SERENUS CHAPIN**, deceased, was concerned in the alleged murder of William Morgan. You was requested to state explicitly the name of the author of this most wicked slander. This you have evaded—and you must allow me to say, sir, that the wound you have inflicted, requires a different mollifier than the one proffered by you. As I was the father-in-law of Mr. C. to whom you alluded, can you for a moment conceive that I can, or shall, look tamely on and see my daughter's feelings torn by so cruel an outrage; and at a time too, when they were sufficiently lacerated by her severe afflictions, without the aid of base and infamous slanders, to extinguish every vestige of hope and comfort? Neither shall I sit and quietly see her innocent babes, just expanding into life, laying under the infamy and disgrace of the imputation, that the foul crime of murder is suspended over the grave of their deceased father. Can any one be so base, and so divested of all feeling, as to shrink from such infamous slander?

Although you might have been heated in your imaginations, and your misguided zeal might have carried you far beyond the bounds of reason, still I am at a loss to conjecture what malignant fiend could have entered your brain and induced you to endeavour to fix the stain of guilt and infamy on the innocent—and one too, whom the silence of the grave deprives of the privilege of repelling the foul calumny; when by so doing, you must have been sensible that the only effect would be to wring the hearts of surviving relations.

Now, Sir, if your only motives had been to investigate truth, you would not have turned aside from the track and been guilty of spreading abroad this slanderous report. Was it not more your intention to create an excitement than to promote inquiry and investigate truth? Had you been the gentleman I expected you was, you would have unhesitatingly answered who your informant was.

Now, Sir, as you have given publicity to so wicked a slander, depend upon it, you shall not be suffered to shield yourself by saying you wrote confidentially to Col. Norton, without any expectation that your letter would be published. In the first place, I have some regard to Col. Norton's good or bad opinion. And in the second place, as you have been the cause of giving publicity to this most wicked and vile slander, you must and shall answer me who your informant was: and disclose to me the grounds you had to put in circulation such a false and wicked report: otherwise measures will be taken in this business, of a decisive and unequivocal character.

Your reply to this is expected.

DR. F. F. BACKUS.

CYRENIUS CHAPIN.

The following proceedings will explain the sentiments of particular portions of the masonic fraternity, upon this subject.

The committee appointed by Cyrus Royal Arch Chapter, No. 57, at their last communication, on the 23d ult. to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of this chapter in relation to the affair of Capt. William Morgan, respectfully beg leave to report:

That inasmuch as the several chapters in this state, by their representatives, at the last annual communication of this State Grand Chapter, on the 10th inst. have fully expressed the sentiments of the

masonic fraternity on this subject, any further notice on the part of subordinate chapters, might by some be deemed unnecessary. Yet in obedience to the wishes of this Chapter, and as expressive of its views, your committee would submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the many censures heaped upon the masonic order, by the uninitiated; and the sweeping denunciations of certain public prints are deemed ungenerous and unfounded, and owe their origin to say the least, to the hostile prejudices of those who "speak evil of things they know not."

Resolved, That the charging the Grand Chapter of this state, and freemasons generally, with the alleged misdemeanours of a few individuals does not "excite our special wonder," as the inference is no less usual than illiberal, that because a Peter and a Judas have unfortunately gained admission within the walls of the masonic temple, therefore all its inmates are unworthy, and the temple itself is an unhallowed structure.

Resolved, That while we are convinced that all the shafts of malice and prejudice levelled against our institution, will spend their force in vain, yet we deem it due to the ingenuous part of community, to make an explicit disavowal of any right in masonic bodies, to exercise any discretionary power in punishing persons for any pretended crimes whatever; and as masons, who are bound in the most solemn manner to respect the laws of their country, and the rights and liberties of their fellow citizens, we feel it a duty to express our pointed disapprobation of the conduct of all concerned in the abduction of the said William Morgan.

I. M. SCHERMERHORN,
GILES F. YATES,
MILO SMITH,

Committee.

Schenectady, Feb. 24th, 1827.

At a meeting of the members of Charity Lodge, held at the Lodge Room, in Danby, Tompkins co. on the 19th ult. the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas the public mind appears to be under the influence of an almost unparalleled excitement, in consequence of the sudden and mysterious disappearing of one William Morgan, from Batavia, in this state, in September last; and whereas it is publicly asserted that those who were concerned in that transaction were Freemasons; and whereas Freemasons, as a body, have been charged with conniving at those unlawful proceedings:

Resolved, therefore, That we disclaim any knowledge or participation in that transaction, either as masons or as citizens; and that this Lodge disapprove of the proceedings of those persons who were concerned in that transaction, whoever they may have been; and that we consider it to be an outrage upon personal liberty, and a flagrant violation of the laws of the land.

Resolved, That we will co-operate with our fellow citizens, in all lawful efforts, to bring the facts pertaining to this mysterious affair to light.

Resolved, That we consider the resolutions that have been passed at certain public meetings in this and other counties, charging the masonic institution with conniving at the outrages committed on the person of Morgan, as manifesting a spirit and temper unbecoming the enlightened age in which we live.

ASHBEL PATTERSON, Master.

S. CANFIELD, Secretary.

THE GREEKS.

We are happy in the knowledge that the sufferings of the Greeks have attracted the notice of the legislature of this state. It is a source of gratification to know that cold-blooded policy has in this instance been met and conquered by the generous feelings of a free people. Sympathy for the Greeks is active, throughout the country; and the probability is, that these unfortunate christians will ultimately and speedily be possessed of their natural rights.

DESULTORY MUSINGS.

It is a fact, well established, that the wonderful machinery of the soul is in continual operation: its effects may elude the grasp of a listless memory, and escape the notice of a sluggish consciousness; but its action never ceases, till the vital spark surrenders its authority over the corporeal system. The body, being naturally inert, can act only upon the command of the mind; but the mind itself, whose component parts are its effects, and the only proofs of whose existence are its operations, abhors inactivity. It is a self-evident truth, that God is the author of the soul; hence, we have no reason to believe that its evil propensities are more powerful than its good qualities; if they were, the boasted intelligence of man would be a curse, rather than a blessing. Since, then, the mind is in continual operation, and has greater affinity to good than evil, the conclusion is natural, that it is at all times pursuing a train of noble thought. This conclusion, however, is very exceptionable, as daily experience demonstrates; and these exceptions engender a belief that the affections of the soul are equilibrated between good and evil. If, then, the power to direct the operations of the soul rests with particular faculties, and if those faculties are by nature inclined to the better side and yet easily blinded and cheated of their prerogative, it is a matter of the utmost importance that they should be properly cultivated, and taught to guard against hostile feelings. Thinking is a labour which the mind performs by virtue of its inclinations as well as its powers; but if the faculties whose business it is to direct the thoughts into a proper channel, neglect this duty and permit them to stray into the paths of error and pettiness; we must expect from their desultory nature, an unjust imbecile maturity.

He that is of a star-gazing propensity is heir to many pleasures as well as many follies. He is exactly the reverse of Mr. Fairfield's idea of hope, which,

Throned in heaven, doth ever rest on earth.

The star-gazer is throned on earth and doth ever rest in heaven.

Intemperance and profanity are the most prominent vices that "humanity is heir to." The latter is inferior to the former only in its immediate influence over the temporal welfare of its votaries: their debasing effects upon the intellect, are nearly, if not quite, equal. Weak and uncultivated minds are apt to consider profane volubility, surpassingly dignifying; hence comes the observation from the simpleton in the play—

I would rather than an hundred pounds that I could swear like that gentleman.

"POPULAR SENTIMENT."

At a very interesting meeting of some of the fools in the town of Ulysses, Tompkins county, "in the great and patriotic state of New York," the following all-to-nothing-crushing resolutions were brought forth amid the groans of the multitude:

Resolved, That the conduct of the editors of the Albany Escritoire, the Boston Mirror, and their humble copyists, in relation to the abduction and murder of William Morgan, betrays a total destitution of honesty and moral feeling, and merits the unqualified contempt of every good citizen.

Resolved, That the manly and honourable course pursued by Solomon Southwick, Esq. editor of the Albany Observer, with respect to the above outrages, evinces a character, superior to the paltry arts of fraud and deception, and eminently entitles him to the thanks of the community."

Since the above was put in type, we accidentally

cast our eyes upon the following resolution, which is said to be the joint production of a few hair-brained enthusiasts, who stumbled together in the town of Covert, county of Seneca, and state aforesaid, on the 23d ultimo. This meeting puffed David C. Miller and Solomon Southwick;—Miller is considered the best fellow. In speaking of Mr. Southwick it is observed that he is a mason—such is not the case.

Resolved, That we consider the Albany Escritoire, Boston Mirror, and Ithaca Journal, and all editors which have copied their falsehoods, and all other editors which have omitted to publish the outrages which relate to Morgan, to be in a good degree indirectly accessory to all the vile transactions, and deserving the just contempt of good citizens."

Perhaps we may offer a few remarks upon the above resolutions in our next; for the present, we have devoted too much attention to the Morgan affair. We will now merely observe, that the malignancy of fanatics and disappointed politicians will not weaken our endeavours to unmask hypocrisy and villany, whenever they become so conspicuous as to attract our notice.

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.**THE DUKE OF YORK.**

The New-York papers of Wednesday state that the Duke of York died at London on the 5th of January. The Lying in State was to commence in the new State Room, in St. James' Palace on the 18th, and to continue two days. The funeral was to take place on Saturday, January 20th, and would move in procession from St. James' Palace to the Castle at Windsor, without stopping. All the military which could be spared from duty, were to be called into requisition. The yeomanry corps are called upon to volunteer. Minute guns are to be fired, and all the church bells in London and in the country, to toll throughout the day. The body to be placed on an elegant hearse drawn by eight of the King's black horses. Orders have been given for all batteries, where there are no ships, to fire 60 minute guns before sunset on the 20th inst. the day appointed for the funeral. If there are any ships, only 30 guns are to be fired. Any man-of-war lying alone in port, must fire 60 guns before sunset, on the day mentioned, but squadrons are to fire 30 each. The Duke of York was in the 64th year of his age.

According to an estimate in a Massachusetts paper, the whole depth of snow which has fallen during the present winter is sixty-one inches.—The Ohio river had risen twenty-five feet in Cincinnati on the 6th inst. and was still rising fast. Much ice had passed down; and a snow which had recently fallen made it probable that the flood would be unusually high. A steamboat from Pittsburgh had arrived, which reported that the Allegany and Monongahela rivers had broken up.—In the course of a debate, in the senate of Pennsylvania, relative to laying out roads, General Ogle stated that "he had known a case where an application had been made to the court for a view of a road, and one of the judges descended from his seat, and kicked the applicant out of the house!"—In the county of Barnstable, Mass the vats in which salt is manufactured, are said to cover, in all, fifteen millions of square feet, and to be worth, at a fair estimate, \$1,300,000. The salt manufactured in them amounts to about 450,000 bushels. The senate of the United States have agreed to reduce the duty on foreign salt to fifteen per cent. till Dec. 1823, and after that to ten per cent. Memorials against the bill in the House, have been forwarded from Barnstable, as it would discourage their branch of manufactures, and cause a total loss of the capital they have invested in it.—In the village of Fall River, a short time since, about twenty-five young men formed themselves as a society for the purpose of improvement by debates; of that number, says the Fall River Monitor, twenty-one, we are informed, have entered the bands of Hymen, in about a year past.—The following curious circumstance happened at Illogan, in Cornwall, Eng. A poor man of the name of Blight had twelve geese and a gander, which were fattening for sale at

Redruth fair on Thursday. He saw them on Monday evening; they were in prime condition, and in the pride of his heart he was calculating the handsome sum he should receive for them. Alas! little did he imagine that he was then bestowing his last "look of love." When he went to revisit their domicile on the morning, the geese were gone:

"Gone!—like traces from the deep—
Gone!—like spectres grasped in sleep."

He stood like one bewildered—recalled the remembrance of their beauty and their fatness, and the still more touching recollection of the grains he had given them—and again gazed on the happy spot where he had last beheld them, but "they were not," and nothing was before him but the blackness of desolation! And as one living thing in a solitude makes it yet more gloomy, so was the misery of the scene heightened by the presence of the solitary, bereaved gander, around whose neck was fastened a small bag, in which the owner found a shilling, and a slip of paper, containing, not a pound note, but the following exquisite stanza:—

Mr. Blight, Mr. Blight,
We wish you good night,
For we cannot stay any longer;
We have bought all your geese
At a penny a-piece,
And left the amount with the gander.

—Peter Rickart and his wife have petitioned the legislature of this state for leave to live together again. They were married nineteen years since—immediately separated—and have lived asunder ever since. The legislature was of opinion no leave was necessary—they could live together as soon as they pleased.—A Gibraltar paper states that the Bey of Tunis has established powder manufactories, and has prohibited further importations of that article.—The total value of the ship Beverly and cargo, of Boston, recently lost at sea, is \$117,710 14. The portion owned by Mr. I. Thorndike, including the value of the ship, is \$94,163 31.—At a recent entertainment given to Sir Walter Scott, his majesty is reported to have requested the worthy Baronet to write the History of the Reign of George the Third; adding the assurance of free access to all the papers and documents in the Royal Archives. Sir Walter is said to have declined the honour; stating at the same time, his utter inability to do justice to the subject.—In all the German States there are twenty-two universities, with 1,055 professors and 15,746 students. The greatest number belonging to any one of them is 1683, at Vienna; the smallest 201 at Rostock. The population of Germany is 36,000,000; Catholic Germany has 19,000,000, and only six universities; the Protestant States contain 17,000,000 and have sixteen universities.—The cost of the inland transportation from Boston to the towns on the Connecticut river is at the rate of \$26 a ton. It is calculated that by a rail road the cost of a ton would be \$1 50, exclusive of tolls.—It is estimated that \$150,000 worth of wool has been transported within the last year, eastward from Pittsburgh, Steubenville and Wheeling, Pa. A few years since, when the Steubenville factory was established, wool enough to keep it in operation could not be obtained west of the mountains. The produce of a flock, owned by Mr. Spring, near Wheeling, was sold for \$2,400.—A corner's inquest was held in Canada on the body of a vagrant who died in the House of Correction. The jury returned for verdict that the deceased perished from misery, cold, and want of clothing, in said House.—In Centreville, Indiana, Pork sells, for cash, at \$1 25 per cwt.—The Providence Journal mentions that a quarry of slate stone, such as is used for covering roofs of buildings, has been lately discovered near the coal mine on Rhode Island. The quantity is inexhaustible, and can be got from the quarry at a small expense, and of any size less than three or four feet square. It is said to be very tough, and the plates are about a quarter of an inch of thickness.—The Greek frigate Hellas, arrived at Malta Nov. 20th, in thirty-two days from New-York; took on board thirty-nine Greek prisoners, (who had been detained on suspicion of being pirates,) and sailed Dec. 1st for Napoli. On entering the harbour of Malta the Hellas hoisted the Greek flag and fired a salute, which was returned from the forte.—During the last year there were built in the port of New-York—twenty-three ships, three brigs, forty-nine schooners, sixty-eight sloops, twelve steamboats, fifteen towboats, and nineteen canal-boats, making 29,137 tons.—Pins are now made at one operation in France—the head and body being of one piece. We hope the French have not got the machine of Mr. Morse, of Boston, which used to make similar pins with great rapidity on the turning of a crank: and yet it failed for want of a protecting duty.—The Indians near the Rocky Mountains west of the Missouri, are said to have from ten to twelve white persons, whom they hold as prisoners. \$1000 was some time since offered for the recovery of a Mr. Adams supposed to have been taken by them.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

INGRATITUDE.

I've felt the storms of passion blow
Upon my hapless head,
And many a tear of wasting wee
Hath dew'd my nightly bed.

Fell Envy oft hath caused the smart
Of poignant pangs combined;
Yea, plunged into my helpless heart
The dagger of the mind.

And Slander, too, dark fiend of hell,
The scorpion of the soul,
Hath joy'd to view my bosom swell,
My eyes in anguish roll.

I once had friends—but where are they?
The winds around them rave;
Alas! from life they pass'd away—
Go ask the gloomy grave,

Ay, ask my own yet youthful years,
Cheeks perishing and pale,
And many a tide of tender tears
Shall tell the piteous tale.

But ah, the many, many woes,
That wring my youthful heart,
Can ne'er the thousand thrilling throes
Unto my breast impart:

That flow from one ungenerous soul
To faith and feeling dead;
They far, yea, far surpass the whole
That beat upon my head.

And shall I tell the baleful name
Which feeling doth exclude?
O, 'tis to man a matchless shame,
'Tis dark INGRATITUDE.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO A****.

There was a beauty on thy youthful cheek
That moved the envy or delight of all;
But Time the tyrant came, and blew the bleak
Mildews of care upon it:—and his call
Brought from the depths of apathy a spell,
Whose gloomy influence none but thou canst tell.

And were there none of all thy many lovers
Whose heart took hold of thine?—Could not even one
Awake the blush which flattering love discovers?
Or didst thou deem it best to stand alone
Against the storm incessant strife hath hurled
On the devoted tenants of this world?

Thy cheek is changed,—thy flower of hope is faded,—
Thy flatterers have grown dumb,—but thou art free
From envious tongues; and though thy cheek is shaded
By cold neglect, I fain would be like thee,—

Calm, passionless, unenvied, and untorn
By the regrets this bleeding breast hath borne.

Feb. 27.

G.

THE BRAGG AND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Dark chieftain of the heath and height!
Wild feaster on the hills by night!
Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow,
Flung back by glancing spears below?
Now for one strife of stern despair!
The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood,
Hath risen from rock and lonely wood,
And in whose dreams a moan should be,
Not of the water, nor the tree;
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,
Yet thou shalt not forsaken die.

There's one, that pale beside thee stands,
More true than all thy mountain bands!
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,
When the balls whistle round thy head;
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye,
No longer may to her's reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her soul and face;
And many a thought, a fitting guest,

Of woman's meek religious breast,
Hath perished, in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall,
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast,
Of lovely ones to be the last;
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And, oh! not wholly lost the heart,
Where that undying love hath part;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong;
Yet may its depths by heaven be stirred,
Its prayer for thee be pour'd and heard.

From the Monthly Magazine, for January.

THE PALM TREE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Has his heart forgot, so far away,
Those native scenes—those rocks and torrents gray;
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze;
The shores—the sound of those encircling seas
Heard from his infant days—and the piled heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep. [Bowie.]

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze,
In some green isle of India seas;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm tree grew,
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's drooping gold
Uprose the stem of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange looked it there!—the willows streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed;
The lime-bough lured the honey bee
To murmur by the Desert's tree;
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade,

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers;
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song:
He was a youth of dusky mein,
Whom on the Indian sun had been;
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms;
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him, it rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-waves moan!

His mother's cabin-home that lay
Where feathery cœnas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar;
The conch's wild note along the shore;—
All, through his waking bosom swept;
He clasped his country's tree and wept.*

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby
The patriot virds himself to die—
Th' unconquerable power which fills
The freeman, battling on his hills—
These have one fountain, deep and clear,—
The same whence gushed that child-like tear!

* This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of "Le Jardins."

THE HUMOURIST.

FALSE EMPHASIS.

A writer on English grammar gives the following example of wrong emphasis:—A clergyman on reading the 27th verse of the 18th chapter of 1st Kings, generally placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics—And he spake to his sons, saying, saddle me the ass. And they saddled him!

A gentleman having built him a house wanted some place to put the rubbish. He asked his paddy what he should do with it. Why dig a hole and bury it up, was the reply. What shall I do with the dirt, asked the gentleman. By my soul, said the paddy, then dig a hole large enough for both.

A negro had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the very sight of him. After exercising a variety of tyrannical acts among his slaves, the tyrant at last died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his master behaved; "I suppose he is a chip of the old block."—"No, no," says the negro, "Massa be all block himself."

Mr. H***, the professor of Chemistry in Dublin, who was more remarkable for the clearness of his intellect than the purity of his eloquence, adverted, in one of his lectures, to the celebrated Dr. Boyle, of whose talents he spoke with the highest veneration, and thus concluded his eulogy:—"he was a great man," said the professor, "a very great man. He was the father of chemistry, gentlemen, and brother to the Earl of Cork."

A Biblepole of some eminence was once asked if he had a copy of *Cæsar's Commentaries*? I am sorry I have not, said he, but I have got *Blackstone's*.

An aged pair, in the highlands of Scotland, of the name of Grant, were sitting one morning in their cottage. The gude man was crooning a portion of Scripture in the good, old, singsong way, to the auld wife, who sat perched upon her stool, an attentive auditor. He came to that passage in Genesis, which runs—"There were giants in the earth in those days"—and his dim eye mistaking the *i* for an *r*, he read "There were Grants in those days!" He paused in complacency at this testimonial of family antiquity, while the auld woman exclaimed, "Ah, was there Grants so far back as that?" "Oh yes," replied he, "we're an auld race."

THE RIGHT OF DISCOVERY.

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter said, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" replied the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer," said Foote.

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1827.

[No. 6.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita. [Juv. Sat.]

BR. W. C. WATSON'S ORATION.

[Concluded from page 34.]

Its mighty charities, its universal benevolence, its fundamental truths, are sanctioned by the first attributes of our religion. Its mighty spirit of philanthropy passes with gigantic strides, over the whole structure of society. The barriers of empires are subverted in its march. The predilections of national partialities, the bias of local prejudices, the feuds of domestic faction, and the rancour of individual animosities, wither before its omnipotent influence. A sacred and indissoluble bond of fraternity unites masons, in one universal family. Children of a common father, participants of common bounties, aspirants after the same happiness, and associated for purposes too stupendous and holy to recognize the arbitrary distinctions of language and denunciation, masons afford an illustration of that beautiful theory of our religion, which pronounces all men members of the same family, and children of the same Almighty Father. The beneficence of masonry knows no discrimination of name or rank; wherever adversity has wounded, its balm extends. Its voice is heard above the tumults of war; in the whirlwind of battle it arrests the arm of death and teaches man no more his brother man to slay. I cannot refrain from noticing an anecdote well authenticated which recently has fallen under my observation. It forcibly illustrates the potency of those principles, which controul even the ferocity of savage nature, and in the wildest storms of passion recall man to virtue—to himself. During the late war, at a period when our western frontier was desolated by savage barbarity, when the tomahawk gleamed from every thicket and carried death into every hamlet, an American officer, wounded weaponless, was overtaken in pursuit by an Indian warrior, intoxicated by victory, reeking in blood, and breathing vengeance and slaughter. The tomahawk already trembled over its victim—when haply, the idea occurred that many of the savage chieftains had been initiated in our solemn mysteries—he presented that mystic symbol, which, unutterable to the world, speaks in a voice of thunder heartfelt to the mason.—The weapon of death fell from the nerveless grasp of the ferocious Tecumseh (for it was that mighty warrior) the tear of masonic love gushed from his eye,—he sprang to the bosom of the wounded man—pressed him to his heart and called him brother. Away with the idle denunciation that pronounces masonry discordant to the religion of my God. Away with the sneering sarcasm that demands its practical efficacy. A fact like this redeems the system from whole ages of calumny.

The apologists and disciples of despotism, would justify the proscription and persecution which have characterized the history of our institution, by urging that the purposes of masonry are political, that it tends to the subversion of regal power and human government. Those who are most familiar with the genius of masonry know how utterly incompatible the feuds of faction, and the excitements of political conflicts are with the first principles of its system. The indulgence of passions which tend to destroy a harmony of sentiment, and the bond of fraternal affection, would strike at the roots of our institution. When despotism urges these imputations upon us, she seems to have forgotten the venerable antiquity of masonry. She seems to have forgotten that the acacia has flourished, not only upon the ruins of the cabals and factions which have agitated the world, but on the graves of the empires whose destinies they allege we would have controuled. All combinations of men calculated to subserve political purposes, must from the very nature of their constitution, decay when the objects which engendered them are consummated or defeat-

ed. They are as ephemeral as the passions or the interests that brought them into existence. This position is equally warranted by the suggestions of common sense, as it is an established axiom of political wisdom. How preposterous then the idea is presented that supposes principles, which seem to career above the elements of human passion and are unaffected by the revolutions of human power could descend to participate in the groveling interests and degrading contests of political rivalries. But the whole history of this institution, affords a tissue of triumphant refutation of these calumnies. Political tests in no age have constituted a criterion of masonic virtue or morality. The portals of masonry open to men of every political cast, and every christian denomination. The sovereign and the subject, the peasant and the noble, the freeman and the slave of despotism, the priest and the layman, the catholic and the protestant, are alike the disciples of its principles, are equally endowed with its prerogatives, and together partake of its bounties.

That individuals have conspired under the fallacious pretences of masonic combinations, not merely to prostrate the government of their country, but to subvert the religion of their God, and bury beneath their ruins all the principles of well organized society and social virtue, and have succeeded in deceiving the world by their pretensions, it is idle to deny. The obscene orgies, the deadly purposes and unhallowed machinations of the illuminati of Europe, are as opposite to the spirit of masonry, as they are abhorrent to every thing that is august, venerable and sacred in human institutions. To identify masonry with these monstrous excrescences upon society, would reveal a spirit that could denounce the religion of Calvary, because some of its disciples and priesthood may have perverted the holy functions of their offices. To disclaim the sublime principles of masonry, because the German illuminati have contaminated Europe, would be as absurd as to cast from us the antidote of disease, because it may have been appropriated to the purposes of murder and suicide.

When I pronounce masonry in its very genius abstracted from political influence, I allude to the immediate and ostensible power it has been contended it exercises upon the destiny of nations. Like the force of preeminent intelligence or transcendent genius, it exerts a powerful, moral influence, by the irradiation it sheds upon the minds of men, by the extension of the empire of the intellect it promotes, and the august truths it reveals. Masonry discloses man in the moral nakedness of his nature, she penetrates the gauze that the distinctions of society have thrown around him, and she recognizes no pretensions, but those of virtue and morality. At the portals of her sanctuary wealth and grandeur are stripped of their pomp and parade, the robe of power falls from official rank, the diadem of the monarch is laid aside, "episcopacy is stripped of her mitre," all men stand upon the LEVEL of equal rights and equal power. The sovereign removed from the glare of dominion lessens to contemplate the fallacy of ambition, and the frivolity of human empire. He is taught to reverence the rights of those who are equal to himself, by the laws of God and the ordinances of nature. The subject, while he is taught the veneration due to majesty and to law, beholds the monarch cast in the same mortal mould, and endowed with the passions and frailties of himself. He here learns to appreciate the dignity of his nature, and the sanctity of his rights.

In this era of refinement, of intelligence, and of christian influence, it seems paradoxical, that the humble institution we this day commemorate, should be pursued by the same unrelenting proscription that has characterized the gloomiest ages. The extended principles of its system, and the illumination they diffuse, appear to be repugnant to the atrocious policy of that crowned conspiracy, whose influence broods like an incubus upon the body

politic of continental Europe. In darkened and degenerate Spain and Italy, religious bigotry and political fanaticism, have opened the flood gates of the wildest persecution. The Autocrat of Russia assuming the attitude of a benefactor, has endeavored, under the specious pretence of patronage, to crush the system of masonry in his grasp. The arm of arbitrary power, has suppressed our lodges; our brethren have alienated from their altars, and their fire side; the sanctuaries of our order have been violated. The arbiter of Europe may controul its destiny, thrones may crumble before his colossal power, dynasties may wither beneath his frown, he may subdue the physical energies of mankind by physical force, but thanks be to Heaven, the dominion of the mind can be usurped by no human sceptre; the intellect and the conscience of man burst the trammels of earthly thralldom, and triumph over the power of earthly despotism. These constitute the empires of masonry. The despots of Europe may annihilate our visible altars; but where a mason survives, a living altar will be erected in the heart. They may preclude us from our sacred asylums, but in defiance of human majesty the sequestered wood, the desert cave, and the mountain cell, will re-echo the mason's anthem, and witness the solemnity of his rites. As well may despotism attempt to arrest the meteor's flight or quench the great luminary of Heaven; as well may human power attempt to extinguish the spark of immortality, as to endeavor to crush a spirit, so intimately blended and deep rooted in the best sensibilities of the heart; so admirable in its purposes, so omnipotent in its influence, and so universal in its extent. Masonry in all its tangible attributes may be annihilated, the animal may be destroyed. But

"They never fall who die in a good cause—
"The block may soak their blood—
"Their heads may soder in the sun—
"Their limbs be strung to city gates and castle walls—
"But still their spirits walk abroad."

Brethren, upon us the mantle of masonry has fallen, upon us is imposed the hallowed obligation, not only by our union and energy to shield it from the oppression of power; but by lives consistent with our pretensions to maintain its purity, and to vindicate it from the aspersions of the world. Let us remember the sublime debt we owe to each other; let us remember the fraternal solicitude which mutually watches over our lives, our fortunes and our reputation. Let us never forget to cherish a brother's name, to vindicate his fame from a censorious world, and to direct his erring steps to the temple of virtue and morality. Let us preserve the individual as well as corporate purity of our fraternity. It will then stand on the eminence where calumny cannot reach it. The waves of persecution will burst harmless at its base. Masonry, abstracted from the solemnity of its character, and the venerableness of its antiquity, will arrest the admiration of mankind. If the good and virtuous still doubt the efficiency of its moral influence, I will ask them to behold the stranger and sojourner, who was hungry and we fed him: naked, and we clothed him: who was friendless and we embraced him as a brother. I will ask them to accompany me to the home of affliction, I'll point to them the mighty power of masonic character, and will ask them to contemplate that stupendous philanthropy which elevates man above the repugnances of his nature, which can bring him to the bed of disease and contagion to administer to the sufferings, to smooth down the pillow, and to weep over the dissolution of those to whom he is bound by no endearment of social intercourse, no tie of consanguinity, and no sentiment of love or friendship. I will ask the sceptic to visit with me the hearth, desolated by the empire of death. I will point to him the desolation which is cheered; the widowed heart in whose wounds the balm of consolation is poured—to the orphan from whose cheek the tear of sorrow is wiped, and whose countenance beams with the joy-

ous smiles of reckless innocence. I will ask him to contemplate these scenes—when he has done so, I will triumphantly tell him, there are the works of masonic benevolence. And I will ask of him—ask, did I say—nay, I will demand of him his respect, his applause, and his reverence.

MASONIC CHARITY.

We have been gratified by a perusal of the Report of the Committee of the Windsor Lodge, No. 77 (Baltimore,) to which was assigned the duty of communicating with Lodges throughout the State of Maryland and elsewhere, on the subject of contributing to the American Colonization Society. It appears that the circular letter of the Committee has been widely circulated, and "the different Lodges, as far as known to the Committee, have, without a single exception, joined in its views; and where money could not be given, sent prayers and good wishes, to aid the great scheme of African Colonization on the principles of masonic benevolence. Mount Moriah Lodge of Hagerstown, appointed a Committee of its most distinguished members, which, in an able and lucid view of the subject, concurred with the Winder Lodge, and made a similar donation (\$20.) The Lodge at Princess Ann, without hesitation, gave the same sum, and sent a copy of the Resolution in making the donation. The Lodge at Georgetown, D. C. like Cumberland Lodge, could only send its good wishes, and its concurrence in the plan. Cassin Lodge, in Baltimore, gave thirty dollars. A distant Lodge in Pennsylvania, and another in Maine, have also generously contributed to the same object." The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, possessing a fund of fifty thousand dollars, have the subject under consideration, and it is hoped may appropriate liberally in its behalf. The concluding passage of the Report of the Committee, follows.

"But this is not all—the humble effort of Winder Lodge has moved more important councils than those which are usually assembled under the eye of the Master; and so far as approbation is reward, each member of the Lodge is paid by the unanimous vote of thanks which was passed to the masons, on motion of the Grand Chaplain of the District of Columbia, at the late anniversary meeting of the American Colonization Society. When the motion was made, it was seconded by a mason from New England,* who appeared there as speaking the sentiments of the fraternity in that part of the Union. He stated, that he and those around him had, at first, doubted the propriety of making the appropriation, which the Winder Lodge had done, to the novel purpose proposed. Doubt led to investigation, and the importance of the subject made this investigation severe. It resulted in a complete conviction of the propriety of the measure, and the brother from New England did honour both to himself and to the order, by the eloquence with which, before an audience consisting of members of both houses of Congress, and the representatives of nations at Washington, he advocated the plan first proposed in this Lodge, and supported the principles here first asserted.

If an air of pride pervades the report of the Committee, and any should be inclined to smile at the apparent arrogance of the assumptions here made, let it be remembered, that on our long list of principles we recognise neither pride nor arrogance, and that, therefore, to suppose them, would be uncharitable and unjust. The warm feelings of satisfaction must at times express themselves, even though they break through that frigid restraint which the fear of egotism imposes; and with the expression of satisfaction at having projected a great plan of benevolence none surely can find fault." [Af. Repos. —* Mr. Knapp, P. D. G. H. P.]

Grand Royal Arch Chapter of South Carolina.

Elected at a stated meeting in Charleston, on the 22d February, 1827:—M. E. James Eyland, Grand High Priest; M. E. John M'Kee, of Chesterville, Deputy Grand High Priest; M. E. Rufus Southworth, Grand King; M. E. Ed. S. Courtenay, Grand Scribe; M. E. Ed. Sebring, Grand Treasurer; M. E. Moses Holbrook, M. D. Grand Secretary; Rev. —* Grand Chaplain; M. E. John Barker, Grand Marshal; M. E. John Roche, Grand Sentinel.

* The election of Grand Chaplain was postponed until the next meeting.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment, Temple Royal Arch Chapter, Master's Lodge, Mount Vernon Lodge, Temple Lodge, Ineffable Lodge, Wadsworth Chapter, Rensselaer Lodge, Westerlo Fayette Lodge, Hiram Lodge, McDonough Lodge, Apollo Chapter, Apollo Lodge, St. George's Lodge, La Fayette Encampment, Hudson Chapter, Hudson Lodge, Solon Lodge, Coxsackie Chapter, Ark Lodge, Catskill Chapter, Catskill Lodge, Solomon's Chapter, Solomon's Lodge, Kingston Lodge, Rome Chapter, Danville Royal Arch Chapter, Danville Lodge, Auburn Chapter, Federal Chapter, Pen-Yan Chapter, Vernon Lodge,	Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Rensselaerville, Rensselaerville, Westerlo, Knox, Greenbush, Troy, Troy, Schenectady, Hudson, Hudson, Hudson, Athens, Coxsackie, Coxsackie, Catskill, Catskill, Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Rome, Danvilleville, Danvilleville, Auburn, Watertown, Pen-Yan, Pen-Yan,	2d Fri. e.m. 2&3 Tu. e.m. 1&3 M. e.m. 1&3 Th. e.m. 1&3 Tu. e.m. 1st Th. e.m. 1st M. e.m. W. pr. f.m. Tu. pr. f.m. 1&3 M. e.m. 2&4 Tu. e.m. 1st Tu. e.m. 1&3 M. e.m. 1st Fri. do. 2d Tues. do. 1st Mo. do. W. pr. f.m. Mon. af. f.m. Mon. pr. f.m. Mon. do. Thurs. do. Tu. af. f.m. Eve. off. m. Each full m. W. af. f.m. Fr. pr. f.m. Mon. do. Thurs. do. Wed. do. Thurs. do. Tues. do.
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SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

ON SOFTENING CAST IRON.

The subjoined is an extract from the Reports of Mr. Strickland, just published. The *Cumberland Red Ore* is, it appears, found in various parts of the Island of Great Britain; and there are undoubtedly, several varieties of iron ore in the United States, which will answer the same purpose. The *Cumberland ore* is probably an *argillaceous Oxide of Iron*. The *Ochery red Oxide of Iron*, [red ochre] is known to abound in many of the States, and is, probably, similar to that of Cumberland. The *Bog Ore*, so abundant in New Jersey, and in many other places, would be likely to answer the purpose, when not contaminated by phosphate of iron. Those who are interested in experimenting upon the subject, would do well to make the essay with the several varieties of ore which they can obtain, as the comparative goodness of each might then be ascertained, in a single operation. [Mechanics' Magazine.]

"There has been a method lately discovered, to make cast-metal soft and malleable; and there are already many large manufactories put up, for this very important process. I have visited one of them in London, and witnessed the operation. The method consists, in placing the cast-metal in a case or pot, along with and surrounded by a soft red ore, found in Cumberland, and other parts of England. The cases are then put into a common oven, built with fire-bricks, and without a chimney, where they are heated with coal or coke, placed upon a fire-grate. The doors of the oven are closed, and but a slight draft of air permitted under the grate; and thus a regular heat is kept up, for the space of seven days, or two weeks, depending on the thickness and weight of the castings. The cases are then taken out, and suffered to cool, and the hardest cast-metal is, by the operation, rendered so soft, and malleable, that it may be welded together, or when in a cold state, bent into almost any shape, by the hammer or vice. In this manner are all articles, such as harness-buckles, bridle-bits, horse-shoes, and even nails, made tough and malleable. Cast horse-shoes, submitted to this process, have, after being worn out by the action of the horses' feet, been converted into pen-knives, and other articles of cutlery, of a superior quality. I have procured a specimen of the red ore used in this valuable process, together with a few articles of the hardest cast-iron, which have been softened, and rendered perfectly malleable. Those castings, however, which are made from pig-iron, containing the smallest portion of carbon, are the best adapted for conversion into malleable iron; the only effect produced by the introduction of the red ore, along with the metal, is to deprive it of its carbon."

PROCESS OF HARDENING STEEL

Articles manufactured of steel for the purpose of cutting, are, almost without exception, hardened

from the anvil; in other words, they are taken from the forger to the hardener without undergoing any intermediate process; and such is the accustomed routine, that the mischief arising has escaped observation. The act of forging produces a strong scale or coating, which is spread over the whole of the blade; and to make the evil still more formidable, this scale or coating is unequal in substance, varying in proportion to the degree of heat communicated to the steel in forging; it is, partially, almost impenetrable to the action of water when immersed for the purpose of hardening. Hence it is that different degrees of hardness prevail in nearly every razor manufactured: this is evidently a positive defect; and so long as it continues to exist, great difference of temperature must exist likewise. Razor blades not unfrequently exhibit the fact here stated in a very striking manner;—what are termed clouds, or parts of unequal polish derive their origin from this cause; and clearly and distinctly, or rather *distinctly* though not *clearly*, show how far this partial coating has extended, and where the action of the water has been yielded to and where resisted. It certainly cannot be matter of astonishment that so few improvements have been made in the hardening of steel, when the evil here complained of so universally obtains, as almost to warrant the supposition that no attempt has ever been made to remove it. The remedy, however, is easy and simple in the extreme, and so evidently efficient in its application, that it cannot but excite surprise, that, in the present highly improved state of our manufactures, such a communication should be made as a discovery entirely new.

Instead, therefore, of the customary mode of hardening the blade from the anvil, let it be passed immediately from the hands of the forger to the grinder; A slight application of the stone will remove the whole of the scale or coating, and the razor will then be properly prepared to undergo the operation of hardening with advantage. It will be easily ascertained, that steel in this state heats in the fire with greater regularity, and that when immersed, the obstacles being removed to the immediate action of the water on the body of the steel, the latter becomes equally hard from one extremity to the other, to this may be added, that, as the *lowest possible heat at which steel becomes hard is undoubtedly the best*, the mode here recommended will be found the only one by which the process of hardening can be effected with a less proportion of fire than is, or can be required in any other way. These observations are decisive, and will, in all probability, tend to establish in general use what cannot but be regarded as a very important improvement in the manufacturing of edged steel instruments.

[Operative Mechanic.]

TO MAKE WHITE COPAL VARNISH.

White oxide of lead, ceruse, Spanish white, white clay. Such of these substances as are preferred ought to be carefully dried; ceruse and clays obstinately retain a great deal of humidity, which would oppose their adhesion to drying oil or varnish. The cement then crumbles under the fingers, and does not assume a body.

On sixteen ounces of melted copal, pour 4, 6, or 8 ounces of linseed oil, boiled and quite free from grease. When well mixed by repeated stirrings, and after they are pretty cool, pour in sixteen ounces of the essence of Venice turpentine. Pass the varnish through a cloth. Amber varnish is made the same way. [Ibid.]

TO MAKE VARNISH FOR SILKS, &c.

To one quart of cold-drawn linseed oil, poured off from the lees, (produced on the addition of unslacked lime, on which the oil has stood eight or ten days at least, in order to communicate a drying quality,—or brown amber, burnt and powdered, which will have the like effect,) and half an ounce of litharge; boil them for half an hour, then add half an ounce of the copal varnish. While the ingredients are on the fire, in a copper vessel, put in one ounce of chios of turpentine, or common resin, and a few drops of neat-foot oil, and stir the whole with a knife; when cool, it is ready for use. The neat-foot oil prevents the varnish from being sticky or adhesive, and may be put into the linseed oil at the

same time with the lime, or burnt umber. Resin or chios turpentine may be added, till the varnish has attained the desired thickness.

The longer the raw linseed oil remains on the unslacked lime or umber, the sooner will the oil dry after it is used; if some months, so much the better: such varnish will set, that is to say, not run, but keep its place on the silk in four hours; the silk may then be turned on the other side. [ib.]

DRYING QUALITY TO FAT OILS.

- 8 lb. nut-oil, or linseed oil,
- 1 oz. white lead, slightly calcined,
- 1 oz. yellow acetate of lead, (sal saturni,) also calcined,
- 1 oz. sulphate of zinc, (white vitriol)
- 12 oz. vitreous oxide of lead, (litharge,) and
- a head of garlic, or a small onion.

When the dry substances are pulverized, mix them with the garlic and oil, over a fire capable of maintaining the oil in a slight state of ebullition: continue it till the oil ceases to throw up scum, till it assumes a reddish colour, and till the head of garlic becomes brown. A pellicle will then be soon formed on the oil, which indicates that the operation is completed. Take the vessel from the fire, and the pellicle being precipitated by rest, will carry with it all the unctious parts which rendered the oil fat. When the oil becomes clear, separate it from the deposit, and put it into wide mouthed bottles, where it will completely clarify itself in time, and improve in quality. [ib.]

THE NATURALIST.

THE CROW.

"They are very docile birds, and may be trained up to following like hawks; to fetch and carry like spaniels; they may be taught to speak like parrots; and which is most extraordinary of all, they may be taught to imitate the human voice in singing. They have a great propensity to pilfering, often hiding things of value, to the great loss of the owner without use to themselves

[Dobson's Encyclopedia, article *Cervus*.

To those who are not personally acquainted with the fact, it will seem incredible that the common Crow should be said to possess the faculty of speaking intelligibly; and were there not now in this town many persons who daily witness the occurrence, we should hesitate to make the statement, lest we should be suspected abroad with dealing in visions and fables. But knowing, as we do that we shall be supported by the evidence of many and by actual daily occurrence, we venture to state, that there is now every day, flying and lighting about the roofs of the houses in Georgetown, a Crow, of the common size and color, which displays a remarkable proficiency, for any thing of its kind, in learning and pronouncing the English language. He is not yet two years old, having been taken when young, spring before last, and domesticated by the family of Mr. John Adams of this place. When he arrived at an age which enabled him to fly, he was permitted to go at large, and so remains returning every night to his native lodging, and manifesting no inclination to leave the town.

There are several children in the family where he was raised, whose names were necessarily frequently called in his presence; and hearing these names, and particularly some of them, he has learned to articulate with a clearness and distinctness, not to be excelled by any human being; and we are informed by those who are best acquainted with him, that he is capable of uttering many sentences, and does it in reply to what is spoken to him, manifesting strong evidences of his having a knowledge of the meaning of the language used by him. On this subject we have confidence in our information, because we are daily made eye witnesses to the fact of his using several words with clearness and distinctness, and particularly the words "O Bill!" which he pronounces with a shrill clear voice, so near like that of children or females calling a person at a distance by the name of Bill, that were a person not apprized of its being the Crow, he would have no doubt of its being the voice and words of a human being, for the correspondence in articulation and sound, we are confi-

dent, cannot be exceeded. In this exercise he seems to take a peculiar delight, especially when he is hovering about children at play, which is often the case, seeming to take a delight in echoing the words "O Bill!" to those who appear anxious of hearing him speak. For the sake of his seeming intelligence and speaking faculties, he is much respected by all who hear him, and in return, he appears to have a much greater regard for the society of the human family, than of his own species.

VARIETY.

EXTRAORDINARY PRIVILEGE OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF FRANCE. It is not, we believe, generally known that the rulers of France, whose government has ever been notorious for bad faith, can plead an authority for such conduct, which fully absolves them in the eyes of all good Catholics. In consequence of a brief addressed by Pope Clement VI. to John, king of France, the kings and queens of that country possess the exclusive privilege of not keeping any oath which they may have sworn or may hereafter swear, if it should not suit their convenience. This document, as printed in the folio edition of the Collections of Dr. Lucas of Archery, revised and improved by Louis Francoise Joseph de la Barre, (Paris, 1723, vol. 3, page 724,) among the miscellaneous papers belonging to the year 1351, is as follows:

Translation—"Clement the Sixth, the servant of the servants of God, to his very dear children in Christ, John and Joanna, king and queen of France, health and the apostolic blessing: To your prayers we willingly listen, and especially those piously desiring peace and salvation by the favour of God. Hence we, being inclined to your supplications, do by apostolic authority grant to you and your successors, the kings and queens of France, and to any of you for ever, that your religious confessor may have authority to commute, any vows already made or hereafter to be made by you or your successors (vows of chastity excepted), as well as any oaths taken or to be taken by and which you cannot fulfil, for some other pious purposes, which he shall consider pleasing to God and salutary to your souls. Let none therefore dare to dispute this our indulgence, and if any one do attempt to contravene it, he shall incur the indignation of Almighty God, and of Peter and Paul his blessed apostles. Given at Avignon.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY. In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duke de Croy, at Paris, is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the CROYS!"

Another piece of tapestry in the palace of the Duke de Levis represents the Virgin Mary with an ancestor of the Levis standing bareheaded before her. "Dear cousin," says she, "pray be covered!" and he replies: "Cousin, I would rather remain as I am."

THE BLESSINGS OF INDEPENDENCE. A sovereign, in a progress through his kingdom, was informed, in one of his capital towns, of a singular fact. "That one of the inhabitants, a man of seventy years old, had never been without the walls." The man was called to the king, and, being poor, he obtained a pension; but upon the following condition: That he should forfeit his pension if ever he set foot out of town. But here, even custom could prevail over the love of liberty. The man did not continue long at ease; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

THE TUMBLE DOWN DANDY. One of the finest gentlemen in Dublin, about this time, indeed, the most remarkable for his dress and manner, was a young merchant in Cow Lane, who troubled himself no more about business, than my Bouquet, the hop merchant in St. Mary's Axe. This grand gentleman was one night at Crow-street, (the play, Murphy's "Orphan of China;") he sat in the left-hand stage box, and though he had the front seat all to himself, this did not content him. Turning

his back upon the stage, (upon Barry's Zamati, and Mrs. Fitzhenry's Mandane,) he placed himself upon the edge of the box, his legs stretched out at full length, crossing each other, his arms also folded, and his shoulder resting against the side of the box: under him was the door opening to the pit; and the flooring was rather deep. Thus he remained, enjoying his prime wish of an ample display of his person and dress to the whole house. His clothes were silk, and richly embroidered; his hair, tastefully dressed, with ringlets that played round his ears; ears; his sword, with a large and magnificent silver sword-knot, stretched itself all along by the side of his legs to complete view, the eyes of the audience were upon him full front, the eyes of the performers upon the back of his head and shoulder. In the very height of this proud and careless display of his six-feet-long person, whilst lolling with a smile of complacent non-chalance, he, at an instant, over-balanced himself, and tumbled into the pit; a clamour of mirth burst through the whole house, and, as no bones were broke, nobody was sorry for his downfall. This, though not the first, was most likely his last attempt to captivate the notice of the audience, and turn it from the stage, the true point of attraction, to his own fine self-admired self. [O'Keefe's Recollections.

THEATRICAL INCONGRUITY. The first night of R. B. Sheridan's "Camp," Parsons had in it the part of an exciseman or guager, and had seized a pound of tea from a smuggler; it was neatly done up in paper, and he had it in his hand. Mrs. Wroughton, who played a kind of tergitant follower of the camp, according to the violence of the character, was rather rough with the exciseman, and knocked the pound of tea out of his hand; it fell, the paper bag burst, and out came upon the stage a great quantity of saw-dust. This was property-man economy, but it made great diversion among the audience. [ib.]

ARITHMETICAL NONSENSE. Some wisacre in the National Intelligencer, several weeks since, propounded the following sage question—which, as appears from the number of answers published in that dignified paper, has puzzled the brains of numerous profound algebraists for a hundred miles round—viz: "How many dollars are 500 cents multiplied by 500 cents?" Pray gentlemen, how many men of sense are there among 500 blockheads multiplied by 500 loggerheads? [Nantuket Inquirer.

WHIMSICAL SUPERSTITION.—The following extract from "Transalpine Memoirs," describes a strange superstitious belief among the Italians, that people may be too ugly to be looked at with safety. This may be put on a par with the notion prevailing among us, that a marvellously ill-favoured person may break a mirror by looking into it.

There is at Naples a curious superstition I have not yet mentioned to you: it is that of the *iettatori*, a sort of evil-eye influence. Persons remarkable for the ugliness or sourness of their features, are fixed upon by the public as *iettatori*: are deserted by all the world; and those who chance to meet them firmly believe and expect that some unforeseen misfortune will, in consequence, overtake them. Few Neapolitans, even of the higher ranks, are free from this superstition. They carry about their persons a piece of horn, or coral, which they believe to avert the danger incurred by meeting with one infected with this power of doing evil. In some salons here I have seen large horns, beautifully polished and placed on stands in the four corners of the room; these are to defend all visitors from all *iettatori* who may chance to enter. An English gentleman, settled at Naples, told me, that having once had occasion to visit the administrator of police, he found horns placed in every part of his house, from the bottom to the top of the staircase: this the administrator accounted for by alluding to the number of suspicious persons whom his place obliged him to receive. The late king wore, at his watch-chain, a small piece of horn, which he continually twisted between his finger and thumb; but with redoubled violence and care on grand reception days, whilst new and unknown individuals were presenting to him.

We may give advice; but we cannot give conduct.

POPULAR TALES.

THE PARISH CLERK.

THE CURATE.

In the north aisle of — Church, there is a small marble tablet, which records the virtues and perfections of the Rev. Alfred Corsar, who died August 24th, 1804, aged twenty-nine years. The singular occurrence which produced the death of this young clergyman, Nehemiah was fond of relating; and soon after he gave me the account of his own love adventures, he gratified me with the following narrative:

After I had been clerk of this Church about ten years, (said Nehemiah) the then Rector became too old and feeble to fulfil his clerical duties, and a Curate was engaged to assist him; the Curate was the Rev. A. Corsar, and a more worthy or pious minister never preached in — Church. At his first introduction he won the hearts of all by the kindness and cheerfulness of his manners, and by the fervency and devotion with which he performed the duties of his office; but his career was short and fleeting, and before he had been long with us, an event occurred which blasted his future hopes, and laid him in an untimely grave.

Amongst the female part of his congregation, was a young lady, named Louisa Mordaunt, the daughter of a gentleman in easy circumstances, who was at that time filling the office of church warden: It was not long before Alfred Corsar was introduced to her, and his visits to her father's house became very frequent; a strong affection arose in his breast, and Louisa Mordaunt was its object; but he never had the courage to avow his love, nor, in truth, did the conduct of Miss Mordaunt give him the least encouragement, so that he continued to cherish a passion as hopeless as it was fervent, without daring to proclaim it to the world. I had some suspicion of his feelings, from his frequent inquiries respecting Miss Mordaunt, and I was soon dreadfully convinced of the truth of my surmises, and the extent of his love.

I was sitting one evening enjoying my usual beverage at the Griffin, when I received a message to attend at the Church. I went, and found a stranger writing, who informed me that he intended to be married on the following morning, having obtained a license from the rector for that purpose; of course I acquiesced, and inquired the name of the lady;—it was Louisa Mordaunt! I was much surprised at this, as I had never before heard of Miss Mordaunt having a lover; but I afterwards learned that the gentleman, who now addressed me, had long been her admirer, though living at a distance; their courtship had been carried on by letters, until her lover found himself in a situation to claim her as his bride, when she consented to bestow her hand where she had already bestowed her heart, only stipulating that the marriage ceremony should be performed in — Church. Having assured the stranger that every thing should be prepared for the ceremony he left the Church, and I proceeded to inform Mr. Corsar that his services would be required on the following morning. On being introduced I told him my errand. "Well, Nehemiah," said he, "and who is the Lady?" I mentioned Louisa Mordaunt. Never shall I forget his look at that moment; it was one of fixed despair, and he seemed as if his faculties were suspended and his frame withered by some sudden visitation of Heaven. At length, by an effort almost superhuman, he recovered, and waving his hand, said, "Go, go; I will attend." I left him, deeply commiserating his situation, as I now found he indeed loved Louisa Mordaunt.

On the following morning I proceeded to the Church at the hour appointed, and on entering the vestry, I found Mr. Corsar there, but the wedding party had not arrived. Mr. Corsar was standing near the window, absorbed in reverie; he looked dreadfully pale; and his eyes had a wildness quite unusual. When he was aware of my presence, he requested me to hand him a glass of wine, which he drank with frightful eagerness; he requested another, which he drank with the same avidity; and then sunk on a seat quite exhausted. To my inquiries he returned no answer, but pressed his hand violently to his forehead. At length the wedding party ar-

rived at the Church, and after the preliminaries, ranged themselves in order for the ceremony; the Curate left the vestry without speaking, and with a slow and faltering step, entered the altar; he then commenced the service; the exordium he gave with sublime effect, as if he expected his words would conjure up some impediment to the marriage, and when he arrived at that part which says, "If any man can show just cause or impediment why these persons may not be joined together in holy wedlock let him now speak," he paused, and gazed around with a look of eager expectation; but no answer being returned, he was compelled to proceed; yet he seemed to cling to the remainder of the passage with hopeless tenacity, giving the conclusion with a sublime and almost terrific energy. The party assembled were astonished, and gazed on each other with astonishment, not knowing what to make of so strange conduct of the minister. At length he asked the bridegroom the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" &c. to which, of course, the answer was, "I will."

A pause then ensued, during which Mr. Corsar seemed to be summoning all his energies for the next interrogation; he retreated some steps backwards, and then, hastily advancing, put the question to Louisa Mordaunt. The horrid calmness of his tone was appalling; when he had finished the interrogation, he stood with a look of the most intense interest and agony, expecting her answer; but his suspense was short, for the silver voice of Louisa Mordaunt soon returned for answer, "I will." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than the Curate, giving a convulsive shudder, fell senseless on the altar. All was now confusion—the ceremony was not half finished, and the Minister was lying senseless; every means was used to recover him, but for some time without effect. At length he slowly opened his eyes, and the first object he saw was Louisa Mordaunt, bending over him, her looks expressive of the utmost compassion for his situation. This had almost again plunged him into forgetfulness, and it was only by a very strong effort that he succeeded in raising himself; he then, by a great exertion, succeeded in finishing the ceremony, at the end of which he again became senseless, and was in this state conveyed home.

He did not long survive the marriage of Louisa Mordaunt, he soon after died the victim of that worst of all diseases—a broken heart. Louisa Mordaunt lived long and happily with him whom she made her husband, nor did she ever surmise the dreadful effect her marriage had had upon the Rev. Alfred Corsar.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

"Oh, mountain streams must lovelier be,
"Which, where their waters rise?
"Spring on immediate to the sea,
"Scarce shown to mortal eyes;
"Than those which glide with clouded tide,
"Slow o'er the wastes of earth,
"Nor keep one trace of that high place,
"Which gave their pure waves birth."

Mr. Granville had but recently settled in Roxborough, and was about commencing business with flattering prospects of success, when he was suddenly prostrated by a violent disease, against which the natural strength of his constitution, though in the prime and vigor of his days, afforded but a feeble defence. He died the sixth day after the attack—and they buried him in a quiet corner of the village church-yard, beneath the shade of a young willow, and, as it was in summer, the fresh turf with which they decked his grave, soon exhibited a luxuriant vegetation.

A wife and two lovely children were left behind; and they who have felt what such a bereavement is, alone know something of the bitterness of the trial that widowed mother was called to endure—and to endure alone; for her infant orphans were too young to know the full amount of the loss they had sustained. They wept with her; but their's were tears of sympathy. They sometimes asked, indeed, why their dear papa staid away so long, and if he would never come home, to bring them play things and claim the compensation of a kiss again—but when they saw their mother always answered them with a flood of tears, as she clasped them in her arms, they wept with her again and again, and ceased to ask these questions, which seemed, they

could scarce tell why, so painful. She used to lead them to the grave, often, in the cool and shadowy evening; and they at last understood that their papa lay there, and that he would, indeed, never come back to them—and then their little hearts would swell—but grief is a transient emotion in the infantine breast.

Mrs. Granville, however, had still much to be thankful for. She was left with a comfortable income, many kind friends, and a pretty rural home—and the natural fortitude of her nature in time triumphed over her grief, and her wifely heart found comfort in her pretty orphans—round them her affections clung—and in devoting herself to their care and education, she again became contented and happy.

I think it was about four years after the loss of her husband, that her eldest child—a lovely little girl, sickened. She watched by it day and night, with that intense anxiety which, while it pervades the very soul, fears to entertain a suspicion of danger. This heart breaking suspense was of long duration. But the child grew worse and worse, and she at last received the sad warning to prepare to give it up. She clasped her hands on her burning brow when she heard it, and exclaimed—Is there indeed danger—can Cornelia die! But she still clung to one fond hope—it absorbed every thought—and clung to it even for a time after the little innocent had closed its weary eyes, and sunk gently and softly, without a sigh, into its last long slumber. Then she thought she should never be reconciled to the world again—She retired to her chamber when the funeral obsequies were over, and brooded over her sorrows, till melancholy blanched her cheek, and almost mildewed her heart.

Cornelia's little brother was now left to wander to the church-yard alone. He often went to her grave beside his father's—He only distinctly remembered her—But ere a flower had sufficient time to blossom on that fresh mound, he was laid in sickness on the bed from which his departed sister had been carried. This roused up the sorrowing mother from her solitude, and called her, as it were, back to life. The thought of being entirely bereft, was utterly too much for her—her wasting frame—her sallow cheek and sunken eye, alarmed her friends. But she became again the watching mother, and she promised to be again reconciled to life, if her last her only remaining child was spared. Her prayer, tho' unmingled with resignation, was heard; and the boy recovered almost miraculously.

Years passed on; the mother forgot in time her sorrows. Her son grew up with many promises; and though too much indulged in youth's erring propensities, bid fair for manhood. But when manhood brought with it its freedom from restraint—he fell into dissipation—and sacrificed deeply at the shrine of vicious pleasures. The eye of parental hope turned to him—long and fondly—as a traveller still gazes on the last half overclouded star, in the lonely evening sky—as unwilling to believe those clouds portend a storm. It was in vain. In vain the efforts that were made unceasingly to win him back to peace, and virtue, and usefulness. The lights of reason had expired—and virtue took her flight for ever from his bosom.

Vice often prepares his victim by long discipline for his destiny. It was so in this case. The lamp of hope long burned in that widowed mother's bosom with a brighter or a feebler ray. But at last it went out. Alfred was detected in a robbery. Was tried. Was found guilty; and sentenced to a dungeon.

His broken hearted mother from her cottage window saw them convey him away—but not to the grave. Oh no! To the place of infamy. And she wrung her hands in a before unfeigned agony, as she exclaimed—"Oh Alfred—the last hope of these gray hairs, would to God that you had gone in youth and innocence to a peaceful resting place beside my poor Cornelia." She felt her error—but it was revealed now to a heart utterly broken. She died of grief—and was buried between her husband and her daughter.

The heart clings long and fondly to the object of its earthly loves—it is a natural—it is an innocent affection. But resignation to the decisions of that kind and all wise providence which presides over life and death, is our wisdom and our duty.

[Tren. Emp.]

THE HISTORIAN.

GREEK HEROISM.

As every thing relating to the Greeks is now a subject of interest, we have taken particular pleasure in collecting the following from the most authentic accounts, as a real specimen of the Greek character in the earliest periods of their history; and as disclosing also the origin of the city of Messina in Sicily.

The Spartans waged interminable war with their near neighbours the Messinians, who occupied a small district of territory a few miles from their city. It was the intention of the Spartans to reduce them to the condition of the Helots; but they fought desperately, and defended themselves with a bravery and perseverance in repeated wars, and for a long series of years, which secured the respect of even their cruel enemies. Their cities were razed, their people massacred, and they were pursued by those professional butchers, the Spartans, with a ferocity and pertinacity unknown to the savage warfare of the last century. They were first driven from their valleys and hamlets to their defended cities; thence to their mountains, and at last so diminished were their numbers, that they all retired, men, women and children, to a strong hold in Mount Ithome, which they fortified, and waited with a most heroic courage the assaults of their enemy. This citadel they defended ten years against the utmost force of the disciplined and ruthless Spartans.

The incidents which are related of Aristomenes, their chief and military leader, (for he refused to be their king,) during their protracted struggle for liberty, and the almost miraculous escapes which both himself and followers experienced, awaken our sympathy, and startle our credulity; while they show the abhorrence in which slavery was held, even in the remotest ages, by those high-minded nations. In one instance, after the whole nation was besieged in Ithome, Aristomenes, at the head of three hundred men sallied forth, and defied the Spartans. After the most incredible exploits, and achievements, they fell captive into the hands of their enemies. According to the spirit of the age, and the character of his adversaries, himself and his followers were thrown headlong into a cavern, which was the mode practised by the Spartans for executing felons.

Aristomenes craved the boon of being incarcerated with his shield, and it is supposed the edges of the butler hitting the sides of the cavern, broke the violence of his fall, so that it did not take his life. His companions all perished, but he lived two days in the suffocating abyss, among their mangled remains. On the third day he perceived a fox devouring his companions, and suffering it to approach him, he laid hold of it with one hand, while with the other he defended himself from its bite. The terrified fox immediately ran towards the crevice by which he had entered, and Aristomenes, keeping his hold of the animal, with immense difficulty reached the aperture, and effected his own escape.

The return of Aristomenes was indeed like one arisen from the dead; his friends rallied around him, and the Spartans soon found their unconquerable enemy ready for further contests.

The feats of valor achieved by this prince have but few parallels in ancient history. Three times he offered the sacrifice of the Heca-theopompeia, which none could make but those who had slain a hundred of their enemies.

At the close of ten years he was betrayed—himself and his brave and worthy Messinians most treacherously betrayed. The strong hold which had been maintained against the arts and the arms of practised, and confederated and savage warriors, for ten years, was now wrested from its primitive possessors, who had inherited those lands, according to their traditions, from Deucalion and Pyrrha (Noah). Finding all was lost, he placed the women and children in the centre of the battallion, and, himself in the van, marched forward, with his spear erect, to the camp of the enemy. Struck with a kind of superstitious astonishment at his extraordinary valour, the Spartans gave place to his adventurous band; and, unlike themselves, permitted them to depart unhurt. They abandoned their country

and sought refuge with the Arcadians, who gave them a hospitable reception, and assisted them in seeking an abiding place. *This they found in the island of Sicily, where they founded a city, and called it Messina, in remembrance of their beloved country.* This city was established six hundred and fifty years before Christ. Aristomenes appointed their leaders, attended to the fitting of their ships, with patriarchal fidelity gave them his counsel, and bade them farewell, declining to go with them. He turned his face toward Asia and visited Sardys, the capital of ancient Lydia, hoping, as was believed, that he might induce that rich and powerful king to engage with him in some enterprise for the recovery of his native state. But it was otherwise decreed. Aristomenes sickened and died at Sardys, and found a quiet grave in a distant land, while his beloved country became the undisputed prey of the tyrannical conqueror. [N. Y. Times.]

LITERARY.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

Mr. Remusat, a scientific gentleman, who has made Asiatic literature the object of his studies during his residence in the East Indies and China, has lately published in Paris, the translation of a Chinese novel, entitled *Yu-Kiao-Li*, or, *The Two Cousins*; which proves, that at Pekin, as at Paris, the *petiti maitresses*, are equally sentimental, the lovers equally extravagant, and the guardians equally imposed upon. This work is extremely interesting; many French, English, German, and Italian novels, highly valued, do not offer as well as *Yu-Kiao-Li*, a series of events artfully conducted, dialogues always natural, character well delineated, situations sometimes comical, and sometimes dramatic, with much wit and interest. We think with the learned translator, that novels representing with truth all the scenes of the private way of living of a nation, are more useful in giving a perfect knowledge of manners and customs, than the narratives, very often superficial or erroneous, of travellers. Thanks to the novel of *Yu-Kiao-Li*, we shall be able to judge of the interior of those of China, and of the mode of living of the women, of whom Europeans can hardly have a sight. We shall know all the mysteries of the private life of the young girls; their sentiments and their little intrigues shall be exposed to our view; and, finally, we shall for a few moments enjoy the illusion of being in a parlour at Pekin or Nankin; and, without much study, shall acquire more knowledge of China, than the most elaborate reading of all the memoirs, collected and published on that extraordinary country, could have supplied. But what will excite astonishment more, is, that the Chinese novel is written very much like the *ci-devant* great unknown, and now well known, Sir Walter Scott's, and that it has a great affinity with his masterly manner of preparing and conducting events. Marriage being a business of the highest importance among the Chinese, it is a marriage that forms the plot of *Yu-Kiao-Li*. The fair Hounpin, the heroine, daughter of the learned Pe, whom his extensive knowledge has raised to the highest dignities of the state, is herself a prodigy of science. She is acquainted with all the poets of her country, and composes verses admirably well; she is a young lady full of delicacy and taste, and is determined to become the wife of none but a man her equal in talents, and in knowledge, and who shall combine with all his accomplishments, an agreeable and handsome person. Such a lover would seem difficult to be found; but, however, the fair and learned Hounpin is happy enough to find one who possesses all these requisites. It is the young SSe Yeoupe, who, by virtue of his brilliant talents and lively imagination, has the good fortune to fix her choice. A number of incidents and difficulties prevent, however, for a great while, their union. Hounpin and her father are on the eve of becoming the dupes of intriguers, who use the talents and even the name of SSe Yeoupe, to deprive him of his mistress. Finally, the day of happiness shines upon the two lovers—but that very day shines upon an union which to us must appear very strange: By a sequel of incidents as interesting as they are romantic, SSe Yeoupe, the faithful SSe Yeoupe, mar-

ries at the same time two wives, equally handsome, equally young, equally amiable. This trait is not the least singular of the novel, and it has the peculiar advantage of making us acquainted with a custom very different from ours. In France, a man who would become at once the husband of two wives, would be disgraced, dragged before the tribunals, and condemned to the most infamous punishment. In China, such unions are considered as the greatest felicity. But, however, if unfortunately there are men in every country, who would not be afraid to load themselves with a double chain, it is wonderful to see two young and handsome women, like Hounpin and Mengli-lo, the two cousins of the novel, live together without any quarrel, and divide between them the heart of the same man. This singular oddity is not the only remarkable one in the novel of *The Two Cousins*—so well calculated to excite curiosity, not only by the new exotic scene which it opens to our eyes, but also by the elegance of the style, and the soundness of the observations contained in the preface, in which Mr. Abel Remusat speaks of novels, and novel-writers, as a man well acquainted with the first, and who knows how to appreciate the other. [N. Y. Mirror.]

THE HUMOURIST.

COOKE AND INCLEDON.

Cooke and Incledon, after playing at the Richmond Theatre, retired to the Star and Garter to sup together. The convivial habits of these two *historians* are well known; but soaker as Incledon was, he was by no means a match for George Frederick, and accordingly was the first who felt inclined to retire from the contest, and exclaim, "hold! enough!" "Sit ye down, Charley! sit ye down man," said Cooke, "we'll have another bottle." "No, no, my dear fellow—'tis late—'tis late—besides I've to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, you know at the Covent Garden Theatre, and must be careful of my voice, so good night—good night." "Phoo! phoo! sit ye down man—sit ye down. I tell you we'll have another bottle." "Impossible, my dear fellow, impossible. I've to sing before the king and the queen, and—" "Sit ye down, I say—sit ye down. Your voice! by heaven! 'tis harmony! the music of the spheres, Sir! and another bottle—" "Upon my soul now—" "Here! waiter!" "I tell you I—" "Well, sing me the Storm first—the Storm, my bully-boy!" "No, no, not to night, my dear fellow—not to night." "Come, Cease rude boreas—" "Impossible! I've to sing before the king and the queen, and—" "You won't, then?" "Not to night, good bye—good bye, You shall though, Charley—you shall sing me the Storm before morning," said Cooke; and Incledon retired. He had not been long asleep, however, before he was awoken by two constables, who approaching the bed immediately seized him. "Hands off," vociferated our vocalist as soon as passion permitted him to speak. "Hands off, I say! what do ye mean ye rascals?" "Come, come, no nonsense; bless you! we know the whole." "The whole!" "Ay, so put on your things quietly, Muster Smith, and come with us." "Muster Smith! I'm Charles Incledon, ye villains! Charles Incledon, sirrah! the native vocalist! I've to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, and unless you bundle this instant—" "I tell you it won't do, we know you. Charles Incledon, indeed! ha! ha! ha! that's a good one, aint it, Sam? What! I suppose you didn't rob that there poor woman of her bundle this here blessed morning, upon the green yonder." "I tell you I'm Charles Incledon—my friend George Frederick Cooke is now in the house, and will tell you the same." "Muster Cooke! why that's the gentleman as informed against you. Howsomdever if you're Charles Incledon, you can sing the Storm, you know." "To be sure I can, ye scoundrels—to be sure I can sing the Storm indeed! only stand aside, and I'll soon—" So saying, he cleared his pipes, and in this situation poured forth this celebrated ditty, with his usual pathos and power, at the conclusion of which Cooke thrust his head from behind the curtain, and saying with a sneer, "I told you you should sing the storm before morning, Charley," left him to his repose.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1827.

§ MILO A. HOLCOMB, Esq. will act as agent for the American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine, for the city and county of Hartford, in the state of Connecticut.

"MASONIC MIRROR. The editor of the Mirror repeats the calumny of Childs, that the editor of this paper is interested in the sale of Morgan's book. This is a vile and malicious falsehood, originating with a scoundrel and a puppy; and if the editor of the Mirror be a man of honour, as we presume he is, he will give place to this denial of a charge which has not the least shadow of truth for its foundation. It is equally false, that we had a direct agency in introducing the work into any bookseller's shop in this city."

[Southwick's Observer of yesterday.

The intemperate and uncourteous tenour of the above paragraph would render it unworthy of notice, were it not for the contradiction it contains, of what we have said, and of what we still believe to be true. We shall now, for the sake of plainness, be more personal in our remarks than we could wish to be. We know Mr. Southwick's history, as connected with Morgan's book, but have no wish to descend into an altercation, to which a full disclosure would undoubtedly lead. It will suffice to mention a few items; which, we think, can not easily be made false by the philippics and ipse dixit of Solomon Southwick. In the course of the last fall, a man, named John Davids, made his appearance in this city, for the purpose of disposing of a chap-book, entitled *Masonry Unveiled*. Davids made several attempts to interest the booksellers in his behalf, but he found the unworthy traffic was every where held in contempt; for no bookseller would receive the book, through his representation. In this dilemma (but not for the first time) he had an interview with the editor of the National Observer, and informed him of his troubles. We could, if we pleased give a "sketch of the debate" which took place on this occasion, but as we wish to be brief on this subject, we shall pass it over. The result was simply this: through Mr. Southwick's information and interference the book was introduced into one store and there exposed to sale. Subsequently, a man, named James P. Powers, who was antecedently connected with Mr. Southwick, in the lottery business, accepted the agency of the National Observer, and, after being supplied with a parcel of *Masonry Unveiled*, set off upon a tour to the west, for the purpose of soliciting subscribers to the paper and selling the book. Powers, a short time since, returned from one journey, and is now accomplishing another. His last journey was through the river towns between this city and New York.

We have heretofore declared it inconsistent with our sense of propriety, to continue a war of words with such a man as the editor of the National Observer. Such words as "scoundrel" and "puppy" are the property of intellects which are too weak and vicious to create better things; they are the emblems of despair and madness; and as such we view them and suffer them to sink, uncontradicted, into oblivion. If a catalogue of epithets could militate against the good name of an individual, it would be an easy thing to destroy the reputation of the most virtuous. Could not any man lost to a just sense of truth, say to one honest neighbour, "you are a scoundrel and a puppy," to a second,

"you are a villain and a liar"—to a third, "you are a kidnapper and a murderer"—and what effect would these charges have upon his guiltless head? They would not destroy his peace of mind, for he knows himself innocent. They would not destroy his reputation among his friends, for they know him to be above vile practices. With strangers, and with strangers alone, must they spend their influence; and if these strangers be men of common scrutiny, they will not mistake scurrilous bombast for argument. There is a truth of which Mr. Southwick is apparently totally ignorant, and that is this: *invectives, when misapplied, are words without meaning*. We shall not hereafter notice any thing of this nature, which may proceed from the same source.

We are sorry to be under the necessity of alluding to circumstances, whose only importance is derived from a vicious origin and connexion: but if men will deny facts which are almost as notorious as day light, they should be exposed. The course of the National Observer, as far as relates to the Morgan affair, has been an interested one. Many in this city have been convinced of this fact by the tongue of its proprietor; who, on particular occasions, has become a mere braggadocio. When the letters which have made so much talk were first published, he publicly boasted of the harvest he had reaped, saying that he had sold *two hundred and fifty* copies of his paper at *one shilling* a-piece. These letters were printed at the same office on a half sheet, and it is not probable that they were printed without the intention of circulation. The following remarks from the Saratoga Sentinel will unfold a portion of the mystery, "We have it from a source entitled to credit, that there are one or two papers in this state employed to keep alive the public excitement relative to *Morgan*, for the purpose of increasing the sale of his book. From the incredible statements which have appeared in some journals, and from the fact, that many parts of the country have been inundated, gratuitously, with extra sheets, containing such matter, we are led to believe that the information we have received is, at least, entitled to consideration. Merely a wish to disseminate intelligence, cannot be the moving cause for circulating thousands of newspapers free of expense." But we have said more than enough already.

§ Mr. L. G. HOFFMAN proposes to publish in this city, a religious and miscellaneous journal, under the title of *Christian Register*. Mr. Hoffman is a young man of talent and industrious habits, and if he meets with encouragement correspondent to his exertions and good intentions, he must succeed. The Register is not to be devoted to the peculiar notions of any sect: its aim will be to disseminate religious information on a liberal scale; and to circulate through society, the native influence of Christianity. The Register will be printed on an imperial sheet, with a new long primer and brier type, and furnished to subscribers in the city for \$2 50 cents a year—to those who receive their papers by mail, for \$2 00 a year.

MORGAN.

We are as weary of this name as any of our readers; but a proper illustration of the charges promulgated under the pretended authority of the Lewiston convention, is due to justice, and we cannot deny it. When the pretensions of this convention were put forth, notwithstanding its lofty assumptions, we were inclined to yield it respect; but its sub-

sequent proceedings have been such as in a great measure to destroy this respect, and supply its place, with indignation and contempt. If the procrastinating character of this body were thrown out of the question, its easy belief, and apparent recklessness of private character would be sufficient to destroy its influence upon public opinion. The private letters of its members, prematurely thrust upon the public notice, were at first pronounced by their thors, ill-founded and unwarranted; but as soon as it was discovered that the public mind was sufficiently inflated to support any opinion, however sophistical, which might be congenial to its fevered palate, the convention, in an official summary, virtually declared that the letters were true. It shall be our task this week to show, by incontrovertible proof, that the letters, and their official support, are both unworthy of confidence. It may not be amiss, at the commencement, to present our readers with a catalogue of the pretended discoveries of the Lewiston convention. We give it in the language of one of the most inveterate enemies to masonry. It is as follows:

First—That the unhappy Morgan was taken to Newark, U. C. gagged, bound, and blind folded.

Secondly—That he was there offered to the British masons of that place, with a request that they should get him on board of a British man of war, or turn him over to Brant, the Indian Chief, and a mason, to be executed with savage cruelty.

Thirdly—That the Newark lodge assembled, on this proposition, and sent for Brant, who came accordingly.

Fourthly—Brant proved himself too noble of nature, to have any thing to do with so cowardly, inhuman, and wicked a transaction. The savage hero declined to do that, which, cowardly white monsters urged him to do.

Fifthly—The Newark masons, thus rebuked by savage justice and magnanimity, likewise finally declined to take charge of the miserable victim.

Sixthly—The diabolical wretches who had him in custody, brought him back as far as Fort Niagara—and there murdered him in cool blood—cutting his throat from ear to ear; cutting out his tongue, and burying it in the sand!—and concluding the hellish rites by sinking his body deep in the lake!

To the best of our knowledge this is a full catalogue of the discoveries made by the Lewiston convention. We will now proceed to collect a few discoveries made without any direct assistance from this convention. First, then as far as the above discoveries depend upon Capt. BRANT, they are without truth, as is proved by the following letter, extracted from the York, U. C. Observer, of Feb. 26. Capt. Brant, says the Lewiston Sentinel, is a gentleman in high standing in Upper Canada, and of undoubted veracity, and his statement is entitled to entire credit.

We stop the press to insert a letter this moment received from our friend Captain Brant, which repels the foul charge attempted to be fastened on this province by our neighbours on the other side.

Sir—I have just read a paragraph in the New York Spectator of the 17th inst. wherein it is said, that the fraternity at Niagara had sent for me to receive and sacrifice the unhappy MORGAN, of whom so much has been lately spoken.

You will oblige me by contradicting this report, which is wholly false. Neither in that instance, nor in any other, has such a barbarous proposal been made to me, nor do I believe that a man exists who would have dared to wound my feelings in such a heinous manner.

I know nothing of the man nor of any transaction relating to him; and I am much surprised that my name has been called in question.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

J. BRANT.

Wellington Square, 24th Feb. 1827.

As far as the above charges relate to Newark lodge, we think they are, successfully refuted by the letter of Capt. Brant, they being mentioned in connexion. Capt. Brant is made to figure so conspicuously in the above charges, that his letter alone is a complete refutation of the whole; but the libeller with whom they originated has been ferreted out, and completely unmasked; and the story of Morgan's murder is, thereby, placed beyond the reach of probability. As we have not published any of the letters pretending to disclose

Morgan's fate, we state, in order to conduce to the better understanding of the certificate below, that the information upon which the Lewiston convention rested its belief in the murder of Morgan, was received directly from Dr. Terry, who said he was informed of the fact by a Mr. Somebody-else, who received his information from Mr. Chapin, of Buffalo. Our readers will see that the story is, at best, a farrago of nonsense; and when it is known that Dr. Terry is a reckless, irresponsible person, and that Mr. Chapin was not absent from Buffalo during the whole month of September, we are confident that the charges of the convention will meet with contempt and indignation. The card given below, is from the pen of the brother of Mr. Chapin; the first deposition is that of Mr. Chapin's widow, the second is that of his physician. Other depositions to the same effect, have been published, but we think the two below sufficient to answer every purpose.

It was with the deepest emotions that I saw, a few days since, in an Albany paper a letter written by a person in Rochester, implicating my deceased brother Seth Chapin, in the alleged murder of William Morgan. Knowing the report to be without the semblance of truth, the feelings of a brother would not allow me to remain in quiet and see the imputation of so foul a crime settled upon the memory of my deceased relative. I therefore repaired to Rochester, and learning that the letter which has appeared before the public was written by Doct. F. F. Backus, called on him for the author of the report, and for the grounds upon which he had predicated his belief that my brother was concerned in the unfortunate affair alluded to; upon which Doct. Backus gave me the name of a Doct. Terry, who resides at Niagara, Upper Canada, as the author of all the information which they had received implicating my brother, in any transaction relating to Morgan. To those who know this Doct. Terry, it is needless to say, that he is capable of all the baseness which the subjoined certificate and affidavit prove him to be guilty of. To those who know him not, it is but justice to add, that his utter recklessness of character and entire irresponsibility, place him beyond the reach of just and merited censure, but which indeed have made him a fit instrument in the hands of some rash and enthusiastic men, to inflame an already excited community by originating marvelous stories which had no other foundation than in his own perverse disposition.

The subjoined affidavits and certificate it is believed will be amply sufficient to establish the utter falsity of the report before alluded to, and it is hoped that the liberality of editors will induce them to give those as extensive publicity as the report has obtained; and in doing this I am satisfied of having discharged a duty which I owed to the memory of my Brother, and to the feelings of his surviving relatives.

G. CHAPIN.

State of New-York, Erie county, ss.—Sylvia Chapin, being duly sworn, saith, that Seth Chapin, her late husband, died on the 10th day of November last, after an illness of two days—that during the month of September last he was at home constantly attending to his domestic concerns—that he was not absent a single day or night—but was at his own house every evening before eleven, and generally before ten o'clock and there remained until morning without an exception—and that he was not absent from his table at any meal, nor has this deponent any knowledge or belief that he was out of the town of Buffalo during the said month of September.

SYLVIA CHAPIN.

Subscribed and sworn the 17th day of February, 1827, before me,

S. G. Austin, J. P.

State of New-York, Erie County, ss.—Bryant Burwell being duly sworn saith, that he is a practising Physician in the village of Buffalo, and well knew Seth Chapin,—was one of his physicians in his last sickness and spent considerable time with him. That the said Chapin was not confined to his bed until his decease, nor considered dangerously ill until the evening previous,—that this deponent never heard from the said Chapin, or any other person or source whatever, that the said Chapin was in any manner implicated or suspected of being concerned in any transaction affecting Capt. William Morgan, until this deponent saw on the 17th inst. a publication in one of the newspapers printed at Geneva. He further swears that the wife of the said Chapin was confined to her bed on the 11th day of September last, and claimed much of his attention from that time forward for more than a week, and this deponent so frequently saw him during that time that he knows it impossible that the said Chapin could have gone from Buffalo to Fort Niagara, a distance of about 37 miles, and returned without the knowledge of this deponent. And he further swears, that he has no knowledge or belief that the said Chapin went even out of the town of Buffalo for more than a week from the said 11th day of September.

BRYANT BURWELL.

Subscribed and sworn before me the 11th day of February 1827

S. G. Austin, J. P.

As a specimen of the opinion entertained by rational men, we publish a few extracts from articles upon the subject of Morgan's absence, which have

appeared in various public journals. At the same time, we think that the story of Morgan's murder at Fort Niagara is a lame invention. There are so many contradictory circumstances that we are compelled to consider it a vile fabrication. Let us compare the language of two of the members of the Lewiston convention. Dr. Backus, in his letter says: "After leaving Fort George we proceeded to Fort Niagara, and Col. Jewett being sick, we employed the tavern-keeper under the hill to assist us in examining the magazine, being the only part of the Fort that we thought worth examining, and we found appearances there, that satisfied us that Morgan must have been there, and probably was there executed." A writer in the Batavia Masonic Intelligencer says, "After they had finished their examinations at the Fort, Bates Cooke, [a member of the convention, and a letter writer] went to Col. Jewett, in his room, and informed him that he had come in behalf of the convention to inform him that after a thorough examination, they had found nothing to induce them to suspect that Morgan was ever in the Fort, or words to that effect—the truth of this can be verified by the testimony of more than one creditable witness." Such inconsistency is too glaring to escape notice, and if the Lewiston convention persists in it, the cloven foot will soon be discovered.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald after publishing the horrid stories related by members of the Lewiston Convention, and first published in the National Observer, of this city, says:

"After all this, we confess we are among the number of the unbelievers to those frightful tragic tales. That Morgan was abused and carried off, we have no doubt. But that he is now somewhere in the British provinces, profiting and speculating by these repeated bloody recitals, by issuing edition after edition of his 'Mysteries of Masonry Unveiled!'—accompanied with all these seeming barbarous and unrelenting cruelties—we have scarcely a doubt remaining."

The (Wilmington) Delaware Gazette speaking of the Morgan affair, says:

"The probability, after all, is, that Morgan has voluntarily absented himself, and is continuing in seclusion with a view to promote the sale of his book; and that the excitement which has been raised about it, has been created for political purposes."

The Westfield (Chautauque co.) Star, a paper which has been second only to David C. Miller's "Advocate" and Southwick's "Observer" in the Morgan affair, in speaking of the implication of the deceased Chapin, by Dr. Backus, says:

"Humanity revolts at the idea of going among the tombs in search of characters for dissection. Shall an afflicted family, while yet weeping over the grave of their departed head, be called upon to appear before the public to vindicate his character from the unfeeling, wanton, and groundless aspersions of calumny? We are surprised that any gentleman, even in a private letter, has given currency to such a report, from no greater authority than Dr. Backus acknowledges for his; and still more so, to see men thrusting into the newspapers the confidential letters of their friends. We confess, this circumstance has impaired not a little our belief of the circumstances detailed in these letters. If the writers were imposed upon in one case, why may they not have been in others?"

We shall continue our extracts next week.

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.

The following is a list of the produce of one acre of land in the township of Rawdon and district of Montreal, for the year 1826. One hundred and eighty bushels of Potatoes—sixteen bushels Indian Corn—ten bushels Turnips—twelve cart

loads of Pumpkins.—The Chevalier Courtois, Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the king of Spain at the Papal Court, died lately at Rome. It is said that the deceased (who was an Englishman) had directed that his heart should be embalmed and transmitted to Spain!—A committee of the legislature of North Carolina was instructed to inquire whether the State had not a right to that portion of Gold and Silver Mines, (one half or one quarter,) which belonged to the king of England before the Revolution. They reported that it had no such right.—A person who lately died at Philadelphia left a legacy to the "Poor Saints" of a certain church. The determination of who these are is likely to be the subject of a law case.—Joe Strickland outdone.—The following is a literal copy of a recommendation, brought to a gentleman of New York by his cook. Polly Smith is the cook's name, although Polly seems quite out of her place. The good lady who wrote the recommendation ought to be the "Y" of a certain member of Congress.

New York, February 20.

I have knowen this girl gon on two year and know her to be a uprite in dusteris oneat girl Polly Smith.

—It is stated that the costs in one of the cases lately argued at the United States Supreme Court, Washington, amounted to thirty or forty thousand dollars. This was paying rather dear for the whistle of justice.—It is proposed in the legislature of Pennsylvania to constitute a geological survey of that state. It will be highly beneficial to science, and ought to be adopted elsewhere.—A bill has been introduced into the Maryland House of Delegates to prevent the sale of small quantities of spirituous liquors.—A man in New Hampshire lately hanged himself, after making his preparations with much sang froid. He took a bundle of flax to a neighbor's and broke it; he went to another's and swinged it; to a third's and made a rope! He then went home and hanged himself. Really this man deserved a patent for hanging.—Commerce of the United States.—From documents transmitted to Congress, by the Secretary of the Treasury, on Monday last, it appears, that the imports during the year ending on the 30th of September last, amounted to \$84,974,477; of which amount \$80,778,120 were imported in American vessels, and \$4,196,357 in foreign vessels. That the exports during the same period, amounted to \$77,685,322, of which \$53,055,710 were of domestic, and \$24,539,612 of foreign articles. That of domestic articles \$46,159,523 were exported in American vessels, and \$6,856,182 in foreign vessels; and of the foreign articles \$23,338,988 were exported in American vessels, and \$1,156,624 in foreign vessels. That 942,296 tons of American shipping entered, and 953,012 cleared from the ports of the United States, and that 105,654 tons of foreign shipping entered and 99,417 cleared during the same period. The Register of the Treasury states, that the amount of registered tonnage employed in the foreign trade on the 31st of December, 1825, amounted to 700,783; that the enrolled and licensed tonnage amounted to 657,899; that the tonnage of fishing vessels amounted to 61,424—total 1,423,111.

FOREIGN.

The Duke of Wellington has been appointed commander in chief of the British army.—The remains of the Duke of York were committed to the tomb on the 20th of January, with great pomp and parade.—The war between Persia and Russia still continues, and it is said the former has applied to England for assistance, in virtue of a treaty (in 1814) whereby the latter agreed to grant an annual subsidy of £200,000 in case of any aggression being made on the territories of Prussia. The question will in that case, involve the consideration whether the present war was provoked by the aggression of Persia or of Russia. The ascendancy of English influence in the Councils of Persia has always been viewed with a jealous eye by Russia, and it is well known, that many British officers have been employed in the Persian service.—The Greek frigate Hellas, Capt. Gregory, from New-York, arrived at Napoli di Romania on the 6th of December.—A serious conspiracy appears to have been formed at Malaga, for the express purpose of proclaiming the Constitution. Almost the whole third regiment of infantry was in the plot; and though it was betrayed and was prevented from breaking out by the sudden arrival of the Captain General of Grenada, General Campana, yet not less than two hundred men of the implicated regiment quitted their colors, and retired with their arms into the mountains of Ronda, where they joined the bands of partizans, or rather patriots, by whom almost all the passes of those mountains were occupied.—The Lausanne Gazette says, M. Eynard has received by the way of Ancona, a letter from Spezzia, of the 24th December, which confirms the defeat of Redschid Pacha, and the deliverance of all Upper Greece from Attica to Thessaly. Karaiskaki, and other Greek Commanders, at the head of a numerous army are in pursuit of the remains of the barbarians.—Another column of Rumeliotis had entered the Morea, marching against Ibrahim Pacha, who, being beaten at every point, had been obliged to quit the plateau of Tripolizza, and to retreat to Modon.—Admiral Miaulis, on board the Am. frigate and accompanied by the rest of the flotilla, had attacked the Egyptian fleet, and captured several vessels laden with ammunition.—Accounts from Trieste, of the 10th January, bring the important news that a ship from Zante has brought word that it was reported there that the Turkish garrison of Canea and Candia had surrendered for want of provisions. If this is true, the consequences in favor of the Greeks will be incalculable.—Letters from Constantinople of the 27th December say, "The military reform makes rapid progress, the Government neglects nothing to ensure its success; and, with this view, has lately banished to Asia a great number of vagabonds. The Captain Pacha is in the highest favor with the Sultan. The Marquis de Ribeaupierre is expected about the end of January. The defeat of Redschid Pacha, before Athens, is generally spoken of. The news has been circulated in spite of the prohibitions of the new police.—The Oriental Spectator of the 15th December, pretends that Ibrahim Pacha had advanced under the cannon of Napoli, and carried off 10,000 persons, who had abandoned Calamata, Tripolizza, and other places in the possession of the Turks.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO

It was thine own bright eye that told
The tale which I believed so.
And has that burning blush grown cold?
And has that sigh deceived so?
Can Love so sweetly spoken,
Grow languid and be broken?

I looked into that glistening eye,
And read amid its wildness,
A vision bright as morning sky
In its first dewy mildness—
A token of such sweetness
As challenged its own fleetness.

But now thou sayest, it was in vain
I trusted to thy kindness;
Then may these eyes and throbbing brain
Invoke eternal blindness,
Ere fickle fate shall proffer
Such hopes as thou didst offer.

Go then, and glory in thy throes;
(God grant thou may'st not share them.)
'Twere not so bitter half from foes
As thus from thee to bear them,
And when distress shall mate thee,
May truer friends await thee.

March 6, 1827.

G.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MASONRY AND RELIGION.

When first th' Almighty mandate spoke
Creation into birth;
When light from chaos' cradle broke
Upon th' astonished earth;
Then Masoury, the maid of love,
From realms of light sublime,
Came in her beauty, sent by Jove,
To join the march of time.

From that supernal Lodge of light,
Not made with hands, on high,
She came to gild the gloom of night
Beneath her native sky;
And here, in Friendship's sacred shade,
She bade her temple rise,
And, thus obey'd, her sons array'd
In robes brought from the skies.

The Gods look'd down, and smil'd to see
The glorious Ark of art,
And blest the maid of Masoury,
Her hand, and generous heart,
And cry'd—*from henceforth thou shalt be,*
In every age and state,
The handmaid of sweet charity,
And all the virtues great.

And thou shalt be, to all the poor,
The kind and faithful friend,
In every clime, on every shore,
The helping hand to lend;
With fair Religion thou shalt go
Across the stormy wave,
To soothe the weeping widow's woe,
Poor men from sin to save.

Thus spoke the Gods—and hand and hand
With fair Religion, she
Departed to each foreign land
With blessed Charity;
But oft the sons of Bigotry,
With jealousy imbued,
Cry'd out against fair Masoury,
Least she should do some good.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

From the New York Crystal Hunter.

THERE WAS A TIME I NEVER SIGHED.

"Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor?"

There was a day I never sigh'd;
There was a time I gladly sung:
Oh, how I wish that I had died,
When mind was pure and form was young.

If I were well, a father stoop'd,
Above my bed, to bless my sleep;

If I were ill, a mother droop'd,
And left my couch to think and weep.

My playmates were as brothers tried;
Yes, winter days had sunshine them;
I could not tell why people sigh'd;
Nor feel the cares of busy men.

Friends I have had, as kind and brave
As ever shar'd a pliant soul:
But now, affections foe, the grave,
Has made the floods of sorrow roll.

And I have lost my tide, my time;
Cast off the robe of innocence;
Have nurtur'd pride; encourag'd crime;
Ah! flung away my best defence.

Repentance hangs upon my heart;
Sweet thoughts for all are in my mind;
I would not throw a venom'd dart—
O no! I never was unkind!

Yet, when my stream of tears is wide,
My willow'd harp to this is strung;
"O, how I wish that I had died,
When mind was pure and form was young."

C. E. E.

From *Lays and Legends of the Rhine.*

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

The seven beautiful countesses, whose coquetry, cruelty, and punishment, are recorded in the following legend, are supposed to have been the seven daughters of the Gaugrave Louis I. Von Arnstein. The story runs, that the celebrated Rhein-Nixe, Lorelei, was the avenger of the jilted knights; and when the Rhine is low, and the wind causes the waves to foam around the protruding group of rocks into which it is supposed these cold and scornful ladies were transformed, the peasantry of the neighbourhood imagine the "Seven Sisters" are endeavouring to leap from the flood, and regain their paternal castle.

The castle of Schenberg was lofty and fair,
And seven countesses ruled there:
Lovely, and noble, and wealthy I trow,
Every sister had suitors enow.
Crowned duke and belted knight
Sigh'd at the feet of those ladies bright;
And they whisper'd hope to every one,
While they vow'd in their hearts they would favour none!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many a year since this befell:
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain!
At the castle of Schenberg 'twas merriment all—
There was dancing in bower, and feasting in hall;
They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay,
And the moments flew faster than thought away!
But not only moments—the days fled too—
And they were busied when they first came to woo:
And spake they of marriage or bliss deferr'd,
They were silenced by laughter and scornful word!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many a year since this befell:
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain!
Knight look'd upon knight with an evil eye—
Each fancied a favour'd rival nigh;
And darker every day they frown'd,
And sharper still the taunt went round;
Till swords were drawn and lances in rest,
And the blood ran down from each noble breast;
While the sisters sat in their chairs of gold,
And smiled at the fall of their champions bold.

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many years since this befell:
Times have changed, and we must allow
Countesses are not so cruel now.
Morning dawn'd upon Schenberg's towers,
But the sisters were not in the wonted bowers;
Their damsels sought them the castle o'er—
But upon earth they were seen no more:
Seven rocks are in the tide,
Ober-wesel's walls beside,
Bearing their cold brows to heaven—
They are called "The Sisters Seven."

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many a year since this befell:
And ladies now may love deride,
And their suitors alone be petrified.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man,
He has his lustrous Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy spas:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Springs honeyed cup of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
His nearest unto heaven: quiet coives
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furthest close; contented as to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

LACONICS.

BY THE DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have. Interest and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions, however specious may be our pretences to the contrary.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

There are two kinds of curiosity; one arises from interest, which makes us desirous to learn what may be useful to us: the other from pride, which makes us desirous to know what others are ignorant of.

He who imagines he can do without the world, deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him, is still more mistaken.

It is much easier to suppress a first desire, than to satisfy those that follow it.

Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own. We acknowledge our faults in order to repair by our sincerity the hurt they do us in the opinion of others. We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones. Dishonest men conceal their faults from themselves as well as others: honest men know and confess them. We have few faults which are not more excusable in themselves than the means we use to conceal them.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us beneath those we hate.

The calm or disquiet of our temper depends not so much on affairs of moment as on the agreeable or disagreeable disposition of the trifles that daily occur.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1827.

[No. 7.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

[An obliging correspondent and worthy companion, of Charleston, S. C. has forwarded the following proceedings for publication. They took place at the time of Gen. LAFAYETTE's visit to that city in March, 1825.]

Agreeably to previous arrangements with Gen. LAFAYETTE, deputations from "South Carolina Encampment of Knights Templars," of Charleston, and from "Lafayette Encampment," of Georgetown, waited on him, and were received in the hall, and invited by him to an audience in his private room; where MOSES HOLBROOK, M. D. Grand Commander, and the other Knights, were formally introduced by the Rev. CHEEVER FELCH, of the U. S. N.

After the introduction, the following Address was delivered to him by C. C. SEBRING, in behalf of the Encampment of the city of Charleston.

We appear before you, General, as a deputation from "South Carolina Encampment of Knights Templars," to present their respects and congratulations on your arrival at Charleston. We had long indulged the hope of participating in common with our Brethren of every degree, in the pleasure of uniting with you in a Masonic dinner; but we have learnt with regret that your engagements will not permit you to accept the invitation offered by the Grand Lodge. But we could not allow the present occasion to pass without some testimony, in accordance with the example of our Brethren and Companions in other cities, how much we respect your virtues, and how grateful we feel for those labours of love which you, together with our great father, your honored friend WASHINGTON, and his gallant compatriots, have rendered to this country.

It has ever been the custom of the fraternity to cherish feelings of regard for those worthy members of the craft, who have distinguished themselves by the practice of our tenets and principles. We shall not, then, venerable brother, be accused of flattery, when we say that we can trace, in your long and faithful career, a strict adherence to "Brotherly-love, Relief and Truth." Your brotherly-love prompted you, even in your youth, to come to the assistance and relief of our fathers, when struggling in the cause of the violated rights of man; and your valor assisted them to achieve those victories that resulted in the formation of our present happy constitution, founded upon the immutable principles of Truth.

As the grand characteristics of Templars, a holy order in which we feel proud to hail you a Companion, are "unsullied honour, unwearied zeal in a brother's cause, and universal benevolence"—virtues which you possess in an eminent degree, and have so conspicuously displayed in a long life devoted to the welfare of your fellow men, permit us, as members of the same order, to add our feeble voice to the millions who greet you in your progress thro' this happy country—a country so much indebted to you for the happiness it enjoys. Accept, then, General and Companion, the best tribute we can offer you, the reverence and sincere homage of grateful hearts.

To which General La Fayette made the following reply:

KNIGHTS,

I am extremely happy in receiving this testimony of your respect and affection. During my present visit to this country, the attentions of my Masonic Brethren have afforded me the greatest pleasure. I wish them every prosperity. It is with pain that I

have to regret that my hurried visit through the southern section of the Union, does not allow me to accept those brotherly and friendly invitations of the Fraternity which have been offered me in this city. Nothing since my arrival in this country has afforded me more gratification than the kind favours I have received from my brethren. I beg you to assure the Masonic Institution to which you belong, that the reasons which I have already assigned only prevent me from accepting the invitation which the Grand Lodge of South-Carolina has tendered.

Knights, Companions, you will accept my best wishes for your Masonic and individual prosperity and happiness. Should I ever stand in need of defence, I can rely upon your Order.

When the General had finished his reply, JAMES COGGESHALL briefly addressed him in behalf of the Deputation from the Encampment in Georgetown, expressing their regret that his previous engagements had deprived them of the honour of a visit from him; and informed him, that as a mark of the respect and gratitude of its members, they had named it after him, and elected him an honorary member.

To which the General replied: That they had done him great honour in giving his name to their Encampment, begging them to return to the Encampment which they represented, his unfeigned thanks for such a notice, and assuring them that he should ever remember with gratitude the respect they had shown to his endeavours in the cause of their country, by electing him an honorary member of their Institution.

[From a Correspondent at the West.]

Brother Capt. JOSEPH P. BENDS, of Pompey, in the county of Onondaga, N. Y. died Sept. 28th, 1825. Brother Rev. WILLIAM J. BUCKLEY, (by whom he had been baptised sometime previous to his death) preached his funeral sermon.

Brother Doctor WILLIAM TAYLOR, at the special request of the deceased, read the masonic funeral service, and Brother Col. L. S. BURR, being present, at the request of the Lodge of James ville, Manlius, to which the deceased belonged, delivered an address at the grave, of which the following is an extract. It is worthy of remark, that the life of our deceased brother, and his conduct before his death, are set forth in their true pictures by brother Burr—insomuch, as that no other description can be necessary to illustrate his true character.

"Brethren:—Our brother is no more, except in our affections—his present condition will soon be ours—he rose in the morning of his glory; the flower of his youth was full; he glowed in the beauty of ripening honor; and wisdom sat upon the arch of his brow. The summer of his ripening years had come; and his mind raised an enquiring search for wisdom. In the language of the wise man he cried—give me wisdom that sitteth upon thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children. When but a youth, he was chosen to an important place of trust: he was commissioned by the rulers of our land; and he filled his office with dignity and honor. You entrusted him with the signet of your order; and he kept the records of your ancient institution. He walked upon the Square with a brother; and he circumscribed his actions by the Compass with the world. The Rule of his conduct was that of the upright man; and he drew his Line in the path of immortality: And unto him was given a white stone; and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save him that receiveth it. Weep, Brethren! Weep! for a just man is dead:—Weep! for a righteous man is gone; Weep, brethren! But weep not for him! his cup was full; his harvest was as a field of corn, and of barley, and of wheat full grown: Yea,

as a bundle of fine wheat in the hands of the reaper. Contemplate the hour of his departure! The bliss of eternal joy enmantled his immortal spirit. The smile of heavenly bliss sat playing upon his lips, in holy converse with his soul, while the angelic hosts, assembled at the summons of his departing spirit to greet a brother with a cheerful welcome. Is this fiction or is it reality? As I believe in the divinity of this Holy Book—as I believe in the presence of God's Holy Spirit, with his repentant and prayerful subjects; so do I believe in the reality of our brother's happiness with angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. With what kind, and pleasant gentleness, did he order and arrange his worldly concerns, when the hope of long continuance was gone. With what composure did he give order for these last obsequies! How tranquil! How lovely! How glorious were the beams of his countenance, when he gave to you his parting pass-word by a brother; and says I die a christian! I die a mason! How strong! How affectionate! How holy was his appeal to you my brethren, when he sent you his last parting grip by a brother's hand, and smiling, said, I hope to meet you all in the Grand Lodge above! O that my brethren could see a christian die! How ardent was his faith in his Maker's mercy! How anxious did his spirit labor for its glorious transition.

"Weep, brethren, in the fulness of your souls—and let the Lodge weep—for a double grief has come upon it. But weep ye not for him! Though he is dead, yet he liveth—Though he is buried, yet he shall be raised, and transported to that celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect presides.

"But, brethren, weep ye for yourselves, and look well to the West!—It is the place of the going down of the sun! As the sun setteth in the fullness of his time, so shall the son of man go down to the place of his rest. Look ye well to the West—that ye may all say, God is our God, forever and forever, he will be our guide even unto death."

At a meeting of the Lodge, Oct. 24th 1825, a copy of this address was requested from brother Burr, and by a resolution of the Lodge the freedom of the Lodge was duly presented to brothers Burr and Buckley.

ELECTIONS.

Mount Horeb Chapter, No. 75, Kingston, Ulster co.

Seth Couch, High Priest; Henry Van Houtenbergh, King; John Beekman, Scribe; Edward Green, Treasurer; Lawrence Wilson, Secretary; Hiram Green, Captain of the Host; Henry F. Backus, Principal Sojourner; Henry Darling, Royal Arch Captain; Pierce Catlin, Abraham Myer, and Jacob Masten, Masters of Vails.

Regular communications Tuesday preceding full moon.

Kingston Lodge, No. 20, Kingston, Ulster co.

Elected December 27th, 1826: Henry Van Houtenbergh, W. M.; Henry S. Backus, S. W.; John Van Buren, J. W.; John Beekman, Treasurer; Lawrence Wilson, Secretary; Hiram Green, S. D.; Peter K. Allen, J. D.; Henry Darling and Lewis Mason, Stewards; Abraham Elmendorf, Tyler.

Regular communications, full moon.

Olive Branch Chapter, No. 99, Bloomingburgh, Sullivan county.

Daniel G. Niven, High Priest; Jacob Mills, jr. King; John J. Tappen, Scribe; Samuel G. Dimmick, Treasurer; ———, Secretary; Archibald C. Niven, Captain of the Host; Bevier Depuy, Principal Sojourner; James Marshall, Royal Arch Captain; Alexander Brown, Isaac B. Miller, and Stephen Newkirk, Masters of Vails.

Regular communications, Saturday on or preceding full moon.

Bloomingburgh Lodge, Bloomingburgh, Sullivan co.

Elected December 27, 1826: Alpheus Dimmick, W. M.; Flavel Mosely, S. W.; James Marshall, J.

W.; Cornelius Wood, Treasurer; John Drake, Secretary; Samuel G Dimmick, S. D.; Isaac Doolittle, J. D.; Joseph Miller, Tyler.

Grand Encampment of South Carolina.

At the annual meeting of the "Grand Encampment of Knights Templars, and the Appendant Orders, for the state of South Carolina," held in Charleston on the 27th February, 1827, the following Sir Knights, were unanimously elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Benjamin Green, of Georgetown, Grand Master; James Eyland, of Charleston, Deputy Grand Master; George Cuthbert, of Beaufort, Grand Generalissimo; Alexander M'Donald, of Charleston, Grand Captain General; William Lance of Charleston, Grand Prelate; D. V. Burton, of Georgetown, Grand Senior Warden; John M'Anally, of Charleston, Grand Junior Warden; Joseph M'Cosh, of Charleston, Grand Treasurer; C. C Sebring, of Charleston, Grand Recorder; C. W. Capers, of Charleston, Grand Warder; E. Benjamin of Georgetown, Grand Standard Bearer; Edward Sebring of Charleston, Grand Sword Bearer; John Roche of Charleston, Grand Sentinel.

Mount Vernon Encampment, Worthington, Ohio.

At the annual meeting of Mount Vernon Encampment, holden at their Asylum in Worthington, Feb. 22, the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year, viz:

M. E. Sir John Snow, Grand Commander; E. Sir Ezra Griswold, Generalissimo; E. Sir Daniel Upson, Captain General; E. Sir. Bela Latham, Prelate; Sir Levi Pinney, Senior Warden; Sir Jonathan M. Smith, Junior Warden; Sir Potter Wright, Treasurer; Sir Joseph Leiby, Recorder; Sir Chauncy Barker, Sword Bearer; Sir Pardon Sprague, Standard Bearer; Sir George Sanderson, Warder; Sir Joseph Greer, Guard.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e.m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&4 Tu. e.m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e.m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Th. e.m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Tu. e.m.
Ineffable Lodge,	Albany,	
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e.m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e.m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f.m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f.m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3 M. e.m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2&4 Tu. e.m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu. e.m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3 M. e.m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f.m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. aff. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f.m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. af. f. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. af. f. m.
Danville Royal Arch Chapter,	Danville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Danville Lodge,	Danville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

From the Rockingham Gazette.

The following paper has been communicated by the gentleman whose name is attached to it. It will probably excite the attention and investigation of those, to whom the subject may be in some degree familiar, who are qualified to judge of the merit of any new views exhibited in relation to it. We are assured that several gentlemen of respectability have expressed a wish, that a fair experiment may be made by the proper authority, under the direction of the gentleman by whom the theory is communicated.

THE GLOBE.

To ascertain whether the globe of earth on which we live is a solid or hollow sphere; and if hollow, how thick the shell of earth.

Old Theory.

It has been said that if the globe, (which is about

eight thousand miles in diameter) had an aperture through the centre, and that if a cannon ball was thrown into the aperture, it would gravitate towards the centre, and there after certain vibrations up and down, (as we should call it) settle at rest, four thousand miles from its surface.

New Theory.

It may now be stated, that if the Globe is hollow, and its shell or substance, composed of minerals, rocks, earth and water, should extend only thirty miles in depth, from the surface, all bodies or material substance, near the inward or outward surface, must be attracted, or gravitate to the centre of the side of the shell which is nearest, and those on the inside must also be strongly inclined the same way by the centrifugal force caused by the diurnal motion of the earth in combination with the polar attraction.* A ball thrown into a cavity of suitable size, made through the shell of earth, would vibrate up and down, come to a state of rest about fifteen miles below the surface. If two balls were thrown in at the same time, one from the inside and the other from the outside, they would meet at the centre.

If these axioms or propositions are admitted, and if the aperture in the shell was filled with water, and the water at any degree of depth was no more dense than at or near the surface, a ball weighing fifteen when under water near the surface, would weigh but fourteen pounds, at one mile deep, but thirteen, at two miles deep and so on; losing one pound each mile until about fifteen miles below or from the surface it would rest, and apparently, weigh nothing.

Such a weight would weigh one ounce less every twenty rods it was sunk in the water, and for any depth within fifteen miles. If the shell is sixty miles thick, the centre of its gravity must be thirty; such a weight would weigh but one ounce less for every forty rods in depth, and the proportion would continue the same for any depth under thirty miles. It may be inferred that the weight sunk eighty rods, or any given depth, would weigh less than at the surface in all cases; were the Globe solid, a weight would lose a portion of its gravity as it sunk towards its centre, but the loss would be too little in eighty rods, or any convenient depth of sounding, to be discovered by the most accurate method of investigation yet known. If no less can be discovered it must be admitted that the Globe is solid.

If loss of weight is discovered, by the proportion said loss bears to the whole weight and the known depth of water to which it was or may be sunk, the thickness of the shell of the earth may be found.

It must be remembered that the foregoing statements are made on the supposition that water at any depth, is no more dense than at or near the surface: Such a supposition, however cannot be admitted.

Water probably is, and may be proved to be elastic, and capable of being condensed into a smaller space than it naturally occupies.

It is not likely to have ever been known to what degree of density water can be compressed, nor what degree of force it may require, to condense it to any given degree of percentage.

The projector of this has invented a method or instrument by which the degree of density can be discovered and proved by actual experiment; by means of which a correct table of calculations can be made for the various depths of water, and so as to show the percentage of variation betwixt shoal and deep water.

The place for making actual experiment must be where there is a smooth deep water with little or no current.

If a table of calculations was made, that would correctly show, at one view, how much common sea water is condensed at twenty rods, how much at sixty rods deep or eighty rods and so on, and at what depth, if any there be, where two quarts are condensed into one. Such a table would show how to

* NOTE.—There is, undoubtedly, an attraction betwixt the inside of a hollow sphere, but that attraction may be exactly counterbalanced by the centrifugal force and the polar attraction. If the diurnal motion and polar attraction should cease, the several component parts of the Globe must tumble in a confused mass to the common centre.

If the diurnal motion was to be greatly increased, the Globe (having become too fragile to expand) must by increased centrifugal force, be severed into thousands of parts, and together with its rocks, hills and mountains in chaotic confusion be hurled into boundless space.

make correct allowance for loss of weight by density: and it may here be repeated that such an instrument and such a table can be made, and the method and proof be clearly, plainly and intelligibly demonstrated.

Should the foregoing theory, as far as explained, appear so plausible as to deserve a fair experiment; and particularly, if a government vessel should be directed to make the experiment when passing the calm latitudes, the necessary instrument, and particular directions for avoiding all inaccuracies that may seem liable to attend the use of dip lines when experiments are making, together with some further explanations deemed necessary can be had; and if it should be thought requisite, the particular attendance of the projector.

N. B. It is deemed important both to the theory of astronomy and to that of the tides, that the foregoing question should be settled.

BENJAMIN C. GILMAN.

CHARACTER.

DANTON, ROBESPIERRE, & MARAT.

From Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, just published.

Three men of terror, whose names will long remain, we trust, unmatched in history by those of any similar miscreants, had now the unrivalled leading of the Jacobins, and were called the triumvirate.

Danton deserves to be named first, as unrivalled by his colleagues in talents and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of vice as the practice of cruelty; and it was said there were three times when he became humanized amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety, like the Maelstrom at the turn of tide. His profusion was indulged to an extent hazardous to his popularity, for the populace are jealous of a lavish expenditure, as raising their favourites too much above their own degree: and the charge of peculation finds always ready credit with them, when brought against public men.

Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or for expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justify the name of the Incorruptible, with which he was honored by his partizans. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hypocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated oratory, as foreign to good taste, as the measures he recommended were to ordinary humanity. It seemed wonderful, that even the seething and boiling of the revolutionary cauldron should have sent up from the bottom, and long supported on the surface, a thing so miserably void of claims to public distinction; but Robespierre had to impose on the minds of the vulgar, and he knew how to beguile them, by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding, and by acts of cunning and hypocrisy, which weigh more with the multitude than the words of eloquence, or the arguments of wisdom. The people listened as to their Cicero, when he twanged out his apostrophes of *Pauvre Peuple, Peuple vertueux!* and hastened to execute whatever came recommended by such honied phrases, though devised by the worst of men for the worst and most inhuman of purposes.

Vanity was Robespierre's ruling passion, and though his countenance was the image of his mind, he was vain even of his personal appearance, and never adopted the external habits of a sans culotte. Amongst his fellow jacobins, he was distinguished by the nicety with which his hair was arranged and powdered; and the neatness of his dress was carefully attended to, so as to counterbalance, if possible, the vulgarity of his person. His apartments, though small, were elegant, and vanity had filled them with representations of the occupant: Robespierre's picture at length hung in one place, his miniature in another, his bust occupied a niche, and on the table were disposed a few medallions exhibiting his head in profile. The vanity which all this indicated was

of the coldest and most selfish character, beings such as consider neglect an insult, and receives homage merely as a tribute; so that, while praise is received without gratitude, it is withheld at the risk of mortal hate. Self-love of this dangerous character is closely allied with envy, and Robespierre was one of the most envious and vindictive men that ever lived. He was never known to pardon any opposition, affront, or even rivalry; and to be marked on his tablets on such an account, was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was supported by brutal courage. Robespierre was a coward, who signed death warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation.

Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders, by the violence of his sentiments in the journal, which he conducted from the commencement of the Revolution upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its successive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravened more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and, for the honour of human nature we are inclined to believe, there was a touch of insanity in this unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was, like Robespierre, a coward. Repeatedly denounced in the Assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among his cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill omen, his death screech was again heard. Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood, which induces a wolf to continue his ravage of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased.

Danton despised Robespierre for his cowardice, Robespierre feared the ferocious audacity of Danton; and with him to fear was to hate—and to hate was—when the hour arrived—to destroy. They differed in their ideas also of the mode of exercising their terrible system of government. Danton had often in his mouth the sentence of Machiavel, that when it became necessary to shed blood, a single great massacre has a more dreadful effect than a series of successive executions. Robespierre on the contrary, preferred the latter process as the best way of sustaining the reign of terror. The appetite of Marat could not be satiated but by combining both modes of murder. Both Danton and Robespierre kept aloof from the sanguinary Marat.

Among the three monsters mentioned, Danton had that energy which the Girondists wanted, and was well acquainted with the secret movements of those insurrections to which they possessed no key. His vices of wrath, luxury, love of spoil, dreadful as they were, are attributes of mortal men; the envy of Robespierre, and the instinctive blood-thirstiness of Marat, were the properties of fiends. Danton, like the huge serpent called the Boa, might be approached with a degree of safety when gorged with prey—but the appetite of Marat for blood was like the horse leech, which says, Not enough—and the slaughterous envy of Robespierre, was like the gnawing worm that dieth not and yields no interval of repose. In glutting Danton with spoil, and furnishing the means of indulging his luxury, the Girondists might have purchased his support; but nothing under the supreme law of France would have gratified Robespierre; and an unlimited torrent of

the blood of that unhappy country could alone have satiated Marat. If a colleague was to be chosen out of that detestable triumvirate, unquestionably Danton was to be considered the most eligible.

From the London Monthly Magazine for January.

MR. SHERIDAN.

Taylor, of the Opera House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in two post chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the money they get on any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan; who sent out Mr. Grimm (one of his jackalls) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house. She said she had come prepared for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it was necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for farther instructions; who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this Mrs. B. said she was also provided—she had brought one in her pocket. At each message, she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it—"I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon parchment!" He once mounted a horse which a horse dealer was showing off near a coffee house at the bottom of St. James' street, rode it to Tattersal's and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from whence he set out. The owner was furious, he swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee house, the horse jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors shut, John?" and being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old city friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again: but when they came to the door, they were told by the check takers there was none for

them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been in the mean time, and carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane to broil a beef steak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burnt down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with extreme difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the state?" When he got to Covent Garden, he went into the Piazza Coffee house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Piazza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise and said,—"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient Stoics have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without flinching; this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that," (laying his hand upon his heart) "but that, thank God, I never felt." I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the *mens conscia recti* very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Matthews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admire deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only are acquainted. Sheridan's reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr. Wilberforce!"—is well known, and shows that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

VARIETY.

PATRIOTISM OF DEMOSTHENES.—While Alexander was pursuing his conquests in the East, Harpalus, to whom his treasure was entrusted, fled with the whole of it to Athens. Demosthenes advised his fellow citizens to expel him, to avoid Alexander's displeasure; but upon seeing the King's own cup of massy gold, curiously wrought, he asked Harpalus how much it weighed? "To you," said Harpalus, "it shall weigh twenty talents." He accordingly sent the orator twenty talents, with the cup, that night. Demosthenes came next day into the assembly with a cloth rolled about his neck, and his opinion being asked about Harpalus, he made signs that he had lost his voice!—*Patriar infelici fidelis*.

ORIENTAL JEALOUSY. The ladies of the Persian harem, when on a journey, are preceded, at about the distance of four score paces, by a troop of horse, who reiterate the cry of "couroue! couroue!" as a signal for every man to retire to a proper distance. So rigorous is the punishment of disobedience in this particular, that in the reign of Abbas 2d, one of the servants, whose employment it was to set up the tents, being weary with the march, after executing his office, laid down to sleep, the king and his women being then at a considerable distance. The poor fellow happened, however, to sleep beyond his calculation, and being found by the guards he preceded, was wrapped up in the carpet he lay on, and buried alive.

A man whose intemperance led him to crimes which brought him to the gallows, lamented that so many drops should end in one.

A gentleman going out a few days since to hunt with a friend of the name of "Horn," exclaimed, this is just as it should be, I shall hunt to-day both with *Hound* and *horn*.

POPULAR TALES.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

From "The Odd Volume," lately published.

Old Ludovic Hartz always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration: and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a turkish saddle, old, and deeply stained with blood: yet, to the brave Ludovic, it recalled a tale of other days, when, young, ardent, and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the hostile invaders of his native Hungary, and many an unbelieving dog had his good sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortune of the war, and too often was the glory of the holy cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these fierce combats that, suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks. "But the recollection of you and your angel mother," would Ludovic say to his daughter, "nerved my arm. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell, I knew not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes, whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow and my child fatherless, and these dreadful thoughts infused fresh vigour into my arm; I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment, several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death; I threw myself on the Turkish courser, and forced him on at his utmost speed until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure which, during the campaign, I had acquired, to my home, purchased these fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war."

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After this sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. The little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after a lapse of some years, our good hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who, on his death-bed, entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have attained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection at that time; and, satisfied with this promise, the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him, he loved her not, but he loved the wealth which would one day be hers, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a generous and tender passion were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress; nor did he ever appear disposed to play the part of a lover, except when some other seemed inclined to supply his place. It was a real fete, given by Ludovic to his neighbours at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What, then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment, he saw Theresa, her slender waist encircled by the arm of a

young hussar, moving in the graceful waltz! The evident superiority of his rival, whose well-knit limbs, firm step and free and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and, in violent wrath, he advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement; he persisted; she refused his request, and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion, laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she were not at liberty to select any partner for the dance she thought proper. "You have no such liberty!" thundered forth Karl. "You are my betrothed wife, and as such, you belong to me alone."

Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, "Father, does this man speak truth?" "He does, my child," was the reply; and she dropped insensibly at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her, passionately kissed her fair forehead, and, raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining apartment, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and breathing a deep sigh, murmured, "It was all a horrid dream!" An anguished groan startled her into perception and agony. She looked up and saw her father standing before her, with folded arms and a countenance clouded with grief. Karl also stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She then found it was no dream. She looked to her father. "Father, is there no hope?" "None, my honour is pledged." She then turned to the hussar, and placed for a moment her cold hand in his; then rising suddenly, threw herself at the feet of Karl.

"O Karl, I have mercy! I love and her—you do not love me—have pity on us!" "By all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall be mine, Theresa!" "I appeal to my father." "Will your father violate his promise to the dead?" "I will not," said Ludovic, with solemnity. "Then, Theresa," exclaimed Karl, with fiendlike exultation, "no power on earth shall save you from being mine!" and thus saying, he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. Her tears fell fast on his manly countenance, but his agony was too great for that relief. Ludovic was deeply moved. He approached them, endeavoured to calm their affliction, and related the circumstances under which this promise had been given; but his concluding words, "that he must hold it sacred," threw them into a new paroxysm of grief. "We must part, then, Arnhold," said the weeping Theresa; "we must part—ah! can we survive this cruel blow?" "No," said Arnhold, "no: I cannot live without you: let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us!" and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet. "Arnhold!" said Ludovic, sternly, "thou a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honour!" Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright lock, embraced and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father, and fled.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortitude of Theresa, as if she saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a fate so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavoured to sooth her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but with affections placed on another, the idea of a union with him appeared insupportable.

"My child!" would Ludovic say, interrupting a passionate burst of grief, "by what magic has Arnhold gained possession of your heart?" "He is an hussar," replied Theresa. There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic: he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of his daughter

with the sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him, that he had too often exalted the profession of arms above the peaceful and unobtrusive occupations of the husbandman. Was it wonderful, then, that Theresa should have imbibed something of this spirit? or that she should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, and tenderness to soothe her, under the afflictions of life? Arnhold dwelt near them; he had been the playmate of Theresa, and with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they had often listened together to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to relate to them; and to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnhold to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children, and liking the society of the generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming a totally different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief that his daughter was unalterably attached to the young soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was scarcely less so: he blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feelings and his duty arose in his breast; the stern honour of a soldier triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice. Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa, after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she should complete her eighteenth year. "Father," said she, with streaming eyes, "I have never deceived you. If I live, I will return: but do not grieve too deeply should my heart break in this fearful struggle." The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred and sunburnt cheek, embraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all feeling seemed dead; but her mind was awakened to new suffering. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay, apparently, on the bed of death; and with breathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival her father's sick-room was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there too was the youthful hussar. "My child," said Ludovic, "my days are numbered: my fate must soon be decided, and, alas! yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised, that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement, I could not die in peace: even the grave would afford no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?" "I can—I will," cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees, "so help me Heaven!" "Heaven will bless a dutiful child," said Ludovic, with fervour. "Karl, draw near." Karl obeyed—Theresa shuddered.

"Karl," said Ludovic, "you say you love my child: cherish her, I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you will possess a treasure; but I must warn you, she will bring you but one portion of my possessions." Karl started and retreated a few steps. "That, however," continued Ludovic, "which I look upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtues. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder—but enough of this! I have confessed to my spiritual father, and have obtained absolution for the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget I was a father: I pleaded the destitute state of my child—I implored, I entreated—at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa, I chose my saddle. Keep it dear child, in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you, Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you content to take my daughter with this portion?"

"Fool!" exclaimed Karl, "doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense! Your wealth is mine; your possessions must be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim them from those rapacious monks, and tear them from the altar!"

"You cannot, you dare not," replied Ludovic, raising his voice in anger—"my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only—my wealth formed no part of it."

"Driveller! dptard!" vociferated Karl, "think you that I will accept a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for your purpose: I renounce her."

"Give her to me, father!" cried Arnold: "I swear to cherish and protect her while I live. Give her to me, and when she shall be the loved wife of my bosom, I will live for her—aye, and die for her!"

Karl laughed in mockery. "You value life but little," said he, "to talk of sacrificing it for a woman. I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all Theresa."

The young hussar laid his hand on his sabre. Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatched his saddle from the wall where it hung, seized his sabre, with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of gold, bezants, Oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels, fell on the floor. "Wretch! worm! vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence reptile! begone before I forget that thou art of my blood!" Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his colourless lips.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewed around, Theresa rushed forward and embraced her father, exclaiming, "Is not this a dream? Are you indeed restored to me? Can this bliss be real?"

"Forgive me, my child," exclaimed Ludovic, "the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of our store has been appropriated to the holy church—not to purchase forgiveness of the sins I mentioned, and of which, thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down, my children—aye, support her, Arnold—lay her innocent head upon your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

There is no greater error current, than the almost universal belief of mankind in the infallibility of genius. It is not only an error of juvenile years, but in many instances is advocated by men of riper age, whose experience ought to correct, and whose discretion ought to suppress its bias on the minds of those they are leading on to action.

We discover this dangerous confidence in many parents, who see, or imagine they see in their children, at a very early age, the most incontrovertible proofs of a great mind. For example, a mother notices the wonderful memory, or the amazing docility of a favourite child. This through the magnifying powers of maternal fondness, and the credulity or flattery of the family and neighbours, is sufficient to settle his fame forever. He is a genius. He must not be fed, clothed or taught like the other children of the neighbourhood. He must not debase the hand which is hereafter to lead the minds of millions,—the foot which is to step forth in the glory of intellectual superiority, by the mean and servile labours of the field or the shop.

The brow, of whose bend the remaining shades of ignorance and barbarity are to be driven from among nations, must not be soiled by the dust and sweat of rural toil. He must be taught and lectured till his unassisted faculties are disgusted; and the consequence is he grows up without a trade, without employment and a dunce.

But in the minds of youth, the effects of this evil are multiplied by the innumerable methods of its operation. No sooner does a young man, by some

bright flash of his fancy, draw the attention of some few friends "to him and literature,"—no matter how incompetent to criticise,—then he sits himself down as a finished scholar. He is no longer a student. His Xenophon and his Cicero are no longer needful to him. He is a genius. He has inherited from nature what those great critics acquired by industry and reflection. He deems that in his fancy is found the sublime in its purity, and that the crude utterance of his more crude thoughts is inimitable oratory. Here the evil begins; and whether the subject be a devotee to literature, the sciences, or the fine arts, the result only varies, as it is coupled with some ruling passion or foible of his own.

If the youth be excessively fond of praise, he is perpetually throwing his works in the way of such readers as he thinks most likely to flatter, or whose praise he esteems most flattering. If they praise him, it only increases his fever for applause; but if his works meet with censure from any source, his mouth is full of complaints against the ungrateful world, and its inherent enmity to genius.

A poem whose jingling rhymes, and imposing metre, have led the author to an alarming distance from originality, meaning or elegant expression; or a prosing article where his volubility of bombast carries him from object to object, with neither connection nor definite end,—or a musical performance with

"———charms to soothe a savage—
"To soften rocks, and——split a cabbage"

is often the source of great mortification to a young man, without producing the least advantage which common sense may always draw from every unsuccessful attempt.

There are some who cannot endure praise; as there are people who cannot abide prosperity. In this rank I might name some of our living poets. They shine like stars when they first discover themselves to the world, but the *soft soap*, so plentifully applied by those who are entirely beneath them in genius, soon obscures their brilliance, and they go out unnoticed.

I shall name only one consequence now, which is the most disastrous of the whole catalogue of aberrations of Genius. It is when this opinion of the omnipotence of the fancy is combined with an indolent and tardy disposition.

The little work of Miss Edgeworth, entitled "*To-morrow*," and another juvenile volume named "*The Son of a Genius*," are so expressive of the whole process of procrastination, in a person of this description, that I cannot read them without such compunctions as bring on a pretty severe fit of the hypo. They are faithful—too faithful representations of real life. The youth, when once confirmed in his belief, that he has a great genius, and that genius is to become, at no distant period, a source of honour, and profit to him, rests at his ease, and never awakes from his delusion, till the days of his usefulness are gone, and he is left with the same to-morrow before him which has promised him so much, now divested of all its promises, and threatening him with want and oblivion.

Any man who carefully reflects on the many promising ones who have fallen a sacrifice to this erroneous opinion, will not dissent from me when I say, that there is no real worth in a brilliant fancy without Industry—no profit, but on the contrary, a lamentable evil in Genius without Common Sense.

G.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PASSIONS.

NO. IV. OF ANGER AND ENVY.

All human virtue to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death. [Pope.]

In commencing this essay it may be necessary to observe, that the passions are occasioned by the reaction of the intellectual faculties on the nervous system. We cannot comprehend this inconceivable co operation; for it is one of those secrets which God has not entrusted to man, and it is a secret which perhaps will never be discovered in this world, though we may probably be acquainted with it in that which is to come. The seat of the mind has been variously conjectured, and is described by

Descartes, as making its place of habitation in the pineal gland; which has never been discovered to be of any signal use to the brain. But in the opinion of most learned men who have bestowed attention to the subject, the mind pervades the whole system, in the same manner that caloric, or the principle of fire is found throughout the universe. Had I the invention of Archimedes, the reason of a Demosthenes, the profound knowledge of the system of a Hippocrates, an idea of the operations of the human mind like a Locke or Bacon, and the sublime pencil of a Homer, Horace or Virgil, I should fall far below the power of describing the situation and operations of the human mind. We are certain, however, that the passions which agitate, and sometimes threaten, and even do destroy the human fabric, originate solely from the operations of the mind upon the body. Temper, in man, should never be destroyed; for that would take from the system a powerful spring; but should be so regulated by reason, that it may not prove detrimental to the peace and happiness of society. An excess in anything destroys its utility, and renders it, though it may be specific when properly used, poisonous in its effects. The abuse or excess of temper may properly be called anger.

Anger is the most tempestuous and unruly passion that agitates the human frame. It is like the deluge of burning lava, that rolls in restless floods, from the summit of Vesuvius or *Ætna*, sweeping all before it in its devouring course, until it is stopped by the billows of the ocean. So, when an angry man is aroused in his fiery zeal, he dashes down every opposing barrier before him, and often tramples upon the sacred liberties of virtue and religion. Nothing can stop him in his wild career, until the friendly voice of reason whispers in softest accents, and bids his troubled bosom to be still. Galled by the real or imaginary injury, he gives a loose to that most terrible trumpet in the universe, the tongue, and frequently destroys that friendship which he has been at great pains to secure, and which can never be regained. Plato says we may discover those internal faculties of a man by his words, which it would be otherwise impossible to behold; and hence we see an angry man belching forth a consuming flame. The emperor Marcus Aurelius, who was celebrated for the mildness of his temper, said that Cæsar gained the empire by the sword, Augustus by descent, Caligula by the merits of his father, Nero by his tyrannical power, Titus by conquering Judea, but he himself, who was of low birth had come to the throne by his patience and gentleness of disposition. How much more amiable was the character of Marcus Aurelius, who had gained a kingdom without shedding blood, solely by conquering his own temper! Anger deprives a man of the proper use of his faculties, and blinds the eye of judgment in such a manner that he often, in a fit of frenzy, precipitates himself headlong into the gulf of the vilest error. I do not recollect of ever having read a more just observation than may be found recorded by Seneca. "Alexander," says Seneca, "had two friends, Clytue and Lysimachus; the one he exposed to a lion, the other to himself: he who was turned loose to the beast, escaped; but Clytue was murdered: for he was turned loose to an angry man." This observation of Seneca should be engraved on every man's heart, who is subject to the inundation of this dreadful passion. A man in a paroxysm of anger may slay another, when a few minutes reflection from reason will persuade him that he would give all in his power that he had not committed the awful deed, though he may be so fortunate as to escape from the penalty.

But notwithstanding what has been written with respect to anger, there is still a more deadly passion to the mind, which is envy. Envy, according to Lord Bacon, never has a holiday; but is ever busy in tormenting others, and in gnawing its own vitals. The envious man is miserable when he views the prosperity of another; and is never happy but at the expense of the misery of his fellow man. If we view an envious man melancholy, we may, with propriety, ask him in the language of Bion, what distress has come upon himself, or what good or happiness has fallen to another. The envious man is a much more dangerous character than the angry one; because he generally wears the cloak of

friendship, by which means he conceals the fatal dagger which he plunges to the heart in an unguarded moment; and views with a secret pleasure, the crimson current of character which flows at his feet. He cannot feel, for his heart is dormant. Conscience cannot affect him, for it is seared; and he is a fit subject to be chained with the devil himself. The smiles of his fellow men are arrows to his heart; and he triumphs over the grave of the unfortunate, but he despises the praises bestowed on his monument. He is rich in the wants of another, and happy in the sorrows of his rival. He will profess to love, to admire, and even to adore the good qualities of another, when he is at the same moment preparing the poison of deadly hate which will kill the happiness of his neighbour; and he rejoices while he pretends to solace the grief which he has ungenerously inflicted. Anger roars like the lion, but envy bites like the serpent. Anger is candid in making itself understood, but envy has many ambiguities and sly insinuations, which wound deeper and deeper, until they are discovered. Anger is a warrior, that meets his enemy undaunted on the field, but envy is the midnight assassin, who creeps upon sleeping innocence, and dispatches the unhappy victim without an idea of the murderer. Anger uses truth in its recital of injuries, but envy is a notorious liar, yet creating plausible stories. Anger pays no respect to time and place in attacking his enemy, but envy waits for the secret opportunity to make the mortal stab. Anger makes the more noise, but envy commits the greater depredations. Anger is violent for a moment, but envy lasts through life. The angry man will readily forgive his adversary when he is laid in the dust, but envy dances in triumph on his grave. Envy cannot be easily extinguished; when it has viewed its opponent fall covered with sorrow, it envies the good name which some bestow; it envies the decent solemnity of his funeral; it envies the tears of his hapless wife and children, and like the serpent when irritated, it bites itself. Envy caused the arch enemy to seek the destruction of our first parents, which brought sin and death upon all the human race. A certain French writer, in speaking of the envious man, says, "his two greatest favorites are lies and falsehoods, and he feeds on his own heart, which he gnaws night and day." In his eyes may be seen despair, and beneath his tongue is the venom of the tarantula. His breath is the siroc wind, and his words are fatal as the Upas drop. He is despised by God, hated by men, and the darling jewel of the devil. His birth-place was hades, and his final resort will be hell. If conscience is intended to be the hell hereafter, how much more severe will it be to the envious man, when, like Dives, he lifts up his eyes in hell and views the innocent man afar off whom he persecuted in this world; and whose character he trampled under his feet. Anger and envy both have a tendency to debase the mind, and render man miserable to himself. They destroy health, cheerfulness and innocence, with all the social virtues of the soul; and not unfrequently doom the characters of their possessors to incorrigible ignominy and contempt.

MILFORD BARD.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1827.

G. and MILFORD BARD must accept our thanks for their attentions.

We hope LARA will forget to remember his promise. Mental labour improves the mind.

SIMON is received. We thank him for his essay, but decline publishing it, in consequence of having resolved to avoid intimacy, as far as possible, with the deluded and unfortunate man against whom his satire is directed. If SIMON will turn his attention to subjects more worthy of his pen, we shall be glad to hear from him as often as convenient.

The fifth day of April has been set apart by Governor LINCOLN, of Maine, as a day of Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer. An extract from the

proclamation is subjoined. The editor of the Boston Courier remarks, that "it is beautifully conceived and happily expressed. Happy will it be for the worshippers on that day, if clergymen will imitate the thoughts and style of the proclamation."

"I recommend to each citizen to observe the day as a Christian—if he be under the influence of any vice, to banish it—if in error, to correct it—if under obligations to others, honestly to discharge them—if suffering injuries, to forgive them—if aware of animosities, to extinguish them—and if able to do any benevolent act to any being, created by the Almighty Power to which he owes his existence and his faculties, to do it. And, with a conscience thus prepared, may we visit the Temple of God, to worship Him with that humble and happy disposition which always belongs to piety and innocence; beseeching Him that the religion he sent by our Saviour may not be perverted through the pride and prejudices of sectarianism, but may universally receive the homage of a correct faith and good works. Especially, I recommend that, being members of one great community, we unite as Christian Politicians, so that we may render perpetual the peace and prosperity of our country and of this State."

We have been denounced by another popular cabal. We do not view this as a matter of much importance, either to ourselves or any one else. These "specks of war" can never grow into consequence—their nature forbids it—they originate in dishonesty and intemperance, and must die with the disease that produced them. We never courted nor expected the approbation of such men as have aimed their venom at our well-being, and we are very confident that we shall never be intimidated by their ill-nature or their curses. Our conclusions relative to Morgan were drawn from rational premises, and we intend to stick by them until they are proved to be erroneous; and when that is done, we will freely exchange them for such as may be deemed more correct. We never did believe that Morgan was murdered, and, further, we never intend to believe so, until we hear some very good reason for it. Now, if this doctrine does not suit the Dr. Cantwells and D. Slops of the west, we can't help it. We are always proud of the good opinion of honest men; but to be the favourite of a parcel of enthusiastic fanatics, would, to us, be the source of much mortification and sincere regret.

We have received the March number of *The Casket; or, Flowers of Literature, Wit, and Sentiment*. Our readers are already acquainted with the merits of this useful and amusing miscellany; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that each subsequent number prefers new claims upon the patronage of the reading public. It is published monthly, by Atkinson & Alexander, Philadelphia, in numbers of forty octavo pages, for two dollars and fifty cents a year. The present number is embellished with a Likeness of John C. Calhoun, Vice-President of the United States; a view of Catskill Mountain House, at the Pine Orchard; four numbers of *The School of Flora*; and a Ballad, called "To Day, Dearest, is Ours,"—set to music.

The New-York Literary Gazette is discontinued and Mr. Brooks is now the literary editor of a new daily paper entitled *Morning Chronicle*. In his valedictory he says the *Literary Gazette* was never a profitable concern.

The New-York Mirror is to undergo many improvements at the close of the present volume.

The New-York Reflector and Firemen's Intelligencer, a very deserving publication, is soon to be united with the *New-York Spy and Dramatic Repo-*

sitory, which is also a publication of much merit, and possessed of peculiar attractions for dramatic readers.

The *Literary Gazette*, for the publication of which proposals were recently issued, is not to be published. The *Philadelphia Album* is to take its place, and Dr. M'Henry, the intended editor of the contemplated publication, will fill the editorial chair.

Last evening's western mail brought us a paper containing two letters from Dr. Terry on the subject of "the letters." One is short, and will be found below; the other is longer, and has a long postscript appended to it, and shall be published next week, unless it be crowded out by more important matter. The Doctor denies positively that he gave the account published in "the letters," and "conceives" himself "to be highly imposed upon by the committee." He says they had "no ground" to state that a lodge of British masons was called; that Mr. Brant was sent for; that Morgan was taken to Mr. M——'s house; that two or more masons from Niagara were present at the meeting, &c.: "the whole of these statements he totally denies as being the author." Yet the Doctor entertains "no doubt" that the committee did receive the "substance" of those statements from "some source." He says he did have a talk with the committee on the subject of the Morgan affair, on which occasion he was very particular to tell them that all he said was mere "hearsay;" and as to the implication of Mr. Chapin, he says he "never made any statement from which any man in his ordinary senses could have possibly taken such conception." This is a harsh dose for the "confidential" letter-writers, and may possibly improve their recollection a little—"a consummation devoutly to be wished." Bates Cook, the man that was so "happy" when the "able-bodied men, seventeen in number," arrived at Lewiston, said in his letter that Dr. Terry was a man "whom it would be difficult to impeach;" and if this be true, he must himself be a sort of dubious personage.

Niagara, March 10th, 1827.

I hereby certify, that I in no one instance gave the name of Seth Chapin as being concerned in the Morgan affair, and that Dr. C. Backus or any other man, had not, or now has, any right to say that I ever gave such information.

WILLIAM TERRY.

THE PETITION.

On Friday of last week, Mr. Granger, of the house of assembly, presented to that body, a petition, signed by forty individuals, praying the legislature to interfere in the case of William Morgan. This petition was immediately referred to the committee on the courts of justice, but that body was subsequently relieved from a consideration of it, and the petition is now in the hands of a select committee, composed wholly of men who are not masons. These forty petitioners, it appears, are the famous convention, whose minority of seventeen, with the help of one Dr. Terry, whose character is too notorious to need an illustration from us, recently contrived to make so much splutter about Morgan. The petition is a singular production; being a compound of credulity and wilful error. Its fate can scarcely be guessed at. The excited state of the public mind may induce the legislature to enter into measures which justice does not demand; but it is possible, though not very probable, that, after a proper investigation, the petitioners may be disappointed in their expectations. We certainly have no objec-

tions to the interference of the legislature in the affair of Morgan; for the interests of masonry require that the man's fate should be known, and that the guilty, if there be any, should be punished: but we do not believe it would promote the ends of justice to give a legal character to the proceedings of the Lewiston convention. It cannot be denied that at least the letter-writing portion of that body, has been guilty of indiscretions which disqualify it to use properly the power it seeks for. If any are to be clothed with authority, let them be men who are free from prejudice and hasty zeal—men who are possessed of enough moral courage to pursue an investigation till they arrive at the truth, and who can turn a deaf ear to the importunities of the knaves who stand ready to beset them on every side, and lead them astray with false reports and slanders against the living and the dead. That such men are not to be found in the ranks of the Lewiston Convention, is, we believe, generally conceded; and the necessity of selecting from another source, when it shall be thought proper to comply with the petition, is, we hope, apparent to the legislature.

THE LETTERS CONTRADICTED AGAIN!

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser, of March 8.

The articles given below require little other preface than the remark, that they reached here by the mail since our last was printed off.

The members of the Lewiston Convention must, we should think, see the necessity of making some official explanation to the people, now that such pointed contradictions are given to the letters recently published from individuals of their body. The unparalleled and increasing excitement that prevails around us calls more strongly than any thing we can say for such an explanation, including, of course, a statement of the authorities on which is founded whatever information they have—so that, if it be satisfactory, the accused may be taken, and the ends of justice fulfilled; or, if not, that indignation may follow the wretches who have trifled with the Convention, and the people set out once more to thread the maze in which they are left by the taking away of Morgan.

Niagara, U. C. March 3, 1827.

To the Editors of the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

GENTLEMEN—On my return from my parliamentary duties at York, I observed in the Albany Observer a letter dated "Lewiston, N. Y., Jan. 12th, 1827,"—in which I perceive some indirect allusions to the name of "M. . . .," a member of Parliament, to whose house, it is there stated, a William Morgan of Batavia was brought "blindfolded and tied." Now, gentlemen, I beg leave to declare through the medium of your paper, to your readers and the world at large, that no such occurrence ever took place—that on the night of the 14th September, 1826, nor at any other time, was Morgan in my house, to my knowledge. And I further declare the said Morgan is to me an utter stranger, except as to report; that I never exchanged a word with the man in my life, and would not know him from the greatest stranger in existence.

In justice to my own reputation, as well as that of my family and friends, I hereby most solemnly assert the whole statement to be utterly false and unfounded. And further, that I never conversed with the brother of . . . [Stocking] of Buffalo, on the affair of Morgan, as to his abduction or destruction, till after the appearance of the letters alluded to, in that paper, when I called on him for that purpose, and he then most explicitly declared that he had never given me as his author to Dr. . . . and admitted that I never had the slightest conversation with him on the subject previous. I could add to the foregoing declarations and assertions, my own affidavit, if necessary, as well as that of my family, consisting of three persons and a worthy and respectable gentleman and lady, who slept that night in my house. I cannot refrain from expressing my belief before I close this letter, that malice, envy, and foul revenge, are at the bottom of the heart of him, whoever he may be, that would thus villainously attempt to assassinate the character of any man in society. I mean to cast no reflection on the characters of the gentlemen who formed the committee of vigilance, but on him to whom it justly belongs. And from declarations made, even on the BED OF DEATH, that he, the Dr. . . ., would be revenged of me, for assisting to destroy a den of rogues and coiners, with whom he was implicated, has been his only inducement thus to do.

As, gentlemen, I am the only member of Parliament, residing in Niagara, whose name commences with the letter M I have come to the conclusion that I am particularly referred to, and beg you will insert in your paper, this refutation of the infamous and foul charges. I am, with respect, your obt. serv't.

EDW. M'BRIDE, M. P. P.

[* There is some obscurity in this sentence, arising partly from an allusion to a local circumstance, with which the public is not generally acquainted. The reader will, however, by an attentive perusal, collect enough to understand the writer's meaning.—Eds. R. D. Ado.]

Niagara, March 2, 1827.

To the Editors of the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

GENTLEMEN—I have lately seen in the United States papers a letter signed F—B—, dated Rochester, Jan 30th, 1827, containing a statement from one Dr. . . ., relating to the unhappy transaction of one William Morgan. In that letter it is

stated that the said Dr. . . . obtained his information from . . . a brother of . . . of Buffalo. As I am, to the best of my knowledge, the only person in this town that has a brother residing in Buffalo, I am induced to believe that Dr. . . . intended to allude to me.

I once had conversation with a Dr. Terry of this town, and told him that I had heard certain reports relative to Morgan, but I did not intend he should consider them as facts, but gave the report as I received it, as common place talk; and I would say further, that I know nothing of the transaction whatever, and never had any conversation with Mr. M— (M'Brade) on the subject, until after his return from York, which was about the 24th ult., when he called on me for the purpose of an explanation.

JARED STOCKING.

Since the above was put in hand, we received the Niagara Gleaner, containing the following, which, as will be seen, contradicts entirely one of the principal and most serious statements contained in the letters of members of the Lewiston Convention:

To the Editor of the Albany Observer:

SIR—We have seen a series of letters in a late number of your paper, purporting to be communications from certain persons who have (it would appear) been actively engaged in this neighbourhood to discover the fate of Morgan.

Now, sir, we the undersigned, who were office bearers of the Lodge at this place, at the time on which it is said this affair of Morgan occurred, deem it our imperative duty to repel the foul and slanderous charges, which are, in those communications preferred against us, relating to that transaction. It is there stated, from the information of a certain Dr. . . . of this place, that Morgan was brought here and offered to the Lodge; that the Lodge convened on the occasion, and sent for Mr. Brant, who came, but refused to have any thing to do with the affair.

The object sir, of this communication is to inform you, and your readers, that (whatever might have been the fate of Mr Morgan), this Lodge never met on any such occasion; neither was there any such proposition ever made to us, nor was the name of Morgan ever mentioned in our Lodge at any of its Meetings. The whole story as relates to us, is entirely false and unfounded.

We request, sir, that you would have the goodness to transmit the names of your correspondents in this affair, as also, that of the Dr. . . . from whom they had their information with as little delay as possible.

We are yours respectfully,

ROBERT KAY, P. M.

SAMUEL POTTS, P. S. W.

JACOB DUSRELER, P. J. W.

Lodge No. 4, Niagara, U. C.

Niagara, U. C. March 3, 1827.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The following remarks were prepared to accompany the letter of Capt. Brandt, published last evening, but were excluded for want of room: As at this distance from the circle in which he moves, his character may not be correctly known. (to quote the Editor of the Quebec Mercury,) it is but justice, since his name has been brought forward, to say, that Mr. Brandt is generally respected; and there need be no hesitation in believing what he says. He is a well educated young man, and was as much esteemed by the Officers of the division of His Majesty's Army, with which he served during the last American war, for his gentlemanly manners in society, as for his courage and humanity in the field. Mr. Brandt sometime ago visited England, and while there surprised the public, and the poet, Thomas Campbell, by a letter, as creditable to his filial feelings as to his literary attainments; in which he successfully vindicated the character of his deceased father, Joseph Brandt, from the aspersions cast upon it, without sufficient enquiry, by Mr. Campbell, in the beautiful, but unfaithful narrative poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Thus, then, every material point of the alleged discoveries of the celebrated Newark Convention, has been successively overthrown. We are told that Morgan was taken to Niagara and butchered, and that Mr. Chapin, of Buffalo, was one of the murderers. But that story proved not to be true: We were told that traces of blood, &c. were found in Fort Niagara. But that is not true. We were told that Captain Brandt was consulted about killing him, or putting him away; and that was not true. We have all along been told, moreover, that there was a conspiracy originally, to get Morgan from Batavia to Canandaigua, on a false accusation of larceny: And now a jury has solemnly declared that that story was likewise untrue. And one of the men convicted at Canandaigua, was convicted by means of perjury. A gentleman in one of the Upper Canada papers, under his own signature, argues very plausibly, from the fact of Morgan's having left that province over head and ears in debt, that he dares not show himself there, and suggests reasons why he has probably gone off to the wildernesses of Ohio; while it is stated in a Jefferson county (N. Y.) paper, that it is believed that Morgan was on board the Lady of the Lake, which was, with every soul on board, lost in December last, on Lake Ontario. Now amidst all these falsehoods, contradictions, and absurdities, what are we to believe?

From the United States Gazette.

We care not to give currency to the gossip relative to "Poor Morgan;" we have only occasionally, referred to the reports respecting him, but as certain of the public are extremely anxious to know all about him, we shall state that this same CAPTAIN Morgan, was a resident of York, U. C.; that owing to his bad habits, he became deeply involved in debt, to avoid the payment of which, he fled by stealth across the lines, and took up his abode in New York state, where he probably met with, if he had not found before, a two-penny pamphlet upon masonry: which he enlarged with a preface, and offered to publish.

The abduction it is probable, was a part of the plan to excite attention to his book—he may be secreted in Canada, to escape detection in the States—there it would not do for him to be dis-

covered, as "imprisonment for debt," says the writer of a letter, "amounts to perpetual imprisonment."

The above hints we derive from the Colonial Advocate, published in York, (U. C.) they are furnished by a gentleman of respectability, who knew Morgan well—and who also knew him capable of any and every deception, to affect his ends.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

The British parliament assembled on the 8th, and the great topic of interest was the belief that the corn laws would be taken into immediate consideration. The ministers have, however, announced that the subject would not be brought forward until the 18th of February. Mr. Canning is to introduce the question to the Commons, and Lord Liverpool in the House of Lords.—The Duke of Sussex had been dangerously ill, but at the last accounts he was convalescent.—Thomas Moore has a new comedy in rehearsal. George Colman has just finished another. This latter writer is on the point of publishing his memoirs.

FRANCE.

The French chambers have been engaged in a warm discussion about the payment of certain debts due by Charles X. to creditors who had advanced money to him in the earlier stages of the French revolution. It appeared that the claims were well founded, but they were got rid of (for the present) by "the order of the day."—The Austrian ambassador at Paris, (Count Appony) has given orders to his footmen to pay no respect to such of the French dukes as draw their titles from Austrian provinces, or victories gained over the Austrian armies. This is not only absurd and insulting but it is ludicrous. The Austrian court recognized all these titles for twenty or thirty years without a murmur or protest. The chief officers of the army and a great number of peers had resolved not to visit the ambassador again.

GERMANY.

Beethoven, the celebrated composer, is no more. He died of a dropsy in the abdomen, at Vienna.—The town of Biel, in the valley of Conche, (Switzerland) was destroyed by an avalanche, on the 17th Jan. About 50 houses were in ruins and a great many people maimed or killed. Another avalanche fell at the baths of Louesche, which covered up, and filled the empty space formed by the barriers erected for the preservation of the village and baths, so that great fears are entertained that on the first fresh fall of snow, or when the spring thaws commence, a second avalanche tumbling over the first may sweep away the village, and the whole of the bathing establishment.

From the London Courier.

GREECE.

We have received, this morning, the Austrian Observer to the 25th inst. From the extract which we subjoin, it will be seen, that if its statements respecting Greece are at all to be depended upon, the negotiations lately mentioned as about to be opened, by England and Russia, with the Porte, in favour of the Greeks, will not be entered upon too soon, if they are to be conducted in behalf of any thing like a Government:—

VIENNA, Jan. 21.—Accounts from Corfu of the 1st January, say that the greatest anarchy prevails at Napoli di Romania. The several Chiefs who are in that fortress are engaged in continual quarrels, which often end in blood-shed. Those who are the most embittered against each other, are Frimamara, Commodore of the Citadel, and the brothers Griva, from Missolonghi, who command in Fort Patamidi. On the 18th December they fired on each other for several hours. The unfortunate inhabitants sought refuge in the churches; and after the firing had ceased, assembled in the market place. The name of Demetrius Ypsilanti, was heard on all sides; the people demanded him as their Chief. He was fetched from his residence and conducted into the market-place; he, however, did not show much inclination to accept the honour intended him. It was believed, however, that he dissembled, and that the whole affair was a preconcerted plan, founded on the removal of the members of the Government, who are gone to Agina, in order to seize on the reins of Government, a conjecture, which the well known connexion between Ypsilanti and the Grivas, rendered probable.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—A letter from Constantinople, of the 31st December, says: "Extraordinary attention has lately been excited by the burying of a daughter of Mr. Stratford Canning, whose funeral was accompanied by a Greek Bishop, and who was buried in a Greek church, though there are an English chapel and burying ground here. This event has been for some days, the general subject of conversation among the Franks."

PARIS, Jan. 31.—A Morning Journal says, "Lord Cochrane has written from Marseilles to the Greek Government to have ready 20 or 25 of the best Greek vessels supplied with provisions for two months, and ready to sail immediately on his arrival, in order to carry into execution the project which he has formed, and which he will communicate only to Admiral Miaulis. The Hydriots have already chosen the vessels which are to make part of the expedition."

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

AN ALLEGORY.

'Twas the midnight hour when forth I stray'd,
By the banks of yonder hill,
And there all alone was a lovely maid;
By the moonlight she in a lonely shade,
Grieved over a gurgling rill.

The bell tolled one as I saw her rise,
The owl did mournfully rave,
She wiped the descending tears from her eyes,
And she breathed in grief her sorrowful sighs,
And knelt by a new made grave.

Screen'd by a towering rock I stood,
The moonbeam silvered her head,
She raised her eyes in a musing mood,
And her cheek was suffused with crimson blood,
As she wail'd the silent dead.

A snowy veil on her shoulders hung,
And her hair in ringlets fell,
O she touched the harp, and she sweetly sung,
And the music died on her fault'ring tongue,
'Twas the last and farewell knell.

The fairest flowers of May she placed
Along by the green grass tomb,
With the rose and lily the grave she graced,
And she bound a wreath round her own slim waist,
Of the brightest flow'rs in bloom.

Then up she arose, and her hands she join'd,
And wildly floated her hair,
And while she appeared still absorbed in mind,
And her form was bent by the rude rough wind,
To Heaven she breath'd her pray'r.

Such beauty forced me to leave my shade,
Where the wild winds swept the lyre;
O why dost thou weep, said I, fairest maid
Depart from the spot where the dead is laid,
For I fain would thee admire.

Does thy dear lover sleep in the earth,
Or hast thou a sire no more,
Has fate put an end to thy former mirth,
And the grave swallowed up the promised worth,
Of him thy soul could adore.

O no, said she, as she breathed a sigh,
Far greater is my dark woe,
Full many a tear-drop bedews this eye
For the memory of her who late did die
My hope and my joy below.

She sleeps in death and my hopes have flown,
'Tis the maid of Charity.
Mankind headlong hurl'd her down from her throne,
And now I stray in my grief all alone,
The GENIUS of MASONRY.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO ZULEIKA.

O love me not—I cannot bear
That one so bright and pure as thou
Should share the burden of the care
That hangs upon my fading brow.

I cannot ask thee thus to make
Thyself a partner of my woe,
And give thy bosom up to ache
For every agony I show.

Thou mayst go light and tearless on
With these whose love was made to bless—
Whose love will cheer when I am gone
To silence and forgetfulness.

And why should I whom none caress—
Whose life has been one round of pain—
Why should I multiply distress,
And smile on thee—to weep again?

Go, angel image of decay!
I cannot darken o'er thy lot.
Thou mayst be innocent and gay
When I am wretched and forgot.

March 13, 1827.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO—.

Oh! beauty blooms upon thy brow
Thou of the sunny smile;
And bright-eyed Health, to tinge thy cheek,
Hath left her rosy isle.

And Youth, and Hope, and laughing Joy,
Round thee a charm have wove,
That melts and wins young hearts like mine
To the thrilling throbs of love.

And of the smiles that deck thy lip,
For me, oh! is there one?
And of the thoughts that throng thy breast
Givest nought for him thou'st won't

Alas! I fear no, bright-eyed girl,
Thou hast no smiles for me;
Or if thou hast, they are only meant
In jest, or heartless glee.

But the world is cold and sorrowful
And men are false and vain—
Beware, beware, of their hollow vows:
They laugh at the love they gain.

And when the rose hath left thy cheek,
And sorrow turns thee pale,
Thy flatterers, girl, will leave thee then,
To thine own lonely wail.

But list ye — If thou can'st trust
Thy throbbing heart with me,
I'll place it in my bosom's shrine,
And guard it sacredly.

For mine thou hast. And take it, girl,
And with it its fond prayer:
That thy life may be bright and beautiful,
E'en as thyself art fair.

LARA.

From the Glasgow Free Press.

ON A VIEW OF THE SEA.

Ocean! I love to view thy dark blue face,
To hear the rippling on thy shelly shore;
To me, thy form hath greatness, grandeur, grace—
To me, there's more than music in thy roar.
Washed by the waves, like pearls the pebbles shine;
Thy sandy shore is like a jewelled sky;
Why should I wonder thou wert deemed divine,
When Paphia, thy sweet daughter rules on high?

Yet thou art false and fickle; and and though now
Thy billows beat but softly on their bounds,
Anon, convulsed and tossed tempestuous, thou
Wilt foam, furious, batter down thy mounds;
Herein, an emblem of thy sister Earth,
Her monarchs now are firmest, fondest friends,
Anon, Ambition gives Bellona birth;
And war and woe the HOLY TRINITY ends.

When calm, thou seem'st, as Phœbus' flickering gleams,
With glittering brilliance on thy glassy brow,
Like earthly glory, transient as its beams,
That shine as fiercely and as false as thou—
Thy soft smooth wave the sailor's view beguiles,
With sunny surface hiding oft the storm,
Like friends who flatter when fair fortune smiles,
To hate the more when frowns her brow deform.

Thy boisterous billows batter the rude rock,
That, tow'ring proudly, dares thy fiercest storms,
While thunders sound the charge of every shock,
And bann'd lightnings rear their forked forms:
An emblem then thou art of hellish hate—
Of Fortune's direst, deepest, deadliest powers—
Of Virtue, battling with the storms of fate,
And bearing bravely all their chilling showers.

A world of elemental power art thou,
An agitated universe of soul;
What are a million Cæsars to thee now—
Ten million hosts to thy tremendous roll?
A spirit reigns within thee, and his will
Sighs in the breeze and thunders in the blast;
Telling of things invisible, yet still
'Tis formless, viewless, voiceless, dark and vast!

Methinks thy wild waves speak the track of time,
A rapid, rolling, and resistless stream,
Terribly swift, yet solemnly sublime,
No power can reign, no penitence redeem;
Spending, but never spent, man marks in thee
And thy deep billows that no force can lull,
A type of time hid in Eternity,
For ever flowing, yet for ever full!

A young lady, on hearing that a thousand crowns
had been found near Briton race course, with great
simplicity exclaimed—"I dare say they are my
brother's, for he lost a thousand the last time he
was at the races."

LACONICS.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excel-
lent production, is to undervalue it, will never have
one of his own to show.

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can
bear a rival's failure without triumph.

Who says *hypocritical*, says all that is despicable
in morals—who says *affected*, says all that is odious
in manners.

The woman of sensibility, who preserves serenity,
and good temper, amidst the insults of a faithless
and brutal husband, wants nothing of an angel but
immortality.

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of
excellence, as the power of producing what is *pretty*
good with ease and rapidity.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom bed,
as great and durable products from small and hasty
efforts.

Socrates, in the early part of his life, was a sculp-
tor. He once said, "how strange it is that we
take so much pains to fashion an insensible stone
into the likeness of ourselves, and so little pre-
vent ourselves from resembling an insensible
stone."

Knowledge produces mildness of speech; mild-
ness, a good character; a good character, wealth;
wealth, if virtuous actions attend it, happiness.

As a fresh earthen vessel is formed by the potter,
(and education is nothing else) thus, we may say,
are children formed here below to morality.

One said to a covetous fellow, who was a great
talker, Sir, you certainly would be the most worthy
man in the whole city, if the lock which you
have upon your door, was but fixed upon your
mouth.

Let a woman be decked with all the embellish-
ments of art and care of nature—yet if *BOLDNESS*
is to be read in her face, it blots ALL the lines of
beauty.

Ambition is like cholera; if it can move, it makes
men active: if it be stopped, it becomes a dust, and
makes men melancholy.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1827.

[No. 8.

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.

AN ADDRESS.

Pronounced December 27th, 1826, before King Solomon's Lodge, No. 6, at Gallatin, Tennessee, by L. D. KING, A. M.

One thousand years before the christian era, flourished Solomon, King of Judea. During a long and tumultuous reign, his father, the illustrious David, had been gradually subduing his enemies, and had extended the boundaries of his empire to the utmost limits assigned it by heaven. His vassals and tributaries showered the wealth of the east into his coffers, whilst his warriors filled Jerusalem with the trophies of his victories.

The terror of his name and the renown of his military achievements, overawed his enemies and the surrounding nations, and were a pledge of lasting peace.

The peculiar nature of his government had procured him not only the reputation of the greatest captain of the age, but also that of the profoundest statesman, and his administration, after a few instances of foul and unsuccessful treason, advanced the happiness of his people, and interwove the branches of the olive with the bays of the laurel. Under these auspices he was succeeded by his son Solomon, the wisest and most celebrated prince that ever glittered in gems or swayed an eastern sceptre.

Men in public offices can fill perhaps no station with so much hazard as that of successor to a great military chieftain. Such is the fascination of a warrior's name—such the awe inspired by his daring spirit, so great the enchantment which the glory of arms sheds around him, so deeply intertwined with the human heartstrings in the admiration of valor, that all the fragrance of the statesman's diplomacy—all the garlands wreathed around the poet's brows—all the discursive powers and electric fire of the orator—nay, all the scientific depth and researches of the philosopher, are lost in the blaze of renown, kindled at the cannon's mouth. But notwithstanding the brilliancy of his father's name, and the lustre of his martial glory, Solomon ascended the throne, not indeed to sway a sceptre bathed in blood, nor therefore to tarnish the lustre of his predecessor, but to ennoble and dignify the crown by the transcendent glories of his wisdom and virtue.

That a magnificent temple, containing in its structure whatever was costly in material or exquisite in workmanship, should be erected for the worship of God, where he might record his name, and where his oracles might be uttered, seems to have been an early dispensation of heaven. In point of beauty and harmony of proportion, cost, and splendour of decoration, of imposing grandeur and sublimity, no edifice ever built could compare even remotely with this stupendous monument of regal magnificence.

This amazing profusion of wealth may perhaps induce animadversion. To amass materials for a superstructure so vast, and to keep in pay laborers and artificers amounting to 150,000 for seven years, may perhaps originate a suspicion of despotic and oppressive exaction. God forbid. What can better test the sincerity of a worshipper, than valuable offerings to the God he worships! Natural religion indeed scoffs at the hypocritical mockery of that devotion which costs us nothing. Hence, the altars of paganism ever exhale the odours of African spices, or reek in the blood of consecrated victims. And if national calamities are the inflictions of Heaven, he pours his fiercest wrath upon nations most covetous of wealth, where no temples rise to his honor, and where the incense of devotion is not consecrated by the fragrant perfume of a liberal hand. It is a high minded, public spirit which

elevates one nation above another, whose towns and cities glitter with the spires and domes of their public buildings.

In accordance with God's design, therefore, Solomon commenced and finished this grand work, which has challenged the astonishment and admiration of all succeeding ages. But to attune and harmonize the infinite multitude employed—to embody and reduce to system their united energies, demanded a celestial impartation. Accordingly, God in a vision presented to the choice of the Hebrew monarch all the gifts in the divine bestowment. His selection was such as to receive the benediction of heaven, and to bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion and chaos. This great luminary, the special favorite of omnipotence, devised the grand scheme of masonry, and laid the foundation of that fair fabric, on which has been erected a moral superstructure that for three thousand years has bid defiance to the dilapidations of time and the devastation of kingdoms and empires.

Such was the origin, such the originator, and such the design of the order, whose badges, symbols and hieroglyphics we this day wear.

And such being the origin and design of this institution, it seems to degrade itself by confuting the calumnies of malice or repelling the shafts of contempt and ridicule.

Here let it be remembered, for we shall attempt to prove the position, that science at this day, with all her brilliant discoveries, is doing no more than laboriously retracing her steps, and with all her researches, she is only filling up the chasms of time, and repairing the ravages of barbarism. The arguments to support this position cannot here be detailed at length, but we will throw a glance at a few of them, and thereby demonstrate additionally the necessity of that beautiful harmonic system denominated speculative masonry.

Let me, however, first premise, that the existence and unity of God, the immortality of the soul, and a state of future rewards and punishments, are the mason's three great lights. In connexion with these was another, that the deity could be propitiated by prayers and sacrifices. Oblations to heaven were indeed coeval with man's fall, as was also the revelation of the great truths just mentioned.

In creating the world, God doubtless designed it as the abode of men, the glory of all terrestrial existences; and in fitting up this vast temple of nature, for the residence of this favorite, infinite wisdom seems to have been sedulous to adapt every thing to his capacity of enjoyment. Heaven, earth and sea conspire to enhance his happiness.

"Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use: man answers, 'tis for mine,
For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb and spreads out every flower,
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
Their juice nectarous and the balmy dew,
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings,
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs,
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

Paradise, the garden of God, planted by his own plastic hand, first received our great progenitor. Dignity, glory, and majesty, the very impress of deity, were stamped on his visage, while a scintillation of celestial fire lighted up a pure ethereal flame of intellect within, affiancing man to the immortal spirits who bask in the effulgence of glory which radiates from the throne of God. Astonished to find himself flung into existence, he knew not how, he glanced his eyes around, perused the heavens, beheld yon fiery orb smiling upon the new creation, saw the earth animated with green, and pushing from her bosom each plant and shrub and tree laden with the rich spoils of autumn, or breathing from their odoriferous blossoms, the fragrance of spring. The feathered choirs filled the air with the melody of songs. The monsters of the forest, beasts and coiling serpents cowered before him, and

received their names. In short the elements of the material world, which are now the objects of science and on which natural philosophy is endeavouring to exhaust research, were presented in epitome before him.

Man, in his present degeneracy, with all these objects in view, would be confounded, bewildered, lost; but Adam, so perfect were his faculties, so mighty his intellectual grasp, that with a flash of intuition the whole science of their nature was his own. No laborious induction was needed, no elaborate theory was to be framed; but such was the effulgence of light pouring its lucid rays into his capacious soul, that all the phenomena of mind and matter were comprehended with instantaneous intuition. Such was man originally. Angels hailed him as a congenial order of beings, and beheld with irrepressible curiosity this last grand exertion of omnipotent power, the union of mind and matter, a union equally astonishing, mysterious, and inexplicable; a union which has given rise to all the diversities of human affairs, since the creation laid the foundation and imposed the necessity of theocracy—of the incarnation of deity and of that glorious revelation which God condescended to make of those attributes which have relation to man. But man is not that being now! How meagre his knowledge! how scanty his attainments! how fleetly and evanescent his happiness! how dim and cloudy his perceptions! how much the sport of his passions! how much the dupe of himself.

We have already said that the unity of the Godhead, the immortality of the soul, and the hope of future bliss, were the mason's three great lights. But how were these lights to be kept burning! The answer to this interrogatory, involves the necessity of our order. God is the original source of all knowledge. He revealed to man originally all he knew, and gave him capacity for retaining and transmitting it. And in the earlier ages of the world, before a general deluge swept the human race from the earth, science and the arts flourished with a vigour to be accounted for only on the supposition that the knowledge of them was revealed. Hence it is that their attainments were so far superior to those of modern times. Life to the antediluvian was amazingly prolonged, and the inventions of the present day were familiar then and in far greater perfection. After a lapse of a few hundred years from the creation, we are told that Tubal Cain was the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, and that Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. Here is a regular college with professors of chemistry, mineralogy, mechanics and instrumental music, sciences the most profound in their nature and dependant on the nicest accuracy of mathematical calculation. But a philosopher is not satisfied with the material objects around him. His insatiate thirst for discovery impels him to explore the regions of mind, the metaphysics of intellect. Hence unquestionably their mental philosophy kept pace with their natural, and both triumphantly survived the flood, in the person of Noah and his sons, and were transplanted in Egypt and Assyria, whence they passed into Greece and Rome, and were there spread upon the faithful page to instruct and illuminate succeeding ages.

My learned hearers are well aware that history in its early accounts is fabulous. It seems however incontestible, that Egypt and Phenicia were nurseries of the science for ages after the flood, that both sent colonies into various quarters, that wherever these colonies came, they brought with them arts, science, civil policy, philosophy, and the muses, and diffused their light into surrounding regions. These are facts, but the credulity of historians, by giving credence to the fables of antiquity, would extinguish the light which they afford, and exhibit men as springing at once from barbarism into the elegancies and refine-

ments of civilized life. As well may we imagine that the Osages or Esquimaux will, by some internal cause existent among themselves, suddenly emerge from their present degradation.

Whoever looks into the records of ancient magnificence, of the stupendous works which have now fallen into decay or mouldered into dust; whoever will take the trouble to know what Babylon once was, what Nineveh, what Palmyra, what Tyre, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome once were, cannot repress a painful revulsion of feeling, at the diminutive efforts of the moderns. For

"Who, that from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges roll their broad tide—

will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet!"

[Conclusion next week.]

ELECTIONS.

Grand Lodge of Georgia.

Elected in Savannah, March 5, 5827:—T. U. P. Charleton, Grand Master; A. Barber, Deputy Grand Master, for Milledgeville; B. D. Thompson, Deputy Grand Master for Augusta; D. Carney, jr. Senior Grand Warden; N. H. Olmstead, Junior Grand Warden; P. P. Thomasson, Grand Treasurer; L. H. Furth, Grand Secretary; Rev. S. A. Mealy, Grand Chaplain; W. J. Delberghe, Grand Senior Deacon; L. Girodon, Grand Junior Deacon; A. J. Pratt, Grand Marshal; V. T. Matthews, Grand Pursuivant.

Newport Lodge, No 279, Newport, Herkimer co

Elected December, 5827:—H. B. Rounds, W. M.; Sherman Wooster, S. W.; James M. Hebbard, J. W.; William S. Bensley, S. D.; Wise Chittenden, J. D.; John Coffin, Treasurer; Abel Sanford, Secretary; Erastus Tucker Tyler; Parley H. Flint, and Franklin Blanding, Stewards.

Regular communications Wednesday preceding full moon.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

A NEW METHOD OF BLEACHING FLAX.

BY THE REV. J. B. EMMETT.

On account of the great distress which prevails in most of the manufacturing districts, I have been induced to present to the public the following method of bleaching and preparing flax and tow, by a simple, easy, and cheap process, whereby it is reduced to a beautiful degree of whiteness, becomes possessed of a silky lustre, and is made sufficiently fine to be manufactured into the finest goods. The process is as follows: Steep or boil the flax or tow in a weak solution of subcarbonate of potash or soda, in order to extract the colouring matter or resin. I prefer the subcarbonate to the caustic alkali, because, however diluted the latter may be, its powers of corrosion are so great that if it extracts the extraneous matter perfectly, it will almost certainly diminish the strength of fibre; whilst I find that it may be thoroughly extracted by the former, without producing any such effect: this I have proved by experiments. Wash it thoroughly from the alkali.

The bleaching liquor is prepared in the following manner: reduce perfectly fresh burnt charcoal of soft porous wood, such as willow or fir, to a very fine powder; tie it up in a cloth bag of close texture; immerse it in cold soft water, and work it by pressing it with the hands, until such a quantity shall be diffused through the water, that on rinsing a little flax through it, it shall be lightly blackened. Put into it the flax to be bleached, taking care that each parcel shall imbibe it to its middle. When all is put into the liquid, the water on being thoroughly agitated, ought to be clouded by the charcoal. In bleaching six or seven pounds I used but half an ounce. Agitate the liquid, and press the flax under it several times in the day, in order to bring the charcoal in contact with every part. After 24 hours remove it, and wring it well; then put it in a second water, containing rather less charcoal. After the same treatment for twenty-four hours more, examine a small parcel by washing it with soap and hot water; if the colour be good remove it from the char-

coal liquid; if not let it remain until it is white. Two or three days are amply sufficient, if the process be well conducted. It should be spread wet, on the grass, taking care to turn it frequently for a few days. The charcoal greatly disappears and the surface acquires a pearly appearance.

The flax is now to be rinsed in a large quantity of water, then to be washed with soap and hot water till quite clean, the soap must then be washed out by cold water.

Before washing out the charcoal with soap, the lustre of the fibre will be improved by steeping it for 8 or 10 hours in water just soured by sulphuric acid; if this process be continued too long, the fibre will be weakened.

The charcoal is easily washed out, the ultimate fibres are perfectly separated, they are so much finer than silk that I use them in the quadrant, transit, and micrometers; the lustre is as beautiful as silk, and the strength of the fibre is not at all impaired. It takes such colours as I have tried—pink, blue, and yellow, perfectly, and the finest thread may be spun. The process may be performed by individuals in their houses, and may give employment profitably to paupers in the workhouse.

[Philosophical Magazine.]

COUCHING FOR CATARACT.

From the Report of the Ophthalmic Institution, in the Calcutta Gazette.

In the number of blind people restored to sight in this town, there were three boys born blind with cataract; one five years of age, another eight, and another thirteen. So little pain did the operation appear to give them, while they were seated on the floor, during its performance, that they required no person to hold them; my assistance only supported their heads. The patients being so young, I was induced not to disturb the eye much, but merely to open the vortex of the cataract freely, which soon cleared up and let in the light, when they saw well. The acquisition of sight appeared exceedingly to raise the happiness of the oldest boy. The first time he began to perceive objects, and was able to walk without a guide, he proceeded up two pair of stairs to me, and requested me to observe how well he could walk alone. I held a bunch of keys before him, but he could not conceive what they were until I shook them, when he immediately ascertained what they were by the jingling sound. I laid a small square mahogany box before him, but neither did he know what it was, until he felt it, when the sense of touch immediately informed him. I then showed him an infant born of European parents, the sight of which very considerably engaged his attention, and raised in him the curiosity of inspecting it very narrowly. He seemed afraid, however, to touch it, and affirmed that he had not the least idea of what it was. I laid his hand on the child's arm, at which he started back, and expressed a wish to retire. I then drew his hand over the child's face, which he immediately recognized to be the features of a child. He laughed heartily, and appeared very much pleased at his own discovery. He was longer in learning to distinguish colours, than in learning the names of things. White and red he soon distinguished, but yellow, green, and blue, he confounded with black; yet he said these colours contained more white than black. When from the roof of a high building he viewed the river Taptee, he pointed with his hand towards it, and showed by his manner of expression that he felt great pleasure in viewing it: he requested my assistant to look in that direction, apparently for the purpose of enjoying the sight with him, but he had not the least idea of its being a body of water. I showed him many other things, with nearly the same result, and a short time after these experiments were performed, I laid all the same things again before him, when he readily recognized them by the eye. He now follows the occupation of a shepherd.

SUN DIALS.

Sun dials must have been of great antiquity, though the earliest we hear of is that of Ahaz; but this certainly was not the first of its kind, though it is the first on record. Ahaz began his reign about

four hundred years before Alexander, and about twelve years after the foundation of Rome.

Anaximenes, the Milesian, who flourished about four hundred years before Christ, is said by Pliny to have been the first who made a sun dial, the use of which he taught to the Spartans; but others give this honour to Thales, his countryman, who flourished two hundred years before him.

Aristarchus, of Samos, who lived before Archimedes, invented a plain horizontal disk, with a gnomon, to distinguish the hours; and had its rim raised all round, to prevent the shadow from extending too far.

Probably all these were rude and evanescent attempts; for it does not appear that the Romans, who borrowed all their knowledge from the Greeks, knew any thing of a sun dial before that set up by Papyrius Cursor, about four hundred and sixty years after the foundation of Rome; before which time, says Pliny, there was no mention of any account of time, but by the rising and setting of the sun. This dial was erected near the temple of Quirinus, but is allowed to have been very inaccurate. About thirty years after, the consul Marcus Valerius Messala, brought a dial out of Sicily, which he placed on a pillar near the Rostrum, but as it was not made for the latitude of Rome, it did not show the time exactly. About a hundred years after, Martius Phillipus, set up one more exact.

Since those times the science of dialling has been cultivated in most civilized nations; and though we have now many useful works on the subject, yet something more specific, more simple, and more general, is a desideratum in the science of *sciaterics*, or *dialling*.

CHARACTER.

THE LATE DUKE OF YORK.

The deceased Prince, whose kindness of disposition rendered him popular in his life time, and will make his death generally lamented, had been what is termed a free liver. He liked wine—he loved play—and he had other tastes—unfortunately too often indulged in by men of all professions, but of which the cultivation is perhaps less excusable in many other walks of life than those of the Prince, beset from infancy by the seductions of a court—and the soldier, to whom, if his mind be not more than ordinary intellectual and moral force, habits of licentiousness come fatally recommended by those of his reckless associates. We are now excusing the miserable mortality which interposes the prejudices and conventions of artificial life, between that to which Providence has affixed the seal of actual guilt with all its dreadful consequences, and the grave reprehension which in the eye of truth, of virtue, and religion, belongs to it; but in judging, so far as his fellow creatures may presume to judge, the individual man, it is we trust, neither unpardonable nor reasonable to allow for the temptations which befel him, and the greater or less facility of resistance which his place in the world affords.

Besides the Duke of York's attachment to the excesses of the table; to gambling on the turf and elsewhere; and to another class of immoral indulgences, which, without being named, may be sufficiently comprehended; his Royal Highness was weakly—we are bound to add culpably, as well as most unhappily, insensible to the real use of money. Notwithstanding the vast income afforded him by the liberality of the British Nation, he contracted enormous debts, without the means, or even the thought, as it would appear, of discharging them, and involved in distress many hundred families, to whom he is now cut off forever, and might at any time been equally precluded, from offering the smallest reparation. It is notorious how much the Duke of York's disorder was accelerated by the growing pressure of his pecuniary difficulties. So severe, so degrading were the forms in which those embarrassments assailed the illustrious and unfortunate Prince, that neither a house, nor furniture, nor horse, nor tangible property of any kind incidental to the condition of a gentleman, remained towards the close of life in his possession. Yet thus destitute and fallen—owing an enormous debt, of which he

could not pay a shilling—with the resistless grasp of death about him, through what demon was it, that this ill-advised member of the Royal Family commenced the building of a Palace, the construction, decoration, and furnishing of which, were not to be completed for half a million sterling.

"Tu secunda marmora,
"Locas sub ipsum lunas; et sepulcri
"Immemor—struis—domos."

This is a lesson to the prodigal debtor. Let an equivalent lesson be put on record for the gripping but still thriftless money lender—by the solemn and inexorable refusal of Parliament to discharge a mass of debts, which could not have been contracted at all, but for the hideous promptitude with which accommodation in this country, is tendered to the exigencies of even the most desperate fortune.

In the political conduct of the Duke of York, there are but two points which we shall at present stop to remark upon. Extravagance threw his Royal Highness into that needy state, which compelled him to undergo the cruel humiliation of accepting \$10,000 per annum, for driving once a week from London to Windsor, to visit his afflicted parent; and indiscretion, however well-meaning, prompted him to deliver an irrevocable judgment on a much controverted question of state policy, involving the peace of two great kingdoms, and the civil relations of 22,000,000 of men.

We should hardly here have touched upon the painful investigation in which the commons of England were unfortunately engaged 17 years ago, were it not, 1st, that the singular occurrence to which we allude must, in spite of us, live in our history and blot our Parliamentary records; and 2nd, that the result proved strikingly beneficial to the army and to the kingdom at large. "Happy are they," says the proverb, "whom other men's dangers render prudent;" and it is the next degree of happiness to learn experience from our own misfortunes. Since that remarkable epoch, there have been no more complaints—disappointment itself has ceased to clamour, and envy to whisper that promotions have been obtained through a secret and impure interference.

We turn to the more pleasing side of this historical canvass.

The Duke of York, in private society, was warmly and deservedly beloved,—cheerful, affable, open, brave and generous,—a steady and cordial friend—grateful for kindnesses—inviolable in his engagements—placable in his few resentments—humane and compassionate to all whose distresses he had the means of relieving. No man of his high rank since the days of Henry IV. of France has ever conciliated more personal attachments, or retained them longer. No man has provoked less private animosity, or disarmed it sooner.

He was the willing and constant protector of thousands, who had no help to rely upon but that of his Royal Highness. He was easy and unassuming among the higher classes with whom he lived. He was considerate, kind and beneficent towards those over whom his power extended. In dispensing his official patronage, he was no less exempt from vindictive and malignant impulses, than from childish and unfair predilections—and the character of the Duke of York, quite as much as his illustrious rank and station, qualified him to emerge an honest public servant from those corruptions with which ministerial importunity is too prone to surround the head of a great Executive department.

[London Times.]

THE TRAVELLER.

LAKE PEPIN.

The wildness of the scenery is such, that even the voyager who has gazed with delight upon the high bluffs of the Mississippi, is struck with uncommon interest on beholding this spot. There is in it what we meet with on no other point of the far-stretching valley of the Mississippi, a high projecting point, a precipitous crag resting upon a steep bank, whose base is washed by a wide expanse of water, the calmness of which contrasts with the savage features of the landscape; but this spot receives an additional interest from the melancholy

tale which is connected with it, and which casts a deep gloom over its brightest features. Cold and callous must be the heart of the voyager who can contemplate unmoved and uninterested the huge cliffs that enclose this lake, for

"Wild as the accents of lover's farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell."

"There was a time," our guide said, as we passed near the base of the rock, "when this spot, which you now admire for its untenanted beauties, was the scene of one of the most melancholy transactions that has ever occurred among the Indians. There was in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapashaw, during the time that his father lived and ruled over them, a young Indian female whose name was Winona, which signifies 'the first born.' She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter, who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to an union, in which all their hopes centered; but on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied: and his claims superseded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a favourite with the nation; he had acquired a name by the services which he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet, notwithstanding all the ardour with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favour of the warrior, she replied, that she had made choice of a man, who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence; while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents, having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her intreaties, that she should not be forced into an union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favourite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience. 'Well,' said Winona, 'you will drive me to despair! I said I loved him not; I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden, but you would not. You say you love me, that you are my father, my brothers, my relations; yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wish to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough, you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false professions of affection.' As she uttered these words she withdrew, and her parents, heedless of her complaints, resolved that that very day Winona should be united to the warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the

top of the hill. When she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover; 'you,' said she, 'were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen, you endeavoured, by deceitful words, to make me faithless to him; but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not, if you thought I could be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs.' She then commenced to sing her dirge; the light wind which blew at the time wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were; they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse near her distressed friends! Thus," added our guide, "has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it without involuntarily casting his eye towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place whence this unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents."

HISTORICAL.

FATHER AND SON.

Among the cases of suffering by the wreck, in 1686, of the vessel in which the Siamese embassy to Portugal was embarked, few have stronger claims to pity than that of the captain. He was a man of rank, sprung from one of the first families in Portugal; he was rich and honourable, and had long commanded a ship in which he rendered great service to the king his master, and had given many marks of his candour and fidelity. The captain had carried his only son out to India along with him; he was a youth, possessed of every amiable quality; well instructed for his years; gentle, docile, and most fondly attached to his father. The captain watched with the most intense anxiety over his safety: on the wreck of the ship, and during the march to the Cape, he caused him to be carried by his slaves. At length all the slaves having perished, or being so weak that they could not drag themselves along, this poor youth was obliged to trust to his own strength; but he became so reduced and feeble, that having laid him down to rest on a rock, he was unable to rise again. His limbs were stiff and swollen, and he lay stretched at length, unable to bend a joint. The sight struck like a dagger to his father's heart; he tried repeatedly to recover him, and by assisting him to advance a few steps, supposed that the numbness might be removed; but his limbs refused to serve him, he was only dragged along, and those whose aid his father implored, seeing they could do no more, frankly declared, that if they carried him, they must themselves perish.

The unfortunate captain was driven to despair. Lifting his son on his shoulders, he tried to carry him; he could make but a single step, when he fell to the ground with his son, who seemed more distressed with his father's grief, than with his own sufferings. The heroic boy besought him to leave him to die; the sight, he said, of his father's tears and affliction, was infinitely more severe than the bodily pain he endured. Those words, far from inducing the captain to depart, melted him more and more, until he at last resolved to die with his son. The youth, astonished at his father's determination, and satisfied that his persuasions were unavailing, entreated the Portuguese in the most impressive manner, to carry away his father.

Two priests who were of the party, endeavoured to represent to the captain the sinfulness of persisting in his resolution; but the Portuguese were obliged finally to carry him away by force, after having removed his son a little apart. So cruel, however, was the separation, that the captain never recovered it. The violence of his grief was unabating; and he actually died of a broken heart, one or two days after reaching the Cape.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Boston Lyceum, for March 1827.

THE DESERTER.

On a wild and uncultivated spot in the Netherlands, stood a miserable and dilapidated tenement. It was the depth of winter, and there was nothing around it that looked like cultivation, unless the clearing away of a few trees, their black stumps still remaining, might be termed so; the snow lay in heavy masses on the roof, and the scraggy fir-trees bent beneath its weight. All was desolate, and except a small foot-path round the house and the smoke from a chimney, it might have been viewed as a building that even poverty itself thought untenable. Yet within this miserable exterior was one room that bore every mark of comfort. It contained a neat bed, bureau, and carpet; a cheerful fire blazed on the large open hearth, near which was seated in an arm chair, a pale, emaciated woman, apparently in the last stage of a decline, and beside her on a low cricket a young girl, who sat anxiously watching her countenance, and attending to every want. As the wind howled against the little glass window, the only one that the house had ever contained, the woman looked out and said in a low voice, "My poor Philip!"

"I wish," said the girl, caressingly, "he could look in upon us, and see how comfortable—and how happy we are" added she, after a pause.

"Happy!" repeated the woman, "yes I am happy; what mother could be otherwise with such a son! but can I forget that these comforts are purchased at the risk of his life?"

"My dear mother," said Bertha, "you know Philip always said he would be a soldier, and there never was a better time than now to fight, when every body says our cause is a just one, and then when he comes back so brave and beautiful, confess, mother, shall you not be proud of him?"

A glance at her mother's countenance struck dismay to her heart; it said, I never shall see that time! She did indeed droop daily; the filial affection of the son had induced him to enlist as a soldier that he might provide his widowed and sick mother with the comforts of life; but his plan had been as imperfect as the short sighted plans of mortals often are; the very method he had taken to prolong her life was fast undermining it; her nights were restless and her sleep unrefreshing; the horrors of war were always present to her mind, every new fall of snow seemed to her like the winding sheet of her son, and she regularly awoke towards morning with a cold dew upon her forehead. An old and faithful domestic who had long resided with them, with the sagacity of nature rather than art, perceived her life was drawing to a close; little skilled in sensitive reserve, he expressed his opinion to the mother and daughter without disguise, and it was received with calmness by the one, but with the deepest anguish by the other. A few days passed by, and even Bertha became convinced, that if Philip did not return immediately, it would be too late. Impelled by this thought, she hastily wrote him word that his mother's life was fast drawing to a close, and conjured him at all events to hasten home.—"If you come immediately," added she, "you may see her, delay but one hour, and that hour may be her last!"

Bertha waited with inexpressible anxiety after she had dispatched her letter for the arrival of her brother. It was on the eve of the second night that he reached their lonely dwelling. The sound of his approach had struck upon the ear of Bertha, she hastened to meet him and conduct him to his mother, who received him with joyful surprise, and as she folded him to her bosom felt that life had still its value. That night Bertha slept quietly by the side of her mother, and Philip took her place as nurse.

Bertier, the father, was an Englishman; he had been driven by misconduct and misfortune to a foreign country, and with his wife and two small children lived on the scanty pittance he had saved from the wreck of his fortune. In the wild spot he had chosen they excited but little observation. Madame Bertier was still in the first bloom of intellect and vigour; she was wholly ignorant that misconduct had any part in the exile of her husband, and she often unconsciously tortured him by her conso-

lations. "My dear Bertier," she would say when she saw him contending with the bitterness of his thoughts, "there is no calamity that cannot be borne but remorse; you have yet youth and the resources of your own mind; it is unworthy of you to sink under pecuniary misfortunes. Look at me, they have not withered my form or filled my heart with dismay; my spirit is still free to drink at the living fountain of life and joy."

But Madame Bertier's burden was light compared to that of her husband. His mind was unable to contend with the misery he had brought on himself, and he shrunk from personal hardships. He who had slept on beds of down, who had seen the star of knighthood glittering around him, was now an exiled wanderer! The thought was bitterness, and after a few years of gloomy and morose feeling he sunk a victim to consuming remorse.

Madame Bertier wept for her husband till hope and comfort crept in, in spite of herself. The exercise of duty and maternal tenderness invigorated her mind, she devoted herself to the instruction of her children, and though her situation afforded no mechanical aids for education, she contrived to press into her service every object around her, and every resource of her own intellect to enrich their minds and ennoble their hearts. The result was what might be expected: Philip and Bertha inhabited an ideal world, they formed romantic conceptions of their own capacities, and Philip panted for an opportunity of signalizing a spirit which he believed was unconquerable.

It was not till the hand of poverty pressed heavily on them, that Philip began to realize he had something to do, besides hanging over his mother and sister with a sort of idlatry. But he had no profession, no money, no patronage—the army was his only resource, and without consulting his mother he enlisted as a soldier; his bounty and pay had already secured to her a comfortable apartment, when he received his sister's letter.

It would be difficult to describe the agony of their meeting—Madame Bertier yet loved life, her heart still poured forth its tributary streams on all around her, and when she gazed on the manly form and finely marked features of her son, and recollected that for her sake he had enlisted as a soldier and was enduring hardship and suffering; when she felt his powerful arm now raising her languid form, now supporting her against his broad chest, and now with the tenderness of a woman smoothing her pillow, perhaps too much of Bertha's pride mingled with her gratitude. For three days he devoted himself to his mother, listening to her dying precepts, and when she was unable to lie down, supported her in his arms. On the third night, when Bertha's faint breathing proved that she was asleep, Madame Bertier said, in low whispers to her son, "My dear Philip, I must acquit myself of a painful duty before I die, and I feel that my hours are numbered. Since your departure, I have found a letter that I ought sooner to have discovered. Prepare yourself, my child to read it; God save you from misfortunes that bring temptations with them, sometimes too mighty for feeble man to resist; yet if they must come, hold fast your integrity. My child, my child, remember the anguish you have seen your father endure; it was not regret for the luxuries of life to which he had been accustomed, it was remorse. This paper contains the breathings of a wounded spirit. Read it."

Madame Bertier laid her head back upon the pillow, and meekly folded her hands. Philip took the lamp from the hearth and seated himself opposite to his mother. There was something deeply impressive in the scene. Bertha lay in serene and healthful slumber; she had made over all the responsibility to her brother, and, exhausted by daily cares, her repose was deep and unbroken. Philip looked at his mother; her eyes were closed, her lips moved; in his hand he held the last testimony of his father, it was as if one came from the dead and spoke; thoughts of himself, bitter thoughts mingled with his emotions, and he prayed God to enable him to bear calamities too mighty for human strength. At length slowly unfolding the paper he read these words:

"TO ADELAIDE BERTIER,

"You have supported misfortune with heroism, you have felt indignant that I sunk under it, but now comes your task, and yet it cannot be equal to mine,

for you are the injured. Adelaide, when you married me I was a ruined man in fortune, that you knew, but you did not know that I fled from my country to avoid an ignominious exposure. My son may at some future day claim my patrimony. By flight I have saved my name from disgrace,—that at least may be transmitted without reproach. I cannot enter into details, they are too painful. One dying injunction I leave to Philip, that he is never to apply to my family under any embarrassment of circumstances or character—but if he should win himself honours and a name, then let him claim the patrimony of his father."

Documents were enclosed in the letter directing him how to substantiate and prove his claims.

Philip leaned his head on his folded arms, and felt that the proud cold letter of his father was consistent with the spirit he had evinced. But another source of intense agony connected with himself, pressed upon his mind.

The voice of his mother roused him—he knelt by her bedside, but words, if he had any, died upon his lips, he was cold and motionless, and his high and noble forehead, yet unsunned and unmarked by care, was pale and bloodless.

"Speak to me my son," said she, "tell me the time will come, when you may realize your father's injunctions—when with Bertha in your hand you may present yourself as the descendant of a noble house. My boy you have begun the race of honour—press on, and never let it be said that your mother in the indulgence of womanish weakness made you effeminate."

Her strength failed—Philip awoke Bertha, she sprang from the bed, and received her mother's parting blessing, though her eyes had closed. For one long hour the brother and sister watched by the bed-side, in the deep and solitary stillness of the night. The old domestic was called—he too sat gazing upon his mistress. Who has not witnessed in this world of death the last struggles between the soul and body? The long drawn breath, then the still frightful pause, and then another—but the last came, and after the final conflict, she lay as if in peaceful slumber! A few moments were given to deep and awful contemplation, then Philip suddenly arose.

"Thank God," said he, "she is spared from heavier calamity than she has yet endured—Bertha, I must begone."

"Begone!" exclaimed his sister, "why or wherefore? you cannot mean so."

He groaned aloud, he wrung his hands in agony, and striking his forehead, said, "it is for your sake I go."

"And what will become of me?" she exclaimed.

"Heaven only knows—if I stay, misery is certain." Then approaching the bed on which the body lay, he gave a long look, and folding Bertha in his arms, rushed from the house. She heard not his retreating steps, for she lay insensible across the bed of death. When she roused herself, several men stood gazing upon the scene; it was life and death, youth and decay, blending before their time.

"Where is Philip Bertier?" said one of the men, "we are in pursuit of him."

"You cannot find him" replied Bertha wildly, "he has left me."

"Then he has served you as he has his colours," returned the soldier, "and doubly deserves to be shot as a deserter."

A strange thought entered the mind of Bertha. "You cannot find him," said she, "unless I deliver him to you." At this moment an officer entered—evidently of rank, and dressed in the Hanoverian uniform. He stopped and surveyed the scene with emotion. Bertha advanced, her bosom heaving with her project. "I know your errand," said she, "and you shall have your victim on condition that you secure him from insult and conduct him to a place of safety to await his trial."

"It is not customary to submit to conditions on these occasions," said the officer, "but I would not add to your distress—would I could alleviate it."

"Wait then," said Bertha, "at the next turning of the road but one quarter of an hour, and if Philip Bertier does not surrender himself, you may take what measures you please."

It was a wild and almost impracticable purpose that had entered the head of the young girl—she

determined to dress herself in the discarded uniform of her brother, and endeavour to pass herself for him. At any rate, she was certain that she might gain him time for his escape, which would be important. She had been educated a creature of imagination, full of romantic and vivid conceptions, she stayed not to weigh consequences, but hastily putting on the uniform, and commencing with floods of tears her mother's remains to the care of the old domestic, then kissing again and again the clay cold lips, she set out for the place appointed. The gray of the morning was still overshadowing every object as she gazed on all around—one little hillock at the side of the house was marked by the mass of snow that lay upon it. "It is there," thought she, "my mother will rest in the grave with my father." As she pursued her way, she turned more than once to gaze on the spot; every object was desolate, and she felt new agony at the idea of leaving her mother alone. She almost forgot that it is only the living who feel desertion, that neither scorn nor injury strike on the "dull cold ear of death." When she arrived at the place, she was relieved to find the officer alone; incredulous as to her intention of surrendering her brother, he had dispatched the two soldiers in pursuit of him, and remained to wait the issue of her promise. Unfortunately for Bertha's plan, Philip was athletic and commanding, his dark hair and mustachios gave him a warlike expression; she was slight, fair and delicate—but she trusted to the uniform and a large woolen wrapper for the deception, and putting the military cap over her eyes, and muffling the lower part of her face, she advanced with tolerable confidence. The deception appeared to be perfect. The officer received the deserter without a question, and Bertha was satisfied with the success of her project. They were obliged to walk a long way before they reached the wagon that was to convey them to the corps, to which Bertier belonged. Long before they arrived, Bertha's small feet and slender ankles almost refused to support her. The officer appeared to be moved with compassion by the youth, effeminacy, and even the sobs of the young soldier. Bertha wished to inquire what would be her destination—but she was conscious her only security was silence, and with downcast eyes she pursued her way. Once, as she broke through the crusted snow, the officer said, "I am more used to hardship than you are, you are welcome to hold my arm." Bertha made no reply. When they arrived at the village where the wagon was waiting, the rumour had reached there of a deserter's being taken; a few people collected round the inn to gaze on the unfortunate object. The prospect of a violent death seems to give something sublime, even to common characters—and the man who is going to the gallows is much more interesting than any private act of munificence could have made him. The officer, mindful of his promise, fiercely ordered the people to disperse, while he kindly assisted the tottering soldier to ascend the vehicle which stood at the door. Most scrupulously did Major Falkner (for this was the name of the officer) observe the conditions to which he had submitted. It was two days journey to their place of destination. When they arrived, the deserter was conveyed to a good looking house. "I will leave you," said the officer, "no one will enter your room without permission; but if you attempt to escape they have orders to secure you." "Alas!" said Bertha, almost forgetting, in the desolation of her feelings, her assumed character, "why should I wish to escape, I have now no friend but you!" The colour rushed to his face, but hastily turning away, he said, "Military measures require promptness; your trial will take place to-morrow morning. I will, myself, conduct you to the spot."

[Conclusion next week.]

MISCELLANY.

THE GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.

Mansie Wauch and Nanse his wife deliberated on the way of life in which they should bring up their only son Benjie. They considered all the learned professions, to which Mansie raised insuperable objections. The "gude wife's" ambition rose above the mechanic arts, and Benjie's choice was to be a gentleman. But Mansie resolved to show Nanse

and the Barnie that he was the master, and he proposed some very ignoble callings, in order to bring their pride to the proper point, when he secured his own project of apprenticing Benjie to a barber. There is so much sarcasm and humour in the proposition to make the boy a "gentleman's gentleman," that the reader will be amused with it in Mansie's own words.

"Weel," cried Nanse, half rising to gang ben the house, "I'll sit nae longer to hear ye gabbling nonsense like a magpie. Mak Benjie what ye like; but ye'll mak me greet the een out o' my head."

"Hooley and fairly," said I, "Nanse, sit still like a woman, and hear me out;" so, gieing her a pat on the shouther, she sat her ways down, and I resumed my discourse.

"Ye've heard, gude wife, frae Benjie's ain mouth, that he has made up his mind to follow out the trade o' a gentleman; wha's putten sic outrageous notions in his head, I'm sure I'll no pretend to guess at. Having never myself been aboon daily bread, and constant work—when I could get it—I daurna presume to speak from experience; but this I can say, from having some acquaintances in the line, that of all easy lives, command me to that of a gentleman's gentleman. It's true, he's caa'd a flunkie, which does nae sound quite the thing; but what o' that? what's in a name? pugh! it does nae signify a bawbee—no, nor that pinch o' snuff; for, gif we descend to particulars, we're a' flunkies thegither, except his Majesty on the throne—Then William Pitt is his flunkie—and half o' the House o' Commons are his flunkies, doing what he bids them, right or wrang, and no dauring to disobey orders, no, for the hair in their heads—then the Yearl waits on my lord Deuk—Sir something waits on lord somebody—and his tenant, Mr. so and so, waits on him—and Mr. so and so has his butler—and the butler has his flunkie—and the shoe-black brushes the flunkie's jacket—and sae on. We all hing at aen anither's tails like a rope o' ingans—so ye observe, that ony sic objection, in the sight of a philosopher like our Baillie, wadna weigh a straw's weight.

"Then, consider, for a moment—just consider gude wife, what company a flunkie is every day ta'en up wi', standing behind the chairs, and helping to clean plates and porter; and the manners he canna help learning, if he is in the smallest gleg in the uptak, so that, when out o' livery, it is the toss up o' a bawbee, whether ye find out the difference between the man and the master. He learns, in fact, every thing. He learns French—he learns dancing in all its branches—he learns hoo to gie boots the finishing polish—he learns hoo too to play at cards, as if he had been born and bred a yearl—he learns from pouring the bottles, the names of every wine brewed abroad—he learns hoo to brush a coat, so that, after sax months tear and wear, aye without spectacles wad imagine it had only gotten the finishing stitch the Saturday night afore—and he learns to play on the flute, and the spinet, and the piany, and the fiddle, and the bagpipes, and to sing all manner o' songs. What say ye, gude wife?"

Nanse gied a mournfu' look, as if she was frichted I had grown dementit, and only said, "Tak your ain way, gude man; yes get your ain way for me, I fancy."

SENESINO AND FARINELLI.

When these two highly celebrated singers were in England together (1734,) being engaged at different theatres on the same night, they had not an opportunity of hearing each other, till by one of those sudden revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both employed to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent, and Farinello that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but, in the course of the first song, he so softened the obdurate heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his stage character, ran to Farinelli, and embraced him in his own.

SPANISH LADIES.

The dress of the Spanish lady, is remarkably elegant, and generally adorns a very perfect shape. Black is the universal color, and the robe is most tastefully worked and vandyked. A mantilla, or veil of black silk or lace, and sometimes white lace,

is thrown over the head, and leaving the face uncovered, falls gracefully over the head and shoulders, and is confined at the waist by the arms of the wearer. They are both expensive and particular in dressing their feet with neatness, and their little shoes fit closely. The large black eye, the dark expressive glance, the soft blood-tinged olive of the glowing complexion, make the unwilling Englishman confess the majesty of Spanish beauty, and he feels that tho' the soft blue eye, and delicate loveliness of his own countrywomen awaken more tender feelings of interest, he would deny or dispute, in vain, the commanding superiority of these dark-eyed and fine-formed damsels.

FEMALE PRESENCE OF MIND.

Count Segur, in his recently published "Memoirs and Recollections," relates the following anecdote of Princess Lubomirska:—"She was once in her sledge, riding under the immense canopy of a sombre forest, when, at the turn of a narrow path, she came unexpectedly within a few steps of a bear rendered furious by hunger. At the approach of the wild animal, the horse made a leap, and overturned the sledge. The bear advanced. The princess' attendant rushed forwards to save her, and placed himself between her and the terrible animal; he attacked it, but his sabre broke. An unequal contest took place, but the bear soon caught the Pole in his paws. Without becoming terrified, the princess instantly took hold of two pistols that had fallen out of the sledge, came behind the terrible animal, discharged two shots into his ear, and stretched him dead at her feet."

THE HUMOURIST.

A counsellor was one day asked by a judge why he was always employed in knavish causes. "Why, my lord," said the counsellor, "I have been so much in the habit of losing good causes, that I think I had better undertake bad ones."

FINE WRITING.—The following advertisement is from an Auburn paper. It is a very good specimen of the "puff direct."

"From long experience Mr. Covert is able to say, that no one can take a gentleman by the nose, and relieve him of a superabundance of bristles, or twirl a mustachio, with more skill and dexterity than himself. Shaving, from a cruel operation, of nothing but groans and contortions of visage, by the light of science has been rendered a pleasant and agreeable pastime. Contemplative gentlemen may indulge in the most pleasing dreams, and awake shaved, powdered and perfumed."

In a recent duel between two Barristers, one of them shot away the skirt of the other's coat. His second, observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a client, he would very probably have hit his pocket.

COL. TARLETON.—The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry, to the great disparagement of officers of the Continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far famed hero, Col. Washington." "Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you, after the Battle of Cowpens." It was in that battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Colonel Tarleton observed, "You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington, and yet I have been told that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly write his own name." "It may be the case," she replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify that he knows how to make his mark."

A gentleman lately riding over Salisbury plain, when it rained very hard, set up a gallop, and met with a traveller whose horse was standing still. Somewhat surprised at the sight, he asked the reason of it. "Zounds!" says the other, "who but a fool would ride in all this wet?"

A Frenchman, wishing to take stage for Buffalo, was asked by the driver, if he had any extra baggage. "Extra baggage! What you call dat? I have no baggage but my tree trunks, five dogs, and ven black girl."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1827.

§ LARA's Sketch shall appear in our next. We solicit a continuance of his correspondence.

§ A correspondent has sent us a long "mysterious" tale. We cannot publish it. We are naturally disposed to be very obliging; but we can't publish the tale in question. Our *whys* and *wherefores* are soon told. Artificial horrors are poor stuff, in their best dress; we have no affection for them in any shape, and particularly when they nauseate us with their insipidity. Our author seems to think that, in order to give a "spirit stirring" character to his composition, nothing is necessary but an ominous title, a mechanical use of sundry bloody and mystical phrases, and a conclusion rounded off with a gallimatia of love and murder. In our opinion, a composition of this nature belongs to the lowest order of the ridiculous; and the publication of it would add nothing either to the writer's reputation or to the reader's information or amusement. Our correspondent displays a bad taste and a weak judgment, in the production of such articles. We should be sorry to consider them a fair specimen of his talents. More anon, to him, if necessary.

"Flattery is a servile and fawning behaviour, attended with servile compliances and obsequiousness, in order to gain a person's favour."

§ A number of extracts, relating to Morgan, will be found in our paper to-day. We are aware that we may be trespassing upon the patience of our readers, in bringing this subject so frequently under their notice; and we would willingly dismiss it, if we felt ourselves authorised to do so. We last week thought that we were nearly or quite through the publication of contradictions of the statements of the Lewiston convention, but we were sadly mistaken—every mail increases our stock. Nothing but a respect for truth and individual reputation could have induced us to pursue this subject as far as we have, and we think that the statements contained in "the letters" are now rendered so glaringly false that we may with safety suspend the publication of some of the remaining invalidating statements. Dr. Terry's letter we did intend to publish this week, but matter of greater interest has crowded it out of our columns—perhaps we shall never publish it. The proceedings of the grand jury of Monroe county, which will be found below, establish beyond the possibility of doubt, that certain members of the Lewiston convention have acted a very dishonourable part, and they will doubtless meet with their reward in the contempt of the community. On Saturday last, his excellency the governor communicated to the house of assembly all the information in his power relating to the abduction of Morgan: we do not learn that he was possessed of any unpublished information.

The Black River Gazette of Saturday last says: "A few days since, Capt. John Brant, of Wellington Square, head of lake Ontario, passed here on his way to Rochester. This visit of Mr. B. to this side of the Niagara, is probably connected with the publications implicating his character, in the supposed destruction of Morgan at Fort Niagara."

The bill authorising a donation of one thousand barrels of flour, for the benefit of the Greeks, passed the senate on Saturday last, but was rejected in the

assembly on Thursday of this week; many of the members were influenced by constitutional qualms, which very few understood. The influence of the constitution appears to be a little *eccentric*; it is very accommodating sometimes.

BOSTON LYCEUM.

The third number of this magazine was received on Saturday last. It is composed of articles of various merits; the greater part of which are remarkably well written. *The Deserter*, the republication of which we this day commence, is a production of superior pretensions. The contents of the present number are—*The Speculator*; *To a Tropic Bird*; *To —*; *An Essay on Modern Education*; *The Dirge of Sappho*; *A Bachelor's Dissipation*; *Christabelle*; *Early Days of Shakspeare*; *Le Depart*; *Adversaria*; *Stanzas*; *The Deserter*; *Loneliness*; *The Pilgrim's Last Winter*. *Table Talk*—View of the House of Representatives; Typographical Association; *Voltaire*. *The Drama*—Federal Street Theatre; Macready and Forrest. *Critical Notices*—Mr. Greenwood's Essay on the Lord's Supper; Comstock's Mineralogy; The Tennessean; Alnwick's Castle; Almacks. The Lyceum is published on the fifteenth of every month, by CHARLES G. GREEN, No. 278, Washington Street, Boston, at four dollars per annum, one half payable in advance.

Among the sentences pronounced upon criminals by the New-York Court of Sessions, on Saturday last, we notice the following:

Augustus Bagley, for cheating F. B. Fitch, by altering the number of a lottery ticket, by which he obtained \$100, was sentenced to the penitentiary, at hard labor for three months. The Court said some pious persons of Brooklyn, had interceded in his behalf. They represented him as having been noted for his piety, and his regular attendance at church and religious meetings. [Here the prisoner, who is about thirty years of age, demure and sleek headed, slunk back into the box.] This character, the Recorder observed, aggravated rather than mitigated his offence.

There has lately been a great "hue and cry after morality" in the city of New-York; and the above sentence is probably a very good commentary upon it. Religion has an excellent influence upon society, and its pure spirit is worthy of every encouragement; but when it is perverted it is a vice of the most deleterious nature. The senseless jargon which is so often libelling theatres has lately been brought into action in New-York, and Madame Hutin, a very pretty French dancer, has been nearly immolated because she had a *tuck* too much in her frock. We learn, however, that the friends of Mr. Augustus Bagley have stretched her garment a full inch.

As bad as this world is, there exists a very nice sensibility on the subject of morality. And among the subjects that are made to run the gantelope, the theatre is not the least conspicuous. Sensibility, when indulged to excess, becomes sickening, and its effects should be deprecated. We are far from wishing evil to the spirit of true piety; but recent, as well as former observation, has convinced us, that to support the hypocritical opposition which generally exists against the drama, would be nothing else than to encourage vice at the expense of social virtue. The reasoning which is generally brought into action against theatres is, for the most part, so shallow that, with minds free from prejudice, it has but little influence. Nothing is more common among anti-theatrical scribblers than a declaration of positive ignorance of the interior appearance and pro-

ceedings of a theatre; and yet they gravely proceed to reason and deduce conclusions from both. Marvellous consistency! for a man to build conclusions upon premises of which he is confessedly totally ignorant! But apart from the morality of theatrical exhibitions, they are beneficial to the worldly interests of a city, and should therefore receive encouragement.

A ship, laden with provisions and clothing, was despatched from New-York to Greece on the 10th instant, under the agency of Mr. J. P. Miller. A Philadelphia paper mentions that the vessel chartered there to convey the provisions and clothing for the relief of the Greeks, is partly loaded, and, unless the weather prevents, will certainly sail on or before to-morrow. The vessel which sailed from New-York is appropriately styled "the SACRED SHIP."

The extent of injustice to which the infatuated supporters of the present excitement are disposed to proceed, is hinted at in the following resolution, passed at Pulteney, in Steuben county.

"Resolved, that we will not hear any Freemason preach, unless said preacher shall refuse to meet with any lodge of Freemasons, and shall openly and boldly declare that the institution of Masonry is a *bad* institution."

Here every minister of the Gospel, who is a mason, is required to say what he knows to be false, or, in other words, to become a *liar*, in order to be considered a worthy follower of the cross! There may be deluded ignoramus enough in Pulteney to support in that vicinity the feverish passions which created this resolution; but it is scarcely possible that a spirit so ignoble and reprehensible, can be countenanced by an intelligent and virtuous people.

CHIT CHAT.

The first Esquimaux woman ever in England was brought by Major Cartwright in 1776. "On being shown the interior of St. Paul's she was so struck with astonishment and awe, that her whole frame trembled, and she leaned for support on the person next her. After a pause of some moments, she exclaimed, did men make this or was it found here?"—*New-York Times*.—We were much amused with the reply of one of Capt. Head's companions on the summit of the Cordilleras, when all around was a surface of snow—"cheerless, wild and inhospitable as the view was, still it was sublime"—he observed to one whose honest heart and thoughts clung to old England—"What a magnificent view, what thing can be more beautiful!" After smiling for some seconds, the Cornish lad replied, "them things, air, that do wear cap and aprons.—*Id.*—*Crime in London*—Within the last eleven years, there have been executed in London alone, 240 persons, 7 of whom were females. The greatest number in any one year was 43, the least number 11.—There is now living in Aurburgh, Vt., the widow of John Babcock, whose age is only 82 years, and she has now living, children, grand children, great grand children, and great great grand children, 427.—Capt. Keppell, in his Journey from India, says he killed a brace of partridges in the *Garden of Eden*—*Quere*, were they not birds of *Paradise*.—Lord Norbury observing an officer dancing one evening with guineas as spur rowlers, remarked, that in addition to his other property, he had got two guineas to boot.—*New Ways and Means*.—A few days since, a young girl near Gloucester, in the prospect of marriage, being unable to find money enough to purchase her wedding clothes, actually submitted to the painful operation of having seven of her front teeth drawn, for which she received five guineas, and afterwards provided the necessary articles!—The widow of Captain Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, is still living.—*Path-killer*, the oldest and head chief of the Cherokee tribe is dead. His funeral was to be celebrated with much ceremony. Charles Hicks will probably be his successor.—*What next?*—A Paris physician has invented a method of throwing light into the interior of man, so as to better understand any disease which may exist there. He has invented fine print, and read it at a distance of fifteen inches! Audibras, if alive, might no longer say,

—"In man there are no windows
To show what's carried on within doors."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

From the Boston Lyceum.

COMSTOCK'S MINERALOGY. We have hitherto, in the department of mineralogy, had no medium, adapted to the use of novices, between the Manual of Aikin, and the work of professor Cleveland. The former, it is true, contains the essence of what has been written upon this branch of science, but it carries the process of distillation too far, and the view it presents of the study it professes to illustrate, is of that general nature which serves rather to refresh the memory of the adept, than to direct the mind of the tyro from simple truths to a wide and extended range of observation. Professor Cleveland, on the other hand, claiming as he does, the decided approbation of our scientific men for his labour and learning, pursues his researches with patience and perseverance into the minutiae of the subject, and leads the pupil into the midst of all the beauties, and to him inexplicable mysteries of the mineral kingdom, without teaching him the paths which must be followed to attain a knowledge of the interesting curiosities around him.

The merits of Dr. Comstock's work seem to consist in methodical arrangement, in a proper and orderly degree of condensation, in avoiding the use of all scientific terms not absolutely necessary, and in facilitating the progress of the student by a gradual development of the elementary principles. To common readers, this volume is not without attraction from its elucidation of very many particulars connected with the science, which are not generally sufficiently unfolded in the works of this character. The work is moreover handsomely printed and forms a beautiful exception to the slovenly style of typography which, we are sorry to say is too frequently adopted in this country.

THE TENNESSEAN. We would wish to be as courteous as possible to our fair countrywoman, the authoress of the new novel, from our innate conviction of the tenderness due to her sex, as well as from the peculiar regard we have for our personal safety. We shall therefore, in giving utterance to our hasty remarks upon the truly original production before us, strive, if possible, to "keep cool."

The Tennessean is such a book as might be expected from a very loquacious—for aught we know, a very good old lady, probably somewhat addicted to tea-table scandal, fond of using her tongue as well as her pen, and gifted with no inconsiderable portion of that small talk, which we sometimes hear poured down like a shower of hail-stones on a legion of kettle drums, and with as much noise, to use a very uncouth simile—as though it were "grog time among the builders of Babel." The plot of the novel is managed in a stiff and awkward way, for the sake of introducing sketches of American character, in different portions of our country; and though our authoress often discovers an ignorance of manners and customs, unpardonable in one who pretends to give a faithful delineation of them, yet there is here and there a stroke truly Hogartian. We cannot say much of Mrs. Royal's delicacy, for in truth, she seems to have but little regard for it, and is determined never to be accused of squeamishness, or even of an uncommon degree of modesty. Nor has she much idea of writing for the gratification of her readers. Her main object seems to be to talk on paper—and she does talk like a mill-wheel in March, or any other swift-going machine. The best meed of praise we can bestow upon the Tennessean is to say that it consists of 372 closely printed duodecimo pages, very vilely printed at New-Haven.

ALNWICK CASTLE. This little volume is generally recognized as the production of Mr. Halleck, the popular author of "Fanny," against whom the only charge that is brought, is his unfrequent appearance before the public in the poetical garb, which he wears with much grace and little affectation. The first poem in this collection, is full of pretty thoughts, very prettily expressed; but like several of its successors it seems like the playful effusion of a mind in its moments of relaxation,—or in its summer afternoon idleness, rather than the effort of any serious or continued train of thought. "Marco Bozzaris,"—that bold and glowing specimen of Lyric poetry, has been known for a considerable length of time through the medium of the New-York papers. "Connecticut" and "Wyo-

ming" were, we believe, originally published in the United States Literary Gazette. The most beautiful article in the book, is the poem entitled "Burns." It abounds with warm, fanciful, and delicate imagery, and has a vein of tenderness running through every stanza. We might find fault with its versification which is occasionally loose and careless, but as a whole it is certainly sweet and touching, and will be read and remembered with pleasure by all the lovers of the Muse.

ALMACKS. The volumes of fashionable scandal which bear this title, after exciting something of a stir in the higher walks of life in London, have found their way across the Atlantic, and have been republished for the special edification of all who feel an interest in the mysterious and inexplicable. What possible attraction the book can have for the greater part of American readers, we cannot conceive; for without an intimate acquaintance with the names and characters of London fashionables of both sexes, the ranges of stars with which it abounds are as enigmatical as the riddle of Oedipus. So far as we are able to judge from a cursory passage through its pages, we should be inclined to call it a gilded chronicle, where are recorded the annals of folly and vice, in all their multifarious forms, and where profligacy and debauchery are delineated in any and every colour that may conceal their native hideousness and deformity.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

THE MONROE GRAND JURY AND THE LEWISTON CONVENTION.

The Grand Jury of this county closed a laborious session of five days, without attaining to any knowledge warranting an indictment or throwing light upon the affair of Morgan. Some twenty or thirty persons, including members of the Lewiston Convention, were examined upon the matter: but all without avail! Each seemed anxious, but none were able, to unfold the mystery.

This doubtless will surprise many, as we confess it does us. We were not wholly prepared, even by the letters of Brandt, the Chapins, M'Bride, and others, to believe that the Convention were destitute of all authentic information—that what was so confidentially stated, was entirely hearsay, and consequently of no value to the cause of justice. But there is now no reason to doubt:—some members of that Convention, examined under oath, could not satisfy the Jury of a circumstance sufficient to criminate an individual or answer public expectation in any way!—So much for the bloody stories, the awful and tremendous facts, and other awfully-tremendous things, which have gone the rounds for weeks past!—Morgan may possibly be murdered, but the people have yet to learn how, where, and by whom the savage deed was perpetrated.

PRESENTMENT.

To the Honourable the Court of Oyer and Terminer for the County of Monroe.

The Grand Jurors for this Court respectfully present—That, having it in special charge from the Honourable Court, and in discharge of the duty devolving upon them as a body of Grand Inquest, we have given our most serious and industrious investigation to the subject "of the abduction of William Morgan."

Not having any presentment or testimony submitted to the Jury, we have called upon individuals composing a committee in this village, appointed by our citizens to investigate this unhappy affair, and about twenty other witnesses, for such testimony as they might have in their possession, to aid in the discovery and conviction of the individuals who have been engaged in this gross violation and outrage of the natural rights and liberties of a citizen of this state.

The witnesses have generally evidenced a disposition to promote the investigation, and to communicate the facts within their knowledge in relation to this act of violence, but which appear insufficient to the Jury to warrant the finding of bills of indictment against any individual.

Sufficient circumstantial evidence, without direct testimony, has been afforded the Jury to justify the opinion that Morgan was conveyed from Canandaigua through this county, on the ridge road: but to what place of destination, and by whom conveyed, the Jury have not sufficient facts to determine.

We commend and applaud the vigilance of the community in their laudable efforts to discover the fate of this unhappy man, and to preserve the liberties guaranteed by the free constitution of our country to every citizen; and sincerely hope and believe that their perseverance in the investigation of the subject will eventually develop this mysterious transaction, and succeed in vindicating the violated majesty of the laws.

J. HAWLEY, Foreman.

Jonathan Child,	William H. Hanford,
Russell Ensworth,	O. S. Church,
Joseph Lockwood,	Amos Bailey,
Rufus Meech,	Russell Green,
Samuel P. Gould,	Nathan Nye,
Henry Scramton,	Amasa Dutton,
Orange Sackett,	Caleb L. Clark,
Frederick Wilkie,	Seth Saxton,
Jamin Strong,	Oliver Reynolds,
W. S. Gregory,	William Pitkin, Clerk,

From the Saratoga Sentinel.

The present excitement relative to the disappearance of Morgan, is not altogether dissimilar to that produced in England several years since, on the publication of a pamphlet, entitled "Jachin and Boaz," purporting to have been an exposition of the secrets of masonry. Steps to awaken the curiosity of the public, preparatory to the appearance of the work, had been taken. When it did appear, the author suddenly left the kingdom; and a story was started by the publishers that he had been waylaid by the masons, and murdered. The excitement produced was great, and the book had an astonishing sale, at a guinea per copy. At the expiration of two years, when the public feeling had partially subsided, and the sales of the book had nearly ceased, the author returned, and declared that he had made near half a million by the speculation. The deception thus practised, again aroused the indignation of the public—but not towards masons. It was now vented upon the person of the author; he was openly assaulted and insulted, and forced to leave the kingdom, not to return.

From the Onondaga Journal.

A man lately travelling, at the west, had his curiosity one evening not little excited, by a woman, almost divested of apparel, who sat near the door-way of her cottage, spinning flax with prodigious agility, and allowing her tongue full swing, at sundry of her cold, hungry, and impatient offspring. The man stopped his horse and inquired, "what's the matter?" The woman replied, "I suppose you have heard of Morgan? All the world has certainly heard of him." "But what has Morgan to do with you?" eagerly asked the man—[Here her thread broke, and tangled about her fiers.] "Why, nothing I hope; but he has published a book, you know, which some believe discloses the secret doings of the masons; and I have been taking in flax to spin to procure money to buy a book—if I don't hurry, the store will be shut before I get there!" Hereupon she set her wheel going with its wonted velocity, and the man rode off, leaving the good dame enjoying an uncommon luxury, in anticipation; though it is true, a little of its richness was detracted by the fear of arriving too late at the store.

From the Buffalo Emporium.

We had no time to remark on the letter of William Terry, in last Monday's paper. We should place but little confidence in his statement on any matter, and especially in the present case, if he had not been known as authority for the publications of the "committee." They have given him as their author: he says their statements as coming from him "are utterly false." These discrepancies we leave to the parties to settle among themselves. He closes his letter by saying that "the Committee are in possession of unequivocal testimony, which will eventually make every man of the guilty tremble to the foundation." Now, we have no doubt but this declaration is of a similar character to every thing else which has come from him. We argue thus from the fact that the Committee would not suffer the imputations, which we see every day thrown out against them for withholding the publication of their "unequivocal testimony" if they possessed any. If they knew Morgan has been murdered, and by whom it was done, what claims can they have on the good opinion of the public, if they fail to cause the arrest of the perpetrators and their punishment? Why are they not willing that the guilty should alone suffer—and put a stop to that excitement among their friends which has destroyed the harmony of social intercourse, and which has excited, and continues to excite, the worst passions of the human heart? Surely, this Committee have a fearful account to answer for.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Letter from Europe.—By the arrival at Boston on Monday of the brig Concordia, Capt. Low, Paris papers to the 15th Feb. and London to the 12th are received.—The project for a law relative to the police of the press was still under discussion in the Chamber of Deputies. Its features had been materially softened by the amendments made by the Deputies, and it was supposed that the government would withdraw it.—By private letters also, we learn that the proposition for restraining the liberty of the press, has excited a more general dissatisfaction than any public measure which has been proposed for years. Addresses and remonstrances were presented to the Chambers, not only from editors, printers, and booksellers, but from literary and scientific societies. Two members of one of the latter who acted as a committee, and who held civil offices, were deprived of them by the liberal King, the very day after presenting their remonstrance.—The Boston papers state that the news from Greece continue to be of a more encouraging nature. The Patriot remarks that the government had been reorganized at Egina. Miaulis had arrived there in the Hellas, to receive the orders of the government. In consequence of the success of Karaiskaki in Attica, the whole of Northern Greece, as far as Thermopylae and Volo, had taken up arms, and Redschid Pacha had been obliged to act upon the defensive. Ibrahim Pacha continued inactive. The Bavarian officers at Napoli had organized a Frank corps. At Constantinople a new conspiracy had been discovered, and several of the leaders in it were seized in the night and immediately executed.—In the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 10th, the Minister of the Finances brought forward the annual exposition of the state of the Finances. The expenditures of the year 1826, ordinary and extraordinary, amounted to 933,940,350 francs. The receipts of the year exceeded this amount by 5,116,366 francs. The expenses of the current year are estimated at 915 millions.—M. Ribeaupierre, the Russian Ambassador, arrived at Bucharest Jan. 19, on his way to Constantinople.—The Prince Hatzfeld, Minister Plenipotentiary of the king of Prussia at the Court of Austria, died at Vienna, Feb. 3, after a short illness. He had been condemned to death in 1806, by a military commission, but was pardoned on the intercession of his wife, by Napoleon. [N. Y. Times.]

POETRY.

From the Golden Violet, by Miss L. E. London.

THE EASTERN KING.

He flung back the chaplet, he threw down the wine.
"Young monarch, what sorrow or care can be thine?
There are gems in thy palace, each one like a star
That shines in the bosom of twilight afar;
Thy goblets are mantling in purple and light,
The maidens around thee like morning are bright,
Ten kingdoms bow down at the sound of thy name,
The lands of far countries have heard of thy fame,
The wealth of the earth, and the spoils of the seas,
Are thine; oh, young monarch, what ail'st thou with these?"

"I'm weary, I'm weary. Oh! pleasure is pain
When its spell has been broken again and again.
I am weary of smiles that are bought and are sold,
I am weary of beauty, whose fetters are gold,
I am weary of wealth—what makes it of me
But that which the lowest and basest might be?
I have drain'd the red wine-cup, and what found I there?
A beginning of madness, no ending of care!
I am weary of each, I am weary of all,
Listless my revel, and lonely my hall:
Veil, maidens, veil your warm cheeks of the rose,
Ye are slaves of my sceptre, I reck not of those!"

The monarch rose up with the reddening of morn,
He rose to the music of trumpet and horn:
His banner is spread to the sun and the wind,
In thousands the plain by his warriors is lined.
The foot ranks go first, their bows in their hand,
In multitudes gathering, like waves on the strand;
Behind ride his horsemen, as onward they come,
Each proud steed is covering his bride with foam.
In the midst is the king: there is pride on his brow,
As he looks on the myriads that follow him now;
His eye and his sabre are flashing alike,
Wo, wo for the warrior that dares him to strike!
Thousands and thousands are strewn on the ground,
Ahmed comes back a conqueror, but what hath he found?
The cry of the orphan is loud on his ear,
And his eye hath beheld the young bride's bitter tear,
And the friend of his youth is left dead on the plain,
And the flower of his nobles return not again.
There are crowds that are filling the air with his name:
Do ye marvel the monarch is loathing his name?

Again to the sunshine the banners are spread;
Again rings the earth with the warrior's tread;
And loud on the wings of the morning are borne
The voice of the trumpet, the blast of the horn;
And, eager to gaze on the royal array,
The people in crowds gather forth in its way.
Who would deem they were gazing on death and on doom,
That yon purple and gold strewn'd the way to the tomb?
The canopy glitters; oh, vainest deceit!
There the king's robe of state is his cold winding-sheet,
And he at whose beck waited life, waited death,
He hath not command on a poor mortal's breath.
A whole people trembled when that he but frown'd,
And his smile was the summer of nations around,
Now who is there watched for smile or for frown?
For the head of another is girt with his crown;
And he lieth a heap of powerless clay,
Where the meanest earth-worm at his pleasure may prey.

They bore the monarch on to his tomb,
Black marble suiting such dwelling of gloom:
But on it was graven a lesson sublime,
A voice from the grave appealing to time;
Were not voice from the living or dead alike
On the heart in its foolish pride to strike?

"Millions bow'd down at the foot of my throne:
The strength of the north and the south were my own;
I had treasure's pour'd forth as the waves of the sea;
Success seem'd the slave of my sceptre to be.
And pleasures in crowd at my least bidding came,
Every wish that the will in its wilfulness could frame:
And yet, amid all that fell to my share,
How much was weariness, how much was care!
I number'd years of pain and distress,
And but fourteen days of happiness.
Mortal, nor pleasure, nor wealth, nor power,
Are more than the toys of a passing hour;
Earth's flowers bear the foul taint of earth,
Lassitude, sorrow, theirs by their birth.
One only pleasure will last—to fulfil,
With some shadow of good, the Holy One's will.
The only steadfast hope to us given,
Is the one which looks in its trust to heaven.

From the Boston Lyceum, for March 15, 1827.

STANZAS.

"But as it sometimes chanceth, from the night
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,
As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low."

Wordsworth.

The uprisen sun the mountain-top kissed,
And chased thro' the valley the curling mist;
While swift o'er the glade sped the startled hind,
And the green woods joyously waved to the wind.
The broad yellow light of the growing day,
Like a seraph's wing, on the hill-sides lay;
On the crisp leaves glittered the drops of dew,
That flashed to the sun as he pierced them through;
Like strings of the harp, the breezes wake,
My heart uttered joy;—from bush and from brake,

Glad answer came back;—while the sweet winds still
Joined song with the birds; and the gurgling rill,
With the ceaseless hum of the bees was heard.
Busy music of Nature!—my heart was stirred
With an inward delight;—and I rejoiced,
That Art should be thus by Nature, outviced.

'Twas a moment to turn from things of earth,
And to purer and holier thought give birth;
For loveliness lay in the deep blue sky,
On their soft grey wings light clouds flitted by;
And gladness and innocence seemed to rest
Like spirits of bliss, upon Nature's breast.
But thoughts that were sad passed o'er my mind
Of fortune unfaithful—of fate unkind—
Of pleasures dear-bought,—that presently cloy,—
The falsehood of hope,—the fleetness of joy;
Tho' the scene of enchantment round me lay,
The sense of enjoyment had passed away;
No longer for me was the landscape fair,
The heart that breathed hope—now sunk in despair.

Thus the golden chord of joy, though entwined,
So lightly and easily round the mind,
By a passing thought may be burst in twain,
And we cannot unite the thread again.
There are sounds that charm—there are sights that win,—
But our bliss, or our bane, is the mind within.
A. M. W.

From the New-York Crystal Hunter.

THE COMING OF NIGHT.

"This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
"It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,
"Such as the day is, when the sun is hid"

The stealing wave receives the twilight's pearl;
The western clouds are losing Phœbus' kiss;
The purple smoke in vain attempts to curl,
Above the line where Venus smiles in bliss.

Yon noble ship displays her every wing,
And woos the night-wind for its fitful sigh;
Her little top-sail looks a bird-like thing,
Which leaves the earth to commune with the sky.

Where th' horizon trembles cold and blue,
A silver herald whispers of the moon;
While nature draws out perfumes with the dew,
And brings her soft nurse like an angel's boon.

O, beauty-breathing God! if one so frail,
So sinful, at this quiet time can see
A paradise above yon little sail—
A type of glory blessing hill and tree:

How must the good man fill his spotless soul
With all the gushing poets sometimes feign!
How make Thy colours through his mind's eye roll!
How drink the landscape as the sands the rain!

Thou art all mercy, beauty-breathing God!
Or why should I, a sad self-shipwreck'd man—
Know that Thy pearls adorn the dewy sod;
Or thus enjoy the bright lines of Thy plan!

And if a mortal so Thy works can feel,
How shall a spirit bear the beams of Thee,
When the last trump must send through worlds a peal,
And wake pale millions to eternity! C. E. E.

From the U. S. Review, for March, 1827.

THE BRIDE.

The lady sate in sadness—her fair lid
Shrouding her eye's dark beauty, while soft hands
Were wreathing her thick tresses, and amid
The glossy ringlets twining costly bands
Of snowy pearl; but oft a deep-drawn sigh
Heaved the rich robe that folded o'er her breast,
And, when she raised her head, within her eye
Sparkled a tear which would not be repress.
She glanced toward the mirror, and a smile
Crossed her sweet lip.—it was a woman's feeling
Of mingled pride and pleasure, even while
The blight of sorrow o'er her heart was stealing.
Yet, as she gazed, she thought of by-past hours,
When she was wont, within the orange bowers,
To sit beneath the moonlight, and the arm
Of one she loved was folded round her form;
While to his throbbing breast she oft would cling,
And playfully her loosened tresses fling
(Light fetters) o'er his neck, then with bright cheek
Smile when he strove his tenderness to speak,
Another change came o'er her face; she turned
And raised a crystal cup that near her stood;
Upon her cheek a deeper crimson burned,
And to her eye there rushed a fearful flood
Of wild emotion; eagerly she quaffed,
With trembling lip, the strangely-blended draught,
And then, in low and faltering accents, cried,
"Am I not now a gay and happy bride?"

She stood before the altar, her pale brow
Uplifted to the holy cross: the sun
Shed through the painted window a deep glow
Upon her cheek, and he, who thus had won
Her hand without her heart, was at her side;
The holy priest too;—but as less allied
To earth than heaven she stood, when called to speak
The deep response, her voice had grown so weak
She scarce could utter it; her fragile form
Shook with convulsed emotion; but the arm
Of her stern sire supported her—her head
Fell helpless on his breast, and she was wed.

The bridegroom pressed his lip to her pale face;
She shrank from him as loathing his embrace,
Then starting up, with fearful calmness said,
"Father, I promised—have I not obeyed?
But there is yet another vow unpaid—
For I am the betrothed of Death, and, lo!
The bridegroom waits his promised bride e'en now.
Our nuptial torch shall be the glow-worm's light,
Our bridal bed the tomb! Oh! it is sweet
To think that there no grief can throw its blight
O'er young affection! Ay, e'en I can greet
The marriage cup, when drugged with aconite!"
She trembled, would have fallen, but again
Her father's arm upheld her, while her breath
Grew fainter, and her breast heaved as with pain;
Lowly she spoke; "Let not my bridal wreath
Lie on my bier. He deems me faithless—now
Let him bend o'er this cold and stony brow,
And learn how well I loved!"—a fleeting spot
Of crimson stained her cheek and—she was not!

IANTHE.

LACONICS.

BY THE DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

It is no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people, but an insupportable one to be forced to be under an obligation to a scoundrel.

We should not judge of a man's merits by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others. In affairs of importance, we ought less to endeavor to make opportunities, than to use them when they offer. All our qualities both good and bad are under certain, dubious, and at the mercy of opportunity.

The passions are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it. So much injustice and self-interest enters into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them even when they seem the most reasonable. While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible of a new one, than when entirely at rest.

THIS PAPER

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BY E. B. CHILD.

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[No. 9.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquillus per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

L. D. KING'S ADDRESS.

[Concluded from page 58.]

These nations, thus highly illuminated, were the seminaries to which the great and inquisitive of all other states resorted. Cadmus, Lycurgus, Solon, and other great luminaries, were residents at these polished courts, and among them Pythagoras holds a distinguished elevation in the records of fame. This great geometrician was the most extraordinary mystagogue of all antiquity. He made a secret even of his geometrical problems, and imposed a probation of five years silence, preparatory to initiation into his sacred mysteries.

In the midst of all this profusion of scientific light, lived Solomon. An assemblage of philosophers, allured thither by the fame of his wisdom, from every quarter of the civilized world, filled his court. In him was concentrated all the knowledge then extant, whether philosophical, theological, ethical or scientific. God, as has been already said, held communion with him, and unveiled to his astonished gaze the exhaustless treasures of hitherto unrevealed wisdom, surrounded deeply in the immensity of the eternal mind; and aided by these celestial endowments, he established the masonic degrees. The immediate object of this great and illustrious oracle, was the introduction of system and harmony into the operations of the mighty multitude which built the temple. Among these were 3000 master masons, the most eminent artists of the age, assembled from Tyre, Egypt and Assyria. And as our grand master was the pupil of heaven and illuminated by the glory which emanates from the throne of God, it were the highest absurdity and would reflect upon his memory the deepest obloquy to imagine him indifferent to the moral culture of the craft. It would indeed contradict his general character and the whole current of tradition. On the contrary, he imparted to them the light of inspiration he had received, and made it perpetual in the lodges. He taught them those great truths which we said were the mason's lights, together with others of equal moment. The temple was completed and the craft dispersed—but they carried with them and preserved sacred and inviolate, those mysteries which had been revealed to them from the lips of their illustrious founder.

These mysteries and these fundamental truths so essential to the happiness of man, have ever been preserved in the bosom of the fraternity.

Hence we may account for the light which glimmers in the pages of ancient writers. It was the lamp of masonry which shed its rays in their paths and lighted their way to the temple of knowledge. And in fact previous to that auspicious era, when like the morning star which announces the approach of light and ushers in the smiling king of day, our brother and patron appeared on the earth, the herald of the sun of righteousness, the prince of peace, all correct knowledge of ethics and theology, founded on the relation which man sustains to his maker, was either recorded in the sacred volumes of the Hebrews, or reposed in that faithful repository for all secrecy, the hearts of the brotherhood. This is not a narrow view of this subject. It will abide the test of any scrutiny. Witness the wretched and contradictory systems of philosophy successively in vogue in the ages subsequent to the building of the temple! What truth did they possess, we claim as having emanated from the lodges—truth, which at length, by the absurd appendages of theory, hypothesis, scepticism and dogma, became too much attenuated to retain any longer its original beauty, or be at last discernable amid the rubbish of conflicting doctrines.

Whoever will throw a retrospect at the history of a few centuries before the christian era, will be

instantaneously struck with the violence and madness of that ambition, which with its dreadful gorgon drenched the earth in blood, desolated the fairest works of God, and wherever nature spread her gushing joys for her peaceful sons, transformed her blooming face into a desert of hissing serpents and howling beasts of prey—of that ambition which, like the polar blasts, or torrid whirlwinds swept over the world, driving the furious car of annihilation over countless hosts of dismayed and prostrate victims, leaving desolation and carnage the dreary monuments of its relentless wrath. Still the lodges, if we may credit the testimony of Cicero, were the asylums of the wretched. Masonry threw open her portals and welcomed to her sacred recesses, all who sought a shelter there.

But amidst surrounding corruptions, when the whole world, not even excepting that nation which received the oracles of the prophets of the most high God, was sunk in utter ignorance, when darkness covered the earth and thick darkness the people, can we imagine that the fraternity escaped contamination? Previous to the appearance of those two bright parallels of masonry, the St. Johns, the fraternity partook largely no doubt of the general infatuation of the times, corrupted by the foul contagion of universal idolatry, the perversion of the noblest powers of intellectual beings to the absurdities of a degraded polytheism. But this transient cloud soon dissipated and left the pure principles of the order, splendid as the sun and firm as the pillars of creation, destined like that glorious luminary to survey the whole habitable earth, and dart its beams wherever it could find a son of sorrow to cheer, or a daughter of grief to gladden.

Holy in principle and practical in application, it considers all mankind as brethren, and like the angel of mercy it extends the gentle hand of beneficence to every sufferer. Its great outlines, its predominant features, are the same as those of christianity, and proclaim to the world, in the language of an illustrious apostle, that though we spoke with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, we become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

In this western hemisphere masonry flourishes in the vigour of vernal bloom, and has enlisted under its banners an imposing and brilliant array of talent, intelligence and character. It however meddles not with the government nor its concerns. It leaves cabal and intrigue to the stormy and boisterous devotees of faction and party spirit. Within our sacred walls the angry voice of politics is never heard. God and our country, liberty and equality, are the patriotic sounds which are echoed there. The very form indeed of our constitutions, our frequent elections, the level on which we meet, and the various franchises of the assembled brotherhood, are a standing memorial of our undeviating democracy. The hint of a republican government may perhaps have been first taken from that most perfect model, a lodge in operation. Masonry is well known to be the terror of all despotic governments, and the Medusa so terrific is the genius of Republicanism. This is the Hydra with its fifty heads, which not even that modern Hercules, the holy alliance, can exterminate. It is this which has drawn upon us the maledictions of every despotic dynasty of the eastern continent where the torch of masonry has been kindled. The hands of the Spanish Monarch, now on the throne, an infuriate and besotted bigot, are yet reeking in the blood of our brethren! And in almost every part of Europe, proscription, confiscation, exile and death have been marshalled for our destruction. We have been proscribed by papal interdiction, hunted by the blood-hounds of the Holy Alliance, and, as far as was in her power, exterminated by the edicts of imperial Russia. But masonry, like the fabulous Phenix springs renaissant from the tomb.

and her arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down his thunder, calls aloud

On freedom's name,
And bids the patriots of her country hail,
For lo! oppression prostrate in the dust,
And man again is free.

KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The following particulars relative to king Solomon's Temple, cannot fail to be interesting to all classes of readers, and particularly so to royal arch masons.

This famous fabric was situated on Mount Moriah, near the place where Abraham was about to offer up his son Isaac, and where David met and appeased the destroying Angel. It was begun in the fourth year of the reign of Solomon; the third after the death of David; four hundred and eighty years after the passage of the Red Sea, and on the second day of the month Zif, being the second month of the sacred year, which answers to the 21st of April, in the year of the world 2992, and was carried on with such prodigious speed, that it was finished, in all its parts, in little more than seven years.

By the masonic art, and the wise regulations of Solomon, every part of the building, whether of stone, brick, timber, or metal, was wrought and prepared before they were brought to Jerusalem; so that the only tools made use of in erecting the fabric were wooden instruments prepared for that purpose. The noise of the axe, the hammer, and every other tool of metal, was confined to the forests of Lebanon, where the timber was procured, and to Mount Libanus, and the plains and quarries of Zeredathah, where the stone were raised, squared, marked and numbered; that nothing might be heard among the masons at Jerusalem, but harmony and peace.

In the year of the world 3029, king Solomon died, and was succeeded by his son Rehoboam.

Shortly after this, with Jeroboam, the son of Nebat at their head, ten of the tribes revolted, and established a separate kingdom. Thus divided, the tribes of Israel continued under two distinct governments, two hundred and fifty-four years; when the ten revolted tribes became weak and degenerated, and their country was laid waist, their government overthrown, and extirpated by Salmanezar, the Assyrian king. After a series of changes, Jerusalem was besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, and after a defence of a year and a half, it was surrendered, and delivered to the officers of Nebuchadnezzar, in the eleventh year of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. The temple was sacked and destroyed, all the holy vessels, together with the two famous brazen pillars, were taken away, and the remnant of the people who escaped the sword, were carried away captives to Babylon; where they remained servants to Nebuchadnezzar, and his successors, till the reign of Cyrus, king of Persia, who, in the first year of his reign, being influenced and directed by the same divine power by which he was invisibly led to the throne of Persia, issued an edict for the liberation of the captive Jews, permission to return to Jerusalem, and rebuild the city, and house of the Lord. The principal people of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, with the Priests and Levites, immediately departed, and commenced the glorious work; many of the Jews, however, rather than relinquish the possessions they had obtained in Babylon, determined to remain there.

ELECTIONS.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Rhode Island.

Elected March 20th, 5827: Asa Bosworth, Grand High Priest; Caleb Drown, Deputy Grand High Priest; Samuel Randall, Grand King; Philip Potter, Grand Scribe; Sylvanus Tingley, Grand Secretary; Jason Williams, Grand Treasurer; Rev. David Pickering, Grand Chaplain; Pardon Sayles, Grand Marshal; William P. R. Benson, Grand Tyler.

Grand Lodge of Mississippi.

Elected, January, 5827:—John A. Quitman, Grand Master; P. A. Vandorn, Dept. G. M.; Tho-

mas P. Falconer, Grand S. W.; R. Bien, G. Jr. W.; Rev. James Pilmore, G. Chaplain; D. S. Walker, G. Orator; James J. Rowan, G. Treasurer; Stuges Sprague, G. Secretary; James Smith, G. Marshal; J. Strotter, G. Sword Bearer; George Newman, G. Pursuivant; John H. Duncan, G. Sen. Deacon; Robert Stewart, G. Jr. Deacon; Joseph Newman, G. Steward and Tyler.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&4 Tue. m
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e. m
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Th. e. m
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Fri. e. m
Indefinite Lodge,	Albany,	
Olive Branch Chapter,	Bloomingsburgh,	Sat. pr. f. m.
Bloomingsburgh Lodge,	Bloomingsburgh,	Mon. af. f. m.
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e. m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3 M. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2&4 Tue. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3 M. e. m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. af. f. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. af. f. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. af. f. m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES IN AMERICA.

We have repeatedly called the attention of our readers (says the New-York Daily Advertiser.) to the importance of encouraging scientific works in this country, and have attempted to show the influence which our respectable publications of this sort are calculated to produce in foreign countries. Such remarks have occasionally been suggested to us, by the inadequate support afforded to the American Journal of Science and the Arts, which has been conducted by Professor Silliman, for a number of years, with no less benefit to his country than honour to his talents and persevering industry. It is only through works of this description that the progress of the Arts and Sciences in the United States can be known abroad; and we make the following translation from the Revue Encyclopedique, to show how much we are indebted to such publications as we have, for the high opinion which learned men of other countries entertain of our spirit and genius for the useful branches of learning. The passage we select from a general "View of the Progress of Sciences and Arts in 1826:"—

[Translated from the Revue Encyclopedique.]

While the principles of physics have been applied in Europe with too much boldness, they have been managed with more wisdom in America, and of course there they have proved more useful. The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia have published the experiments of Mr. Bull, on the quantity of heat evolved by the combustion of different sorts of wood used for fuel in the United States, and the fossil coals of the new continent compared with the Newcastle coal; and the results obtained have been fully confirmed in analogous experiments made by scientific men in Europe. The economic arts, therefore, no longer want fixed data to direct in the use of different species of combustible, and to show what are the most valuable for heating apparatus.

Some new machines planned in that country, can be considered as yet only projected. We cannot tell how far the explosion produced by the combustion of hydrogen, will furnish a moving power more efficient or less expensive than the vapour of water; and the "upward force of fluids," argued upon by Mr. Genet in the United States, still wants the sanction of proof on a large scale, as well as practice.

But what is most to be admired in that country of

vast conceptions, is, that they so promptly accomplish, in regions almost desert, enterprizes which consume so much time among our thick population, and in our limited districts. In the United States, a few years are sufficient to open an interior navigation between distant provinces. Their ships of war already bear a more formidable artillery. While we are deliberating at our leisure, and are less and less eager to undertake new enterprizes, North America is advancing with rapid strides in the career of improvements. The study of nature there is unshackled—every authentic discovery is well received, and turned to use. Geology, now so timid on the European continent, has almost discontinued her researches; but she pursues them in England and the new continent. Thanks to the Geological Society of London, and the numerous explorers scattered over the surface of the United States, the past year has greatly added to our knowledge of the superficial crust of our globe.

SCOURING UNDYED WOOLLENS.

This process, as practised by dyers, is so simple, that any housewife may go through it.

Supposing the article to be scoured is one of the largest sized blankets in a very dirty state. Cut into thin slices half a pound of the best yellow soap, then pour such a quantity of boiling river water on it as will effectually dissolve the soap, and make it the consistence of oil: this is called solution of soap. Enough of this being made to scour what dannels you may have to clean, you then proceed to pour into your scouring tub a sufficient quantity of hot and cold water to cover your goods about two inches—the heat must be such as you can bear your hand in. Having previously put a lump of the best American pearl ashes into your tub, as big as a small walnut, and some solution of soap, about a third of the quantity prepared, put in your goods, and, with your doll, beat them out, until no head or lather rises on the top of the water; you must then take the blanket by one corner, and hang it up, letting the two ends or sides meet when hung down together. Then turn those two ends in, round each other, put a short stick between them, and by these means you can wring it quite tight. If you have more than one to do, you may add a little pearl-ash to the water, and add more hot water, beating them in like manner. This will tend to soften the dirt in them, and prevent any of the ingredients from being lost. The dirty water is now to be thrown away, and a second liquor prepared as the former; but if the blanket is pretty well cleaned of its filth, you need add no pearl-ash in this second liquor; only let the water be hotter than the first, and then proceed as before. The second liquor being spent, put it into the tub with the rest of your dirty goods. A third and finishing liquor is prepared, by adding the remainder of your solution of soap, and a small bit of pearl ash and boiling water; then put your blanket into the liquor, give it a quick beat out in this thin liquor, and immediately wring it very tight; hang it out to dry, and it will be as white as wool can be made.

[Tucker's Family Dye and Scourer.]

MAPLE.

H. A. S. Dearborn, Esq. observes in the New England Farmer, that there are nine species of maple in North America, two of which are equally productive of sugar—the rock, or hard maple of New England, and the black sugar tree of the western states. Dr. Rush states that the maple is not injured by tapping—on the contrary, the oftener it is tapped the more syrup is obtained from it. He estimates that a tree of ordinary size yields in a good season from twenty to thirty gallons of sap, from which are made five or six pounds of sugar. Sap from trees growing on cleared land is richer than that produced by those in a forest. A pound of sugar is sometimes obtained from three gallons of the former. Dr. R. says the rock maple wood ranks next to hickory as fuel, and the charcoal made from it is in high estimation. The wood is much used by turners and cabinet makers—the varieties called bird's-eye and curled are much admired in this country and in Europe. As an ornamental tree and for shade, the rock maple is surpassed by few if any.

The Romans had a species of curled maple which they called the peacock's tail, from its resemblance.

From this were made her most beautiful and expensive tables, some of which were sold for immense sums. When the men reproached their wives for their extravagance, they used to turn the tables upon their husbands, i. e. reproach them for their costly tables. Here is the origin of this common expression. [Hamp. Gazette.]

SILK.

A correspondent in the New England Farmer is of opinion that the United States will become a silk growing country in a few years. The Southern States, says he, will make most in quantity, but New England will turn out silk of the best staple, the most clean and perfect. He thinks the produce of silk alone will make a nation wealthy. He describes the manufacture of silk in Italy. The establishment for winding the cocoons (balls of the silk worm) into thread, twisting, &c. are extensive, and the machinery complex. The finest silk is made by winding together the threads of four cocoons—the coarsest will take the threads of twenty or sixty cocoons. The threads of raw silk thrown together make warp. The following is the Italian method of hatching the eggs of the silk worm:—

"In Italy it is the custom to get the moth to deposit her seeds on small pieces of scarlet cloth, and when the appointed time comes, the women place the pieces within their bosoms. The genial warmth, after a certain number of days, brings the seeds into life."

THE TRAVELLER.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A ready pool; and all to Cumæ's point
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumph o'er the buried dome.

The discovery of Herculanum in 1713, and of Pompeii in 1753, excited the greatest interest throughout Europe. No instances had occurred of large cities, containing so many works of art having been buried for so many centuries, and at last brought to light, with all their temples, statues, paintings, houses, shops, household furniture, and utensils, in such a state of preservation. Pompeii, indeed, has no equal: It lies at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, about 15 miles south-east of Naples, in that rich plain where Hannibal remained for years after the battle of Canæ, and wasted the strength of his army in luxury and ease. It is a walled town, about three or four miles in circumference; and with the exception of some temples, the amphitheatre, theatre, tombs, and a few houses, is all built of brick. During the eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 97 of the Christian era—the greatest on record—the mountain for several days continued sending forth large quantities of ashes and light stones, which fell in showers on the surrounding plain, and buried Pompeii. The covering is, at an average, about twelve feet deep. In some places it is much greater—in others not more than a few feet; but it appears to have been so complete that not a vestige of the city was left. Houses were built above it—vines were planted in the new soil—roads were made—and Pompeii lay forgotten and neglected, till about seventy years ago, when accident brought it to light. It is only astonishing that it had not been discovered sooner; as the covering in some places, is so light, that the roots of the vines have penetrated a considerable way into the buildings below. A great part of it is now excavated, and exhibits a most interesting sight, not only to the antiquarian and curious, but to every man who has read or heard of the Romans. On approaching it from Naples, nothing is seen but a high mound formed of the rubbish collected from the interior of the city. On entering by a narrow passage cut through this mound, the great road which led to Rome, and a long street of tombs continued to the walls of the town, first attract the attention. The street is paved with large stones, with five angles, most of them between two and three feet in diameter. The tombs are all of white marble. Some appear old, some are fresh and white as when the workmen left them, others are only half finished. Most of them have

emblems or figures carved on them, and but few have inscriptions. The principal house in this street belonged to Diomedes. His tomb is opposite to it, with this inscription in Roman capitals, "Diomedes I. sibi et suis" (Erected by Diomedes, for himself and family.) Another near it has a most appropriate device for a tomb—a vessel is represented entering the harbour with the sailors on the yards furling the sails. The voyage of life was over—the frail bark had reached "the safe and quiet harbour of death, at all times ready to receive us from the stormy ocean of human life." Urns, containing the ashes of the dead, are placed in niches, in small square cells, at the back of the monuments. They are all of earthenware, and very small. The house of Diomedes is in a wonderful state of preservation. The paintings on some parts of the ceiling, and the ceiling itself are as fresh and entire as they could have been 1700 years ago. There is a garden at the back of the house, with a wine cellar beneath it. The cellar is in the form of a funnel, about eight feet wide, running round the inside of the garden wall. It contained a great number of wine jars, which are filled with ashes apparently colored with the wine. These jars are of earthenware, about three feet long, and of the width of a chimney can at the middle, narrower at the bottom and mouth, and with two handles at the neck. They were ranged against the wall. In this cellar 17 human skeletons were found; one of them had a key in its hand. Whether they had fled to this place for safety, or to riot in drunkenness, like shipwrecked sailors is uncertain. It is probable however, that most of the inhabitants had time to escape from the city, though many of them, no doubt, were suffocated by the ashes in their flight. Pliny is supposed to have died in this manner. When the eruption was at its height, he sailed from the port of Misenum, on the opposite side of the bay, for the purpose of examining it more narrowly. The inhabitants were fleeing in boats in all directions. He however proceeded with two servants, towards Pompeii, but soon found the sulphur and ashes so insufferable, that he was forced to return. On his way back he was overtaken by a violent shower of ashes and pumice stones, which deprived him of life. His body was found three days after. Not more, perhaps, than twenty-five or thirty skeletons, at most, have been found. It is astonishing that a greater number has not been preserved, there can be no doubt, taking into account the number of sick, aged and infirm persons, that could not make their escape, together with those confined in prison, that a great many must have perished. In one of the prisons a skeleton was found with chains at the hands and feet. The bones of all these victims, on being exposed to the air, it is stated, soon crumbled to dust, which is extremely probable, as none of them are to be seen in the Museum at Naples, where all the relics are preserved. Leaving the street of the tombs, we entered the city by the ancient gate. It is hardly possible to imagine any scene that can excite such interest, or so many melancholy reflections—the silence of death pervades the place. With the exception of a few statues and frescoes, which have been removed, everything is left in its original state. Houses, temples, theatres, wells, mills, ovens, shops—all remain nearly as they were in the time of the ancient Romans. The streets are narrow, with a foot-path on each side, raised about a foot. The houses in general are small, and of one story. In the shops there appears to have been no partition between the door and the window. Many of the shops at Naples have exactly the same appearance. I do not recollect, in any one instance, to have seen a chimney, and believe there are not more than two or three houses that have stairs. The rooms are generally adorned with paintings, representing flowers, birds, or beasts. The peacock and the goat seem to have been favourites. The colours are of a bright red, blue or yellow. On some of the houses and shops the names of the owners are inscribed in red paint on a ground of white, which had been used to efface some previous inscription. A cock and serpent are the common signs for apothecaries. Bakehouses contain small hand-mills for grinding the wheat, jars for the flour, and ovens exactly like those of the present day. Above one of the ovens is a symbol of the same kind with those which are so common on the temple at Nismes, with this in-

scription beneath it:—"Hic habitat felicitas." At the angle where two streets meet there is commonly a well with a trough attached to it, and when the streets are not passable for carts and carriages, there are two large stones placed to prevent their entrance. The tracks of the cart wheels are in some of the streets two or three inches deep. There are but few houses that appear to have been inhabited by the wealthy, and even these are small and incommensurate. There is a large court in the interior, commonly with a fountain in the middle, and the entrance to the rooms from this court, serve both for doors and windows. All the houses are without roofs. In some of them, which have not been cleared out, jars, pots, and other family utensils, are seen just appearing above the ashes, in the same position in which they had been left by the proprietors seventeen centuries ago. The forum, which is of an oblong shape, and of great size, is now completely excavated, and has on all sides public buildings of considerable magnificence. It is needless to describe them, as with the exception of the temples, and those which have inscriptions, the purposes for which they were erected are not known. The last public building discovered in the forum is very extensive. I asked one of the workmen the name of it. The only reply was a shrug of the shoulder, a grimace and a scream, the usual signals which a Neapolitan gives of inability to answer a question. On the question being repeated, he said he could not tell, as those wiser than himself had not been able to agree on a name for it. The amphitheatre is at a considerable distance from the forum. The interior is very noble, the seats are almost entire, and constructed of large stones of a yellowish white. Those allotted to the Prefect and Tribunes have inscriptions on them to that effect. It could contain 35,000 spectators. The view from the upper seats, and the reflection to which it naturally gave rise, are certainly unequalled; on the one side is the beautiful bay, on the other the rich plain, with Vesuvius on the left, and the bold range of high mountains on the right, the spectator looks down on the arena, on the empty seats where so many thousands had assembled in joy and gladness, and on the town now as still and quiet as the ashes of those that had inhabited it. Not more than one fourth of the town is yet excavated. It is extremely probable, however, that most of the principal buildings have been discovered, as these were commonly built in this neighbourhood of the forum. Lupines, wheat, vines and fruit trees, are now growing in great luxuriance only a few feet above the houses.

[Conclusion next week.]

CHARACTER.

MACREADY, THE TRAGEDIAN.

The following instance presents a pleasing specimen of Mr. Macready's courage and humanity: When Mr. Macready was performing at the Birmingham theatre, in August 1823, he had left the house after the Tragedy of Hamlet, in which he had delineated, with his accustomed ability, the philosophic Prince, and was proceeding on foot to his lodgings, when he approached a small cottage in flames, surrounded by a concourse of people, eager to look on, but loth to assist: a cry of distress was heard from within; he instantly threw off his coat and waistcoat, and with the agility of a harlequin, sprang into the parlour window, from whence he soon issued with an infant in his grasp, and was received by the spectating mother in an agony no words can describe. The hat, coat, and waistcoat of the adventurous hero were gone, and he darted through the crowd as he was, towards his lodgings; no one could tell the name of him who had so gallantly ventured his life; and a pecuniary reward of considerable amount was offered to the unknown by a committee of gentlemen. A circumstance occurred which brought him forward against himself; a fellow was apprehended selling a handsome coat, in the sleeve of which was Mr. Macready's name; he was sent for by the police Magistrates, and identified the coat stolen from him at the fire. The papers now lauded his modesty more than his intrepidity, and the thunders of applause that greeted him on his re-appearance at the theatre must have been the

most grateful tribute to a feeling heart. Mr. Macready's goodness did not stop here: his benefit took place shortly after, and it was a complete BUMPER. He received in an anonymous letter a bank-note for ten pounds, as a tribute to his humanity and courage in rescuing the cottager's child from the flames. Mr. Macready instantly called upon the unfortunate couple, who had lost their all in the flames, and presented them with that sum, saying he had been only the mean instrument in the hand of God, in procuring it for them: he also promised to assist the infant as it advanced in years, and we have no doubt but that he will fulfil his word.

VARIETY.

POINT OF HONOUR.—One morning while we were in Paris, our lacquey de place did not appear as usual. Breakfast passed, the carriage drove to the door, still no lacquey, and Colonel Cleveland, in a passion, had sent to engage another, when, panting with exertion, the gentleman appeared. "He was very sorry—he begged ten thousand pardons—he had hoped to have got 'his little affairs over sooner.'" "Your affairs, you scoundrel, what are your affairs to us? Do you think we are to sit waiting here, while you are running after your own affairs?" "Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur," said the lacquey, with a low bow, and laying his hand upon his heart, "but it was an affair of honour!" and the man had actually been fighting a duel with swords, with another lacquey, in consequence of some quarrel while waiting for us at the French Opera, the night before! On inquiry, we found this was by no means extraordinary, and that two shoe-blacks have been known to fight a regular duel, with the punctilios of men of fashion.

[Continental Adventures.

A RUSSIAN AMAZON.—On dismounting at a village near Darkee, my stirrup was held by a fair and handsome looking person, who proved to be a female. Admiration of military life had induced her to deprive herself of her fair tresses, and to wear the dress of a man, preparatory, as she said, to offering her services to the Emperor as a soldier. Hearing I was on the way, she told me that, if she had been a little older she would have accompanied me. I told her that she would be rejected, from her feminine appearance; but she said she would cut off her breasts whenever they were too large for concealment. On taking leave of this little amazon, I gave her an old aiguillette, which she accepted with great delight, and strutted off with it on her shoulder, to the no small amazement of the villagers.

[Keppel's Journey from India to England

A RUSSIAN CARRIAGE.—At four o'clock in the afternoon, my new equipage came to the door, driven by a Kalmuc Tartar. The vehicle was an open four-wheeled carriage, without springs, called an *arba*. It was five feet five inches long, three feet broad, and perhaps three feet deep, resembling a beer-barrel sawed in half. To this wretched conveyance were attached three half-starved ponies abreast. The collars were of wood, and the reins and traces of rope. Over the collar of the centre horse were suspended three bells. Not a moment was lost in packing the baggage; a little straw was placed at the bottom, the mattress was spread on it, and the clothes bags served as pillows. We were no sooner seated, than off we went, full gallop, to the jingling of the bells; our party consisting of the master, a Christian; the valet, a Jew; and the coachman, a worshipper of the Grand Lama. [7b.

MILITARY THEATRICALS.—Marshal Saxe, upon principle, as well as from his natural taste, was always desirous that a spirit of gayety and cheerfulness should prevail in his army; because he said that Frenchmen never fought well but when they were delighted, and that they feared *ennui* much more than being killed. He had always a complete theatrical corps with him, and it was frequently at the representation of an opera or comedy that the orders for engagements were given. Upon such occasions, the principal actresses used to come forward between the play and the farce, and say, 'To-morrow, gentlemen, the theatre will be shut, on account of the battle which the marshal is going to fight; but the day after to-morrow, will be represented "Love in a Camp," and the "Cock of the Village," &c.'

POPULAR TALES.

From the Boston Lyceum, for March, 1827.

THE DESERTER.

[Concluded from page 61.]

Had the officer been deceived by Bertha's project, his conduct would indeed have been ludicrous; but poor Bertha was the only one deceived, and amid the bitterness of her grief she exulted in the thought, that her brother was safe. What a night was this for the timid shrinking girl—not all the high strained enthusiasm of her character could uniformly support her under the prospect before her; with hurried and perturbed steps she walked the room, sometimes knelt and prayed, and then arose with the unfinished petition on her lips, approached the window and gazed on the broad expanse of snow that lay before her. The moon shone bright and clear, all seemed blended into one vast plain—not a breath stirred the branches, every thing was still, dreary and unchanging, like her own sad fate. "O!" exclaimed she, "were I indeed a criminal, how should I support this frightful solitude." At ten the next morning the officer conducted her to the place of trial; the court martial was held in a desolate hall, still bearing evidence of the revels of the evening before. A long table occupied part of the room on which were left standing empty bottles and wine glasses, while the lamps still sent forth an odour that proved they had recently expired. Bertha, with her large coat wrapped round her slight figure, stood before the awful tribunal. "Take off your cap to his honour," said a soldier who was near in a low voice. She raised the military cap from her head, and her long and beautiful hair, with the whole contour of her face, revealed her sex. "What does this mean?" exclaimed the commander. The trembling girl clasped her hands—"I came not," said she "to deceive you, but to sue for mercy for my brother. If there must be punishment, I alone ought to meet it; for it was I that induced him to desert—it was I that wrote that fatal letter." "What letter?" said the commander, I know of no letter—he asked leave of absence on the evening of an important battle; he was refused, and he deserted; now he must stand a court martial." "May she not be permitted to tell her short story?" said Major Falkner, addressing the court. They consented. "My story is indeed a short one," said she. "My mother was rapidly declining. There was only an old domestic and myself with her. She had suffered every hardship of poverty and toil, and all for Philip's and my sake, and now she was going to die without seeing him, though he had sent her all the money he had received. I did not hesitate, I did not think. I wrote to him, and entreated him to hasten back. I told him if he delayed one hour, it might be too late. Here is my letter; I found it in this dress which he had on when it came. O gentlemen, if you had a dying mother, clinging to life only in the hope of once more seeing her son; if her soul was about to take its flight, and yet lingered for a last embrace, would you let any obstacle prevent your flying to her? O think of the separation between life and death, how long and dreary it is! Could you have done otherwise than my brother did in such a trying situation?" She stopped, overpowered by her emotion. A slight conference passed among the officers. "Let him be conducted here," said the commander. The door opened, and Philip was led in, bound and guarded. "My brother!" shrieked the unhappy girl, and threw herself on his bosom. "This will not do," said the commander, "Falkner, conduct her to a place of safety, and see that she is properly protected." "I will protect her with my life if necessary," said the young officer, in a voice only intended for Bertha's ear. From the first moment he had suspected her project, and determined to aid it; he felt that her testimony might be important to Philip, and though faithful to his duty, he had taken judicious measures to arrest him. He would willingly have purchased his life at the price of half his own fortune. New emotions had sprung up in the soldier's heart, and he watched over the helpless sister as if she had been a being of his own creation. It was not difficult to interest his friends for her;—the wife of a brother officer readily offered to take her under her protection, in order that she might remain on the spot and wait the event.

Military laws are sometimes written in blood. It was urged, that if palliatives were admitted, every coward might find them. Philip Bertier had deserted at a time when the life of every soldier was pledged to his country—he was condemned to be shot as a deserter, and ordered back to prison!

The case, with its uncommon circumstances, had excited much interest, and it was fully believed that a pardon might be obtained. It was owing, however, to the indefatigable perseverance of Falkner, that it was at length solicited. He had spoken words of comfort to Bertha, nor was it strange that sounds of a more tender import should mingle with them—nor surprising, that the maiden should listen, and finally promise, that if he was indeed successful, her hand should be his reward. In the meantime the affectionate sister determined to devote every moment to her brother, and gained permission to visit him constantly; but when she applied for admission to his prison, she was told that he had positively refused to see any one. It was in vain she urged the certainty of his seeing her; the guard said he had given his word of honour to let nobody enter, and he would keep it. She wrote, but she received no answer; and, finally, she became convinced, that as his fate was yet uncertain, it was best for him to avoid every thing that would unman him. With agonizing suspense, she awaited the event of the application for a pardon. At length the pardon came. Bertier was released from prison, but doomed to bear the disgrace of a deserter, and dismissed from the army!

Bertha was sitting alone the morning the pardon arrived, indulging in woman's reveries; sometimes her thoughts wandered from her brother to her lover, and she felt that to be united to Falkner, with the approbation of Philip, was all she now desired. "And surely," thought she, "he can desire nothing better for a portionless and orphan sister." Suddenly the door opened, and he stood before her! And was it indeed Philip? so pale, so stern, so fixed! And yet he looked as when they last parted on the night of her mother's death. But that scene had been momentary, and Bertha thought of him only as the companion of her youth. She sought in vain for the animated expression of his dark eye; the mantling glow of his cheek, and his free joyous smile, all had passed away; he stood cold, and abstracted, and looked as if the dark hour of the maniac was on him. "Bertha," said he, to the trembling girl, "I learn that Falkner has procured my pardon."

"He has," said she, her countenance brightening. "And it was by his contrivance that I was first arrested," continued he calmly.

"He only did his duty," she replied, "and he has compensated, by procuring you life and liberty." "Life and liberty!" exclaimed Bertier; "and what are these without honour! The vilest slave that stands shackled before his master, if he have the high born feeling of conscious honour, has that which makes life a blessing. But I," he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth, "I must drag on the miserable remnant of my life disgraced, branded for a coward and deserter. Yet this I could forgive Falkner, for, as you say, he has only done his duty; but Bertha," added he, in a low tone, and approaching her, "what is his recompense?"

"Brother," said she, "why do you look so sternly at me, I have done no evil."

"No evil, girl," he replied, "is it nothing to remain months under the 'protection,' as you term it, of the betrayer of your brother? The spring has come round, and our mother's grave is yet unsodded. I go to visit it once more, and then I will hide myself from the haunts of men; but tell before I go," added he, fiercely, "what is the recompense you have reserved for your protector?"

"Philip," said Bertha, and her eye flashed a fire congenial to his own, "I quail not at your suspicions, they are not natural to you, nor can you cherish them; they are low and base! 'Say but the word, and I will go with you to rocks and caverns—so that you will be my protector, and once more,' added she, bursting into tears, 'my own dear brother.'"

"Alas!" said he, losing some portion of his ferocity, "what can I do with you?" Bertha's hope returned. "Will you not see Major Falkner? he earnestly requests an interview."

"Yes, I will see him," said Philip fiercely. "O not in anger, for my sake not in anger," exclaimed Bertha.

"I will meet him as man meets his fellow man," replied he, "they are too humane to bury their fangs in each other's blood, they only draw it, drop by drop, from the heart," added he, pressing his hands convulsively on his own. "Bertha," said he, after a pause, and speaking more mildly, "It is best we should not meet; but tell me, do you love him?" Bertha shrunk from the enquiry—"This is no time for scruples," said he; "answer me." A glow of indignation passed over her countenance, at the abruptness of the question; but the tenderness of the woman prevailed—and throwing herself into his arms, she exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, "I do!"

"And what pledge" said Philip, "have you of his faith?" "Is it not pledge enough," replied Bertha warmly, "that he has introduced me to his friends; that his high minded mother has embraced me as a daughter; and that I am now in the house of a woman of the first respectability?" Philip hesitated. "I cannot leave you," said he under any uncertainty about your destiny—this would be a sin that would rouse my mother's ashes from the grave, I will see Falkner. Farewell." Bertha sent immediately for her lover. She represented in pathetic terms the unnatural state of her brother's mind, and extorted from him a solemn promise that no insult or provocation should tempt him to lift his arm against him. When they met however, no provocation was given. Falkner in a manly and dignified manner made known his wishes and solicited Bertier's approbation.

"Bertha is yours," said Philip coldly, "henceforth I claim no kindred with her, and yet," added he, "the time may come, when this nameless, houseless being shall confer more than she can receive."

"That time has already come," said Falkner with enthusiasm, "but will you not receive the pressure of a brother's hand?"

Bertier turned away—"We part," said he "forever! bid Bertha farewell for me, it will be said in kinder language than I can utter."

In the usual circumstances of life, change of character is slow, and almost imperceptible, in its progress; but a total revolution had operated on the mind of Bertier. Educated by his mother with even fastidious refinement, and believing that life unless it was "*sans peur et sans reproche*," was valueless, he had learned his father's disgrace and that he had intrusted to him the redemption of his own name and honours at the agonizing moment when he knew an ignominious death, or a still more ignominious pardon was before him. Life had indeed lost its value, natural affections, social ties, were all crushed at a blow, and he stood forth like a ruin exhibiting the beauty of former proportions and yet sublime in decay. On his release from prison his comrades crowded round him to express their conviction of his bravery; many a friendly hand was extended, but the muscles of his own were rigid and unbending. With folded arms he met their advances, their cordial assurances added new poignancy to his feelings. In the days of his happiness and dignity, he could associate with his coarse and illiterate companions with kind allowance for their ignorance; and though he sacredly preserved the secret treasure of his own emotions, his vivacity and happy tact of character had made him a favourite among his associates. But those that had in benevolence and good humour tolerated, were now compassionating him, they were in fact assuring him that they did not think he was a liar or a coward. It was insupportable. Month after month, year after year, passed away—not a human eye that had known him in the gay and happy days of his boyhood now ever gazed upon him. He had disappeared, and except in the tender and affectionate heart of his sister had passed away like a shadow of the morning. Though Falkner cherished Bertha as the dearest part of himself, there were times when not even the happiness of domestic life, and the expanding graces of her children could banish the anguish of her mind when she thought of her brother. There were likewise the anxieties of war, for Falkner was brave and received rapid promotion; all conspired to repress the natural gaiety of her mind, and to throw that shade of seriousness over the

countenance that is perhaps inseparable from sensibility and thought.

It was the evening before the decisive battle of Waterloo* that an officer in the English uniform marched his regiment into Braine le Comte; the sound of trumpets, drums and fifes, with the voices of the commanders mingled with the thunder, lightning and rain—all was in commotion, the clattering of the horses' hoofs announced the approach of cavalry, and the name of Wellington resounded through the tumult. The English officer ordered his men to their night quarters, but for himself, he reposed not. Long before the sun had risen, the army was in motion. The storm had passed away but the weather was still gloomy and unsettled—the drums and trumpets of Wellington's army called every soldier to his post on the heights of Mount St. Jean. The clouds began to disperse and discovered the rich fields of Rye that lay below, and were soon to be trodden under foot, and deluged with human blood. Already the sun had shed its broad rays on mountain and valley, and was reflected from the scarlet uniforms and glittering bayonets of the English. At ten the first cannon ball was heard and the scene of horror began. Many a mother still weeps at the name of Waterloo. The enthusiasm that animated Germany is well known. One old man sent his three sons to the army. When admonished to keep one for the staff of his old age, he replied, "Had I like Jacob twelve sons they should all go forth to fight, for freedom and their country. Long did the fury of war continue, the earth trembled with the thunder of the cannon. It was not till the sun in the Heavens began to decline, that Buonaparte perceived his own was setting! Yet still he rested his hope upon his Imperial guards; he had held in reserve fifteen thousand men for a decisive attack. He represented to them that now was the moment of victory.—"On, he cried, on to Brussels."—"Vive l'Empereur," sounded from ten thousand tongues! with impetuous valour they pressed forward, trampling under feet the weary and exhausted soldiers who had stood the brunt of a three days' battle. It was now that the young officer who had entered Braine le Comte the evening before, was seen with his sword in hand in every post of danger. "God and honour," he exclaimed, as, terrible in battle and foaming like the war-horse, he scattered death and destruction around. A new spirit seemed to invigorate the army, the soldiers formed into a line, and stemmed the rush of the French with their bosoms, and their bayonets. All was blood and death. At length the French gave way. Cavalry and Infantry blended promiscuously. The victory was won, and Germany saved!

The brave young soldier remained on the field of battle, he had no heart to pursue the flying enemy, and he arrested many an uplifted weapon as the wounded Frenchmen cried for quarter. "For God's sake give me a drink of water," exclaimed a German officer who had fallen at the first onset of the Imperial Guards, and lay gasping and bleeding to death. The English officer placed the pitcher to his parched lips, raised him up, staunch and bound his wounds, procured assistance and conveyed him from the field of battle. The surgeon who inspected his wounds, declared that none of them were fatal, though the loss of blood without timely assistance would have soon exhausted life. When the wounded officer had a little revived, he requested to be conveyed immediately to Brussels, where his wife was waiting for him, and intreated his preserver to accompany him. The officer declined, "my affairs," said he, "are pressing, I must away, but give this ring to your wife as a pledge that I will see you both again."

After the battle which decided the fate of Napoleon, the names of the English officers who had signalized themselves were recorded for new honours. None of them had escaped the eagle eye of Wellington, and among the first stood "Philip Bertier, the deserter," the same officer who had assisted the wounded man, and whom he recognized at once to be Falkner, though he was not recognised in turn. Time and the hardships of war had changed his complexion—and even the expression of his countenance was altered. When he quitted his siter for the last time (as he thought,) it was in the madness

of despair; but reflection, a feeling of conscious worth, and above all, good principles, brought him to a more rational view of past events, and he began to realize that there was yet something to be done. He enlisted in the English army; reckless of life, he was always first to risk his own, to ransom others. His bravery attracted the attention of Wellington—promotion followed after promotion, and Bertier felt that the time was come when he might claim on British ground the patrimony that belonged to himself and his sister; yet still he shrunk back, "I will not sue for it," said he, "it shall be offered me," and he still pursued his military career.

It was after the battle of Waterloo, that he presented the credentials left to him by his father, and it was with no small degree of surprise that he found himself not only allied to a noble house, but learned that his father had concealed his real name, and assumed that of Bertier. Joyfully he took the unsullied brightness of a name that had long emblazoned the British annals. The battle of Waterloo had, even in his own mind, obliterated the memory of his wrongs and his disgrace.

It may be imagined with what emotion Bertha recognized in the ring that the preserver of her husband had sent her, the wedding ring of her mother! She felt the fullest conviction that he would redeem his pledge. Soon the time arrived, and when the brother and sister once more embraced, their union was unclouded.

THE HUMOURIST.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MAG'S ATTEMPT AT "HIGH LIFE."

Margaretta Rushbrook was certainly a very extraordinary looking girl. To see her once was to remember her forever. At least I could never banish from my memory the impression that her looks made upon me. On the first glance, the stranger was struck with a huge square mass of flesh from her feet to her shoulders, on which was placed a head that physiognomists might behold with wonderment. A ponderous chin, which seemed to have been stretched for the especial purpose of concealing a monstrously voluptuous bosom, contrasted finely with an exquisitely small nose, that was snugly seated in the centre of an expanded face, and just beneath a pair of little cunning grey eyes, that twinkled like a couple of glowworms on a red cabbage leaf. A vast profusion of curls were scattered round her head—some were gracefully dangled behind her ears—others were majestically reared on the very top of her head, and seemed to be viewing with contempt the presumption of a stray curl, that seemed endeavoring to find the extremity of her lengthened chin. Smiles of the most poetical import, would doubtless have sported with peculiar gracefulness on her lips, were it not that her under one curled, or rather lapped, over on the ponderous member alluded to. An admirer of a ruby lip would have fallen in raptures could he have beheld its voluptuous swell, blooming in all the beauty of fleshy exuberance!

But Margaretta was beautiful,—so at least her imagination taught her to believe; and she determined to visit the gay metropolis of New-York, that she might learn its fashions, and give a finishing touch to her natural beauty. A six months' residence there, had indeed, made a sensible alteration in her conduct, for she rapidly learned the affected airs of gaiety, and the coquetish toss of the head, when a beau presumed to address her. The giggle and the he! he! he! she got almost to perfection; and no female of her acquaintance could excel her in giving certain ominous hints to the gentlemen, of the existence of such things as theatres, balls, Castle Gardens, &c.; for when they appeared not to comprehend—dull souls! she would wonder with great naïveté, "what ailed the folks—she never saw such a stingy set of fellows in her life!"

The day at length arrived when she left New-York, possessed, as she averred, of the hearts of some half dozen youths; and she soon entered her native village, proud mistress of fashionable smiles, starts, nods, winks, and he! he! he's. Her sudden and dashing appearance created much wonderment among the simple villagers, who could hardly be

persuaded to believe that "fat, long chinned Mag," as she was rustically called, could be transformed into the thing she was.

Tim Slochenhausen, her rustic lover, who was the wit of the village, was the first to call on her. In former days, when they used to play tag, it was glorious sport for Tim to chase Margaretta into a corner, or behind a door, and then, seizing hold of her chin, draw her face to his, and give her a hearty smack. How often had they played billy button together! and sung, "Come, Philanders," "Oats, Pease, Beans and Barley, O!" and "I'm a roving Bachelor!" The recollection of these precious sports passed rapidly through the memory of the swain, as he rapped at the door.

Tim was somewhat surprised to find himself formally ushered into the "parlour," and was desired to set down, and wait a few minutes, "as Margaretta was not yet ready to see company." Margaretta!—How strange that sounded!—he had never heard her called so before—it was always "Mag," plain unsophisticated "Mag;" and by way of variety, sometimes, "jolly, fat Mag." Tim's heart misgave him as his eye rested on a tremendous Bolivar, which was sprawling on the table before the looking-glass; and wondered, and wondered, in the innocence of his heart, till his mouth was stretched almost wide enough to receive the object of his astonishment. Laces, ribbons, &c. of the newest fashion, and half bound novels, were so placed as attract notice; and Tim's eyes were beginning to look big, when Margaretta Rushbrook entered.

After the manner of certain city ladies, she intended to give effect to her *entree*; and assuming a stateliness of manner, she marched in. She approached Tim with a sweeping bow, and a knowing smirk, which was intended for immense condescension, and reaching out her forefinger, she inquired with a careless air, "Ah! Mr. Slochenhausen, how d'ye do?" Mister Slochenhausen!—Tim stared with his mouth wide open: Mag Rushbrook to call him Mister Slochenhausen! He could hardly credit his senses: a tremendous "whew" burst from his lungs like a torrent, accompanied by his favorite exclamation, which he never used but on especial occasions, "by golly, and Davy Rachel, but that's a good one!"

Margaretta was too well acquainted with rustic manners to notice this sally; and taking a chair, she placed herself in one of her elegant attitudes, and looked with ineffable dignity on her rural lover. It was some time before Tim recovered from his confusion; at length venturing to look at his former playmate at tag, he was lost in a transport of rustic admiration. What a metamorphose was here! It was no longer plain Mag, with her check frock and white ruff, but Miss Margaretta Rushbrook, from New-York, tricked out in the extreme of fashion, the essence of politeness, and the queen of beauty!

Sometime elapsed ere Tim could muster courage to ask her how she was pleased with her visit to the metropolis, when—whizz!—the flood-gate of her speech was open, and such a torrent of words and unintelligible jargon, never before greeted the astonished ears of Mister Slochenhausen! Theatres, balls, Brooklyn, Broadway, Castle Garden, bears, ships, flounces and the Battery, streamed from her tongue in rapid succession, accompanied by a paraphernalia of nods, winks, giggles, he! he! he's! to the utter destruction of her former mock-dignity.

Tim, during one of her pauses, was about collecting sufficient wind to give another "whew!" but she skilfully manœuvred to check the gathering tornado, by suddenly setting in motion the "paddle of her speech." Like one of those machines, denominated a steam-boat, she spluttered through an ocean of words, paddle, paddle, paddle, till she came to a conclusion, by exclaiming, with upturned eyes, "What a *romantic* place is New-York!"

What mighty wonders had she achieved while there! She had read the *Ivanhose*, in ten volumes; the *Deuce of Warsaw*, in six; the *Vittle of Wakefield*, in four. She had enslaved the hearts of no less than a dozen dashing youths, whom she won at parties, by recommending and setting the example, of drinking nothing but brandy sling. One of them was so far gone as to present her, on the day of her departure, the ace of hearts, on the back of which was a profile, or something very ominous of one.

* On the 17th of June, 1815.

Margaretta received it with infinite marks of condescension, called it her dear *miniller*, and wore it faithfully next her heart. She now drew it forth to the gaze of wonder-stricken Tim, who, after viewing it attentively for a few moments, started from his seat, and seizing his hat, with a variety of contending emotions, of which amazement was the most predominant, rushed rather unceremoniously from her presence.

Margaretta seemed in no way surprised or offended; but very complacently turned up her nose at her lover, as she beheld him striding down the street, lustily exclaiming to himself, "She's a rip-staver, so help me Davy Rachel!" LARA.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1827.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We are ever happy to hear from our friend G.

We thank the MILFORD BARD for his well filled sheet.

The remarks of M. upon A. A. P.'s strictures on novel reading, shall appear in our next.

A friend has sent us a number of articles, of which he is the author, but which have heretofore been published in other journals. It would be an act of injustice towards our brethren of the type, and consequently of little credit to ourselves, to give them a place in our columns, as *original* articles. We cannot say that we admire the practice of thriffling-dealing with which our friend appears to be so well acquainted.

REDHEIFER REDIVIVUS, AND DITS.—Those that are wont to stare with amazement at the anomaly of passing events, have no prospect of a holyday, for the present. The genius of the age appears to be guided by a speculating propensity, which is sadly at variance with honest and sober consistency; and unless some straight forward feeling come speedily into fashion, and exercise an influence over the formation of events still in the matrix of time, it is impossible to conceive any notion of the extent to which the makers of, and searchers after, mysteries, may proceed in the mazes of natural and moral philosophy. Old customs are done away; old paths are strewn with thorns, or become obsolete; and all things, whether in politics, morality, or mechanics, are re-moulded in a newfangled manner, to accommodate the whims and interests of the day's Judases. Patriotism begins and ends in rhetoric; piety seldom ventures beyond the precincts of an exhortation; and law and justice are defined by sending the innocent with post haste to perdition, without the help of either witness, judge, or jury. But "there is a time for all things," said the wisest of men; and so all things must come to pass.

Among the events with which the curious portion of the world have been recently amused, the discovery of perpetual motion occupies a tolerably conspicuous station. A Mr. Greensbury Baxter, of the city of New-York, lately exhibited this long sought for secret in the shape of a pump and a water wheel. The water wheel kept the pump in motion, by turning upon its axis; and the pump kept the water wheel in motion, by filling certain buckets with the aqueous fluid, which was deposited in an aqueduct at the lower periphery of the wheel, and the buckets consequently mounted empty on the ascending circumference. This was considered a mighty ingenious piece of mechanism and for a number of days was thought to be next of kin to the philosopher's stone. Indeed, it appears that it did possess the transmuting power to a considerable extent. The "stock" sold remarkably well; in a short time the price of a share increased from a

trifling sum to a thousand dollars; and the city of New-York was every day becoming prouder of Mr. Baxter, when a jealous and meddlesome wight offered him fifty dollars for privilege to examine his invention. This put the "ingenious" young man in the dumps, and he was for backing out; but he was out voted at a meeting of the shareholders, or directors, and the fifty dollar gentleman had leave to peep behind the curtain on certain conditions. The objections of Mr. Baxter were so unsatisfactory in nature that the directors began to suspect that his honesty was not of the best kind; and they determined to satisfy themselves immediately. Accordingly they proceeded, *en masse*, to the premises and demanded admission. Mr. B. pretended to go for the key, but soon returned without it; saying that his boy had it, and that he had gone from home. Then he went in pursuit of the boy and forgot to come back again. The directors waited very patiently until half past ten at night, when, in default of Mr. Baxter and the key, they determined to get in without the help of either. So, the door was forced open, and there stood the machine in *dishabille*. On a little further inspection a cavity was discovered beneath the floor, supplied with seats for two men, and the apparatus necessary, with their help, to keep the wheel in motion. Then followed the falling of stock, and the lengthening of faces. The gulled mortals and the mob, which curiosity had brought to the spot, became very public spirited in the twinkling of an eye; and search being set on foot, the gentleman inventor was found also in *dishabille*, in a bye corner of his house, and delivered over to the safe keeping of the police; by them to be dealt with according to law in such case made and provided.

If a man were seriously to commence an inquiry into the nature of human nature, he would probably say, that, as at present displayed, it appears to be a fermented gallimaufry of undefinable *some-things*. Adventurers are continually springing up, and those who are most absurd and impudent, receive the most encouragement. There is a good deal of drollery in these huntings after the philosopher's stone, perpetual motion, and a few other very desirable objects. We recollect an eccentric being who used to catch toads and hang them up in his chimney and smoke them to death, for the purpose of enchanting a hazle rod with the flesh. He was a confirmed money digger, spent his whole life hunting for buried treasure, lived a beggar, and died not worth a groat.

MR. OWEN. Every one that is acquainted with the news of the day has heard of Robert Owen, and his singular metaphysical notions; but every one may not have heard that the good folk of New Harmony have got each other by the ears, and are quarrelling almost as bad as the Killkenny cats. Letters received at Philadelphia state this to be the case; but whether these letters are of a piece with certain other letters, we cannot say: to be candid, we don't place much faith in letter writers. If it is true, as is stated, that Mr. Owen has thrown up his community system in disgust, it may convince certain visionaries and enthusiasts, that the time for the millenium is not yet come, and that the essence of the soul is still undiscovered.

It is a little singular that men cannot learn to be governed by plain common sense, which is so easily understood, instead of blindly following whims and fancies. Mr. Owen imagined that all men would

be happy if they were atheists; surely the idea must have been formed in the wildest moments of an infidel's musings, at which time common sense is usually kicked out of doors. The Shakers, perhaps, present the most perfect view of the community system; and they are bound together by the most disgusting superstition. With them the exercise of the mind is almost totally forbidden: if permitted at all, it is upon the commonest business topics: the truth or falsehood of their creed must never be investigated, by the common members of the community. It is evident that a liberal method of reasoning would destroy the obligations which keep them together, and bring them again under the influence of the propensities common to human nature. Reason may answer as a governing principle for a few; but the passions of the many must be smothered with awe for an invisible incomprehensible power.

Since the above was put in type, we have received the New-Harmony Gazette, of the 7th inst. It does not say any thing about a row: the story is probably a fabrication.

We have received the first number of the *White Banner, Masonic Telegraph, and Mechanics' Magazine*, published at Pawtucket. R. I. and edited by W. H. Sturtevant Esq. The Providence Literary Cadet says that Mr. Sturtevant "is a gentleman, who, to talents of a happy order, unites the attributes of an accomplished education; and whose writings are distinguished by a classical purity, a vividness of thought, and an acute pungency. We wish him every success, and shall be pleased to hear he is patronised as liberally as he certainly deserves. The citizens of Pawtucket in supporting two newspaper publications, will do themselves much credit, and derive material benefit from the world of letters."

SPECULATION. We have received one or two numbers of a paper, recently commenced at Rochester, with a view to make money by flattering the prejudices of the enemies of masonry. We have marked the editor out as a great hypocrite. He fills his sheet with the most disgraceful calumnies against masonry, and at the same time says in his editorial remarks that he is not opposed to the order. This is a species of very shallow double dealing, and is easily seen through. He talks about masonry in connexion with the Morgan affair, and says that the "masonic part of the community" will "universally discourage a publication" like his. Now why should masonry be everlastingly connected with Morgan? and if this editor's motives are good, what right has he to say the masonic fraternity will oppose his endeavours? The truth is, he is probably a particular friend of Miller's, and he has trumped up a parcel of insinuations to attract notice. He need not trouble himself with the anticipation of much opposition from masons; for we are sure they will not molest him. Contempt is all he has to fear; and as his conscience is probably very accommodating, he may make money by libelling masonry. This paper is vilely printed, with old type upon coarse paper.

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.

Mr. Macready made a donation of \$60 to the British charitable society of Boston, before he left that city.—The Boston Greek fund amounts to \$5000. This looks well.—Mr. Everett during the last session of Congress made some effort towards procuring old documents, &c. from England to elucidate the history of the United States. This is good and worthy of

his talents. When he gets beyond literature and metaphysics, he swamps directly.—A line of packets is established between England and Annapolis, Maryland. The first one recently arrived there.—The Maryland and Ohio rail road bill is before the legislature of Pennsylvania. Several amendments have been proposed and amended.—The general tariff system which comprehends a wise and discriminating duty on all staple articles, at the same time, such as woollens, cottons, linens, salt, iron, sugar, tea and coffee, is much liked in Pennsylvania.

A writer in the London Press says, that the British Ministers are "splendid, not powerful." They have more talent and tact than soundness and usefulness. They do not want knowledge but they want nerve.—Lord Cliffton stated in Parliament, that a great change had been brought about in Ireland at the general election. The orange power had greatly fallen. In Waterford in one short week, the Catholics had crushed the influence of the most opulent families in Ireland. Will not their brethren in this country sympathize with that victory? Most certainly they will.—Colonel Fabvier is now Governor of Acropolis.—A dramatic procession is intended to be given on the next anniversary of the birth of Shakspeare. Great preparations are making at Stratford upon Avon. Shakspeare was born 23d April, 1564.—The object of Russia in provoking the late hostilities with Persia, was to open a *visita* to Hindostan, and by that means check the British empire in that important quarter.—The subject of the corn laws sets the two political parties in England at loose ends.—The Duke of York's stud sold at Tattersal's for 8000 guineas. His debts are estimated at 800,000 pounds sterling, nearly a million and a half of dollars.—The practice of sweeping chimneys by climbing boys is rapidly going into disuse in England. Several societies are forming for that purpose. It is to be hoped they may be more successful than the Intemperance societies.—The London ministerial papers, and particularly the Courier, endeavour to throw ridicule over the "maiden" speech of Mr. Stuart, the new member of the House of Commons from Waterford, Ireland. The cause of it was plain. Mr. Stuart spoke of Ireland and Irishmen with much feeling and eloquence; hence the attempt to put him down.—The English ministry have brought forward a plan of erecting mills to supply the navy with flour. This has arisen from the adulteration of contracted flour. Last year 6000 sacks were thrown back upon the contractors.—The English papers are giving versions of the "last words and dying speeches" of the Duke of York.—An American performer, named Hackett, is just arrived in London from New-York. He is represented as possessing considerable talent as an actor, and as being quite unrivalled as a mimic. His imitations are said never to be caricatures but always fine portraits.—*Sun*.—It is stated by a French traveller, recently returned from Spain, that in the month of September last, the police of Madrid posted up an order respecting the theatres, of a part of which the following is a liberal translation: "Every individual who allows himself either to applaud or to hiss during the performance, or to make signs to any body in the boxes (even if it should be to his sister,) shall be condemned, for the first offence to serve six years as a private soldier; and in case of a renewal of the crime, to be sent to the galleys for ten years!"—The Paris Greek Committee have recently communicated to the friends of the Hellenist cause, a statement of their pecuniary affairs. From this document it appears that the receipts of 1825 and half of 1826 amount to 1,472,504 francs, and the expenses to 1,217,955 francs. The receipts of the last quarter of 1826 amount to 969,725 francs, of which the sum of 281,125 francs came from abroad. The disbursements of 1825 and half of 1826 amount to 1,217,955 francs.—A London paper says "since the adoption of Mr. Huskisson's free trade doctrines in the Silk Trade, these manufactures have declined fifty per cent in value and the consumption increased fourfold. We must be very cautious however how we adopt general principles from solitary facts in a particular trade.—It is expected in England that in a short time silk manufactures will be exported. This is the opinion of the ultras in the free trade notions.—A monument is to be erected to the Duke of York in St. Paul's Cathedral.—Intimations are thrown out that Mr. Canning's sickness was merely a political indisposition to postpone the discussion of the Corn Laws until the votes could be arranged in both houses. This is the same ruse by which players get sick all of a sudden when they happen to quarrel with a manager.—Money is beginning to increase in London. It is attributed to the peace of Europe having been preserved by the measures of England in Portugal. The value of annuities increase.—A memorial has been sent from Leeds to Parliament against the free exportation of machinery. There were 500 signatures. This affects the United States.—Moliere's *Tartuffe* sold by thousands in Paris. A small edition has been published that sells at twenty-five centimes.—The Spaniards expect much from the account of the insurrection of Paaz in Colombia. They are undeceived before this time.—A

wine merchant in London was fined £50 (nearly \$250) for libelling a baronet by writing him in a private letter, "You may be a baronet but you are a disgrace to your rank. I am sure you are not a gentleman." The baronet had complained of short measure in some wines. The fine was reduced because the wine merchant had offered an apology previous to the indictment.—The Wakefield case is before the Court of King's Bench in a *certiorari*, on the ground that an impartial trial could not be had in the county, where the case was laid, in consequence of popular excitement.—Sir Francis Burdett intended to bring the Catholic question before the House of Commons on the 22d February last. A great effort is expected to be made. Irishmen will look upon the result with deep interest. Sanguine expectations are entertained of its success since the death of the Duke of York. The neutrals will assist the emancipation.—The great rage in London has been the Mining Companies in South America. They are somewhat subsided now. But much remains.—There is every reason to believe that the Portuguese rebels have been supplied with money and means from secret associations in Italy, France, and perhaps Austria. Facts are leaking out on this point. Secret meetings had been held in Italy and every underhand method adopted by the minions of arbitrary power to crush the Portuguese Constitution.—Mr. Peel, one of the English ministers has employed Mr. Hammond to assist him in the consolidation of the English criminal law. This is confined to the statutes and does not touch on the common law.—The dividends of the United Gas Company which supplies several cities of the British Empire amount to four per cent. From Cork, Davenport and Plymouth alone they receive a revenue of £8000.—The great contest in the British Parliament will be on the Corn Laws, in which the three paramount interests of the country will come in collision—the manufacturing, agricultural and commercial interests.—The Austrian Court refuses to receive the new made nobility of Napoleon, because their titles are taken from the names of cities and places in the dominions of Austria.

The following paragraph contains one of the oddest notions we have ever met with. Patriotism may safely proceed to a great extent, but to hang for the credit of the state, it appears to us, would be stretching the matter. A man's gallantry must be questionable, if he will go so far as to hang one of the fair sex out of pure love to the state.

At the recent trial of Sarah Howland, for murder, at Newport, while the counsel were employed in packing a jury, a man was asked if he had formed any opinion relative to the case about to be laid before him, and replied, "That he believed with Elisha R. Potter, it was time somebody was hung for the credit of the State!"

MORGAN.

From the New-York Enquirer.

In the Statesman of last evening, we read the following paragraph. It is almost unnecessary for us to add, that there is not the slightest possible foundation for any such story. It has one merit, however, that as the lie appears in *Miller's* paper, and as he was the origin of all this mystery and massacre, it throws an air of absurdity over the whole thing and convinces us, of what we have long guessed, that it was a *humbug*, begot by falsehood on the body of avarice:

"Did you, Major Noah, have any thing to do with the 'taking off' of Morgan? Speak! 'let us not burst in ignorance.'"
The Batavia Advocate (*Miller's* paper) states that "Mr. David E. Evans left Batavia a day or two after the outrage, and on reaching New-York, called on M. M. Noah, and recounted to him the transactions at the west; and that Mr. Noah, raising both his hands, involuntarily exclaimed, 'My God! I told them not to do it!'"

From the same.

MORGAN.—We yesterday expressed a belief that the Morgan affair was a *humbug*. But it was one of a deep and dangerous character. It has thrown the western portion of the state into great agitation, and by its effects on ignorant and prejudiced people has laid the foundations of animosities and enmities not easily to be appeased nor speedily to be terminated. Of the original abduction of Morgan there can be no doubt, because it has been established in a court of justice, and the offenders are now expiating their transgression in a jail. But from all we have read, it is our settled impression, that Morgan subsequently absconded, with the intention of converting his absence into a source of pecuniary profit. His mysterious concealment caused a wide and deep excitement in the country. Connected as it was with certain masonic improprieties, it was artfully ascribed to masonic influence. On the strength of that excitement, a wretched and lying volume of antiquated trash was sent out into the world by Miller, (though the name of Morgan is on the title page,) with the hope of making money. For our own parts, we believe that Morgan was hired to

conceal himself. He appears, from all statements, to have been a vagabondish character, and very likely to lend himself to any such infamous project. As to his being murdered, there is not a shadow of evidence to justify the belief. Grand Juries have investigated, committees have examined, individuals have explored, public meetings have resolved, newspapers have scribbled, &c. &c.; but all in vain. Not a jot of creditable testimony has been submitted to the public. The grossest falsehoods have been circulated, the most extravagant conjectures, the vilest insinuations, have been voted by more than one public meeting. Every mail brings us the detection of one falsehood and the assertion of another. It would seem that the Morgan mint, for coining misrepresentations, is inexhaustible. At one moment he is murdered, and his mangled body is found amongst the rocks of Niagara. The next he is alive in Canada. A third report makes him a sufferer aboard some shipwrecked vessel. But these are only a tithe of the multifarious stories that have been engendered and dispersed over the country. The Rochester Telegraph says, "it is notorious that Morgan was kidnapped and conveyed forcibly and secretly from Canandaigua to Fort Niagara, passing through the hands of at least twenty individuals. It is known that this outrage was concerted at a meeting of more than eighty persons assembled for the purpose; and yet, not a syllable can be elicited (query, *elicited*) from any of them relative to the transaction!" Are all these things "notorious"? Then there can be no difficulty in unravelling the whole mystery. Upwards of a hundred persons cognizant and participant in a gross outrage, and yet, nothing can be discovered! How came the Telegraph to know any thing about the matter? To whom is it "notorious"? Fudge! In the present state of violent excitement in the western counties it is no wonder that the most absurd stories are propagated. But who is the inventor of these stories? How do they find their way into the newspapers? Why do not editors of journals, when any such story is brought them, trace it to its source? The fact is, they lend themselves to the delusion and make their presses the instruments for keeping up the alarm. The people are not so much to be blamed. It is honourable to their feelings that they should be strongly excited upon a question of personal freedom. Their leaders, however, are utterly without excuse. Some of these hot-headed demagogues have got up strings of resolutions of the most inexcusable character. At Parma they have charged the murder of Morgan, by solemn vote, upon the Freemasons as a body, under the authority of the Grand Chapter. They abuse, by formal decree, the judges, the sheriff, and the governor. They praise no one but themselves. At Manchester and Phelps similar meetings have been held. All this is very ridiculous, but it is at the same time very dangerous. These ignorant meddlers ought to be put down. If they are much longer tolerated in their wild and turbulent career, the whole frame of society in the west will be dislocated. From the Committee in the House of Assembly something intelligible and satisfactory may be expected.

PROCLAMATION

By De Witt Clinton, Governor of the state of New-York.
Whereas the measures adopted for the discovery of William Morgan, after his unlawful abduction from Canandaigua, in September last, have not been attended with success; and whereas many of the good citizens of this state are under an impression, from the lapse of time and other circumstances that he is murdered: Now therefore, to the end that, if living, he may be restored to his family, and if murdered, that the perpetrators may be brought to condign punishment, I have thought fit to issue this proclamation promising a reward of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the discovery of the said William Morgan if alive, and if murdered, a reward of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS for the discovery of the offender or offenders, to be paid on conviction and on the certificate of the Attorney General, or officer prosecuting on the part of the state, that the person or persons claiming the said last-mentioned reward, is or are justly entitled to the same under this proclamation. And I further promise a free pardon, so far as I am authorised under the constitution of this state, to any accomplice or co-operator who shall make a full discovery of the offender or offenders. And I enjoin it upon all officers and ministers of justice, and all other persons, to be vigilant and active in bringing to justice the perpetrators of a crime so abhorrent to humanity and so derogatory from the ascendancy of law and good order.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and the privy seal, at the city of Albany this 19th day of March, Anno Domini, 1827. DE WITT CLINTON.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE TIME TO WEEP.

There is a time to laugh,
When Joy may raise his billows like the deep,
And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff,—
But O, when is the season not to weep?

Is it when vernal suns
Unfold the silken flower, and satin leaf?
Or when the hoar frost nips the fading ones,
That frailer beings may refrain from grief?

Is it when health and bloom
Are painted on the smiling cheek of youth?
Or when disease is training for the tomb
The heart which cherishes its bitter truth?

Look not upon the brow
That shews no furrow from the plow of years;
There is a bend of peace upon it now,—
But Oh! futurity is full of tears!

The prattling child at play
May charm itself and dry its tears awhile;
But could its vision reach beyond to-day,
And read its sorrows, think you it would smile?

Destruction has its home,
And mirth is destined to some favourite spot,
Disease and all his brothers do not roam;
But where—O wretchedness!—where art thou not?

Thou hast thy dark abode
In the lone desert—in the prison's cell,—
And in the gayest scene, where ever flowed
The tide of wine and music, thou dost dwell.

Thou art where friends are torn
And held asunder by reluctant space,
And meeting friends,—O, do they never mourn
When memory paints thine image on the face?

Thy inmates of the breast,—
All other passions are but weak and brief;—
Joy, Hope, Pride, Love, and Hatred have a rest,
But thou art constant as our breath, O Grief!

Then let the trifler laugh,
And Joy lift his glad billows like the deep,
And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff;
It is far better for the wise to weep.

March 27, 1826.

G.

DIRGE OF M'DONOUGH.

He sleeps in the cradle of freedom and glory,
And the wings of the eagle o'ershadow his grave;
His deeds are renowned on the pages of story,
Co-equal with fame, and the fate of the brave.

While the surge of Champlain in its wild murmur roaring,
Shall continue to sparkle and foam in the sun,
So long shall his fame, still exalted, be soaring,
And brighten, still brighter as ages shall run.

At his shrine shall the hero bow down in devotion,
When the tempests of war in destruction shall rave;
When the cannon of carnage shall wake the deep ocean,
And the flag of America's triumph shall wave.

From his ashes shall rise like a new-born creation,
The heirs of true valor and virtue alone;
The heroes that shine in the lists of a nation,
Like M'Donough in peace and in war ever shone.

He sleeps on the cold and comfortless pillow,
Where silence and darkness their vigils long hold;
On the trident of Neptune, beneath the dark billow,
His name is inscribed in bright letters of gold.

In the hearts of his countrymen long, long shall linger,
The memory of him who hath fought for their fame;
The Poet shall lead to the harp the soft finger,
And Delaware boast of his generous name.

He is gone to the land of the saints and the sages,
The land of the good, and the blest, and the brave;
His fame is inscribed on Eternity's pages,
And day brightly dawns on the gloom of the grave.

MILFORD, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

THE MOTHER'S SOLACE.

The tomb of my child with flowers I'll strew,
With the lily pale and the violet blue;
And the whispering breeze, in murmurings mild,
Shall the requiem sound of my darling child.
I know that the day of her life is o'er,
And her sweet lips will prattle no more—

I know that her eyes are sealed in death,
And the spoiler has filched her fleeting breath—
I know that her spirit hath soared above,
To the trackless realms of light and love.

Yet, by the light of the morning day,
To the verdant mound of my child I hie;
And scatter fresh flowers o'er the grave
As the sunbeams fall on the western wave.
When the flowrets of summer fade away,
And winter appears in dark array;
Though the roses and violets cease to blow,
Her tomb is dressed in a garb of snow—
Pure as the form that moulders within,
Whose season of life was unsoiled by sin.

I often steal, by the moon's pale light,
To gaze awhile on the lovely sight;
And softly kneel on my lov'd one's shrine,
And pray to the Author of love divine,
Who, ere he bled on Calvary,
Said, suffer the babes to come to me
Sleep on my child—thy mother's tear
Will bathe thy tomb while she lingers here;
And when the hour of life is o'er,
We meet—we meet, to part no more.

THE VISIONARY.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Oh! do not with cold sneers enthrall,
Nor circumscribe with rules pendant,
Those flights of soul that worldlings call
Wild, visionary and romantic:—
For yearnings after hidden things,
Imaginative aspirations,
And dim, fantastic shadowings
Of superhuman revelations—

And communings with nature, till
The mind is lost in dreams seraphic—
Though they unfit it to fulfil
The sordid drudgeries of traffic,
The soul from all debasement clear
Of vice's dross, or earthly leaven,
And if they tempt it from its sphere,
At least solicit it to heaven.

Happy! who can the fence o'er vault
By which this scene of care is bounded;
And when he feels his courage halt,
His mind perplexed, his spirit wounded,
Can conjure up a world more fair,
By intellectual necromancy,
Luxuriate in Elysiums rare,
And taste the Paradise of Fancy!

NIGHT.

BY KEALD.

'Tis dark abroad. The majesty of night
Bows down superbly from her utmost height.
Stretches her starless plumes across the world,
And all the banners of the wind are furled.
How heavily we breathe amid such gloom!
As if we slumber'd in creation's tomb.
It is the noon of that tremendous hour,
When life is helpless, and the dead have power.
When solitudes are peopled—when the sky
Is swept by shady wings, that, sailing by,
Proclaim their watch is set; when hidden rills
Are chirping on their course; and all the hills
Are bright with armour: when the starry vests
And glittering plumes, and fiery twinkling crests
Of moon-light sentinels, are sparkling round;
And all the air is one rich, floating sound.
When countless voices in the day unheard,
Are piping from their haunts; and every bird
That loves the leafy wood, and blooming bower,
And echoing cave, is singing to her flower.
When watery tunes are richest—and the call
Of wandering streamlets, as they part and fall
In foaming melody, is all around—
Like fairy harps beneath enchanted ground.
Sweet, drowsy, distant music! like the breath
Of airy flutes that blew before an infant's death.
It is that hour of quiet ecstasy,
When every rustling wind that passes by
The sleeping leaf, makes busiest minstrelsy;
When, all at once! amid the quivering shade,
Millions of diamond sparklers are betrayed!
When dry leaves rustle, and the whistling song
Of keen tuned grass, comes piercingly along;
When windy pipes are heard—and many a lute
Is touched amid the skies, and then is mute;
When even the foliage on the glittering steep,
Of feathery bloom—is whispering in its sleep.
It is that hour when listening ones will weep,
And know not why—when we would gladly sleep
Our last,—last sleep; and feel no touch of fear
—Unconscious where we are, or what is near;
'Till we are startled by a falling tear,
That unexpected gathered in our eye,
While we were panting for yon blessed sky;
That hour of gratitude—of whispering prayer,
When we can hear a worship in the air;
When we are lifted from the earth, and feel
Light, fanning wings around us faintly wheel,
And o'er our lids and brow a blessing steal;
And then—as if our sins were all forgiven—
And all our tears were wiped and we in heaven!

LACONICS.

BY THE DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Most men, like plants, have secret properties,
which chance discovers:

It is with some good qualities as with the senses;
they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to
such as are deprived of them.

Quarrels would never last long, if the fault was
on one side only.

Railery is more insupportable than wrong; be-
cause we have a right to resent injuries; but it is
ridiculous to be angry at a jest.

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we
have done, as the fear of consequences.

How can we expect that another should keep
our secrets, when it is more than we can do our-
selves?

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking of our-
selves, ought to make us apprehensive that it gives
but little to our auditors.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses
all we should be capable of doing before the whole
world.

No man can answer for his courage who has never
been in danger.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one
another is, that they are always talking of them-
selves.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with
our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understand-
ing.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts,
even that of disinterestedness itself. Interest puts
in motion all the virtues and vices.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to
virtue.

MORAL MAXIMS OF EPICHRMUS.

Be sober in thought! be slow in belief! These
are the sinews of wisdom.—A man without merit,
shall live without envy; but who would wish to es-
cape on these terms.—Live so as to hold yourself
prepared either for a long life or a short one.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1827.

[No. 10.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitz. [Juv. Sat.]

From the (Batavia) Masonic Intelligencer.

THE FIVE SENSES.

INTRODUCTION.

The inductive method of philosophizing applied to the philosophy of the mind, has rendered it a science of the utmost importance to human happiness. It has not only revealed the sources of knowledge, but also the foundation of all our hopes and fears; and given an energy to the thinking principle which no difficulties can extinguish, and desires which nothing short of immortality can satisfy. Seated as on a pyramid of light, the soul traces its own dark wanderings from the cradle to the grave; and triumphing over corruption and the worm, beholds itself ascending with renovated powers, nearer and nearer, not only to the intelligences of the spirits of Heaven, but also even to the throne of its omniscient God.

The adaptation of Man to his present state is truly wonderful. He is not only capable of locomotion and self-preservation, but by a thousand organs of receiving the most delightful sensations, which no modifications of mere matter could produce. The palate not only discriminates between wholesome and unwholesome food, but imparts the delicious flavour of the luscious grape. The olfactory organs warn us of the pestilential vapour, and delight us with the flavour of the rose:—by the ear, we not only flee the hissing viper, but enjoy the soothing strains of the nightingale, or the still more soothing voice of consolation: and the eye, whilst it points out the rugged path of life, the foaming cataract, or the yawning gulph, reveals also the smile of friendship or the tear of sympathy. Thus the author of our existence has formed us not only to live, but also to enjoy life; and stupid must that mind be, that sees not the hand of God in this.

The essential organ of all sensation, is the brain, with its appendages, particularly the nerves which issue from it to certain organs, which are more strictly termed the organs of sense: as it is there the external causes of sensation arrive and come as it were in contact with the sensorial substance. Each organ has objects peculiar to itself, depending on some difference in the sensorial substance or on the mode of its diffusion and exposure in the different organs, from which this striking diversity of their relative sensibilities proceed. Of the nature of the connexion between the great sensorial organ and the sentient mind, we never shall be able to understand more than is involved in this simple fact, that a certain affection of the nervous system immediately precedes a certain affection of the mind. We are also ignorant of the manner in which the extremity of the nerve is affected, and how this affection is conveyed to the brain so as to produce a sensation.

In defining our sensations to be "those mental affections which are immediately successive to certain organic affections produced by the action of external things," the existence of external things is taken for granted; since our idea of a flower being as much a state of our percipient mind as our feelings of joy or sorrow, yet by the constitution of our nature we cannot but believe that the mountain or rose is external, whilst we are conscious that our joy or sorrow is dependant on our own continued existence only; and this belief exists with as much force in the minds of those who reason against an external world, as in those who reason for it. This reference to an external cause, however, does not attend every feeling of our mind, but is confined to a certain number of that long succession of feelings which form "the varied consciousness of our life"—and the feelings to which this reference is made are distinguished by the name of *perceptions*. It is

a law of our nature, (observes Dr. Reed,) that we perceive no object unless some impression is made on the organ of sense, either by the immediate application of the object, or by some *medium* passing between the object and the organ. The real object of sense, then, is not the *distant* object but that which acts immediately on the organs—the *light* itself, and not the distant sun—the undulations of air within the ear, and not the distant thunder.

"For as old Memnon's image, long renowned
By fabling Ninus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains:—even so did nature's hand,
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind.
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve. All naked and alive,
They catch the spreading ray: till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring.
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive."

The study of the human mind is so complicated as to render it necessary to proceed analytically from the simplest principles to those that are more complex; and since the *senses* are the channels through which we become acquainted not only with the things around us necessary to sustain life, but also with the boundless and varied prospects of nature, the glorious sun in its daily course, and the stars scattered through infinite space, which lead us irresistibly to reflections intimately connected with our improvement and happiness:—it becomes us as intelligent beings to contemplate with no ordinary attention these organs which link together in harmonious union the imperishable soul of man with the universe.

SMELL.

Philosophy informs us that all animal and vegetable bodies, while exposed to the air, are continually exhaling effluvia of vast subtility. Their volatile particles are scattered in the air, and by their union form new chemical concretes. This effluvia being inhaled along with air into the nostrils, produce the sensations of smell. A curious expansion of the olfactory nerves in the nostril and its continuous cavities constitute the *organ* of smell.

When the particles of odour affect the nerves of smell, a certain state of mind is produced which varies with the odoriferous body. The *mere existence* of this state is all the information the mind could have received from this feeling *originally*, if no sensations of a different class had previously been excited; for suppose a person destitute of the sense of smell were suddenly endowed with it, and a rose or honeysuckle were presented to that organ, he could not possibly conceive the least *similarity* between the rose and the sensation. And finding himself affected in a manner he never before experienced, he could not assign a cause, though sensible he was not the cause of it himself; neither could he ascribe it to any quality of body, or give it a place, any more than to sorrow or joy, nor conceive it as existing, except when smelled. But with our present information, like written signs, it conveys much knowledge without mental effort; we immediately refer the change to a rose, honeysuckle, or any other body the presence of which has been attended with this particular sensation. It is therefore necessary to have previously handled the rose or honeysuckle, or other bodies, which excited when present, analogous sensations. "If then we had been endowed with the sense of smell alone, the sensations of this class had been simple feelings of pleasure or pain, which we could as little have ascribed to an external cause, as any of our spontaneous feelings of sadness or joy, which are equally lasting or equally transient." This sensation might suggest the necessity of some cause or antecedent for this change, but not necessarily a corporeal cause, any more than in "other modifications of our being, as for instance when without thinking on surround-

ing objects we contemplate the Divinity who formed them, himself the purest of spiritual existences."

TASTE.

It is probable that every substance which affects the taste is in some measure soluble in the saliva; for without some peculiar affinity, the tongue, palate and fauces could not be so readily affected. In considering the phenomena presented by the organ of taste, we must carefully distinguish the sensation of *taste* from that of *touch*, which arises from the application of the tangible sapient body to that organ. The application of sapient bodies to the tongue immediately produces a *change*, or affection of the sensorial organs, and is attended by a change in the sentient mind.

Memory is unable to point out the period when we were not, in some measure, impressed with a belief of the existence of an external world. The maternal embrace and endearing appellations prompted by an affection "stronger than death," in all probability, first touched a sympathetic and responding cord in our little bosoms, which the name of *mother* alone is capable, even in mature life, of awakening. It is therefore necessary to separate, as much as possible, the feelings which the organic affections excite at *present*, from those that we may suppose them to have excited *originally*. In testing fruit, for instance, the sensation is immediately referred to a peach or an apple as its antecedent, because we have frequently found the same sensation to be produced by the same substance, and not as spontaneous feelings originating in the independent constitution of the soul. Yet on examination we find that this external reference is *posterior* to the simple sensations, and that previous experience suggests this reference; as when we see the blasted oak, we immediately suppose it to be the effect of the thunderbolt, an inference we could not have drawn if we had been unacquainted with lightning; or when we see the shadow of the moon reflected on the bosom of the placid lake, we immediately cast our eyes to that firmament where she shines, a token of *divine* care and goodness. From the simple sensations, therefore, of taste, we could never have become acquainted with the properties of external matter—of bodies possessed of the qualities of extension and resistance.

How materially the sister organs of taste and smell add to our pleasure it is surely unnecessary to mention, except to remind us that God who clothes "the lily of the field," and who has covered our world with a profusion of beautiful plants and flowers, in whose fair forms our minds delight, and with whose fragrance so exhilarating, our thanks should ascend to our common Parent, who in his creation has remembered not only our wants, but our comforts.

When the scattered family occasionally assemble round the parental board, to partake of the social meal, and to converse upon the joys and sorrows experienced since their last meeting; they feel a pleasure in the repast, independent of the mere relief from hunger or pain, a pleasure amounting to ecstasy, when intuitive emotions of piety arise in their bosoms to HIM who has been their shepherd in all their wanderings.

HEARING.

The same remarks may be applied to the phenomena of hearing, which were applied to those of tasting and smelling. "They are classed by us as sensations, in consequence of a previous belief of external bodies, whose motions have given origin to similar feelings. Our mind begins to exist in a certain state, and we call that state a sound, without supposing it to be produced by any external object. It begins to exist in a different state, and we say we *hear* the sound of a *flute*, referring the feeling immediately to some external cause. But there can be no doubt, that in making this reference in the one case and not in the other, we are influenced by *experience* alone."

Sounds, like odours, admit of an immense variety of modifications. The ear, it is said, is capable of distinguishing four or five hundred variations of tone in sound, and in all probability as many variations in strength; and calculating by combinations, we form upwards of twenty thousand different simple sounds, all of which are varied again by the unequal undulations of elastic air. Hence we may conceive variations, *ad infinitum*, in the same tone as modified by the position, structure and substance of the sonorous bodies, a hundred musical instruments may all sound the same tone and yet the ear will perceive something distinctive of each, and though assembled worlds should sound the same note no two would be exactly similar.

It is this sense that places us at the head of the animal creation, for by verbal language we are raised to a state "but little lower than the angels." It is pleasant to listen to the wild notes of the thrush, to the spirit stirring trumpet, or the organ's solemn tones, but the human voice can communicate pleasures infinitely superior. To be able to tell one's wants or sorrows to a brother, and to gladden the heart of a fellow being by telling him of the happiness we experience—to give instruction to the ignorant, advice to the transgressor, encouragement to the timid, and consolation to the afflicted; and "when the heart which we love is agitated by anticipated woe, to have it in our power by a few simple sounds to convert anguish itself into rapture, are surely no slight advantages, and yet even these are inconsiderable, compared with the benefit it affords to man as an intellectual being;" and the same instrument which enables the savage to communicate his schemes of rapine and blood to his sullen comrades, has made our hearts respond to the Poet's song, or transported us on imagination to worlds floating in ether, whose rays have never greeted the surface of our world.

By written language the soul is enabled to fix the result of her meditations, and transmit to posterity thoughts and discoveries more imperishable than adamant; by which means we can peruse the achievements of our ancestors—converse with the great and good of every age—nay, to quench our mental thirst in the holy stream which arose in the garden of Eden, has accumulated in every age, and pursues its course to those cloudless regions to which the calm eye of faith is directed, amidst the agonies of expiring nature.

[To be continued.]

From the Worcester (Mass.) *Aegis*.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, an account of the doings of the Institutions of Masonry, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of this state was generally made, and the present condition and disposition of their funds of the grand lodge, lucidly set forth by M. W. John Abbot, Grand Master. It appears from the statement made by the Grand Master that the amount of disposable funds belonging to the Lodge, is now \$2082.41. Unlooked for occasions of expense have from time to time diminished the funds to a considerable extent: these have been the fitting up of a new hall, the former one having been burnt, furnishing the Lodge with necessary furniture, and the expenses occasioned by the laying the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. The funds are now however, in a prosperous and rapidly increasing state.

The Grand Charity fund established in 1811, promises the most important and beneficial results. This fund began with an appropriation of \$1000 from the ordinary resources of the Grand Lodge, and from the fortunate and successful management of it, it has now become enlarged to the round sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty-four dollars and twenty cents; and notwithstanding its apparently rapid increase, there has not been a single denial of bestowment for charitable purposes, when application has been made. It extends relief alike to all, when found worthy of it, in all districts of the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge.

In addition to this fund, there are small disposable funds for the relief of distress, in the hands and within the control of every Lodge in the Commonwealth. The condition and situation of applicants for charity being known and well understood by the officers as well as members of the different

Lodges, the funds are distributed in a manner both equitable and judicious. And where the funds of an individual Lodge fail of ability to meet proposed and needed relief, the officers, by certifying the same to the officers of the Grand Lodge, can procure the same from the Grand Charity fund. It is a subject of congratulation with every member of the fraternity that so much positive good is resulting from the charitable distribution of the funds of the parent Institution, as well as from the efforts of individual Lodges. There is perhaps no Institution so liberal of its wealth for the amelioration of human suffering as the Masonic. Its benevolence is active, and honest distress is every where the object of its philanthropic efforts.

ELECTIONS.

Batavia Chapter, Batavia, Genesee county.

Batavia Chapter, No. 122, was installed by Companion Daniel White, High Priest of the Western Star Chapter at Le Roy, who officiated by virtue of a dispensation granted by the Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this state, on Thursday, the 15th day of March, A. L. 5827, at which time the following officers were chosen:

Rev. Companion Lucius Smith, High Priest; Companions William Seaver, jr., King; Henry Brown, Scribe; Jonas S. Billings, Captain of the Host; David H. Peck, Principal Sojourner; Eden Foster, Royal Arch Captain; Ebenezer Mix, Treasurer; Frederick Follett, Secretary; E. Mix, Master 3d veil; Philo W. Stocking, Master 2d veil; Benjamin F. Towner, Master 1st veil; R. Smith, Hiram King, Stewards; Kelsey Stone, Tyler.

William Seaver, jr., Henry Brown, and Jonas S. Billings, were elected committee of charity.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&4 Tue. e. m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e. m.
Friendship Chapter,	Durham,	Wed. a. f. m.
Friendship Lodge,	Durham,	Mon. p. r. f. m.
Asylum Lodge,	Coeymans,	Thu. p. r. f. m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Thu. e. m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Tue. e. m.
Ineffable Lodge,	Albany,	
Olive Branch Chapter,	Bloomburgh,	Sat. p. r. f. m.
Bloomburgh Lodge,	Bloomburgh,	Mon. a. f. m.
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Thu. e. m.
Rensselaerville Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. p. r. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. p. r. f. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenhush,	1&3 M. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2&4 Tue. e. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3 M. e. m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. p. r. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. a. f. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. p. r. f. m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. a. f. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. a. f. m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. p. r. f. m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

The following (says the New-York Times,) is a notice of one of the most singular and interesting curiosities of our country. The facts adduced by the writer, for whose critical accuracy we can vouch from personal acquaintance, appear amply sufficient to establish the fact that the island rises and falls with the alternations of flood and drought.

From *Silliman's Journal of Science and Arts*.

NEWBURYPORT, Oct. 31, 1826.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR—If the following remarks will answer any valuable purpose, they are at your service for insertion in your Journal of Sciences.

AMOS PETTINGALL.

That a few floating reeds, upon a pond, should collect together, and adhere with sufficient compactness to sustain small pieces of earth and decayed shrubs and plants, and thereby exhibit small clumps

of vegetables moving on the water, is not surprising; but that islands of any magnitude should be found in this vagrant state, has ever been considered a subject of considerable curiosity. Passing over the mythological fiction of the floating Delos, as founded upon unquestionable evidence, and the island of Chemmsi, with those called the Cyanean, reported as floating by the less doubtful testimony of Herodotus; the first of which history gives a minute and circumstantial account, are those in Lake Vadimon, near Rome, (now called Lago-de-Bassanello,) described by Pliny Major and Seneca. Pliny the Younger, in the 20th Letter of his 8th Book, gives a very interesting description of the same, in which he mentions the circumstance of sheep, which, while grazing, imperceptibly fell upon some of these islands, lying on the borders of the lake, and were carried off by the wind and borne to the opposite shore. It is also asserted by Boethius, that in Loch Lomond there were floating islands, upon which cattle graze. A few small ones, of the same description, are said to exist in a lake in the province of Honduras, in America. These, the only instances which I can readily collect, serve to show that it is a subject of rare curiosity.

The island which I am about to describe, is situated nearly one mile south of the market house in Newburyport, about two stones cast from what is called Oldtown meeting-house, in a pond in the rear of the adjoining burying ground. Its length averages about 104 feet, and its breadth 120, containing nearly half an acre. Its surface is thickly studded with dog-wood, although not a bush of it is found beyond the limits of the island, as though it were an enemy to the water that surrounds it. There are upon it six large trees, two of which measure in girth, three feet and upwards, besides several clusters of willow trees of small growth. These rise and fall with the island. The pond is usually dry during the summer months, and at these seasons the island has been found so low that you would descend perceptibly in passing to it from the dry bed of the pond. I visited it yesterday, and found it elevated about eighteen inches above the level of the pond's bottom, owing to the rains that have recently fallen.

The customary rise of the pond, in the fall and spring, is about eight feet, although it has been known to rise twelve. The island preserves the same elevation above the surface of the water, in the different periods of its rise. I have been told to-day, by a man of unequivocal veracity, that he has forced a pole, ten feet in length, down through the centre of the island, and with this, as far as he could extend it with his arm, has been unable to meet with a solid and permanent bottom. He also informed me, that when the pond was very high, these large trees, standing upon the margin of the island, overhang the water with considerable obliquity, owing, probably, to the roots being brought to a great degree of tension, and preventing the exterior part of the island from rising with the centre. It is not entirely detached from the bed of the pond, but seems to be a kind of stratum peeled off from the solid parts below. In passing across its surface, the island is considerably agitated, and presents a waving appearance like the sea; you are toiling continually to ascend, as though it were a surface of flexible ice. It seems once to have been a subject of much notoriety, but appears to have escaped the notice and knowledge of many of our modern townsmen. I was unacquainted with it myself until yesterday, though I have skated frequently round it. This may lead some to think that this statement is an exaggeration, but it is not so. The real fact is not to be discovered by one observation; they should be repeated by different seasons of the year, when the pond is dry and when it is full, for it may be visited by a thousand different persons, at as many different times, and no remarkable phenomena appear. I have mentioned to a number, considerably older than myself, that I yesterday visited one of the greatest curiosities in New England, and when told what it was, they have replied with a smile, "I have always known the floating island in the meeting-house pond."

METHOD OF SEASONING MAHOGANY.

The importance of this method of seasoning mahogany in a few hours, which in general has not

been done in less than a year, is very great; in the first place, a considerable part of the capital which is invested in wood lying to season many months may be saved; in the second place, as none of the small stuff from two to six inches thick is ever seasoned, according to the usual course of trade, all articles made of such wood, such as chairs, ballustrades, &c. must necessarily be excessively subject to warp, which is prevented by adopting this expeditious mode of seasoning.

Having provided a steam tight wooden box capable of holding conveniently such pieces of mahogany as are fit for chairs, &c. a pipe from a boiler is adapted to it, by means of which, after the mahogany has been put in, the box is filled with steam, the temperature of which is about equal to that of boiling water.

The time required for 1 1/2-inch wood is about two hours, and pieces of this thickness will become sufficiently dry to work after being placed in a warm room or work-shop 24 hours. The wood by this treatment is somewhat improved in its general colour, and the blemishes which are technically called green veins, are entirely removed. It is also obvious, that the eggs or larvæ of insects which may be contained in the wood will be destroyed by the heat.

[*Mechanic's Magazine.*]

THE TRAVELLER.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

[Concluded from page 67.]

Herculaneum was destroyed, not like Pompeii, by ashes, but by lava and pumice stones. Little, however, is to be seen there, as the modern town of Portici is built immediately above it; and after any excavation had been completed, it was found necessary to fill up the cavities. It lies about fifty feet below ground. By torch light we examined the theatre, which is almost the only part of the town left open. Great numbers of pillars were lying on the ground, others were half overturned, and some broken through the middle—all imbedded in lava. The most valuable and best preserved remains of antiquity were found here, and are now to be seen in the Museum at Naples. They consist of statues, paintings, instruments of art, MSS. kitchen utensils, &c. Great numbers of MSS. are piled up in one of the rooms of the Museum: they resemble pieces of charcoal, about a foot long, and four or five inches in diameter. I saw part of one of them unrolled—a work of Philodemus. The Greek (the greater part are in Greek) was well written and pretty legible, but they are so fragile, and so like cobwebs, that it is probable no complete work can ever be obtained from them. Different rooms in the museum are quite filled with objects of art and household utensils found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. A great number of musical instruments, balances, weights and measures, pans, glass phials, mirrors of polished steel, lamps innumerable, door hinges, locks, ropes, bread, wheat, beans, and many other articles, too numerous to mention, are exhibited to view. Most of the household utensils are very elegant, made of brass, and plated in the inside. One room is set apart for paintings, statues, and articles of curious workmanship, not fit for the light. They show that the men, and particularly the women, had very different notions of modesty and delicacy to those of the present day. In all the collection, I saw only two small knives and not one fork. Are we to infer from this, that these masters of the world, with their greasy togas, and unacquainted with the use of linnen, were equally barbarous in their mode of eating, and fed themselves without the aid of knives and forks? It is not at all unlikely. Cæsar and Cicero would not have been thought men of refined manners in modern times. Perhaps it may be asserted without contradiction, that the English of the present day are the most cleanly and civilized of all the nations of the world who have left any traces behind them. There is a curious wine cup in the shape of a boy, kept at Portici, which the keeper shows only to men. It is not probable, however, that the ancients were so scrupulous. It has surprised some, that so many works should have been found at Herculaneum, which was destroyed by fire, and but few at Pompeii. It may, however, be easily accounted for. The covering of

the latter place, was not sufficient to keep out the external air. That of the former was chiefly composed of lava, and so thick and hard that nothing could penetrate it. In no part of Italy does nature appear to have been so active in destroying the works of man, and changing the surface of the ground as in this delightful spot. There can be no doubt that within these two thousand years, hills and lakes have been destroyed and others formed. We know of one hill which has been created in modern times (Monte Nuovo); and the Lucrine Lake, which formed such an excellent harbour in the time of Cæsar, is now reduced to a shallow pool. The large lake of Agnano is not mentioned by any ancient writer; and Astroni, a mountain close to it, has evidently been half destroyed by a volcano. The top of the mountain has sunk, and the interior is now filled with water and wood. There is a continual commotion below the surface of the earth, which, on occasion of a thunder storm or hurricane, excites in the minds of the inhabitants the most serious apprehensions. Mount Vesuvius itself has evidently been torn asunder by some tremendous convulsion of nature, and may one day be converted, like Astroni, into a retreat for fowls and wild boars. The lake of Avernus, so often mentioned by the ancients, has evidently been formed in the bosom of a volcanic mountain. Hence the sulphureous and putrid vapours which ascended from it, and prevented wild fowl from frequenting it, obtained the name of Avernus. This is now no longer the case. Water fowl frequent it, as well as the other lakes in the neighbourhood. Monte Nuovo, or the New Mountain, about four hundred feet high, suddenly appeared in the middle of the Lucrine Lake during the eruptions which occurred in 1538. The Grotto del Cane, so celebrated for its effect on dogs, probably emits the same deadly vapour which formerly issued from Avernus. All these places are to the west of Naples, and close to the Bay of Baïæ, about eight miles from the city—

"Nullus in orbe sinus Baïæ prælacet amœnis."

This famous watering place, so celebrated and frequented by the ancient Romans is now a dreary wilderness. With the exception of Pozzuoli on one side of the bay, and a small village on the other, there is scarcely a house to be seen. Baïæ itself consists of only a few houses; but the remains of temples, theatres, and palaces, prove how populous it must have been during the reigns of the Emperors. The shore is covered with their ruins. Close to the promontory of Misenum, so fatal to the trumpeter of Æneas, is a small lake which communicates with the sea, and is pointed out as the Styx of the ancients. The boy who accompanied us as guide, said with great gravity, that a man of the name of Charon had formerly ferried many thousand over it to the Elysian fields. On seeing a boat drawn up on the shore, I enquired if that was Charon's boat. He replied—"Non, Signor, lungo tempo fa che è morto" (No, sir, he died long ago.) Where Cumæ stood, nothing now is to be seen but vines and trees growing on the ruins of the houses. A beautiful walnut tree adorns the arena of the amphitheatre, and shrubs and plants cover the space so often occupied by wondering spectators. The besom of destruction has passed over the place. A few solitary houses, inhabited by ignorant, superstitious, and half-naked peasants, are scattered along the shore, but like the glimmerings of light which render darkness visible, they only call to mind the varied and animated scene which this delightful retreat must have exhibited when peopled by the masters of the world.

"An almost total desolation sits,
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast
Where, when soft sons and tepid winters rose,
Rejoicing clouds inhaled the balmy peace
Where catted hill to hill reflected blaze."

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR—In your paper No. 2, page 28th, I observed, under the title of "Original Essays," the article Novels and Romances, signed A. A. P. I know not if there is much originality in the author's manner of treating the subject, but surely there is much more severity than it merits. He condescends to allow that there are a few good novels,

but even these few it would be dangerous to select, so they must be condemned with the many. If your correspondent means to exclude all works of fiction, he will make a large inroad on the literary world, and it would be hard in that case, to induce young people to improve their minds by what he calls "wholesome and practical information," or indeed, information of any kind that is to be gained by reading. I confess that I am no "aspiring youth, animated by the impulses of honourable ambition, to great exertion and high and laudable endeavours to acquire a name and a distinction," &c., but I have had some hand in the education of youth, and have always found a considerable point gained when they could be induced to become fond of reading. Being a parent, and a pretty anxious one, I have endeavoured to study the characters and propensities of young people, and have always observed that those who read a good novel with most avidity, are the first to betake themselves to the more solid readings, and to investigation and improvement of every kind. I certainly was not a novel reader in my youth, and forty or fifty years ago there was hardly a book of that description that was worth perusal, or which had not a pernicious tendency, (the works of Smollett and Fielding not excepted.) But how very different is the case now—authors of the first rate abilities, whose characters stand high in the religious and moral world, have not disdained to use their pens in this way for the delight and improvement of their companions in the journey of life. Posterity will also look back to them with gratitude and admiration. How many hours that sorrow has made heavy have been cheered and enlivened by them. There are times when the mind, weakened by grief or sickness, is glad to escape for a few hours from the gloom that surrounds it, into an ideal world of pleasing and improving fiction, from which it returns refreshed, to the duties and cares of life; and even in the sunshine of prosperity where is the harm of strewing our path with a few additional flowers the moderate enjoyment of which neither unfits us for this, nor the life to come. The great Parent of the universe has been pleased to bestow upon some of his children the talents which enable them to communicate pleasure and instruction to their fellows: our gratitude is due to Him, for this, and may blessings be upon the head of those who have not "hid their talent in a napkin." But I must have done and not frighten you by the length of this first attempt to appear in your paper. Let your correspondent A. A. P. be assured that the more of his attention he withdraws from the angry controversies of the day, and devotes to honest and soothing fiction, the better will he like himself and enjoy this life. Yours &c. &c. M.

ANECDOTES.

Dr. South, visiting a gentleman one morning, was asked to stay to dinner, which invitation he accepted; the gentleman stepped into the next room and told his wife, and desired she should provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till at length, her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that passed, stepped out crying, "I beg, sir, you will make no stranger of me."

It is said that king George III. after the close of the American revolutionary war, ordered a thanksgiving to be kept through his United Kingdom. A noble Scotch Divine in the presence of his Majesty, inquired, "For what are we to give thanks? that your Majesty has lost thirteen of his best provinces?" The king answered, No! "Is it then (the Divine added) that your majesty has lost one hundred thousand lives of your subjects in the contest?" No, no! said the king. "Is it then that we have expended and lost a hundred millions of money, and for the defeat and tarnishing of your majesty's arms?" No such thing! said the king, pleasantly. "What then, is the object of the thanksgiving?" "Oh, give thanks that it is no worse."

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Literary Magnet.

THE TOUCHY LADY.

One of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter, is a pretty woman of thirty, or thereabouts, healthy, wealthy and of good repute, with a fine house, a fine family, and an excellent husband. A solitary calamity renders all these blessings of no avail: the gentlewoman is touchy. This affliction has given color to her whole life. Her biography has a certain martial dignity, like the history of a nation: she dates from battle to battle, and passes her days in an interminable civil war.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then, in quick succession, four nursery maids, who were turned away, poor things! because Miss Anne could not abide them; then her brother Harry, by being born, and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing masters; and then one music mistress; then a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied of course; and she has been in a constant miff with the servants, tradespeople, relations, and friends, ever since; so that although really pretty, (at least she would be so if it were not for a standing frown and a certain watchful, defying look in her eyes,) decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable, as far as giving money goes, (your ill tempered woman has often that redeeming grace,) she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly, by every one who has the honor of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that can be imagined, one of the trials, which, in a small way, demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair as you do when going into a shower bath. Differing from her is obviously pulling the string; and agreeing with her too often or too pointedly is nearly as bad; she then suspects you of suspecting her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there that she will not suspect? Admire the colours on a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness, which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbors is evidently taboo, since it is twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also taboo for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of blue stockingism on the one hand, or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to name happens to be recondite or popular; nay, sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings. "Have you read *Hajji Baba*?" said I to her one day last winter. "*Hajji Baba*, the Persian." "Really Ma'am, I am no Orientalist." "*Hajji Baba*, the clever Persian tale?" continued I, determined not to be daunted. "I believe, Miss M." rejoined she, "that you think I have nothing better to do than to read novels." And so she snipsnaps to the end of the visit. Even the Scotch novels, which she does own to reading, are no resource in her desperate case. There we are shipwrecked on the rocks of taste. A difference there is fatal. She takes to those delicious books as personal property, and spreads over them the prickly shield of her husband and children; is huffy if you prefer *Guy Mannering* to the *Antiquary*, and quite jealous if you presume to praise *Jeanie Deans*; thus cutting off his Majesty's lieges from the most approved topic of discussion among civilized people, a neutral ground as open and various as the weather, and far more delightful. But what did I say? The very weather is with her no prudent word. She pretends to skill in that science of guesses, commonly called weather wisdom, and a fog, or a shower, or a thunder storm, or the blessed sun himself, may have been rash enough to contradict her bodements, and put her out of humor for the day.

Her own name has all her life long been a fertile source of misery to this unfortunate lady. Her maiden name was Smythe, Anne Smythe. Now Smythe, although perfectly genteel and unexceptionable to look at, a pattern appellation on paper, was, in speaking, no way distinguished from the thousands of common Smith, who cumber the world. She never heard that "word of fear," especially when introduced to a new acquaintance, without looking as if she longed to spell it. Anne was had enough; people had housemaids of that name, as if to make a confusion; and her grandmama insisted on omitting the final *e*, in which important vowel was seated all it could boast of elegance and dignity; and once a brother of fifteen, the identical brother Harry, an Etonian, a pickle, one of that order of clever boys who seem born for the torment of their relatives, "foredoomed their sister's soul to cross," actually went so far as to call her Nancy! She did not box his ears, although how near her tingling finger ends approached to that consummation it is not my business to tell. Having suffered so much from the perplexity of her equivocal maiden name, she thought herself most lucky in pitching on the thoroughly well looking and well sounding appellation of Morley, for the rest of her life. Mrs. Morley, nothing could be better. For once there was a word that did not affront her. The first alloy to this satisfaction was her perceiving on the bridal cards, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morley, and hearing that close to their future residence lived a rich bachelor uncle, till whose death that fearful diminution of her consequence, the Mrs. B., must be endured. Mrs. B! The brow began to wrinkle—but it was the night before the wedding, the uncle had made some compensation for the crime of being born thirty years before his nephew, in the shape of a superb set of emeralds, and by a fortunate mistake, she had taken it into her head that B., in the present case, stood for Basil, so that the loss of dignity being compensated by an increase of elegance, she bore the shock pretty well. It was not till the next morning, during the ceremony, that the full extent of her misery burst upon her, and she found that B. stood not for Basil, but for Benjamin. Then the veil fell off; then the full horror of her situation, the affront of being a Mr. Benjamin, stared her full in the face; and certainly, but for the accident of her being struck dumb by indignation, she never would have married a man so ignobly christened. Her fate has been even worse than appeared probable; for her husband, an exceedingly popular and convivial person, was known all over his own country by the familiar diminutive of his ill omened appellation; so that she found herself not merely a Mrs. Benjamin, but a Mrs. Ben., the wife of a Ben. Morley, jun. Esq. the future mother of a Ben. Morley the third. Oh, the Miss Smith, the Ann, even the Nancy, shrank into nothing when compared with that short word.

Neither is she altogether free from misfortunes on her side of the house. There is a terrible *mesalliance* in her own family. Her favorite aunt, the widow of an officer with five portionless children, became, one fair morning, the wife of a rich mercer in Cheapside, thus, at a stroke, gaining comfort and losing caste. The manner in which this affected poor Mrs. Ben. Morley is inconceivable. She talked of the unhappy connexion, as aunts are wont to talk when nieces get paired at Gretna Green; wrote a formal renunciation of the culprit, and has considered herself insulted ever since if any one mentions a silk gown in her presence. Another affliction, brought on by her own family, in the production of a farce by her brother Harry, (born for her plague) at Covent Garden theatre. The farce was damned, as the author (a clever young Templar) declares most deservedly. He bore the catastrophe with great heroism; and celebrated its downfall by venting sundry good puns, and drinking an extra bottle of claret; leaving Anne, sister Anne, the pleasant employment of fuming over his discomfiture, a task which she performed *con amore*. Actors, manager, audience and author, seventeen newspapers and three magazines had the misfortune to displease her on this occasion; in short, the whole town. Theatres and news papers, critics and the drama, have been banished from her conversation ever since. She would as lieve talk of a silk mercer.

Next to her visitors, her correspondents are to

be pitied; they had need look to their P's and Q's, their spelling and their stationary. If you write a note to her, be sure that the paper is the best double post, hot pressed, and gilt edged; that your pen is in good order; that your "dear Madams" have a proper mixture of regard and respect; and that your foldings and sealings are unexceptionable. She is of a sort to faint at the absence of an envelope, and to die of a wafer. Note, above all, that your address be perfect; that your *to* be not forgotten; that the offending *Benjamin* be omitted; and that the style and title of her mansion, Shawford Manor House, be set forth in full glory. And when this is achieved, make up your mind to her taking some inexplicable affront after all. Thrice fortunate would he be who could not put twenty words together without affronting her. Besides, she is great at a scornful reply, and shall keep up a quarrelling correspondence with any lady in Great Britain. Her letters are like challenges; and but for the protection of the petticoat, she would have fought fifty duels and have been either killed or quieted long ago.

If her husband had been of her temper, she would have brought him into twenty scrapes; but he is as unlike her as possible; a good humored, rattling creature, with a perpetual festivity of temper, and a propensity to motion and laughter, and all sorts of merry mischief, like a schoolboy in the holidays, which felicitous personage he resembles bodily, in his round, ruddy, handsome face, his dancing black eyes, curling hair, and light active figure, the youngest man that ever saw forty. His pursuits have the same happy juvenility. In the summer he fishes and plays cricket; in the winter he hunts and courses; and what with grouse and partridges, pheasants and woodcocks, wood pigeons and flappers, he contrives pretty tolerably to shoot all the year round. Moreover, he attends revels, races, asizes, and quarter sessions; drives stage coaches, patronizes plays, is steward to concerts, goes to every dance within forty miles, and talks of standing for the county; so that he has no time to quarrel with his wife, or for her, and affronts her twenty times an hour simply by giving her her own way.

To the popularity of this universal favourite, for the restless sociability of his temper is invaluable in a dull country neighbourhood, his wife certainly owes the toleration which bids fair to render her incorrigible. She is fast approaching to the melancholy condition of a privileged person, one put out of the pale of civilized society. People have left off peeing angry with her, and begin to shrug up their shoulders and say it is her way, a species of placability which only provokes her the more. For my part, I have too great a desire to obtain her good opinion to think of treating her in so shabby a manner; and as it is morally certain that we shall never be friends whilst we visit, I intend to try the effect of non-intercourse and to break with her outright. If she reads this article, which is very likely, for she is addicted to new publications, and thinks herself injured if a book is put into her hands with the leaves cut—if she reads only half a page she will inevitably have done with me for ever. If not, there can hardly be any lack of a sufficient quarrel in her company; and then, when we have ceased to speak or to curtesy, and fairly sent each other to Coventry, there can be no reason why we should not be on as civil terms as if the one lived at Calcutta and the other at New-York.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PASSIONS.

NO. V. OF LOVE.

'Tis'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

[Dr. Johnson.

Love is very properly considered the strongest of all the passions of the human mind. It often holds a predominant power over the faculties, and will not be controlled either by the judgment, will or reason. When it grasps the reins of government in its own hands, it frequently levels all distinctions originating from birth, character or fortune, and breaks down, with the strength of a Hercules,

and the ready invention of an Archimedes, every thing which attempts to oppose it. The character of Queen Elizabeth, of England, will justify this observation, and corroborate the fact, in a very striking manner, if the reader will give himself the trouble of perusing the works of the great Hume. Several of the passions are necessary to the preservation of the human frame; but love is designed for a far nobler purpose. It was for this purpose that the ETERNAL REASON deeply rooted it in the human breast, and made it subservient to the perpetuity of the human race; which had it been otherwise would have, in all probability become extinct. Though love is considered the strongest passion, yet it is not so precipitate in its progress as some others: for we seldom find that persons fall in love desperately all at once, or in a moment; but generally by a slow and gradual acquaintance with each other. Some persons are only fascinated with external beauty, which makes its effect suddenly; but where those superior charms of the mind are taken into consideration, the silken chain is gradually and irresistibly fastened about the heart. Personal beauty appears to me to be entirely dependent on fancy; for a certain great writer observes that beauty begins precisely where demonstration leaves off; but that beauty, or brilliancy of the mental faculties, captivates all who have the power or capacity to enjoy. A beautiful woman is charming, but a polished mind is far more prepossessing.

Love is a passion which by no means should be trifled with. It is a passion productive of most serious consequences to the happiness and peace of individuals, when it is disappointed in its aim by prejudice, rank, or by the tyrannical jurisdiction of parents. When fate wills the unhappy lover to be disappointed in obtaining the object of his love, he frequently becomes the miserable slave of melancholy, and broods over his sorrows with perpetual vigilance, until his faculties become deranged, or grief, the most deadly of all passions, puts a painful period to his existence. Some men are in the habit of making love for the insignificant purpose of feeding their insatiable vanity, and with the view of shewing to the world their ill-begotten influence with the fair, whom nature teaches us to reverence and protect. This is certainly one of the most ungentlemanly principles that ever harbored in the breast of man; and is, in my opinion, an act of the greatest mental cruelty that could possibly be inflicted on the female sex. Their poisoned weapon, instead of being the feathered arrow of Cupid, is the painful one of flattery. It were better, were it not such as Ovid tells us Cupid shot Daphne with prodigious hatred. They attack the innocent, unconscious female on that side of her mind which is least guarded by the sacred oracles of discretion and prudence, and in an unlucky moment they infuse their principles which spring from self-love, and gain the affections of Heaven's highest order of architecture. Hence we often behold men triumph over the downfall of females, whose only fault was love, and whose only weakness innocence. There are females, on the contrary, who play the fashionable game of coquetry, and inflict equal pain upon men; whose only fault was honor, and whose only weakness love. These characters are too common, and may be seen every day among us. They are both disgusting, and reflect equal disgrace upon the source from whence they spring. Love is a pure and an unsullied passion. It admits of no ambiguities, obliquities or sly insinuation; but is felt in the heart like a flame of fire which kindles even in the eyes, and burns upon the altar of honorable sentiment and undiminished radiance. Love is the noblest of the passions; for it is the foundation on which Christ stands, and the principle ingredient of his Holy Law. It was first felt in Paradise, and from thence transmitted down to posterity through an immense chain of animated existence; and now exists the same in the breast of man, unaltered and unadulterated. But the flatterers of vanity, have many forms which they represent in the character of pure love; and one of which, at the present day, is called *sentiment*. This word has been more abused than any other in the English tongue. A sentimental lover, at the present day, is a far different character from what the term would seem to indicate, and what it once *did* imply in the days of ingenuous simplicity. True sentiment, in my

opinion, is united with *principle*, and depend upon each other as geometry and arithmetic. The reader need not suppose that I intend giving a mathematical demonstration of love, and sentimental love, for my object is only to draw the difference in a plain, unostentatious manner; and shew the purity of the one, and the insignificance of the other. A man, actuated by the pure principle of love, adores the object of his passion for the good qualities she possesses; but the sentimental lover (I mean at the present day) bestows his praises with profuse prodigality upon the charms of her mind, and the angelic features of her person; but at the same moment the great loadstone, or centre of attraction to which his mental eye gravitates, is that golden beauty which lies concealed in her guardian's coffers. This is the stimulus by which his warm passion is excited, which he swears with stentorian lungs, is paramount to every other consideration, save the elegant refinement of his beloved female. When his fair angel tells him that it is her wealth which he admires, he swears that he wishes she had been a pastoral maid, with no fortune but her crook, that he might spend his days in a rural cot, beneath the canopy of some venerable oak, with the beautiful maid of his heart, happy in the Arcadian scenes of retirement. It has been laid down as a maxim, that the man who swears, will lie; and in the majority of instances I have no doubt of its confirmation. Now, when a man marries a woman from the pure principle of love, the union bids fair to be a happy one; but when pecuniary considerations preponderate, his unhappy wife is soon convinced of "the error of her ways;" and soon finds that so far from being the idol and angel of her husband's heart, she is entirely stripped of her divine attributes, and descends, to her mortification, in the eyes of her money-loving husband, to the state of a mere ordinary woman. The honey moon scarcely commences before it is past, and the gloom of midnight spreads itself over her enraptured mind. He has laid his great thumb upon the one adorable object, and it is a mere matter of moonshine to him what becomes of the secondary article, his wife, whether she be swept away by the yellow fever, or fall down stairs and break her angel neck. She who was before marriage, more than a woman, is now less than one, and affords conversation for all the tea-table chatters in the town, and adjacent country. I have observed many cases of this kind, and I touch upon the subject for the particular edification of those young ladies who have money to dispose of in the way of marriage. The man who loves a female solely for her cash, cannot possess the thing called *principle*; and therefore it is no wonder that such unfortunate wives should often feel the cruel tyranny of their husbands, if they may be called such. When a man takes himself a wife, through pure love, he is delighted with her company, and is more pleased with her society than that of any other woman; but when he is tied by the golden chain, his wife is a burthen to him, and he is delighted more with the society of any other person than that of his wife; which is the reason that so many men are fond of lounging in taverns, gambling houses, and brothels, much to the mortifying disgrace of their prudent companions at home. These are domestic facts, and call loudly for reformation. But this reformation can never take place, until women know in whom they place confidence, and in whom the flame of love is kindled. Love should never be trifled with and matrimony should never be made a *matter of money*. MILFORD BARD.

MISCELLANY.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

DOGS.

Half a century ago no house was thought to be half furnished that had not more than one dog in it. At length the frequency of the horrible and incurable disorder occasioned by the bite of these animals, blew up the dog mania for that time. It is now reviving again, but it is hoped the public press will pour out eloquence or argument enough to render dog keeping as ridiculous to individuals, as it is offensive and dangerous to the community.

Who has not seen instances where cruelty is shown to all the animated works of the Almighty except

half a dozen pugs, and twice as many kittens and cross parrots! Betty and John are inferior beings to Tabby and Pompey! Fowls are boiled for the dog, and fish fried for the cat, by gentle-folks who never think of giving a morsel to relieve the poor.

The following description of a doggerly is an extract from the Invisible Spy.

A maid is setting in a low chair, with a large tray before her, filled with a great number of combs, with one of which she is smoothing and setting in order the hair of a spaniel she is nursing upon her lap.

Sir Simon and Lady Lovedog come in, and seeing the comb she is using, snatch it from her hand, and strike it in her face.

Lady Lovedog.—Monster! how dare you touch Hector with that comb?

Maid.—Indeed, my lady, they were all here; I did not know there was any difference.

Lady Lovedog.—You nasty hussy; you must have heard that each of my dear dogs has a set of combs to himself, marked with his name. Can't you read, oaf?

Maid.—“Indeed, Ma'am, I did not see it.”

Lady Lovedog.—“Take that, impudent slave! and that! and that! see if it will clear your sight, and make you remember another time.” These sharp words were accompanied by smart blows, first on one shoulder and then on the other: when turning to the dogs who were crying and yelping her ladyship thus addressed them: “Dear, good natured darlings! you hate to see me angry, don't ye, though it be in your own cause! Come here poor Psyche, where is Cupid? Prince, what makes you so dull this morning? you don't frisk and caper as you used to do; I suppose your bed was not half made, any more than Pompey's.”

Pretty boys, you look as if you had slept rough all night. Here is my poor Bully too, not so much as the tufts on the tip of his tail combed out! Beauty, why do you bark, love? I can see by your eyes you have something to tell me if you did but know how; well, to be sure, you have all been cruelly used these two days, since, your own maid went away. Come, Beauty, give me a kiss. Oh! oh! your mouth is all dirty. Why I declare that good for nothing hussy has neither washed your face nor cleaned your teeth yet.”

Maid.—“Indeed, Ma'am, I washed every one of them; your Ladyship may see the towel is all wet.”

Lady L.—“The towel! why you vile creature—you dirty wretch! have you actually washed all their sweet faces on the same towel? Get out of my sight, you toad—or I shall break your neck down the stairs; or what will be worse, my own heart with rage, at your behaviour.” I said you must be an excellent friend to human beings, if you are so fond of beasts. “Indeed,” she replied, “I love this dog better than all the human beings in the world.”

Reader dost thou imagine this a caricature? I tell you nay. I myself, knew a lady of fortune, near Uxbridge a few years ago, who kept half a dozen of lapdogs. A cloth was laid, and a table set with plates for the little darlings. And the little mistress carved with great ceremony, and helped them to legs and wings of chicken, with particular civility. They acted this farce for some years, when one of the favorites was suddenly seized with hydrophobia and bit his mistress severely, of which disease she died.

A GIGANTIC PIE! The Christmas pie made by Mrs. Tagg, of the King's Arms Inn, Ecclestone, contained a goose, a turkey, a hare, a brace of pheasants, a brace of partridges, a couple of rabbits, a couple of pigeons, and two tongues! The article was prepared after Dr. Kitchener's best style, not a single bone to interrupt the process of mastication. This matchless pie was two yards long, nearly a yard wide, and about two feet in depth.

MONTROSE'S CHAPLAIN. It is reported of one of the Chaplains to the famous Montrose, that being condemned in Scotland to die, for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits; and being upon the ladder, and ordered to set out a psalm, expecting a reprieve, he named the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, (with which the officers attending the execution complied, the Scotch presbyterians being great psalm singers,) and it was well for him he did so; for they had sung it three parts through before the reprieve came. Any other psalm would have hanged him.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1827.

MORALITY, GAMBLING, &c. It is a source of gratification to us to view the many attempts which are making to suppress some of the vices which are every day leading the unwary into paths of interminable ruin. The system pursued by the "black legs" calls loudly for the interference of the legislature. Almost every steamboat and canal boat, is infested with these villains; and there is no way of suppressing the evil except by a direct interference of the highest authorities. We notice with much pleasure, in the legislative proceedings, an amendment to the bill in relation to the government of the canals, prohibiting cock fighting, billiard playing, card playing, or any other gambling on board canal boats, under a penalty of five dollars. Mr. Piggott, the mover, said he believed there was a set of gamblers, or black legs, who frequented steam and canal boats, from New-York to Buffalo, for the sole purpose of enticing and leading the unwary to their ruin, and he thought it as important to protect the morals of the public in cases of this kind, as it was with regard to lotteries. The amendment was adopted. The bill restricting the sale of lottery tickets, has been returned to the legislature, with objections, by the Governor: His excellency appears to be fearful of impeaching the plighted faith of the state. One of the most intelligent and respectable Grand Juries ever assembled in New-Jersey, made the following presentment at a recent session. We publish it, says the *Fredonian*, not less in justice to the considerate watchfulness and faithful guardianship of the Jury, than for the purpose of exciting inquiry as to the means, if there be any, of preventing and repressing this greatest scourge and desolation in our land.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY, ss.—The Grand Inquest for the state of New-Jersey, for the body of the County of Middlesex, present as a grievance, the intemperate use of Spirituous Liquors, which has increased to an extent, that, if not counteracted and checked, threatens to destroy the peace, the moral habits, and the religion of the people of this country. Of the breaches of the Peace which have come before the Jury, all have been produced by intemperance of the parties. And higher crimes that have been committed in this state, as far as the Jury are informed, have almost without exception been committed by those who had first degraded themselves by drunkenness and the excessive use of Spirituous Liquor. With this knowledge the Jury consider it their duty to Society, to present to the Court, the greatest nuisance, and the general source of all crimes and offences against the laws, which all good citizens and friends of this otherwise favoured country, are bound to repress and prevent.

By order of the Grand Jury,
JAMES PARKER, Foreman.

A writer in the Vermont Patriot states that not long since a reverend clergyman in that state being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage to his real estate,—to the treasures which he had laid up on earth, and being tenacious of his earthly inheritance, was resolved to prevent it by seasonably shoveling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and given the other to his wife. He went to work, but fearing still for his safety, "my dear," says he, "tie the rope around your waist," no sooner had she done this, than off went the snow

poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, and on the other side hung his wife, high and dry! At that moment however, a gentleman, luckily passing by, delivered them from their perilous situation.

REPORT ON THE MORGAN CASE. Mr. Granger, from the select committee to whom were referred the petitions in relation to the Morgan affair, reported to the assembly, on Wednesday last. The report is a mere epitome of the old *on dits*, and consequently contains no positive illustration of the subject on which it treats. But it is an "official document:" it must be paragraphed, and respected: and as some of its conjectures accord with the popular prejudice—perhaps, *wish*—they will, by many, be taken for granted, as *facts*. The Lewiston gentlemen, however, are probably disappointed in their expectations. The committee complain of the paucity of legal testimony; and insinuate that promises have been made but not fulfilled. They refuse to create a special tribunal for the purpose of investigating the Morgan affair, on the ground that "while it would be doubtful in principle and dangerous in precedent, it would not materially add to the powers vested in our existing courts." They entertain very delicate notions in relation to our liberal institutions, and deprecate the evils to be apprehended from confounding the innocent with the guilty. They consider it the duty of every citizen, and particularly of those to whom is delegated the power of acting for the general weal, "to protect our people in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" in order to do which they submit the following resolutions to the consideration of the house.

"Whereas it appears that one William Morgan, of this state, was in the month of September last, forcibly and unlawfully taken from the village of Canandaigua, in the county of Ontario, since which period all attempts to discover the fate of said Morgan, have proved unavailing: Therefore—

"Resolved, if the honorable the Senate concur herein, That the person administering the government of this state be requested to issue his proclamation, offering a reward of five thousand dollars, for the discovery of the said William Morgan, if living; and a like sum of five thousand dollars for the murderer or murderers of said Morgan, if dead, to be paid on conviction.

"Resolved, if the honorable the Senate concur herein, That a joint committee of the two houses be appointed, consisting of five members, two to be taken from the Senate, and three from the Assembly, whose duty it shall be to visit the several counties of Ontario, Monroe, Livingston, Genesee, Erie, Niagara and Orleans, or such of them as they shall think proper, with full power to send for persons and papers, to inquire into the facts and circumstances connected with the abduction, detention and disposition of the said William Morgan, and to report their proceedings to the next legislature; that such other and further proceedings may be adopted as the nature of the case and the liberty and safety of our citizens may require."

There is one feature in the report which we are compelled to consider extra-legislative, and that is the defence of Dr. Terry's reputation. If the legislature of New-York think proper to enter into a defence of private character, it would be no hard matter to procure subjects more worthy than Dr. Terry. Is it not a circumstance unique in character, for the highest tribunal in the state voluntarily to enter into a vindication of a man who has declared himself capable of pursuing the purposes of malignity, even to the bed of death?

PIERRE C. VAN WYCK, Esq. died in the city of New-York on Wednesday last. His decease has created much sensation throughout the city. On the day of his death the court of sessions adjourned without transacting any business, and a meeting of the members of the bar was held the day subsequent, to pay a tribute to his memory.

The New-York Times says, "Mr. Van Wyck has been, from earliest manhood, a resident of this city—for much of the time, either an administrator or practitioner of the law; has been warmly interested in city and state politics, without the imputation of sinister conduct or motives. As a public man, he always showed firmness, constancy, and intelligence. He had a brilliant genius, was a good scholar, a sound lawyer, an able debater, a ready and often an eloquent writer; candid in forming his opinions, and fearless in expressing them; warm in his political attachments, liberal and frank in his intercourse with the world, and unalterably faithful in his friendships."

The April number of *The Casket; or, Flowers of Literature, Wit, and Sentiment*, is just published. It is filled with the usual quantity of useful and entertaining matter, and embellished with a View of Lake Erie, at Buffalo; a spirited engraving of the Elm Tree at Kensington, under which Penn's Treaty was formed; four numbers of the School of Flora, and a Ballad, called "I've Been Roaming," set to Music. The Casket is a meritorious publication and is deserving of the public patronage. It is published by Atkinson and Alexander, Philadelphia, at \$2 50 per annum, payable in advance.

✂ The assertion in yesterday's National Observer, in relation to the editor of this paper and the Albany Argus, is totally false, and too pitiful to receive a particular notice.

CHIT CHAT.

The editor of the Bedford, Pa. Gazette, in speaking of a profitable farm, says, that the owner keeps eleven cows, one yoke of oxen, but no horse.—The population of Washington City is estimated at 19,677.—*Rascally Postmaster*.—A postmaster at Wisby, in Gothland, having died lately, there were found among his effects above 600 letters, some containing money, partly from Sweden, partly from foreign countries, and some were put in by persons in Wisby itself, to be sent abroad. Some of these letters have been lying there ever since 1793, and a very considerable number since 1804.—Mr. Parmentier, proprietor of the Horticultural Garden at Brooklyn, presented at our office some monthly strawberry vines raised at his place, in full bearing. He states they are easily cultivated, and if protected from the weather, will afford fruit every month. N. Y. G.—By late information from the Indians, it is apprehended that the Agent will meet with but little difficulty in negotiating for the balance of the land to which Georgia may be entitled, beyond the limits of the New Treaty.—*From the National Advocate*.—On the 20th March, a Carolinian editor sagely remarked, that that the weather was very Murch-like. This would be much the same as Joab saying of his brother, that Absalom was very Absalom-like. If a thing is not like itself, pray what is it like.—Serious apprehensions are entertained that the weather in some parts of South Carolina forebodes no good to the fruit.—The Automaton chess player is now exhibiting at Baltimore.—The Mallard or Wild Drake is very numerous in South Carolina during the winter. Charleston market for three months is never without them. They leave Carolina about the middle of March and return in November. In this respect they resemble the eastern pilgrims. The following is the mode of catching the mallard in the south. In the lakes where the fowl resorts, the most favorite haunt is carefully observed—then in the most sequestered part of this haunt a ditch is cut and covered over, forming a kind of tunnel, into which, by various stratagems, a man, aided by a well-trained dog, decoys the fowl; when he gets the ducks fairly within the tunnel, he covers its mouth with a net, and takes the ducks out at his leisure.—An Old Bachelor in Ohio, by way of a set off against Gen. McClure's proposition to tax Bachelors, instead of dogs, proposes as follows—hear him: "Let every

one who is tired of conjugal felicity, pay a certain tax to the state for a divorce, according to his ability; and it will not only supercede the necessity of taxing dogs, but there will be no need of taxes of any kind. And if government will give the exclusive privilege of unmarried to those who wish to be unmarried in the United States, I will pledge myself to pay off the National Debt in five years."—The newspapers in several sections of the country are still harping upon the Beauchamp case, and giving extracts of its horrors. The public mind should not be used to such descriptions. It is a matter of history that Schiller's Robbers increased the banditti in Germany. Will it be surprising if the recent publications produce other Beauchamps and Mrs. Beauchamps in the south or west?—There are now living at Horse Neck, about thirty miles from New-York, two geese, both of the age of eighty-two years, one of which is now setting. They have both laid regularly for eighty-one years.—A Mr. Mendoza, from London, proposes to teach the citizens of Charleston, S. C. the art of self-defence, or in other words, the art of knocking a man down scientifically. A few lessons in his peculiar mode are sufficient to initiate a pupil into the mysteries of this disgraceful science.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The ship *Herald*, Graham, which has arrived at Baltimore, left Liverpool the 21st of February. It furnishes but few items in addition to those already received.

England.—There was a report in the House of Lords, on the afternoon of the 19th, that despatches had reached town stating the death of the Duke of Cumberland. It was feared that the report was actually correct.

The health of Lord Liverpool was yet in a doubtful state. Bulletins on the subject were issued almost every hour.

Holland.—Accounts from Batavia to the 20th Sept. mentioned several actions to have been fought with advantage to the Dutch; but nothing decisive had occurred.

Austria.—From Frankfort, February 10th, we learn, it was reported that the question relative to the free navigation of the Rhine, was shortly to be discussed.

The Emperor of Austria is said to have demanded from the Pope a free passage for his troops through the Papal dominions, "in case of any manifestations of revolutionary movements in the kingdom of Naples."

Turkey.—Letters from Odessa to the 29th Jan. state, that large reinforcements of troops had been ordered off from Constantinople to the Morea.

It is said under date of Constantinople, 12th Jan. that—"The Government had just discovered a new conspiracy, by means of an intercepted correspondence between the malcontents here and the Janissaries on the Asiatic side. The heads of it were seized during the night, and immediately beheaded, with the exception of a few, who contrived to escape. Meanwhile, the system of reform goes on, not only here, but throughout all the provinces, with the exception of Natolia. A great number of Pachas have been displaced, from which the best results are anticipated. The Pacha of Damascus has been dismissed; Veli Pacha has been banished to Broussa; and Aboloubut Pacha has received charge of the Pachalics of Damascus and Orousa. His severity is well known, and he will do every thing in his power to consolidate the new system."

Spain.—A Portuguese courier arrived at Madrid on the 8th. The contents of his despatches were not officially known, but it was reported that he had brought a declaration of war by Portugal, grounded on the reception afforded by the Government, to the refugees who had left Beira, and the facilities which it had afforded them to effect their re-entrance into the province of Tras-os-Montes.

The news had caused the greatest sensation at Madrid; Several Spanish Officers on furlough, are said to have set out, with secret permission from the Government, to serve in the Royalist troops in Portugal; they will find there many of their countrymen.

M. de Lima, the Portuguese Envoy was preparing to quit Madrid, because he had not been able to obtain, from the Spanish Cabinet, the recognition of the Constitutional Government of Portugal.

General Sarsfield, Commander-in-Chief of the Corps of Observation, has removed his headquarters from Talavera de Reina to Caceres, a point very near to the frontiers.

Ten regiments of Provincial Militia had received orders to hold themselves in readiness to set out for the army. There was a great eagerness among Royalist Volunteers, to enroll themselves in the brigade intended for the army of Observation.

France.—There was a very stormy debate on the project concerning Juries in the Chamber of Deputies on the 14th, but it ended in nothing. The *ultras*, as usual, were outrageous.

Russia.—No details of the advance of the Russian armies into Persia are mentioned; but only the main fact of great successes, and the probability of that country being occupied by a Russian force for a lengthened period.

Portsmouth, Sunday, Feb. 18.—This morning a fire broke out on board his majesty's frigate *Diamond*, lying in ordinary up Portchester Lake, which burnt her down to the water's edge. It was with great difficulty that fourteen persons, men, women, and children, escaped, not having time to save a single thing.

MORGAN, &c.

The following advertisement, offering a reward of one hundred dollars for the discovery of the incendiary who set fire to the printing office of David C. Miller, in September last, was issued about a month since. The gentlemen whose names are attached to it are of the first standing in society and members of the masonic fraternity. It has not, as yet, produced the desired effect; and as the secret probably rests with Miller, it is doubtful whether the "incendiary" will ever be discovered.

\$100 REWARD.

WHEREAS, it is alleged that the Printing Office of David C. Miller, in this village, was set on fire in the month of September now last past, supposed to be the work of some incendiary. And whereas, no reward has hitherto been offered for the apprehension and conviction of the said incendiary. And whereas, a regard for public justice, individual security and violated law require, that the offender or offenders be brought to condign punishment. Now therefore, in order to effect so desirable an object, the undersigned have thought proper to offer a reward of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, to be paid on the conviction of said offender. Dated at Batavia, Genesee county, N. Y., this 7th day of March, 1827.

D. TISDALE,	WILLIAM SEAVER, Jr.
SAMUEL GRAVES,	HENRY BROWN,
JOHN COFFEY,	EBENEZER MIX,
DAVID DANOLDS,	FREDERICK FOLLETT,
J. CHATFIELD,	D. H. CHANDLER,
B. BLODGET,	S. CUMINGS,
NAHUM LORING,	RICHARD DIBBLE,
J. S. GANSON,	H. TISDALE,
L. TOWNER,	SILAS FINCH,
JOHN FOOT,	WM. R. THOMPSON.

From the *Schoharie Republican*, of March 23.

A GENERAL KNOCK-DOWN.—On Sunday evening last, a fellow by the name of Williams, who is either crazy or very ugly, and who has been confined in the goal of this county, for some time, for abusing his wife and family, took it into his head to release his fellow prisoners, not only from their "durance vile," but to rid them of the world—and the world of them by knocking their brains out.

The prisoners, three in number, besides Williams, were sitting round the stove, talking about what-not: the moon, green cheese, and the currency; pigs, politics, and poultry, and such-like things as they were acquainted with; while Mr. Williams was pacing the room, with a huge billet of wood in his hand, musing on his hard fate, and the various "ills to which" mankind are "heir to," and himself in particular, when all at once a thought struck him,—and at the same instant, he struck one of the prisoners with his cudgel, and brought him to the floor;—instantly another was brought down in the same manner, and the club was raised over the head of the third, but he having got a hint of what was going on, did not wait to receive the blow, but instantly seizing Williams brought him to the floor, where, with some little assistance from the one who was last knocked down, but who was not very badly hurt, he held him, not in a very easy position, until the Sheriff, hearing the noise, came up and put Williams in a room by himself. If the fellow is really crazy, as is thought by some, he ought to be sent to the Mad-House, where, perhaps, he might receive some benefit:—But if he is not, (and we doubt it some) he ought to be hanged, before he attempts any more lives.

One of the reasons assigned by him for attempting the lives of his fellow prisoners was, that they were Free-Masons, and

as the Free-Masons had lately killed Capt. Morgan, he thought it no more than right that he should kill them. We are not able to say, whether the prisoners are masons or not. Be that as it may, they have been worse handled than were the masons at the west, who were convicted of kidnapping Morgan.

From the *Greensburg Republican*.

WILLIAM MORGAN.—We have understood from such authority as we believe is fully entitled to credit, that William Morgan, respecting whom so much has been published in the newspapers, and of whose death we had such various and contradictory accounts, was, very recently, employed as a sub-contractor on the Pennsylvania Canal, about four miles below Logan's Ferry, and between that place and Deer Creek; and where, not many days since, he was in good health, quietly prosecuting his business. This information is derived from a gentleman of unquestionable integrity, who has a considerable contract on the canal, by whom Morgan was employed, and who was well acquainted with him in the state of New-York.

[This man is a singular instance of *ugiguity*—no king can be more so. He was thrown over Niagara Falls, after having his throat cut; he was lost in a vessel on Lake Ontario; he has been engaged in a Chancery suit in this city; he is the keeper of a grocery in Canada; he has taken a sail up the St. Lawrence; he is a canal contractor in Pennsylvania; and in short, more occupations and localities have been assigned to the man than ever fell to mortal lot before. It is much to be hoped that he will come forward and clear up the mystery.]

N. Y. Times.

THE GLEANER.

From late *Foreign Journals*.

The following note was found among the papers of the late Lord Erskine:

To General Washington.

SIR—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which is to be found in the book I send to you.

I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being, for whom I ever felt an awful reverence.

I sincerely pray to God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.

T. ERSKINE.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY. As the meaning of the term may perhaps, not be generally known to our readers, we give the following definition from a correspondent:—Felony, which comprehends almost numberless species of crimes, is subdivided into two classes—with or without benefit of clergy. Benefit of clergy, at present signifies an exemption from capital punishment, in all felonies where the Legislature has not taken away that benefit by express words. The origin of this principle, which is very little understood, is as follows:—At the time the Catholic religion was the established one in this country, the clergy claimed an exemption from punishment for all secular offences, and the Legislature was so far duped by them as to grant them that privilege: therefore, whenever a priest was convicted of a crime, for which another man would suffer death, he was discharged without punishment, on proving himself to be an ecclesiastic. The clergy did not fail to avail themselves of this advantage; and, if any credit is to be given to historians, were guilty of all kinds of enormities and depredations. This induced the Parliaments, at various times, to subject them to capital punishments for particular offences, by taking away from those guilty of offences, the benefit of clergy. In those dark superstitious times, every person who could read, was presumed, in law, to be a priest in orders; and till the reign of Anne, a man who was not possessed of that qualification, was liable to be hanged for an offence which one possessed of it would only be burnt in the hand for; but since that time, laymen are allowed the benefit of clergy, and are entitled to claim it as often as they have occasion, and are exempted from the punishment of burning in the hand by the statute 1, Edward VI which extends the same privilege to Peers of the Realm, whom it also exempts from capital punishment for the crimes of house-breaking, highway robbery, horse-stealing, and robbing of churches. Felony, without benefit of clergy, are capital offences, of which Sir William Blackstone, in his time, enumerated one hundred, and since his death upwards of fifty have been added to the catalogue. We trust that in the alterations in our criminal code about to be proposed by Mr. Peel, these circumstances will receive their due share of that gentleman's attentive consideration. *London paper.*

THE ORIGIN OF CONFINING JURORS FROM MEAT AND DRINK.—The Gothic nations were famous of old, in Europe, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that these vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that Judges should hear and determine causes, fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author in his "Antiquities," plainly affirms, that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr. Gilbert Stuart very patiently and ingeniously observes, in his "Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution," p. 238, that from this propensity of the older Britons, to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink; and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE POET'S EYE.

That eye looks not on earth with earthly look:
There is too much of hope upon the brow
Among earth's thousand miseries, to brook
Her sordid inspiration,—or to bow
To all her worms, who glitter round him now;
But like some newly landed child of those
Bright worlds whose children mourn not, nor list how
Another world may shake itself with woes,
Fearless, frownless, smileless, he wonders as he goes.

He looks on the broad earth and at his ken
Her rocks and deserts are a paradise:
Then gloom comes on him, and he looks again,
And makes her gardens deserts.—Wars which rise
And sever realms from realms,—and agonise
The hearts of millions, and divide asunder
Nations of friends,—however mean the prize
They contend for, need but the living thunder
Of his aerial eye to fill the world with wonder.

He sees amid the opening charms of Spring
The breath of future desolation hid,
And winds his bosom up with pains to bring
A host of guests whom Nature never bid;
Or when stern storms of winter long have chid
The groaning mountains, and the shrieking trees,
And banished vital warmth, his eye can rid
His breast of melancholy, for he sees
The zephyr of the spring disguised in every breeze.

His world, his seasons, and his county—all
Dwell in the spacious circle of his mind;
They are not terrestrial things, which change and fall,
Nor seen by earthly eye; but like the wind—
Invisible ubiquity, they bind
His earthliness to thing of heavenly height;
His matter into spirit undefined,
Friend and consociate with the sons of light,—
The spirit of the storm,—the ocean,—and the night.

April 3, 1827.

G.

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Louis, emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the
Palegrave Rudolphus, under the ban of the empire (in the
twelfth century), that unfortunate prince fled to England, where
he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his
mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Ger-
many, and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when
Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of
his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of sup-
pliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the
victor softened."—See *Miss Benger's Memoirs of the Queen
of Bohemia*, vol. 1.

The Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band?
The strings were hush'd—the knights made way
For the queenly Mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

She led them even to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;
Till with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flush'd the proud warrior-blood:
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,
"Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourner's vest be mine,
And thine, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath lamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see!"

"And where is he, thy brother, where?
He, in thy home that grew,
And smiling with his sunny hair,
Even to greet thee flew!
Now would his arms thy neck outwing,

His fond lips press thy brow!
My son! oh! call these orphans thine—
Thou hast no brother now!

"What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When rear'd together there,
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—
Where is thy brother—where?"

"Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen!
How is it that such things can be,
As though they ne'er had been?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave!
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offer'd to the grave!"

"And let them, let them there be pour'd!
Though all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
Shall soften as they flow.
Oh! Death is mighty to make peace,
Now bid his work be done!
So many an inward strife shall cease—
Take, take these babes, my son!"

His eye was dimm'd—the strong man shook
With feelings long suppress'd;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strain'd them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight!
And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

From the *New-York Crystal Hunter*.

THE PARGIOT'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Farewell to thee, land of my birth—
Farewell to thee, Parga, for ever!
Though the renegade scorn at thy worth,
Shall I cease to forget thee? Oh, never!

For thou wert the land of the brave;
A temple for Liberty's home;
To the warrior, a glorious grave—
To the holy, a sanctified tomb.

Though the loud song of glory no more
Shall sound on the thundering gale:
Nor the hymn to the God we adore
Breathe soft o'er the hill and the dale:

Though the deeds of our fathers may die,
Where their ashes lie scattered around;
And the shriek, and the murdering cry
Be heard, where their virtues were found:

Thy name shall be blazon'd afar,
A beacon on History's scroll;
To the valiant, a glittering star;
To the tyrant, a word to controul.

I will not forget thee, my land!
These sighs must my constancy tell;
These tears which I cannot command—
Farewell to thee, Parga, farewell!

C. E. E.

IN THE DUST I'M DOOM'D TO SLEEP.

BY BOWRING.

In the dust I'm doom'd to sleep,
But shall not sleep for ever;
Faint may for a moment weep,
Christian courage—never.
Years in rapid course shall roll,
By Time's chariot driven,
And my re-awaken'd soul
Wing its way to heaven.

What tho' o'er my mortal tomb,
Clouds and mists be blending!
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal:—
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

From the *English Amulet*.

WARNINGS.

Beauty—remember that change and decay
Will pursue in your path as night follows day:
Pride—bear in mind that your form is of clay,
And will rot with the meanest that stands in your way:
Wealth—that you are like the rainbow's bright ray,
Unsubstantial as clouds, and more fleeting than they:
Rank—let your name be as high as it may,
That the mandate "be dust," even you must obey:
Power—what things are your life and your sway,
Which a breath can destroy and a murmur betray!

Happiness—know that you shine like the light
Of the wandering gleam that leads us at night:
Pleasure—though painted all lovely and bright,
That your visits are fatal and rapid your flight:
Friendship—though dear to the sense and the sight,
That thou art but a flower which the wintry winds blight!

Love—that thy name, if we read it aright,
Is passion, more fearful because of its might:
Hope—'tis in y^e a their attractions unite,
But you lure us to leave us when most you invite.

L. A. H.

From *Songs of a Summer Night*.

THE POET'S SONG.

Alas for me! a cloud has hung
O'er all mine early days;
And if perchance a light has flung
Across my path its rays,
I've wished that it had never been—
For, like a flame at midnight seen,
I have but found, when it hath passed,
A deeper darkness round me cast.

Alas for me! false hearts I've found,
Where I had deemed them true,
And stricken hopes lie all around
Where'er I turn my view.
There have been some that I have loved,
And whose returning love I've proved
Far above sounding words;—but they
Are dead, and gone, and past away.

Alas for me!—I cannot think
Of happy moments fled;
Or sigh to look o'er that dread brink
Where sleep the countless dead;
My joys have been by sorrows crush'd;
My heart's best sounds have all been hush'd;
Its strings are strained, and so my grave
Will welcome be—in earth or wave.

Alas for me!—'tis pity too,
As youth is still mine own,
That I should think as now I do,
And know what I have known:
But still I to this earth must cling,
While brooks and trees and blossoms spring;
And while the sky, the rocks and sea,
Are such sweet, silent friends to me.

A MISER.

That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stain'd,
With watching his own gold; every one knows him
Enough to loathe him. Not a friend has he,
Nor kindred, nor familiar; not a slave,
Not a lean serving wench: nothing o'er entered
But his spare self within his jealous doors,
Except a wand'ring rat; and that, they say,
Was famine-struck and died there

[*Milman's Fazio*, Act I.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

AGENTS.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1827.

[No. 11.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

ODE,

FOR A GRAND ELECT, PERFECT, AND SUBLIME MASON.

No solar beam nor lunar ray
Illumed the dark, the narrow way,
That led me to the door;
I proved myself a Knight,* and then
The sacred vault I entered,
By mystic numbers four.

'Twas there impressed with holy awe,
A gold engraven plate I saw
With dazzling splendour shine.
To us the "Grand Elect" alone
Its secret characters are known,
Ineffable—divine.

This precious treasure long concealed,
Was by three worthy Knights revealed,
Where erst a temple stood:
Its ancient ruins they explored,
And found the grand mysterious word
Made known before the flood.

Fulfilled was then the promise made,
And Beauty's pillar soon displayed
The treasure they had found.

Their ardent zeal, fidelity—
Their dangerous toil and constancy,
Were with due honours crowned.

Honours like these we all shall prove
Who, joined in peace and social love
Perfection's work pursue.
May the sublime grand architect
By his unerring hand direct
The honored chosen few.

May all who Friendship's feast partake,
The good pursue, the bad forsake;
And may each rite and sign,
A happy lasting influence shed;
The quadrant crowned, the oil, the bread,
The golden ring, the wine.

Long as I live this ring I'll wear,
Symbol of an alliance dear
To every brother's heart;
And bless the sacred tie that binds
In virtue's chain, for virtue joins
What death can never part.

*A Knight of the Ninth Arch.

MASONIC CORRESPONDENCE.

ADDRESS

Of the MASTER, WARDENS and BRETHREN of
KING DAVID'S LODGE, to GEORGE WASHINGTON,
President of the United States of America.

SIR—We, the Master, Wardens and Brethren of
King David's Lodge, in Newport, Rhode Island,
joyfully embrace this opportunity, to greet you as a
Brother, and to hail you welcome to Rhode-Island.

We exult in the thought, that as masonry has
always been patronized by the wise, the good, and
the great, so hath it stood, and ever will stand, as
its fixtures are on the immutable pillars of faith,
hope and charity.

With unspeakable pleasure, we gratulate you as
filling the Presidential Chair, with the applause of
a numerous and enlightened people; whilst, at the
same time, we felicitate ourselves in the honour
done the brotherhood, by your many exemplary
virtues, and emanations of goodness proceeding
from a heart worthy of possessing the ancient mys-
teries of our craft, being persuaded that the wisdom
and grace, with which Heaven has endowed you,
will ever square all your thoughts, words and
actions by the eternal laws of honour, equity and
truth; so as to promote the advancement of all
good works, your own happiness, and that of man-
kind. Permit us then, illustrious Brother, cordially
to salute you, with three times three, and to add our
fervent supplications, that the Sovereign Architect
of the Universe may always encompass you with his
holy protection.

MOSES SEIXAS, Master, } Committee.
HENRY SHERBURNE, }
By order, WILLIAM LITTLEFIELD, Sec'y.
Newport, August 17, 1790.

THE ANSWER.

To the MASTER, WARDENS and BRETHREN of
KING DAVID'S LODGE in Newport, Rhode
Island.

GENTLEMEN—I receive the welcome which you
give me to Rhode Island with pleasure; and I ac-
knowledge my obligations for the flattering expres-
sions of regard contained in your Address, with
grateful sincerity. Being persuaded that a just
application of the principles on which the masonic
fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private
virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy
to advance the interest of the society, and to be
considered by them as a deserving Brother. My
best wishes, Gentlemen, are offered for your indi-
vidual happiness.

G. WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS

Of the GRAND LODGE of ANCIENT YORK MASONS,
in Pennsylvania, to GEORGE WASHINGTON, Pre-
sident of the United States of America.

SIR and BROTHER—The ancient York Masons
of the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, for the first
time assembled, in general communication to cele-
brate the feast of St. John the Evangelist, since
your election to the chair of government in the
United States, beg leave to approach you, with
congratulations from the East, and in the pride of
fraternal affection, to hail you as the great master
builder (under the Supreme Architect) by whose
labours the temple of liberty hath been reared in the
west; exhibiting to the nations of the earth a model
of beauty, order, and harmony, worthy of their imi-
tation and praise.

Your knowledge of the origin and objects of our
institution—its tendency to promote the social affec-
tions and harmonize the hearts, give us a sure
pledge that this tribute of our veneration, this effu-
sion of our love will not be ungrateful to you; nor
will Heaven reject our prayer that you may be long
continued to adorn the bright list of master work-
men which our fraternity produces in the terrestrial
Lodge; and that you may be late removed to
that celestial Lodge, where love and harmony
reign transcendent and divine; where the Great
Architect more immediately presides; and where
Cherubim and Seraphim, wafting our congrat-
ulations from earth to heaven, shall hail you
Brother!

By order and in behalf of the Grand Lodge of
Pennsylvania, in general communication assem-
bled in ample form.

J. B. SMITH, G. M.

Attest, P. LE BARBIER DU PLESSIS, G. Sec.

THE ANSWER.

To the ANCIENT YORK MASONS of the jurisdiction
of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN and BROTHERS—I receive your
kind congratulations with the purest sensations of
fraternal affection; and from a heart deeply im-
pressed with your generous wishes for my present
and future happiness, I beg you to accept my
thanks.

At the same time I request you will be assured of
my best wishes and earnest prayers for your happi-
ness while you remain in this terrestrial mansion;
and that we may hereafter meet as brethren in the
eternal temple of the Supreme Architect.

G. WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS

Of the GRAND LODGE of FREE and ACCEPTED
MASONS, for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
to their honoured and illustrious Brother GEORGE
WASHINGTON.

SIR—Whilst the historian is describing the career
of your glory, and the inhabitants of an extensive
empire are made happy in your unexampled exertions—
whilst some celebrate the Hero, so distin-
guished in liberating United America, and others
the Patriot who presides over her Councils,—a band

of brothers, having always joined the acclamations
of their countrymen, now testify their respect for
those milder virtues which have ever graced the
Man.

Taught by the precepts of our society that all its
members stand upon a level, we venture to assume
this station, and to approach you with that freedom,
which diminishes our diffidence, without lessening
our respect. Desirous to enlarge the boundaries of
social happiness, and to vindicate the ceremonies of
their institution, this Grand Lodge have published
a "Book of Constitutions," and a copy for your ac-
ceptance accompanies this) which by discovering
the principles that actuate, will speak the eulogy of
the society; though they fervently wish the con-
duct of its members may prove its higher commen-
dation.

Convinced of his attachment to its cause, and
readiness to encourage its benevolent designs, they
have taken the liberty to dedicate this work to one,
the qualities of whose heart, and the actions of
whose life, have contributed to improve personal
virtue, and extend throughout the world the most
endearing cordialities; and they humbly hope he
will pardon this freedom, and accept the tribute of
their esteem and homage.

May the Supreme Architect of the universe pro-
tect and bless you, give you length of days, and in-
crease of felicity in this world, and then receive
you to the harmonious and exalted Society in heaven.

JOHN CUTLER, Grand Master.

JOSIAH BARTLETT, } Grand Wardens.
MUNGO MACKAY, }

Boston, December 27, A. L. 5792

THE ANSWER.

To the GRAND LODGE of FREE and ACCEPTED
MASONS for the Commonwealth of MASSACHU-
SETTS.

GENTLEMEN—Flattering as it may be to the hu-
man mind, and truly honourable as it is, to receive
from our fellow-citizens testimonies of approbation
for exertions to promote the public welfare, it is not
less pleasing to know, that the milder virtues of the
heart are highly respected by a society whose lib-
eral principles are founded in the immutable laws of
truth and justice.

To enlarge the sphere of social happiness is wor-
thy the benevolent design of a masonic institution.
And it is most fervently to be wished, that the con-
duct of every member of the fraternity, as well as
those publications that discover the principles which
actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that
the grand object of masonry is to promote the hap-
piness of the human race.

While I beg your acceptance of my thanks for
the "Book of Constitutions" which you have sent
me, and for the honour you have done me in the
dedication, permit me to assure you, that I feel all
those emotions of gratitude which your affectionate
address, and cordial wishes, are calculated to in-
spire. And I sincerely pray that the Great Archi-
tect of the universe may bless you here, and receive
you hereafter in his Immortal Temple.

G. WASHINGTON.

From the (Batavia) Masonic Intelligencer.

THE FIVE SENSES.

(Continued.)

TOUCH OR FEELING.

The analysis of this organ, is much more difficult
than those we have examined. Its phenomena are
so various and varied as to render it a task of ex-
treme delicacy, to separate what is adventitious from
what is original to the suggestions of this sense. In
point of time, the sensations of touch are first expe-
rienced; months before the light of day had beamed
on the helpless infant, or it had been greeted by a
maternal smile, this sensation frequently agitated
its little frame; and its heart first heaved with sor-
row, when, after a severe struggle for prolonged

existence, it felt the chilling vicissitudes of that atmosphere destined to convey its moans and sorrows to the ears ever attentive to its cries.

Whether the nerves which are ascribed to this organ are all similar in their structure and uses, is doubtful; however, we find them spread, like the fibres of a leaf, over the whole surface of the body, with ramifications so minute that no part exists, however small, that is not endowed with sensibility; some parts, however, possess this quality in a higher degree than others; as the hand which enables man to perform wonders—to give all but substance to the landscape—all but breath to the marble—and to convey assurances to the heart of a worthy brother which he could not barter for the mines of Golconda. Neither the simple sensations of touch, nor those of heat and cold can be referred to an external cause prior to experience, any more than the mere animal feeling in the embryo. It is the common opinion, that from touch, we derive our knowledge of the properties of matter; all the properties of which may be reduced to extension and resistance, the rest being modifications of these. Professor Brown thinks "that by the organ of touch only, we could never be sensible of existence, nor even of extension, since it is from experience we ascertain the vicinity of the physical points of our own tactual surface when impressed." Suppose a being possessed of this, and every other sense, but unacquainted with matter, should be gently touched by a small body of any form, its temperature being equal to that of the body to which applied, would the sensation suggest the idea of extension or form? By no means—no more than the smell of a rose, or the sound of a flute; though undoubtedly the sensation would be varied by the amount of pressure, as the ear by the varied tones of a musical instrument. Nay, further—if we now try this experiment on ourselves, we will find that it will give us no notion of extension, even when nearly every sensation is associated with the qualities of matter.

(To be continued.)

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri.-e.m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&4Tu.-e.m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3M.-e.m.
Friendship Chapter,	Durham,	Wed.-a.f.m.
Friendship Lodge,	Durham,	Mon.-p.r.f.m.
Asylum Lodge,	Coeymans,	Thu.-p.r.f.m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3Th.-e.m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3Tu.-e.m.
Ineffable Lodge,	Albany,	
Olive Branch Chapter,	Bloomington,	Sat. p.r.f.m.
Bloomington Lodge,	Bloomington,	Mon.-a.f.m.
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th.-e.m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M.-e.m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. p.r.f.m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. p.r.f.m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3M.-e.m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2&4Tu.-e.m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu.-e.m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3M.-e.m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. p.r.f.m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon.-a.f.m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon.-p.r.f.m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu.-a.f.m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. a.f.f.m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. p.r.f.m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pen Yan Chapter,	Pen Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen Yan,	Tues. do.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PROCESS OF OBTAINING GOLD DUST IN COLOMBIA.

The works consist of a shed, under the cover of which a dozen labourers can work. In the middle a circular hole is opened, about six feet deep and ten feet in diameter; the women occupied in grinding the pyrites are ranged about this excavation or reservoir, each one having before her a stone of porphyry, elevated about two feet above the ground, and inclined towards the reservoir. The muller which they use is a piece of pyrites containing quartz. The minerals to be ground, consisting of pieces of py-

rites of the size of an egg, are placed near them: they put one of the pieces on the most elevated part of their stone, and reduce it to a small size by blows of the muller; afterwards they grind it with the muller; adding a little water to facilitate the process: the ground pyrites run, under the form of a liquid paste into the reservoir. When, by the continued labour of the negresses, the reservoir becomes filled with ground pyrites, a current of water is permitted to flow into it for a week, during which the whole mass is frequently stirred up. The pyrites being thus separated from all earthly matter, they proceed next to the process of washing them.

The washing is carried on in a wooden bowl called a "boteja," having the form of a very flat cone, the base of which is from 15 to 19 inches in diameter, and the depth from 3 to 4 inches.

Some of the negresses manage this washing process with considerable dexterity. They put about 20 lbs. of the ground pyrites into the boteja, and then plunge it into the water, whilst standing in the puddle or reservoir, with the water half way up their legs; after having diluted the pyrites with their hands, they give to the boteja a very rapid circular movement, taking care, from time to time, to increase its inclination, in order to facilitate the separation of the substance suspended in the water. After having continued this motion for some minutes, they pour the water out of the boteja, and holding it with one hand at an inclination of 45 degrees, they take out with the other a large portion of the pyrites, which are spread on the inclined surface formed by the position of the boteja; they operate on the residue in the manner above described, until there remains in the boteja a very small quantity of pyrites, very rich in gold; then they redouble their attention, and conclude by obtaining the gold almost pure, which they deposit in the "cacho;" this is a bullock's horn made in the form of a shell. When they have in this manner collected a certain quantity of gold, they again wash it in the boteja; after which they dry it in a little iron stove, called "secadera."

After this operation, the pyrites, which have been successively separated, are washed a second and a third time, and they constantly furnish gold. After three washings, the remaining pyrites are placed in heaps, and being partially decomposed by exposure to the atmosphere during eight or ten months, are again ground as new minerals, when they yield a quantity of gold almost equal to that obtained by their first treatment; the residue is again thrown together in heaps and washed, and thus the pyrites are successively operated on, until they entirely disappear in repeated washings. The negresses of Marmato, in order to express that the pyrites constantly yield gold, say that "the marmaja" gives gold until it disappears in the water.

The water flowing from these works in its course deposits pyrites finely pulverized, which are washed by the labourers called "massamorroes," who still obtain gold from them also.

Colombian Company's Report, App.

HORTICULTURAL ITEMS.

From Loudon's Gardener's Magazine.

THE COMPRESSION OF TIMBER, by passing plank between rollers, has lately been made the subject of a patent. The chief object is its preservation from dry rot, by expelling moisture and closing the interstices.

[The natural sap of timber abounds in vegetable extract, which, like yeast, causes fermentation and ultimate decay. When this is expelled, by heat, or saturation in water, and then drying, compression, charring, or a complete coat of paint, will prevent decay, by exhausting moisture. Painting timber which retains the natural sap, accelerates rather than retards, putrefaction.]

GERMINATION OF SEEDS. The presence of oxygen gas being the principal requisite for germination, and chlorine the most powerful agent for developing this gas, it has been found that healthy seeds, steeped in the chloric fluid, are accelerated in their germination; and that others that appeared to have lost their faculty of germination, have recovered it by the same process.—Humboldt.

GRAFTING. M. Louis Noisette has published the description of 137 modes of grafting. Most of

them are the invention of the late Professor Thouin, and described by him in the *Musee Francaise* as well as exemplified in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

ADVANTAGES OF PRUNING FRUIT TREES IN SUMMER. The removal of shoots and leaves at this season, according to M. Hempel, removes also a number of caterpillars and eggs of insects, consequently the birds devour a greater portion of what remains.—*Ann. Pomolog., l'Allen, 1824.* We may add, that wounds heal more quickly in the summer season, and that the cherry is apt to exude gum, when pruned at any other season of the year.—*Loudon.*

[Leaves elaborate the juices, and prepare the food for the plant. Too great a defoliation, therefore retards the growth of the plant, may sometimes induce disease and death.]

POWER OF VEGETATIVE LIFE. A branch of the *Coty delon coccinea* was presented to Professor Gazzari in Jan. 1824. Although it had been separated from the mother branch more than sixteen months, during which time it had been wrapped up in a paper, and set aside by accident in a dark, dry place, yet it was full of vegetation, affording a strong illustration of the vital power of some plants.

VARIETY.

THE PRESS IN CHILE. The early history of the press in Chile is somewhat curious, as will be seen by the following fact. The first printer's press arrived at Valparaiso on the 21st of November, 1811. It was sent from New-York, and cost six hundred and fifty dollars. The Carreras paid for it eight thousand in Chile. In January following, the press was put in motion, and the first paper issued which ever appeared in the country, was called *The Aurora of Chile*. It was conducted by Johnson, Garrison and Berbridge, all citizens of the United States, who went out with the press from New-York. The editor was Henriques Camilla. The *Aurora* continued about two years, during which time Iressari, a native of Mexico, published a weekly paper.

When the royalists retook the country the press expired; but after the battle of Chacabuco, it was revived, and a paper called *The Gazette of Chile* was set up, and was continued under that name till the battle of Maypu. It then took the name of *The Ministerial Gazette*, and for a most frivolous pretext it was put under the controul of the Secretary of State, Iressari. Then followed *The Argus of Chile*, and two papers of little significance, *The Fairy* and *The Sun*. Since that time many other papers have successively risen up and expired, and there are now several published in the country, containing intelligence and free political discussions.

[N. A. Review.]

AN EPITAPH. One of them, (the Sociables) died the other day, of mere weariness, and his epitaph was engraven upon his tomb:—

"Here lies a man that never rested before. He mourned at five hundred and thirty burials. He rejoiced at the birth of two thousand six hundred and four score children. The pensions on which he congratulated his friends at various times, amounted to two millions six hundred thousand livres per annum. The ground he trudged on foot, in town, to nine thousand six hundred furlongs; the walks he took in the country, to thirty-six. His conversation was amusing. He had a constant stock of three hundred and sixty-five stories. He was over and above the master from his youth, of a hundred and eighteen apothegms, extracted from the ancients, whenever he thought fit to shine. He died in the 60th year of his age. Now passenger, I conclude, for when could I tell thee all that he did and all that he saw." [Persian Letters, p. 175.]

CONSCIENCE. A certain Jesuit preached in Arzzo against the unchaste women, "One amongst you, especially," said he to his female auditory, distinguishes herself by her dissolute course of life; the consciousness of shame often amends sinners, and therefore I will here name this woman publicly. But no! christian charity forbids, she might through this become too much scandalized. I will however, do something to point her out; so that through

shame, she may arrive at conversion. I will throw my cap at her. She whom I hit is the sinner." The preacher no sooner took his cap in his hand, but all the ladies stooped as low as possible. Good heavens!" exclaimed the priest, "have then all these women a bad conscience."

ADOPTION. There is a singular system in France relative to the adoption of children. A family who has none, adopts as their own a fine child belonging to a friend, or more generally to some poor person: (for the laws of population in the poor differ from those in the rich) the adoption is regularly enregistered by the civil authorities, and the child becomes heir-at-law to the property of its new parents, and cannot be disinherited by any subsequent caprice of the parties; they are bound to support it suitable to their rank, and to do every thing due to their offspring.

SPANISH PIETY. In Spain plays are performed for the benefit of the virgins and saints, and balls are given for the deliverance of souls from purgatory. On an occasion of the above kind, a play-bill was exhibited, couched in the following terms: "To the Empress of Heaven, mother of the eternal world, the leading star of all Spain, the consolation, faithful sentinel and bulwark of all Spaniards, the most holy Mary. For her benefit, and for the increase of her worship, the comedians of Seville will perform a very pleasant comedy, entitled *El Legatorio*."

THE HAPPY UNION. The gods wearied with the perpetual cries of wedded mortals, loudly complaining that they were unfortunately matched, sent, at length, a messenger to earth, with authority to divorce all those who were desirous of being unmarried. On the messenger's return to heaven, it appeared, from his report, that only a single couple in the world were perfectly satisfied with each other. This amiable and peaceful pair had never quarrelled; if the wife was out of temper, and suffered her tongue to use violent expressions, the husband entirely disregarded what she said; and, if he committed any improper or indelicate actions, his dear wife never once noticed them. The cause of this singular instance of connubial harmony puzzled all the celestials, who learned with astonishment that the wife was *blind*, and the husband *deaf*!

THE AMULET.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

A man may possess talent without possessing a spark of genius. Talent is the power of exertion and acquisition, and of applying acquisition in a judicious and effective manner. Talent is cool-headed; genius is hot-headed—talent may be cold-hearted; genius can never be other than warm-hearted; talent is generally prudent; genius is often imprudent; talent moves steadily and regularly forward; genius springs on impetuously, and lags indolently, by turns; talent forns just and rational speculations; the speculations of genius are often wild and fantastic chimeras. The feeling of talent is judgment; the judgment of genius is feeling. Genius is proud and confident; talent is humble and unpretending. Talent constructed the lyre, while genius stood by and gave directions how the work should be done; genius struck celestial melody from its chords; talent imitated the sounds, but soul and fire, and enthusiasm, were not in the strain. Talent chiseled the form of the Belvidere Apollo; genius endowed that form with its godlike majesty, its unrivalled grace, and its haughty bearing. Genius designed, and talent executed the mighty plans of Napoleon. Talent is strong, but genius is both beautiful and strong. Talent influences our reason; genius influences both our reason and our feelings. The mind in which both are united, makes the nearest approach to perfection—since the coolness of talent corrects the impetuosity of genius, and the conceptions of genius dignify the operations of talent. Genius without talent is a wild, and beautiful, and erratic meteor; talent without genius is a steady light, which lasts long, but never throws a flood of radiance upon earth or sky. Genius is generally in the extreme; talent is always in the mean. Talent is more earthly; genius more heavenly.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

From Captain Keppel's Personal Narrative.

The total circumference has been found to be two thousand, two hundred and eighty-six feet, which gives to the ruins a much greater extent of base than the original building. The surplus is very great, when one considers the quantity that must have been removed by the Macedon soldiers, and how much, in the course of ages, must have been taken by the workmen employed in digging for bricks. The elevation of the mound is irregular: to the west it is one hundred and ninety-eight feet high. On the top is that which looked like a castle in the distance; it is a solid mass of kiln-burnt bricks, thirty-seven feet high, and twenty-eight broad. The bricks, which are of an excellent description, are laid in with a fine and scarcely perceptible cement. At regular intervals, some bricks are omitted so as to leave square apertures through the mass; these may possibly have been intended to procure a free current of air, that should prevent the admission of damp into the brick work. The summit of the mass is much broken, and the fractures are so made as to carry conviction that violence has been used to reduce it to this state.

Distant from the pile of bricks just described, and lower down on the north face of the large mound, is another mass exactly similar. Pieces of marble, stones, and broken bricks, lie scattered over the ruin. The most curious of the fragments are several mis-shapen masses of brick work quite black, except in a few places where regular layers of kiln-burnt bricks are discernable: these have certainly been subjected to some fierce heat, as they are completely molten—a strong presumption that fire was used in the destruction of the tower; which, in parts, resembles what the scripture prophesied it should become, "a burnt mountain."

Travellers who have visited this spot, have been struck with the curious appearance of these fragments, and, having only seen the black surface, have altogether rejected the idea of their being bricks. In the denunciation respecting Babylon, fire is particularly mentioned as an agent against it. To this Jeremiah evidently alludes, when he says that it should be "as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah," on which cities it is said, "the Lord rained brimstone and fire." Again, "I will kindle a fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him;" and in another place, "her high gates shall be burned with fire, and the people shall labour in vain, and the folk in the fire, and they shall be weary."

Taking into calculation the brick mass on the top of the large mound, the ruins are two hundred and thirty-five feet high, which gives nearly half the height of the tower in its perfect state. Rich thought he could trace four stages, or stories of this building; and the united observations of our party induce the same conviction.

Wild beasts appeared to be as numerous here as at Mujillebe. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination, from seeing an animal crouched in one of the square apertures. I saw another in a similar situation, and the large foot-print of a lion was so fresh, that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which ruins were nearly the only indication that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene, and not to be reminded how exactly the prediction of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance Babylon was doomed to present: that "she should never be inhabited;" that "the Arabian should not pitch his tent there;" that she would "become heaps;" that her cities should be "a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness!"

TURKISH SUPPER.

From Buckingham's Travels in Mesopotamia.

We repaired to the house of a miserable old Mollah, at Ortah, who was blind from mere age, and joined there a party of about fifty persons at

supper. The dishes were prepared and served in the Turkish rather than in the Arab style. The party were distributed around four large salvers, or metal tables on the ground, with thin tough cakes of bread, like white-brown packing paper, placed in folds around the edges of them. One dish was then placed in the centre, and after time being allowed to take just two hasty mouthfuls of it, this was removed, and replaced by new ones. These were again followed in quick succession by various others to the number of at least sixty, and all different kinds. Among these, the first was a strange mixture of sour milk and herbs, with melted butter and honey. Soon after, a lamb stuffed with rice, and stewed whole, was savagely torn in pieces by the large and butcher-like hands of one of the servants in waiting. Others then liberally kneaded the fat of it with their hands, and seemed to have as high a gratification in mangling the flesh as they had in eating it. We had then a dish of pistachio nuts and raisins, stewed together, with preparations of apricots, and many other excellent things; but all were borne off with such dexterity, that one could barely taste of the greater portions; though from their numbers, it must have been a fastidious stomach indeed, that could not have relished any. Beards are so general at Ortah, that there were only two of our whole party who were shaved, and these were both young men. Turkish was the only language spoken; and except the Hindoo Dervish, our camel driver Mohammed, and myself, the features of the company were more or less Turkish also. The distinguished marks of these are a full round face, a wide mouth, a straight nose, thick eye-brows, a full beard curling down the sides in long locks, and a remarkably thick neck, which is often deeply furrowed behind, in cross lines, like that of a young bull. The sons and relatives of the master of the house stood to wait on us during the meal, and when we had finished, they sat down with their blind parent to the fragments of the feast, after which, there was still enough left to feed a host of hungry dependants, waiting for their portion in the court below.

THE MORALIST.

THE RESURRECTION.

The following beautiful and descriptive extract, is taken from Sermons published under the title of the Scotch Preacher:

"Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and as yet all was quiet at the sepulchre; Death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their post, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed upon their helmets, and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondence and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light: the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence and fell prostrate upon the ground; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was as white as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walketh in the greatness of his strength! It is your Lord. He has trodden the wine press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy; the Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of the nation."

POPULAR TALES.

THE WAY TO RISE.

Abridged from a late publication, entitled Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces. By a Travelling Artist.

About sixty years ago (for this history is silent as to the exact date), there dwelt in the town of Greenelm, situated on the west coast of Scotland, a certain merchant named Duncan Menzies, its most distinguished inhabitant. He was a trader in extensive business, having the entire ownership of two coasting vessels, besides a large share in a three-masted West-Indiaman, that was seen regularly once a year sweeping up the river, laden with the produce of another zone, and putting to shame with her white lofty sails, as she drew in towards the quay, the humbler craft, whose uncouth-looking hulls and sooty canvass crowded the port. Mr. Menzies, or Mingus, as it was pronounced, was not only the richest merchant, but at the time we take up our tale had attained the highest civil dignity in the place, viz. that of baillie or chief magistrate; he was also an elder in the kirk,—an office, as it is managed in Scotland, of no small ecclesiastical dignity; and withal held the military rank of captain in the Greenelm militia. These honours, however, were not all of the baillie's seeking, they rather devolved upon him as a necessary concomitant of his rising fortune, and he submitted to their infliction accordingly. We do not mean to say that he was not proud of all and each of them; but there were some points attending them,—and more particularly the time those different duties deducted from what was formerly devoted to his peculiar affairs,—which, to use his own expression, were *fashious*. Even at the proudest of his official moments, too, there was a feeling of awkwardness he could not overcome, which damped the satisfaction he might be expected to feel. It was, for instance, with something amounting almost to shame that he made his way through the crowd of urchins assembled at the door to see the baillie issue forth in his regimentals when the militia were on duty; and on such occasions it was observed that he frequently reached the rendezvous in a more profuse perspiration than either the weather or distance accounted for. Neither was he at perfect ease, when, in the magisterial character, he was marshalled to church on the Sabbath, by two halberdiers dressed in red coats, the council following at a respectful distance, and the procession brought up by the town-crier. Even when standing at the plate in his capacity of elder, there was something annoying in being stuck up for the gaze of the public when every other Christian was allowed to pass quietly on, and in being constrained for half an hour together, with the polite humility esteemed decorous in a servant of the poor, to bob his head to every dull tinkle which the halfpence made as they descended into the pewter basin. But the counting-house was his proper element; there he found himself at home; and with his short thick pen firmly compressed between his lips, his squat figure in a well-worn coat, or short coat, of a snuff colour, and a ruler in his left hand, which it was his custom to retain even after leaving the desk, he felt himself a man of more consequence, and actually commanded more respect, than when surrounded by the pomp and circumstances of official dignity. There was at that time only one quay in Greenelm, which ran out from the side of the wharf or breast a considerable distance into the sea, and forming a curve towards the end, confined the shipping in a pretty secure and commodious basin. At the entrance of the quay, and only separated from it by the breadth of the street, stood the baillie's house, a large three-storied tenement, about two-thirds of which were devoted to business, and the remainder to domestic purposes. It was distinguished from the rest of the houses in the street by its greater height, and by a huge beam which projected from the highest window of the warehouse somewhat in the form of a gallows; from this beam depended a thick rope, which, to the eye of an inlander, must have added to the sinister appearance of the machine; but in the iron clicks at the end, and the blocks at the upper part, a denizen of the coast might recognise that sort of tackle by which heavy goods are hoisted into the warehouse. The affairs of the counting-

house were managed, under the master's superintendence, by a youth whose name was Watt Lee, a distant relation of the late Mrs. Menzies, (for the baillie was now a widower,) and who was permitted to look forward to a share in the concern. The domestic economy was under the sole direction of an only daughter, misnomered May, for her name should have been April. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, clear-complexioned Scottish lassie, as gay as the lark singing in the morning sun, and as sweet and modest and graceful as the primrose of the spring. She was the light of her father's eye and the pride of his heart; and so complete was her dominion over his affections, that, in the common phrase, she could have turned the old man round her finger. Her power over the baillie was often a source of great comfort to Watt Lee, who, although clever and steady in the main, was apt to take "camsteerie fits," as his master termed them. In fact, he was somewhat self-willed on all occasions; but, except in the said fits, contrived to gain his end by artful manoeuvres rather than open rebellion,—so much so indeed, as frequently to appear to give in with willingness into schemes which he had himself suggested. The firmness of the youth's character, at length, in some measure, got the mastery over the milkier soul of his master, and except on great occasions, when the wrath of the latter was raised to a pitch which the clerk did not think prudent to tempt further. May was rather the mediator between two rival powers, than a pleader for mercy in favour of the weaker party. Her mediation very seldom failed of its effect, for she was as powerful with Watt Lee as with her father. Whether it was gratitude for her kind offices which had ripened into a warmer attachment, or

Accident, blind contact, or the strong
Necessity of love,

I know not; but Watt did love his cousin (twenty times removed) with a vehemence proportioned to the turbulent strength of his character. The baillie was not perfectly satisfied with the evident partiality of the young people. Watt, to be sure, was come of gentle kin, and was a shrewd, active fellow, and by this time well nigh indispensable in the business; but his whole income amounted to no more than fifty pounds per annum, and even that, together with his future prospects, depended on the baillie himself. The father, too, was proud of his daughter, and thought, perhaps with good reason, that she might aspire to a much higher match: she was the admiration of all the young men of the town, who toasted her health in huge bumpers of rum toddy, after the fashion of Greenelm; and even the strangers, he observed, whom business already brought from far and near to this rising port, threw "sheep's eyes" at her as she tripped along. More than one of his mercantile correspondents too—good men and warm—who had experienced his hospitality, remembered in their letters the sweetness of the May-flower, as they gallantly termed her, and inquired warmly after her health. No positive declaration, however, had as yet been made by any of her admirers, and the baillie left the affair to chance or destiny. Watt Lee was not discouraged either by his own poverty or the baillie's sour looks; he was secure of May's affection, and he was determined to marry her. Of this he did not make any secret, but, with an impudence peculiar to himself, took every opportunity of insinuating his purpose to his employer. This produced much dissension between them; but at length answered the knave's purpose completely; the wrath of the baillie became less bitter every time, and at length the dose was repeated so frequently, that it ceased to be offensive, and by degrees, imperceptible to himself, he came to look on Watt Lee as his future son-in-law. Matters were in this position when the West Indian argosy arrived, and for a while drove all thoughts of his daughter's marriage out of the baillie's head. Even Watt Lee was so completely engrossed by the multiplicity of business which this event produced, that he saw very little of May till after the discharge of the vessel. At length the bustle was over, and things subsided into their usual state; the ship was laid up in the dock to undergo some repairs; the cargo was shipped off by coasters to other ports, or hoisted into the warehouse; and the counting-house assumed

its accustomed appearance of quiet industry. It might almost have been forgotten that such an event had occurred, so totally were all vestiges of its effects removed or concealed, but for one troublesome memento, which now began to give Watt no little uneasiness. In addition to her usual freightage of rum, coffee and sugar, the good ship had been charged with a West Indian planter, returning to his native country, to breathe the cooler air of the Scottish coast for the brief space it might be his fate to breathe at all. He had gone out to push his fortune when very young, and, from the meaneast offices undertaken by Europeans, had risen to be the possessor of a very considerable plantation, with a sufficient complement of the black cattle used in that quarter of the world for its cultivation.

[This planter becomes a rival, and his riches secure the baillie, who, however, finds great difficulty in deciding how to get rid of the contumacious Watt; when Mr. Snellcrake (the rival) suggests a quarrel and his dismissal.]

It was an act, however, easier talked of than executed; the baillie tried it over and over again in his mind, but the difficulty was to manage it so as to have some colour of justice on his side; without this it could not be thought of,—the whole town would cry shame on him. It at last occurred to him, that it would be a very easy matter for him to push some of the disputes, that were of almost daily occurrence between him and his self-willed clerk, just a step or two beyond the point at which they had hitherto terminated. "His blood will then be up," said he; "and, if I am no mista'en in Watt, he'll give me cause enough to pack him about his business,—and may be a ruler if no a ban at the tail o' him." Whether it happened that May got some intimation of the line of action determined on by the confederates, and gave her lover the hint, or whether the honest baillie went too inartificially about it, we cannot very well say; but the next morning, when his employer walked into the counting-house with a stately step and sour visage, and sat himself down on the opposite side of the desk to watch for cause of offence, he found the usually rampant Watt in a temper so perfectly angelic, that no Christian man could have said a cross-grained word to him. In vain he tried to start some subject on which they might have the good fortune to differ; Watt was of his patron's opinion in every thing. He even ordered him to make an entry which he knew to be wrong, in the books; but Watt, without so much as arguing the matter, although on these points he was particularly ticklish, obeyed without a murmur; and when the baillie affected to discover the error, took the whole matter on himself, blaming his own precipitation, and erasing the entry with much apparent contrition. In short, the enemy was fairly baffled, and Watt maintained his stool in triumph.

[A plan for sending him to the West Indies succeeds no better; and the planter, desperate with disappointment, has his rival way-laid by a press-gang, from whose clutches he makes a most gallant and well-told escape to the shore, the house, and his mistress.]

May was sitting alone in the parlour, when her lover stalked into the room hatless and shoeless, like an apparition of the drowned; his face pale and cold with fatigue, and his sandy locks hanging over his brow like a pound of tallow candles. "In His name, Watt Lee, what has come over you?" cried his terrified mistress; but Watt without answering sat down beside her, all dripping as he was, and putting back his hair with his blue fingers, that he might see and hear distinctly, turned himself on the chair so as to front May, and fixed his watery eyes on her face. "May," said he, at length, "do you remember that your father wanted to turn me out of the business, after a long and faithful service, and that I endured daily the torments of the damned in keeping my tongue between my teeth, when he came on with his blethers just to try the fortitude of my patience—and all for love of you, May?" "To be sure I do, Watt Lee," said May; "but what has that to do—" "And do you remember," interrupted Watt, "that I was nearly shipped off to the West Indies, as innocent of all thoughts or desires thereto as a bale of Onaburghs; and that to escape, I was fain to lay eighteen hours on my back without turning, and to swallow clants of such stuff as it makes my soul sick

but to think of—and all for love of you, May?" "To be sure I do, dear Watt; yet, you know, the doctor said you were all the better, body and spirit, for the screed of castor-oil you got from him, and of doctrine from the minister—but, for goodness sake and mine, what has that to do—" "Then know now," cried Watt, impatiently, "that my life and liberty have been attacked! single handed I fought for three hours against sixteen murderers, set on me by your father and your new wooer—and when they found they could not kill me so easily, they bound me hand and foot, and carried me out into the roads, and put me on board a ship bound for Africa, and from which I escaped by little short of a miracle, swimming all the way below the water till I gained the shore—and all for love of you, May!" Almost screaming with surprise and horror, May heard this dreadful narrative, which it would have been impossible for her to believe but for the irrefragable evidence before her in Watt's person, dripping with the very water through which he had swam, and bruised with the very blows he had suffered. Her eyes filled with tears, and regardless of the damage her dress might sustain by the contact, she threw herself into his arms. "O what shall we do?" cried she; "that hateful old villain will murder you before my eyes—I almost wish you had gone to—" "Hush, hush!" interrupted Watt, "I'll tell you what we shall do—you shall run away with me!" "A likely story, indeed!" said May, raising her head coquettishly from Watt's shoulder. "I know the baillie," continued her lover; "when all is over, and cannot be helped, he will rather be glad, honest man, to have got over the fash he has between me and old Sneldrake—at any rate I cannot stay here to be turned out of doors, transported, poisoned, stabbed, and drowned—I am off to-night." "To-night?" "Ay, to-night," said Watt, in his most peremptory tone; and then lowering his voice and taking May by the hand, added softly, and looking fondly in her face, "will you go with me, May?" May still said, "A likely story!" but in a less decided tone. "I have a plan," said Watt, not seeming to doubt of her consent, "by which we shall have the start a whole night, difficult as it is now-a-days to get sight or speech of you. I will contrive to be locked into the warehouse to-night, where you can easily join me by the door which communicates with the dwelling-house, and which is never locked. You shall then, for want of a better mode of egress, just make the venture you did when you were a lassie,—descend into the street, from the upper window, by the crane—only I will take care to fasten a chair to the clicks, and tie you well on. As for myself, I can slide down the rope after you, as I have often done.

[Unfortunately this plan is overheard by the West Indian, who, to disappoint them, resolves to watch himself, but grows somewhat sleepy.]

In this predicament, afraid to rest on the damp ground for fear of rheumatism, and determined not to quit the rope by which the hopes of his love and hate seemed to be suspended, he was fain to carry a stave from the shed, and fastening it by the middle to the iron click of the important rope, to rest his weary limbs by sitting on it astride, while he embraced the hempen comforter with his arms. It was in this singular and most unaccommodating posture that he was pointed out by Watt Lee to his trembling mistress. We do not presume to follow the thoughts of the worthy gentleman while he sat taking his rest in so unusual a fashion; but it is probable that they may have been somewhat disturbed by certain associations connected with the article he hugged so closely in its union with the projecting beam above, otherwise the swinging motion he was obliged to undergo, from the rope having already reached its utmost length, and his short legs, being, in consequence, almost entirely raised from the ground, would assuredly have set him fast asleep. As it was, he could not properly be said to be either asleep or awake, his thinking faculties remaining in that cloudy state which is the twilight of the mind sometimes experienced in the heavy doze we endure rather than enjoy after too much sleep, or when disease or care prevents the approach of sound sleep at all. Great was the consternation of the intended fugitives at seeing so unexpected a difficulty in their way. Watt's first

thought was to drop a bag of his own cotton on the officious West Indian; but fearing that this might do rather worse than stun him, he abandoned the idea. His next scheme was to slide rapidly down on his shoulders and gag him; but a single cry, he remembered, would bring up the custom-house patrol from the quay. The hour, in the mean time, was stealing away, and May stood weeping and wringing her hands beside him. At length his determination was taken. Holding strongly by the rope where it was fastened to the windlass, that no diminution of security might be felt below, he caused May to undo the fastening, and remove the end altogether from the roller, thus making the block, or large pulley at the end of the projecting beam, the only supporter. Then fastening a thick piece of wood to the liberated end of the rope, on the plan adopted by his enemy below, he fixed himself resolutely astride on this apparently precarious seat, which would have been really dangerous to one less accustomed to such seats, and by dint of persuasion, assisted in no small degree by main strength, seated May on his knees, and commenced their descent. As one end of the rope descended, the other of consequence rose, but the whole was managed so quietly, and Watt continued to hold so firmly by the end to which Sneldrake was appended, allowing it softly and gradually to slide through his hands, that the West Indian was far up in the air, before, in the confused state of his intellects, he became conscious that he had taken his departure from the earth. When he at length, however, perceived his actual situation, rising into the air, heaven only knew how or wherefore, the horror of the miserable man was indescribable, and the hollow groan which at first issued as if from the pit of his stomach, and then rising gradually, keeping pace with his ascent, into a desperate shout, expressive, at the same instant, of astonishment, dismay, expostulation, and furious resentment, was so loud and woful, that all idea of the ludicrous, which such an exhibition was otherwise well calculated to inspire, must have been forgotten during its continuance. Even Watt Lee himself was in some sort astounded by the dismal noise; and a "Lord preserve us!" was devoutly mingled with the execrations in the name of an opposite power, which his fear of its raising the house prematurely against him elicited. There was no time to lose, however; and he made the rope spin through his fingers so rapidly, that in an instant the two parties met mid-way, and the eyes of the upward bound, who still held on like grim death, glared on those of his enemy with a look of rage, so absurdly mingled with deprecation, that Watt, alarmed as he was, could hardly forbear from laughing outright. After losing hold of the ascending rope, their descent, from the great superiority of weight on their side, was incessantly rapid; but Watt broke the shock with his feet, and in a moment they stood in safety on the ground. The first step of the adventurous cavalier was to fasten the end of the rope to the iron railing, so that Sneldrake might remain suspended in the air till relieved by his friends, whom his terrible cries would no doubt speedily bring to his assistance; and which would serve also the purpose of engaging their attention till the lovers should get clear off; for it was not reasonable to suppose that Sneldrake would enter into the cause of his elevation before he had safely descended. They then left him to his fate; and well it was for them that no further delay occurred, for they were no sooner out of sight, than not only the baillie and his family, but every soul in the street, who was not deaf or bedridden, crowded to the spot. The first emotions excited in the spectators were horror and commiseration; for it seemed to them that some unfortunate man was really suspended in the usual fashion, videlicet, by the neck, on a gallows as high as that of Haman; but speedily the truth appeared. When in a few minutes a lighted candle was held from the warehouse, exhibiting, with its yellow light struggling amidst the faint moonbeams, the rueful countenance of the West Indian peeping through the handkerchief which covered his hat, and was tied under his chin in the style of an old washerwoman, a shout rose from the crowd that might have awakened the inhabitants at the most distant part of the town. As for the baillie, he felt by far too much ashamed of the figure cut by

his son-in-law elect to enjoy the laugh at his expense; and in fact it seemed to him, as he stood there in so near a relation to the aerial voyager, that a part of the ridicule must attach to himself and family; an idea which made the worthy magistrate, who dreaded the public gaze even on honourable occasions, sweat with very vexation. Sneldrake, by the assistance of the standers-by, was now on his descent, but this, perhaps on purpose, was managed so clumsily, that the swinging of the rope transferred the sickness of his heart to his stomach, which instantaneously discharged its vengeance on the heads of the jesters. The baillie could stand no more; he returned into his house, packed every soul to their beds, and locking the door, betook himself in disgust and mortification to his own dormitory. In two hours after this adventure, Mr. Sneldrake took French leave of Greenelm and its inhabitants. The next day the fugitives returned man and wife, and were received by the baillie as kindly as if every thing had taken place with his own concurrence.

MISCELLANY.

INNOCENT MISTAKES.

There is a delicious breadth of absurdity in the following story, which is told too with an appropriate and commendable simplicity. The Facetiæ of Hierocles contains nothing more rich.

The painter Vernet relates, that somebody had once employed him to paint a landscape, with a cave, and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome in the entrance. But when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of a perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave." "I understand you, sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it." He then took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the Saint seemed to sit further in. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the Saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers, to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture, by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave." "But we do not see the Saint," replied the visitor. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the owner, "he is there—for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards further back—and therefore I am quite sure that he is in it."

Old Astley, piqued himself extremely on suffering no imposition of any kind to be practised on the public in his Theatre. Having ordered a drop-scene to be painted representing a temple, he was, on examining the performance, scandalized by observing that his artist had shortened the pillars in the back ground—in fact, that every pillar was so much the shorter as it was farther removed from the eye of the spectator. Having called the painter to account for this, in his judgment, strange irregularity, and being assured that the rules of perspective required it, he indignantly replied, "Don't talk to me, Sir, of the rules of perspective; I know nothing of the rules of perspective; but I know the foot rule, and I know by it that these pillars are not all of a length, as pillars in temples, or what is the same thing, churches always are; and I won't have the public imposed on or defrauded of full measure of their pillars. They pay their money at the door to see pillars in my drop-scene, and they shall have good measure for their money, or, my name is not Astley. Make them all of a size, Sir, as I bid you, or I will find some one else that will." The painter did as he was commanded, and all the pillars were painted of such equal measure, that the public had no reason to complain of any deception; it was the most candid of all drop-scenes—there was no delusion in it. Another time, the same worthy seeing the trombone-player in the orchestra doing nothing but patting the music desk with his forefinger, while the rest of his brethren were scraping and blowing away as if their lives and souls depended on it, he asked him angrily, "Pray, Sir, what is the meaning of this neglect—why are not you doing your duty like the rest of the band?" "Sir," said the man, "there is a pause for my instrument, and I am counting the bars." "Counting the bars!" roared Ast-

ley; why, I don't pay you to come and sit here, counting bars—I pay you to play to the public; and if you don't play on this instant, I'll discharge you to-morrow morning. The public shan't be imposed on in my house. They don't pay at the door to see musicians counting bars, but to hear them playing notes."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1827.

✂ A. C. NIVEN, Esq. of Bloomingburgh, Sullivan county, and OTIS F. BURLINGAME, of Portage, Allegany county, are agents for the American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine.

✂ A. E. MILLER, Esq. in Broad-street, near the post-office, in Charleston, South-Carolina, will act as agent for the American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine, in that city and vicinity.

✂ New subscribers can be supplied with the "American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine," from No. 1 of the present volume. Unless other directions are received with orders for the work, subscriptions hereafter received will commence with the first number.

✂ MASONIC CORRESPONDENCE. The reader is referred to our masonic department for some interesting correspondence, illustrative of the opinions entertained by the illustrious WASHINGTON, upon the subject of freemasonry. We have been led to the publication of this correspondence at the present time by the assertion, which has been repeatedly renewed in the proceedings of the Morgan meetings, that the great and good WASHINGTON, was the foe of masonry. Every one who is acquainted with the career of that eminent man, knows that any such assertion is false, impudent, and stupid, in the extreme; and we marvel that Americans are so ignorant of the character they should venerate, as to countenance such palpable slander upon its virtues. A candid perusal of the matter referred to, will remove the doubts of the impartial: those who rest their belief upon their prejudices "will be of the same opinion still."

"And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion."

We do not know that the world is worse now than it was in past ages. Human nature is probably very much the same in every age and every country, and its acts must therefore be similar at every period. Hence, when, as we are sometimes wont to do, we throw our attention at hazard upon the world, and meet with some unique proceeding, we are apt to consider it the necessary consequence of existence, and in a manner independent of design. There are many acts whose origin we are very little disposed to place to the credit of the volition of their immediate progenitors; at least when we look upon the outward, and consider it a fair representation of the inward man. But a truce with trifling. There have been many attempts at religious speculation made in the city of New-York, recently. With the morals of that city we pretend not to have any thing to do. Even if we were disposed to constitute ourselves censors, we need not travel for subjects. Our object at present is merely to make our readers acquainted with certain ludicrous, if not impious doings. It appears there has been a very signal moral awakening among a few orthodox printers and gentlemen of the sacred profession. And it also appears, that

many of those who are so exceedingly sick at heart with the degeneracy of the present age, have an itching for the world's goods. Some of them issued the prospectus of a daily paper, which was to enter upon a crusade against lotteries and theatres. The fever proved contagious. As a specimen of its effects we quote the following from the Advocate: "Two Gentlemen, strangers in town, went to the first Church they saw open. After prayers &c. this mighty man [the clergyman] commenced what he called a sermon, and which was followed up with an exhortation in the following strain:—'Brethren, there is nothing wanted in this wicked city so much as a moral Newspaper—brethren, there is not a Newspaper published in the whole city that has a moral tendency, but on the contrary, they, for the most part, are injurious to every reader into whose hands they may fall.' In the midst of these effusions, he perceived one of those gentlemen smile, (and who could have resisted it!) when he immediately made a full stop, put his arms akimbo, remained in that position for thirty seconds, then pointed to the gentlemen, and spoke the following beautiful sentence: 'Gentlemen, if you can enlighten us with your wisdom, we shall be happy to hear you!' Of course they took no notice of such an address, but listened to his liberal discourse for another half hour, during which time he took especial care to inform his congregation that he intended to publish a newspaper, which was so much wanted,—treating only on religious and moral subjects, and concluded by saying he hoped every one of his congregation would subscribe, and pay three dollars in advance!"

The resolutions in relation to the Morgan affair, which were published in our last, have been rejected in the assembly, by a vote, on the first, of 76 to 26, and on the second, 74 to 23. This result we believe was expected, and wished for, by a majority of the community; and we have no doubt it will be acquiesced in by all those whose aims are peace and justice. That the discontented spirits who live by fanning the embers of discord will cavil at it, there can be no doubt; and that it will be charged to the account of "masonic influence," is not impossible. We have already had such specimens of the "untiring zeal" of the "sentinels on the watch-towers of freedom," that we doubt not their willingness and capacity to dabble in any thing that is villanous, when interest prompts them.

The debate on the resolutions was unusually interesting; and it affords us great pleasure to say, that though the outrage was, as it should be, spoken of in the severest terms; yet, in no instance did any speaker impeach the masonic fraternity. Its high character was in some instances the subject of eulogium.

We publish the following article not because we consider the bickering of the National Observer a matter of any moment where the character of the paper is known, but because there may be some among the honest, who, not being informed upon the subject, may think the quibbling remarks in that journal upon the Governor's proclamation entitled to some consideration. The editor of the Observer pretends to be a "counsellor and attorney at law," and any error which he may commit in relation to the form of a proclamation must consequently be wilful. For ourselves, we shall never again, probably, notice his morbose effusions; we have al-

ways considered him as an object more worthy of our pity than our resentment, and we compassionate him upon the absence of that faculty, the possession of which would render him a meritorious citizen.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

In the National Observer, there are some pettifoggings and insidious cavils on the Governor's proclamation in the case of Morgan. There is no doubt but that the galled jade winces, and that nothing can be more disagreeable to the agitators than a decisive measure, which must quiet the storm by which they intend to acquire money and power.

The Governor, in his proclamation, promises, so far as he is authorised, a free and full pardon, to any accomplice in the murder of Morgan, who will make a full discovery. In Great Britain, the Executive can pardon before as well as after conviction.—In this state the governor can only pardon after conviction. The accomplice who reveals what he knows, must plead guilty to an indictment for murder, before he can be pardoned. And the Governor by stating that he would pardon to the full extent of his power, evidently intended to avoid intimidating accomplices from coming forward: As the proclamation and constitution now stand, pardon must follow conviction; and as the informer can never be executed without conviction, he is perfectly safe under the proclamation.

In a full discovery of an accomplice there can be nothing equivocal. An accomplice is a man concerned in the murder. All he is required to communicate is, what he knows of the transaction, in order to entitle himself to the benefit of a pardon.

What must be the head of the man who makes such pitiful objections, so totally devoid of truth and reason; and what the heart of the fellow who would pervert the plainest meaning in order to spread mischief in the community? TRUTH.

Gen. M'Clure supped with the Bachelor Club on Tuesday evening, at the City Coffee House, New-York. The Advocate says, about fifty gentlemen sat down, and passed a sociable evening. Toasts were drank, many good jokes passed round the festive board, and wine, song, and sentiment gave life to the whole. General M'Clure, accompanied by the Bachelor Club, visited Chatham Theatre on Thursday evening.

The National Advocate of Wednesday contains the following anecdote:—"A gentleman who has been attending the Court during the week told us the following saying of Jacob Barker, which occurred at the close of his last libel case:—On the verdict of guilty being brought out against him, Jacob is stated to have said:—'If I were indicted for murdering Morgan, I do believe a jury would find me guilty.'"

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—Thomas Morgan, Esq. of Washington, Pennsylvania, has issued a prospectus for publishing a paper at that place, to be called "The Herald of the Cross, and Democratic Eagle."

CHIT CHAT.

Hiram W. Lindsey, a convict, recently effected his escape from the western penitentiary, near Pittsburgh, (Penn.) by converting a pewter spoon into a key, with which he unlocked his prison doors, and then walked off, leaving his key, and the following note to the keepers:—"Hiram W. Lindsey's compliments to the first and second keepers of the Penitentiary,

informs them that he has proceeded to Washington city, in order to obtain a patent for an old Yankee trick."—The mail is carried in a day from Harpersfield, through Milfordville, Laurensville, Noblesville and Pittsfield, Otsego county, to New Berlin, by a man on foot. The distance is fifty-four miles; and the carrier, whose name is Packard, performs the route westward on Wednesday, and eastward on Thursday of each week—which makes one hundred and eight miles in forty-eight hours.—A late English paper mentions the arrival at Leith of the brig Betsey, from Dronthem, with a cargo of boards. This is said to be the indenticle vessel, then a yacht, that brought over King William to England 137 years ago. The timber of this vessel is the Greek larch, or as it is called in Mayence, where it was planted more than two centuries since, and where some fine forests of it are now growing. *Hackmatack.* It is the most durable timber ever made use of in the construction of vessels.—A few days since, a great quantity of logs had been collected on the Saco river a little above Salmon Falls, and being pressed into a compact mass, threw the water back to a considerable height. Two men went out upon the raft to loosen it, and remove the obstruction; and while there the pressure of the water suddenly burst it through, and the men were swept away among the mass, crushed and carried over the falls. One of them had once nearly gained a foothold upon a rock, when he was struck by a log and carried away. Both of them have left families. Another man narrowly escaped with his life. He was exerting himself to rescue the others, when his leg got entangled with a rope attached to a floating log; and he was able to free himself only by holding fast by a tree, until the rope broke.—Three vessels, lying at Kiddell's wharf, in Charleston, S. C. were robbed on the night of the 29th ult. Several rogues entered the cabins, and removed such articles as they could find, without waking the officers, who were asleep. They took the captain's clothes, about eighty dollars, &c. from the *Aurora*, and the captain's clothes from the *Globe*.—*Deaths in New-York and Philadelphia.*—The population of New-York, in 1826, was about 175,000; of Philadelphia (city and country) probably 155,000. The comparative mortality in the two places, the last year, was about equal, being, in New-York 4,973, and in Philadelphia 4,151. Of consumption, the destroying angel of our country, arising from inattention to clothing and exposure in sudden and severe changes of weather, in New-York 820, and in Philadelphia 537. In New-York, the number of foreigners, transient, and irregular of every description, is probably more than double the proportion in Philadelphia. And the number of these dying in the hospitals, prisons, and almshouses of the two cities, ought not to effect the natural salubrity of the climate. In Philadelphia, the deaths in the almshouse were 347; in New-York, the number not at hand. In Philadelphia, in 1824, the deaths were 4,399; of consumption 576; small pox 824; and in the almshouse 590. In New-York the same year, whole number 4,341; of consumption 736; small pox 394. Of the 324 who died of the small pox, in Philadelphia, all but one took it the natural way—and probably not one had been vaccinated. What strange neglect and waste of human life! No year of war ever produced half the mortality in the two cities. Of measles (considered of little moment in the country) in 1824 there were 102 deaths in Philadelphia, and 100 in New-York.—The Philadelphia papers are beginning to discuss the subject of lotteries. One of the Philadelphia papers says that the act of Assembly against the sale in that state of lottery tickets, in lotteries duly authorised by their sister states is an unwarrantable evasion of the private rights and free agencies of citizens.—On Friday last the University of Pennsylvania let adrift upon the world one hundred and thirty men, doctors of medicine.—It is said the political concerns of St. Domingo are assuming a favourable aspect.—The U. States Gazette in remarking upon our Lottery law as it was rejected by the Governor, says, "there is always much danger in legislating under the influence of extraneous excitement."—The canal is nearly clear of ice through the whole line. Navigation, it is expected, will commence soon. The damage done to the banks from the spring freshets has been light, and the necessary repairs are rapidly progressing under the direction of the superintendents.—*Ceremony.*—It is remarked by some writer that "excess of ceremony shows want of good breeding." This is true. There is nothing so troublesome as overdone politeness: it is worse than an overdone beef steak. A truly well bred man makes every person about him feel at ease: he does not throw civilities about him with a shovel, nor toss compliments in a bundle as he would hay with a pitchfork. There is no evil under the sun more intolerable than ultra politeness.—An old bachelor of excentric habits, who resides near Uverstone, keeps upwards of seventy cats, which he attends with great regularity. In this harmonious company, preferring it to that of a wife or children, his happiness seems to exist—their horrible caterwauling, is by him esteemed as a "concord of

sweet sounds."—One hundred and ten dollars were collected on Monday week, in the Methodist chapel at Ithaca, for the benefit of the Greeks.—Two rattlesnakes were killed on Friday, in one of the public streets in Boston, measuring four feet six inches each; one four and the other eight years old. Supposed to have escaped from a collection which had been exhibited. We think that these snake pedlars should be made to exercise a little more care.—Indictments have been found against a Mr. Mather and a Mr. Downer, of Orleans county, for conspiracy in the Morgan affair.—The stalls of the new market in Rochester, have been rented for one year at \$389.—*Swindling.*—The New York Enquirer intimates that it is a practice among a set of desperate speculators to defraud the ignorant portion of the community in the following manner; to walk through the upper wards of the city and in the vicinity of markets—to enter simultaneously into hotels, taverns and porter houses, and then give out, as the current news of the day, that such and such banks have failed, and after the news is well afloat, to buy up the bills at a great discount and get par for them at the counter of the solvent bank, and then walk off with hands in pocket and a smile on the countenance.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet ship York, arrived at New-York on Tuesday, from Liverpool, bringing London papers of the 24th Feb. and Liverpool of the 25th.

England.—A London paper of the 23d says: "It is reported that the ministers are willing to adopt some suggestions to relieve the distress of the ship owners, and that various expedients are to be submitted to them. The most prominent, is the withdrawing of part of the duty on timber from North America, and a discriminating duty on corn imported into England, in favour of the flag of this country. The ship owners want also a renewed assurance that the ministers will not relax relative to the intercourse between the West Indies with North America."

The debate on the Corn Laws had been postponed to the 1st of March. It is said that Lord Liverpool will never again be able to attend to public business, and Mr. Canning is spoken of as his successor.

The Catholic question had been postponed to the 5th March.

A London paper of February 21st, says, we understand that reports have reached town, through the North West Company, that Captain Franklin had accomplished the object of his over-land expedition, and had fallen in with, and embarked on board his majesty's ship Blossom, which had been sent for the purpose of meeting him in Behring's Straits. It is added that some of the party who were with him, had retraced their steps by their original route.

Greece.—The Augsburg Gazette contains a letter which mentions that Capt. Hastings, commanding the Perseverance, steamboat, had destroyed two Turkish schooners, attacked Chios, cannonaded and ruined the fort of Teschesme on the seaside, and burned forty small Turkish vessels, that were in the port.

Portugal.—Letters from Madrid of the most recent date, which we received this moment, 3 o'clock, inform us that the Portuguese insurgents, closely pursued by the troops of the Regency, were beaten on the 5th, at the bridges of Prado and Barca, and left in the hands of their enemies a great number of prisoners and several cannon.

Spain.—A letter from Barcelona of the 10th, says, that in the preceding night a dreadful storm had desolated the whole country; above 40 vessels perished in the port, and the damage is incalculable. Above 100 persons lost their lives.

Greece.—The editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser has received Smyrna papers to the 26th January. Col. Fabvier is very hard pressed in the citadel of Athens. He made two sorties, in which he lost 20 Philhellenists one of them a most valuable officer. Col. Borbaqui is making efforts to relieve Fabvier, but it is apprehended that he will be too ill seconded to do any thing of consequence. The Greeks were in expectation of Lord Cochrane's arrival, but we fear that they are counting without their host. The frigate Hellas was at Eghna. It is said that there are no troops in Greece ready for service but the Albanians, and they are ready to go to any side which pays highest wages. A new factory of false

money had been established at Tira. Col. Raybaud was recovering from his wounds. Ibrahim was at Navarin; and military operations were generally suspended, except at Athens.

THE GLEANER.

From late Foreign Journals.

PAINTING ON GLASS. The Count de Noe, a peer of France, and a great lover of the arts, professes, not to have discovered the ancient method of painting on glass, but to have invented a new method of equal value. Four pictures painted by him on glass have been lately inserted in the windows of the chapel at Luxembourg, and elsewhere; and are spoken of in terms of great praise by the Parisian critic. In conjunction with the Count de Chabrol, the prefect of the Seine, the Count de Noe has established a special school for painting on glass, under the direction of some of the most skilful French painters.

UNIVERSITIES IN GERMANY. Germany, which contains thirty-six millions of inhabitants, has twenty-two universities, of which the following is a list, in chronological order:—

	No. of Prof.	Stud.	Found.
Prague	55	1449	1348
Vienna	77	1686	1365
Heidelberg	55	626	1368
Wurzburg	31	660	1403
Leipzig	81	1384	1409
Bostock	34	201	1419
Freiburg (in Baden)	35	556	1450
Greisswalde	30	227	1456
Basle	24	214	1460
Tubingen	44	827	1477
Marburg	38	304	1527
Konigsburg	23	303	1544
Seea	51	432	1558
Giessen	39	371	1607
Kiel	26	238	1665
Halle	64	1119	1694
Breslau	49	710	1702
Göttingen	89	1545	1734
Erlangen	34	498	1743
Berlin	86	1245	1810
Bonn	42	525	1818
Munich	—	1342	1826

FRENCH CLERGY. The gifts made to the clergy of France between 1802 and 1822, are 384 houses, 1077 pieces of ground, 309 hectares of land, and 28 libraries, besides which there have been restored to them, 56 churches, 37 chapels and abbeys, 3 convents, and 174 parsonage-houses. From this statement it is concluded, that one inhabitant out of 6,000 bequeaths the whole or a part of his property to the clergy. The revenue of the Church, previous to the Revolution, is estimated at seventy or eighty millions. The legacies of the above twenty years have restored to them two, and the annual grant by the budget is forty millions: so that the actual revenue of the clergy may be estimated at forty-two millions. [French Journal.]

THE JEWS. In a late German publication we find the following notice concerning this remarkable people:

We find the Jewish Nation scattered over all parts of the world. No where do they form an independent people, and in no country, indeed, have they a fixed residence, if we except some villages in Russia and Arabia, where they live in distinct communities.

The number of the Jews is not decreased much since the time of David and Solomon. Their population was then four millions. At the present day they amount to about three million two hundred thousand souls, who are distributed in the following manner:

In Bavaria	53,402
Saxony	1,800
Hanover	6,000
Wurtemberg	9,068
Baden	16,990
Electorate of Hesse	5,170
Grand Duchy of Hesse	14,965
Rest of the Allied German States	18,248
Frankfort on the Main	5,200
Lubeck	400
Hamburg	8,000
Austrian States	453,545
Prussia	134,960
Russia	426,908
Poland	232,000
Great Britain	12,000
Low Countries	80,000
France	60,000
Sweden	450
Denmark	6,000
Switzerland	1,970
Italy	36,960
Ionian Islands	7,000
Caracow	700
Turkey	321,000
Asia	138,000
Africa (of which 300,000 in the Empire of Morocco)	504,000
America	5,700
West Indies	50

There are no longer any Jews in Spain or Portugal; there never have been any in Norway; Sweden did not admit them till lately; in the Austrian States they enjoy some rights; in England, though they participate in all the rights of Dissenters, they have never prospered; in Russia they are tolerated, but under strict surveillance; in the States of the German confederacy, in France, in the Netherlands, and in Prussia, the Jews enjoy all the rights of citizens, without however being eligible to places of public trust.

POETRY.

LOVE.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

"The imperial votress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free."
"Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?"
When the tree of Love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst
Its infant life has been;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea
But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows, is
The life-blood of the heart.
When the flame of love is kindled first,
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven.
A breath can bid it burn no more—
Or if, at times, its beams
Come on the memory, they pass o'er
Like shadows in our dreams.
But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour,
'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
Whose task is to destroy;
'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead,
Whose light is not of joy!
Then crash, even in their hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love,
And tread his growing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above;
Cherish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quenched only with thy tears.

SPRING.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Again the infant flowers of Spring
Call thee to sport on thy rainbow wing—
Spirit of Beauty! the air is bright
With the boundless flow of thy mellow light;
The woods are ready to bud and bloom,
And are weaving for Summer their quiet gloom;
The tufted brook reflects, as it flows,
The tips of the half-unopened rose,
And the early bird, as he carols free,
Sings to his little love and thee.
See how the clouds, as they fleetly pass,
Throw their shadowy veil on the dark'ning grass;
And the pattering showers and stealing dews;
With their starry gems and skyey hues,
From the oozy meadow, that drinks the tide;
To the sheltered vale on the mountain side,
Wake to a new and fresher birth
The tenderest tribes of teeming earth,
And scatter with light and dallying play
Their earliest flowers on the Zephyr's way.
He comes from the mountain's piny steep,
For the long boughs bend with a silent sweep;
And his rapid steps have hurried o'er
The grassy hills to the pebbly shore;
And now, on the breast of the lonely lake,
The waves in silvery glances break,
Like a short and quickly rolling sea,
When the gale first feels its liberty,
And the flakes of foam, like coursers, run,
Rejoicing beneath the vertical sun,
He has crossed the lake, and the forest heaves
To the sway of his wings, its billowy leaves,
And the downy tufts of the meadow fly
In snowy clouds as he passes by,
And softly beneath his noiseless tread
The odorous spring-grass bends its head;
And now he reaches the woven bower,
Where he meets his own beloved flower,
And gladly his wearied limbs repose
In the shade of the newly opening rose.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness;
A gathered maid and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace."
It stands where northern willows weep
A temple fair and lone;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep;
From cypress branches thrown;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?—

A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm;
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.
The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantles quiet flow,
The gentle, yet majestic grace,
Throned on the matron brow:
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought—
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought:
She, whose high heart finds rest below,
Was royal in her birth and wo.

There are pale garlands hung above
Of dying scent and hue;
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true!
Oh! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoiled—
The standard of their sires bore down—
The shield's bright blazon soiled:
She met the tempest meekly brave,
Then turned, o'erwearied, to the grave.

She slumbered; but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout and signal-flame,
Sent on from tower to tower:
Fast through the land a spirit moved—
'Twas her's, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a word that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep;
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep;
Her grief, a bitter vial poured
To sanctify the Avenger's sword.

And the proud eagle spread again
Its pinion to the sun;
And the strong land shook off its chain—
So was the triumph won!
But wo for earth! where Sorrow's tone
Still blends with Victory's—she was gone!

"LOVE'S TOURNEY."

Ah! me what a sight the lists display!
Fierce has the tourney been to-day;
Shivered lances and blades are seen
Strewing the ground where the fray has been.
Many a knight lays stark and dead,
Some slain with a single blow;
Many a knight hath hung his head,
Ashamed at his overthrow.
For one alone hath conquered all,
And he woundless kneels for his coronal.

But the heralds have blown a blast again,
And a stalwart knight pricks over the plain;
He stands in the lists, and his armour bright
Reflects the form of the victor knight.
He laughs with disdain when the foe he sees,
And looks at the throng with glee;
While his plume starts up and fronts the breeze,
All sure of the victory.

"Who is he?—who is he?" is heard apart;
'Tis the haughty Knight of the Marble heart.

And who is he that hath fought so well,
And done such deeds for a world to tell?
Alas, he looks like a child, and his eyes
Are hoodwinked too; from his shoulders rise
Two feathery wings, and his tilting spear
Is an arrow small and light;
He a weapon finds in the starting tear,
And a smile is his brand of might.

Aha! by the heart-shaped shield we know
Sir Cupid, the Knight of the Bended Bow.
They rein back their steeds, and both prepare
To splinter a lance for the honours there:
But he of the Marble Heart surveys
The care of his foe with a scornful gaze;
For Sir Cupid hath gemmed with two beaming eyes
The centre of his shield,
And resting his feathered spear defies
His champion to the field.
Fair cheeks are flushed, and brows are bent
As the knights prepare for the tournament.

The trumpets clang, and the sound is heard
Of the furious rush and the cheering word;
But the scornful knight in wild surprise
Is dazzled and mad with the beaming eyes.
Through his vizor they flash, from his horse he reels,
For the shaft lance strikes him through;
And the Marble Heart despairing feels
What the champion boy can do.
On a bed of shields he is borne away,
And Sir Cupid is lord of the fierce tourney.

Men dare not, bad as they are, appear open enemies to virtue; when therefore they persecute virtue, they pretend to think it counterfeit, or else lay some crime to its charge.

LACONICS.

BY THE DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

We may say of agreeableness as distinct from beauty, that it is a symmetry whose rules are unknown, it is a secret conformity of the features to one another, and to the complexion and air of a person.

One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarce any person who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness, think they do enough if they only seem to be attentive; at the same time that one might perceive in their eyes and their mind a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying; not reflecting, that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves, is but a poor way to please or convince others; and that to hear patiently and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation.

The desire of being pitied or admired, is commonly the true reason of our confidence.

If we took as much pains to be what we ought, as to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

A man who does not find ease in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

We love those who endeavour to imitate us, much better than those who strive to equal us; for imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of envy.

We always love those who admire us; but we do not always love those whom we admire.

We take less pains to be happy, than to appear so. Happiness is in the taste, not in the thing; and we are made happy by possessing what we ourselves love, not what others think lovely.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

Self-love, well or ill conducted, constitutes virtue or vice.

It is more difficult to conceal the sensations we have, than to feign those we have not.

Men are oftener treacherous through weakness than design.

THIS PAPER

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BY E. B. CHILD.

AGENTS.

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VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1827.

[No. 12.]

MASONIC RECORD.

—Semita certe,
Tranquillus per virtutem patet unica vita. [Juv. Sat]

From the *Dixonia Masonic Intelligencer*.

THE FIVE SENSES.

TOUCH OR FEELING.

[Concluded.]

"The feeling of resistance is to be ascribed to our muscular frames, which forms a distinct organ of sense. If I move my arm without resistance, I am conscious of a certain feeling; when its motion is impeded, a different feeling is produced. It is this feeling of resistance to our progressive efforts, which forms what we call our idea of solidity or hardness." The pleasure arising from muscular action, is manifested by the whole animated creation. The infant supported by "the arms of love," is incapable of remaining at rest for a moment. Its little hands are in continual motion, and every muscle in its frame is a source of pleasing sensations, which soothe its sinless soul, and incline it to slumber; nay, more—it is thus unconsciously laying the foundation of that knowledge, which in after life, will be attributed to its tuition. The boy, after confinement, exhibits by his excentric motions, an excess of delight, and in the play or race, every fibre thrills with pleasure. The man appreciates the comfortable feelings produced by moderate exercise, altho' by his firm step he declares that the levities of youth have been succeeded by more serious thoughts—the trials of life, and scenes beyond the grave—even the trembling limits of age, supported by a staff, forgetful of infirmity, will follow and imitate the elastic bounds of the child, which has become the bosom companion of the last days of his pilgrimage; and in this sensation the winged and the finny tribes participate. The following lines of Cowper, are alike characteristic of his observation of, and sympathy for the brute creation:—

"The bounding fawn that darts across the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee:
The horse as wanton and almost as fleet,
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops and snorts and throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again.

"Time involves in its very essence the notions of length and divisibility, the elements of extension." This is readily perceived by a simple experiment: move your fingers over a smooth surface, your eyes being closed, with different degrees of rapidity, and you will consider the distance proportioned to the time, until you detect your error by opening your eyes. But I must proceed to consider

VISION.

Divine skill is apparent in the construction of the eye; and he who can examine its formation and understand its use, yet retain one atheistic doubt in his bosom, must be incapable of philosophising, and destitute of those emotions alike due to its contriver and consoling to man. It is not my intention to explain the structure of the eye minutely, that being the province of the anatomist. Every person knows its external form and appearance, and that the name of pupil is given to that dark circular spot in its centre. On the back part of the eye, internally, a delicate expansion of the optic nerve forms the retina; and the space between the pupil and the retina is occupied by the aqueous, crystalline and vitreous humours. When light reflected from an object falls within the field of vision, the rays enter the pupil, are refracted in passing through the different humours of the eye, and a miniature picture of the external object is formed on the retina in an inverted position. A sensation is immediately produced, accompanied by perception. The pupil possesses a contractile and an expansive power, by which it adapts its diameter to the quantity of incident light; thus when viewing a dark object from which few rays are reflected, it enlarges—but

when a bright object is presented, it contracts instinctively so as to produce distinct vision, and prevent paralysis. The eye is also provided with a number of minute muscles, which move it in every direction in perfect unison with the will. The apparatus for converging the rays of light bears the stamp of omniscience. It is a sublime contrivance, in imitation of which man has invented instruments which enable him to inspect the heavenly bodies—to discover myriads of insects in the purest elements, and give distinct vision to the eye dim with age. What a boundless source of information would be opened to the philosopher, if he could know the mental changes produced by vision in the mind of an infant; but, alas, they are more transient than the fleeting moment hastening to mingle with the eternity that is past. Yet we have observed the babe show a total ignorance of the distance and magnitude, and perhaps also of the form of his plaything, when presented by her ever desirous of affording it delight; and the same phenomena have appeared in those who, having spent their youth in darkness until relieved by a surgical operation; to them the forms of those who had previously been recognized by their voices, appeared indistinct, and every object, however distant, to be in contact with the eye. This proves that the organ of vision is as limited as any other organ, although, when assisted by the other senses, it appears to belong more to the imperishable glories of heaven than mortality. Let it be remembered, that when the eye views the rose, the human countenance, or the landscapes, that these are not the objects of vision, but the light, with its rainbow colours reflected from them to the eye of the observer; so that should all the matter in the universe be annihilated, except what forms the visual organ, yet light still pass with all its present variety of direction, the same pictures would be formed on the retina, of the same colours, and produce the same sensations, as at present.

Our knowledge of the distance, size and form of external objects is acquired by our other senses. This has been admitted since the time of Berkeley. But still it has been contended, even by those who admitted this, that we acquire our knowledge of the visible figure of bodies, or superficial extension, by sight alone. Brown has refuted this opinion, and proved conclusively that "the foundation of our visual judgments is the principle of association by which the notions derived from touch or the muscular organs are suggested by the visual feelings which co-existed with the sensations of touch," my limits forbid illustration.

Fellow Crafts, permit me to direct your attention to the works of Professors Reed, Stewart, and Brown, on this subject, to which we are deeply indebted for every thing that is valuable in these hasty and imperfect remarks on the five senses, and for many hours of intellectual enjoyment.

To conclude: "In looking back on the senses we have been considering, what a boundless field do we seem already to have been endeavouring to traverse? And how admirable would the mind have been, even though it had been capable of no other office than that of representing, in the union of all its sensations, as in a living mirror of the universe, the splendid conceptions of the great Being who formed it; or rather of creating anew in itself, that very universe which it represents and admires?"

MASONIC CEREMONIES.

From the *Georgetown (South Carolina) Gazette*, April 2.

The court of common pleas and general sessions convened here yesterday. His Honour Judge Richardson, presides. After opening, and impanneling a Jury, adjourned till 9 o'clock to-day, in order to afford an opportunity to the Masonic Brethren of the Bar to join in the ceremony of consecrating the Masonic Hall.

Agreeably to previous arrangements, the Masonic Hall, in this town was yesterday consecrated,

according to ancient usage, by M. W. Benjamin F. Hunt, Grand Master, and other officers of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, who had politely accepted the invitation to that effect, tendered to them by Winyaw Lodge. The ceremonies, on this occasion, were of the most imposing order. After the Consecration service was concluded, a Procession was formed by the Grand Marshal, consisting of Winyaw Lodge, Georgetown Chapter, Lafayette Encampment, and the Officers of the Grand Lodge, which, accompanied by a band of music, marched through the principal streets to the Episcopal church.

The decorations worn by the Brethren, and particularly the costume of the Knight Templars, were very beautiful. At the Church, the service was opened by an appropriate and solemn Address to the Throne of Mercy, by the Rev. Br. H. Frazier, who officiated on the occasion as Grand Chaplain. After music, by a select choir of amateurs, an Oration was delivered by the M. E. High Priest of the Chapter, John L. Wilson, which, for the clearness of its sentiments, the glowing eloquence in which they were conveyed, cannot be too highly commended.

The festivities of the day were closed by a splendid ball, given in the Hall, which was decorated in the most beautiful manner, by Companion J. M. Puche, and attended by the beauty and fashion of the town.

From the *(Clairborne) Alabama Whig*.

On Wednesday last, the ceremony of laying the Corner Stone of the new Masonic Building, whose dimensions are to be sixty by thirty-five feet, and two stories high, for the accommodation of the Blue Lodge, the Royal Arch Chapter, Council of Select Masters, Lodge of Perfection, Princes of the East and West, Knights of the Rose Cross, &c. &c., was performed in this place, with its usual symbolic representations, by a convocation of the Grand Lodge of this State. The Grand Lodge was opened at an early hour—a procession was formed at the Lodge Room, over the market, and proceeded to the spot where the Building is to be erected. As this was the first ceremony of laying the Corner Stone in due Masonic form, as we believe, in this State, it had attracted a large concourse of spectators. The seats previously prepared, for that purpose, were already occupied by the fashion of the surrounding country.

The ceremonies were introduced by an Ode sung by the Brethren; after which the Rev. and venerable Joel Rivers addressed the Throne of Grace, in his peculiar impressive and solemn manner. The Corner Stone, on which were appropriate engravings, was laid in its destined place by the Master Builder, Mr. William Caldwell, and having been tried by the R. W. Deputy Grand Master, James Dellett, Esq. and pronounced to be true and trusty, the Grand Treasurer pro tem. J. H. Draughan, Esq. deposited a great variety of coins, papers, &c. Then followed the ceremony of pouring out the corn, wine and oil. The Brethren then marched in procession to the Court House, where an appropriate Oration was pronounced by brother James G. Davis, Esq. After which the procession was again formed, and proceeded to the Clairborne Hotel, where the brethren sat down to an elegant Dinner, prepared by the proprietor, brother Leonard Moore, which we believe has not been excelled in this part of the country.

The Brethren returned to the Lodge room at an early hour, and the proceedings of the day were closed in good order, harmony and friendship.

We presume it will not be unacceptable to our distant Brethren to be informed that six years have scarcely elapsed since a Charter was granted, establishing a Master's Lodge in this place; and at this time, we believe, there are but two places in the United States where Degrees as high in Masonry can be conferred as in the town of Clairborne,

which was incorporated in a wilderness six years ago.

Our Masonic Edifice is to be erected on the common, fronting the principal (Monroe) street, on the bank of the Alabama. For the ground appropriated for the purpose, we are indebted to the liberality of the Corporation.

ELECTIONS.

Temple Encampment No. 2, Albany.

At a regular meeting of Temple Encampment of Knights Templars, and the appendant orders, holden in this city on Good Friday, the 13th inst. the following Sir Knights were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Sir Jonathan Eights, Most Eminent Grand Commander; Sir Gerrit W. Ryckman, Generalissimo; Sir John Orton Cole, Captain General; Sir Lewis C. Beck, Prelate; Sir William Voorhees, Treasurer; Sir Edmund B. Child, Recorder; Sir Christian H. Shear, Senior Warden; Sir John I. Goewey, Junior Warden; Sir Simcon Rowell, Warder; Sir William L. Perce, Standard Bearer; Sir John V. N. Yates, Sword Bearer.

Union Royal Arch Chapter, Charleston, S. C.

M. E. Rufus Southworth, High Priest; E. James S. Burgess, King; E. William Lance, Scribe; Companions Jacob Lankester, Captain of the Host, Horatio Gates Street, Principal Sojourner; John Klink, Royal Arch Captain; Frederick Van Derlippe, Claus Von Allworden, and Peter Mason, Masters of Vails; William Waller, Treasurer; Edward Sebring, Secretary; John Roche, Sentinel.

Regular communications fourth Tuesday in each month, at Companion Seyles, in the city of Charleston.

EXPULSION.

At a regular meeting of Almond Union Lodge, No. 425, held in the town of Almond, county of Allegany and state of New York, on the 18th day of March, 1827, it was

Resolved unanimously, That JAS. R. MOREHOUSE, be and is hereby expelled from this Lodge, and from all Masonic communication, for gross and unmasonic conduct. By order of the Lodge, JOS. COREY, Secretary.

P. S. Editors of Newspapers willing to promote the cause of justice, and guard community against the impositions of a villain, will have the goodness to publish this notice. It has recently been ascertained that Morehouse was connected with a company of counterfeiters in the state of Pennsylvania, and on being apprehended escaped from the authority and fled. About two years ago he came to the town of Almond and established himself as a practical tailor, and by his close application to business and apparent honesty introduced himself into favour with such as became acquainted with him; and after a residence of more than a year, he applied to the Lodge for the benefits of Masonry and received the first degree. But shortly after, the craft became suspicious that all was not right from his conduct; consequently he never received any of the higher degrees.

The crime which he committed and for which he absconded from Almond on the night of the 9th instant, is by statute punished with imprisonment in the state prison during life, and is of such a nature that modesty would blush at the very name. He was known in Almond by the name of James R. Morehouse, but in other places has called his name James Morehouse, James H. Morehouse, and James Roberts. His right name, from the best information, is James H. Morehouse.

He was last heard of at Rushville, near Canandaigua, and will doubtless flee to Canada or the western states. His age is between twenty-five and thirty, and he is of rather thin visage; about five feet eight or ten inches high, slim built, brown hair, beard rather thin, and not so dark as his hair, and his eyes between blue and grey.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

GEOLOGICAL.

REMAINS OF THE DELUGE IN OHIO.

The following is an extract from an article in a recent number of Silliman's Journal of Science. It is from the pen of Caleb Atwater, Esq. of Ohio:

These are so numerous in this state, that it will not be expected that I should do more in this article than mention a few of them, and the places where they are found. If one tree furnished Mr. Schoolcraft matter for an interesting and valuable memoir, how shall I condense my remarks, so as even to refer to the great number of similar facts existing in Ohio? In the vicinity of the Ohio river, in the counties of Washington, Meigs, Gallia and Lawrence, and on the waters of the Muskingum, in Muskingum and Perry counties, I have carefully examined not a few of the fossil trees, there existing.

Among them I noticed the following, viz.—Black oak, black walnut, sycamore or button wood, white birch, sugar maple, (acer saccharum;) the date tree or bread fruit tree, cocoa nut bearing palm, the bamboo, the dog wood, and I have in my possession the perfect impression of the cassia and tea leaf! Of ferns I have beautiful impressions, of the leaves, and of the bread fruit tree, flowers, fully expanded, fresh and entire! I have specimens so perfect and faithful to nature, as to dispel all doubts as to what they once were.

The larger trees are found mostly in sand stone, although the bark of the date tree, much flattened, I ought to say perfectly so, is found in shale, covering coal. I am aware that a mere catalogue of fossil trees, shrubs and plants, is not very interesting—that the geologist wishes to know among many particulars, in what formation they would exist, and the exact spot where they are to be found. I am in possession of all the particulars. Every stratum from the surface downwards, has been carefully measured, in some places to the depth of 400 feet, and I have correct diagrams.* The date is a large tree, not very tall, and having numerous and wide spread, long branches.

Nine miles west of Zanesville, lying on the brink of Jonathan's creek, and near the road leading to Somers, Lancaster, and Circleville, is the body of a bread fruit tree, now turned to sandstone, as M. Broignart found the tropical plants imbedded in France, mentioned in a former number of this Journal. It contains a considerable quantity of mica in its composition. The cassia was found in such sandstone in the Zanesville canal. The bamboo is mostly impressed upon iron stone, at Zanesville, especially the roots, and the trunks and leaves, are found in the micaceous sandstone. The iron stone is sometimes apparently made of bamboo leaves, the leaves of fern, and bamboo roots. It happens frequently that the trunks of small trees and plants are flattened by pressure, and the bark of them partially turned into fossil coal. Thus the shale oftener contains a bark, now become fossil coal, and a stratum of shale in succession, for several inches in thickness.

Before I leave Zanesville, I wish to make a passing remark or two, on the subject of finding the fossil remains of tropical plants here. The date, the bamboo, the cocoa nut bearing palm, the cassia, the tea plant, &c. are found at this day only in tropical regions, or in a climate where there is very little frost. At Zanesville, so severe is the winter at present, that the mercury sinks several degrees below zero.

Two questions naturally present themselves to the mind—has our climate become colder than formerly? or have the tropical plants changed their nature? It is known that several tropical plants have by degrees been removed, farther and farther to the north, and at length become naturalized to a northern climate. I refer particularly to the palmaria christi. But where is the plant which has been driven from our latitude to Cuba? I know of none. Has the climate of the world generally become colder then? I say generally, for some countries probably have. Some writers suppose that the climate of England has changed in this manner. We have good evidence that during eighteen hundred years past, the climate of Rome and Palestine has undergone a great change, as the writings of Horace, Virgil, and others of the Augustan age, clearly evince:

"Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
"Soracte: nec jam sustineant onus
"Sylvæ laborantes; geluque
"Flumina, constiterint acuto?
"Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
"Large reponens."

What a picture of the winter which prevailed at Rome in the Augustan age! Such a picture would now best suit the meridian of Quebec. In other passages of the same author, we learn that the snow was so deep near Rome, that the deer pushed it aside by their breasts, as they were pursued by the dogs. Who now sees the roofs of houses at Rome, or even in Paris, ready to break down with snow? In David's time there was snow in Palestine, and allusions to frost, snow, and hail are frequent in the Psalms and in the writings of the prophets. The

have not leisure to copy these now, and I may want them in a single work at some future day.

inhabitants of Palestine are no longer in the habit of attacking lions in their dens "on a snowy day," for no such days now exist in that country. But Italy and Germany and indeed all Europe, are no more what they were in the days of David, of Horace and Virgil. Those vast forests, which formerly generated so much moisture, cold weather, snow, hail and rain, are swept away by the hand of man, and the climate is meliorated. But no such cause has operated here, and the fact being ascertained, that tropical plants and animals once existed all over the world, clearly proves that tropical climate was once equally extensive.

The supposition that these tropical plants were transported northward by the ocean, unfortunately for such an opinion, is disproved by the fact, that some of these trees or rather roots and part of their trunks stand upright,† evidently on the spot where they grew, and others with every root entire, lie to appearance exactly where they fell when turned up by the roots. Again, if floated from tropical regions, how happens it that their flowers were uninjured? These show all their original beauty and form; they are fully expanded, and could not have been transported from any considerable distance. Scarcely a day could have intervened between the period they were in full bloom, and that in which, by that catastrophe which long since overwhelmed our globe, they were "embalmed" in the spot where they are now found.

† These are found in coal beds, although not near Zanesville. If hereafter I find leisure to describe our coal beds, they will be noticed.

ANTHRACITE.

This valuable mineral, which has but lately attracted notice, or been in any degree appreciated, is found in various parts of our country, and may be esteemed one of its richest resources. It is said to be a very singular feature in its natural history, that it is "in the greatest quantity in sections of the coal regions which are most accessible by water."

The fact that there are always impressions of plants in beds of coal, countenances the belief that it is of vegetable origin. The manner and process of its change, from verdant, ligneous, organized substances, to a stony, metallic looking mass, presents a subject of curious inquiry to the observation of philosophers. One hypothesis which seems plausible is, that at some distant era land or sea floods have overwhelmed the surface where vegetation was flourishing, leaving as they subsided deep coverings of earthy matters; some of the vegetable principles beneath were slowly decomposed; new combinations took their place; and time, operating with these secret chemical agents, producing the different kinds of coal, which geologists divide into three classes, the lignite, the bituminous, and the anthracite.

The oldest anthracite, which, from having been longer undergoing the influences of these operations, is reduced more nearly to its ultimate principles, carbon and water. The next in age contains bitumen in addition to its ultimate principles; while the lignite, which is the most recent, contains bitumen and acetic acid.

Mr. J. Pierce, one of the most intelligent contributors to the American Journal of Science, has given in the No. for March an account of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. It is a district uninviting to the settler, being in most parts impracticable for agriculture; but it contains inexhaustible treasures in its anthracite and bituminous coals, salt, iron, and other minerals. It is an extensive tract spread over an average width of 150 miles, crossed by the Blue Ridge, the Alleghany, and numerous minor bluffs. Mr. P. states, that "in no part of the world can anthracite be more valuable in the arts or for economical purposes than in Pennsylvania. To agriculture it will be a material auxiliary; wherever calcareous valleys are intersected by canals or navigable streams, lime, so valuable as a manure, and in the arts, can be calcined at a low rate by the aid of anthracite." As it contains no sulphur or other injurious ingredients, it is peculiarly advantageous in the manufacture of iron. Wrought iron of every description is more malleable and tough "when fabricated with anthracite, than with bituminous coal," and iron castings are stronger when the melt-

ing is done with this, than with any other fuel. "For breweries, distilleries, and the raising of steam, it is preferable, the heat being more manageable and steady, and the boilers less liable to corrosion by sulphuric acid, while no bad effects are produced by smoke or bitumen." In no part of the district described by Mr. P., "does the anthracite occur in such inexhaustible beds as in the vicinity of a village called Mauch Chunk, on the Lehigh, 35 miles from Easton, and 108 from Philadelphia." It is obtained from the flat summit of a mountain which rises 1500 feet above the level of the ocean. Wherever they have penetrated, at various altitudes, coal has been found at the same distance from the surface, and "it is not improbable that it forms the nucleus of the mountain which rises with a steep acclivity." The coal is easily detached, and from this bed was sent to Philadelphia in 1825, 750,000 bushels, and it is expected that 1,000,000 will be forwarded in the coming year (1826). Mr. P. anticipates the most important benefits to the countries on the Atlantic, from the unparalleled abundance of this material, which, already cheap, will be yet less expensive, when the railways, canals, &c. now under survey, are completed, reducing the cost of transportation. Among many advantages enumerated, he suggests the warming of houses by flues arranged for the purpose in the construction of buildings, dispensing with fire-places, and large open chimneys, as no risk can arise from fire, and no obstruction from soot, or annoyance from smoke. The western part of Pennsylvania is as abundantly supplied with bituminous coal, as the eastern is with anthracite. It is in the greatest plenty near Pittsburgh, and furnishes that junior Birmingham with an ample supply for its numerous manufactures. Bituminous coal is found also in Tioga county in this state, and when the contemplated canal is completed, which is designed to connect the Susquehanna and Seneca Lake, interchanges may be easily effected, of anthracite, bituminous coal, salt, and gypsum, highly valuable both to Pennsylvania and New-York.

[N. Y. Times.]

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PASSIONS.

NO. VI. OF FLATTERY.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

[Pope.]

There are some of the passions of the human mind which will desert us in old age, but the love of flattery frequently will pursue and keep pace to the utmost verge of the grave. Flattery is a delicious poison, of which the great generally drink the larger portion. It imperceptibly persuades them that their vices are only lesser degrees of virtue and self-love, the predominant feature of the mind, holding powerful control over the heart, persuades the infatuated individual to receive that incense which he does not merit, and which is only due to exalted virtue. This wheedling of the senses brings the individual upon a level with the flatterer; inasmuch as it mocks at the understanding, and renders, in his eyes, those qualities perfect which he does not at all possess. A certain philosopher being asked what were the most formidable characters to men, he said—"Among savages, it is the slanderer; and in domestic life, the flatterer." The flatterer is certainly a compound, or medley of many vices. In speaking what he is conscious is not true, he renders himself a liar; when he speaks contrary to his sentiments, he is deceitful; when he praises the vices of another, he is wicked; and he is an enemy to mankind in inciting them to pursue those paths which reason declaims against and judgment condemns. Man is, we all know, a compound of vice and virtue; but it is the business of flattery to represent him as a perfect animal devoid of blemish. Were we to trace the annals of mankind, from the age of Cecrops, about fifteen centuries before Christ, down to the present, we should not find one single individual void of offence toward God or man. The greatest, most polished, and most celebrated of their ancients, had the foibles, and also

their virtues; and there is no person, under the canopy of Heaven so pure as to be spotless: neither is there one so vile as not to possess some virtue. Homer has been accused of vanity, Alexander of the most unprincipled madness, Hannibal of perfidy, Pompey of egregious pride, Cæsar of unbounded ambition, Vespasian of the love of lucre, Trajan of violence, Nero of cruelty and tyranny, and Mark Anthony of luxury and pleasure. Thus we see that all those great and powerful men were stained with vice, which very probably was heightened by the insatiable love of flattery.

Flattery may be compared to the serpent which winds itself smoothly along through a bed of flowers, and is coiled by your side ere you are aware of the circumstance. It can wind itself into the affections by a thousand minute obliquities and sly insinuations, which fasten so firmly on the heart that judgment is unable to untie the knot. It unites with itself that peculiar suavity of manners and language, which is absolutely irresistible; and the appearance of truth, so completely veils the face of hypocrisy, that judgment and reason are not considered necessary to decide on the case. Testimonies of this kind might be extracted from almost every history of mind and manners.

Josephus informs us that after the death of Mark Anthony, who was the competitor of Augustus, Herod, the friend of Anthony, and king of the Jews, presented himself to Augustus in a complaisant manner, and placed his crown at his feet. This did not have the desired effect; but when he addressed him in one of his eloquent harangues, Augustus was unable to resist his influence, and not only presented his crown back to him, but introduced him to all his dearest friends. Herod might not have intended to flatter him, but it is evident by his ingenuousness that Augustus was flattered.

The faculty called memory, is said to be actually seated in the brain; and it would appear that the greatest portion of flattery lies in the tongue, as language is the sweetest vehicle in which it is conveyed. Demosthenes is said to have been an universal talker, which caused the Athenian assembly to give him a pension that he might be enabled to talk less. When a student became a disciple of Pythagoras, his greatest gratification was to keep silent five years, which evidently was intended to teach him the proper use of his tongue, which is a superior knowledge.

The reader will please to pardon my digressions, as the subject naturally leads me to them. Flattery has a bad tendency, as it is invariably the key which unlocks the door of familiarity, and the key of familiarity, we all know, unlocks the door of contempt. To keep familiarity at a distance is wise policy in the mind, as it breaks in on the commerce of friendship, and like gold, when superabundant, it becomes of no value. Friendship is a valuable article, and is rarely to be found; but familiarity may be had in any quantity and from almost any source. When there is an absence of familiarity, friendship stands upon its firmest base; as it is the result of esteem which flows in a direct line from merit, unpolluted by flattery; but as men are subject to instability of character, and spotted with the foibles of ignorance and caprice, familiarity invariably makes it its business to seek out those dark shades in the picture of human nature, and laugh at their deformity, which otherwise would have remained unobserved. Sympathy is said by an elegant French writer, to form friendship, complaisance to nourish it, and integrity of heart to preserve it; but familiarity, when in excess, surmounts the impregnable ramparts of discretion, and rends asunder, with a smile, the adamant chain of vowed fidelity. He who imagines familiarity to be the soul of friendship, is egregiously deceived; even as much so as the son of Dionysius, the Tyrant was, when he imagined he had so many friends around his table, but which his test proved to be entirely false. There is no more similitude between familiarity and friendship than there is between flattery and truth. It is evident, to every man possessing common sense, that every man who eats, drinks and is merry with us, will not bear the severe test which real friendship often requires; which proves that they are nothing but air-bubble flatterers, possessing a large share of familiarity; they are like insects continually robbing a succession of flowers.

And again, he who is delighted with familiarity is not much skilled in the science of friendship; and being so fond of our familiarity, he little cares about that balm of life. Familiarity is said, by a great writer, to open the door to love, but to shut it against friendship. Therefore, if we desire our friendship to become lasting, and to be proof against the combined powers of flattery and deceit, we must preserve that dignity which was prevalent in the character of the patriarchs; and which will entirely repel the insidious advances of familiarity. The parasite or sycophant is a dangerous character to society, as he gives the varnish of virtue to vice, and introduces familiarity, which generates contempt, and consequently dissolves the bond of union which should be considered sacred; and which is the key-stone of all moral obligations, by which men are joined together. The parasite is the same in the moral world, that the skeptic is in the religious, in point of doing injury. The parasite is a dangerous character to his own mind; inasmuch as he stifles those sublime faculties or rather principles of reason and judgment, by that volubility of nonsensical and bombastic praise betowed upon him who, perhaps, only credits the book of ignorance with it. False representations, false words, and false show, are the ensigns of a depraved understanding, and the trumpets of folly which flourish over the premature tomb of reason. In fine, let no person presume to speak contrary to his sentiments, because, in doing so, he commits a depredation on conscience; the frequent depredation of which will undermine truth, honor and justice, and render the man odious to his fellow creatures, and criminal in the sight of his God.

MILFORD BARD.

VARIETY.

CURIOUS EXHIBITION. On entering the Moëna, we were witnesses to rather a curious exhibition. I should first mention that the Persians are in the habit of sleeping on the flat roofs of their houses, during the summer months. Day was just breaking when we arrived. As the houses of the poor classes are generally not more than eight feet high, we had a full view of nearly the whole population in bed: many were asleep; some few had awoken; others were getting out of bed, to make their morning toilettes. The scene was highly entertaining, and brought to mind the story of *Le Diable Boiteux*, unroofing the houses for the gratification of Don Cleofas.

[Keppel's Journey.]

MODE OF DISPERSING LOCUSTS. We traversed the grand steppe or desert of Astrakhan for two days. On the evening of the 1st of August, we arrived at a Russian village, which was surrounded by a considerable tract of well cultivated land. While changing horses, I witnessed what was to me a very curious sight; a vast flight of locusts, extending fifteen miles, suddenly made their appearance from the east, and came in a huge phalanx to attack the crops. In an instant every villager was on the road to his own field. Some took dogs, others were on horseback, and others ran shouting and clapping their hands all the way, the inhabitants finding from experience that the locusts very much dislike noise. My fellow traveller told me, that in the colony of Karass, when the locusts came in sight, not only all the inhabitants, but the military turn out, and endeavour to drive them off by drums and fifes, and a perpetual discharge of musketry. The enemy, thus repulsed, make a speedy retreat, and commit their depredations on the land of those who are less on the alert to resist them.

[Ib.]

When Rousseau once retired to a village, he had to learn to endure its conversation; for this purpose he was compelled to invent an expedient to get rid of his uneasy sensations. "Alone," says Rousseau, "I have never known ennui, even when perfectly unoccupied; my imagination, filling the void was sufficient to busy me. It is only the inactive chit-chat of the room, when every one is seated face to face, and only moving their tongues, which I never could support. There to be a fixture, nailed with one hand on the other, to settle the state of the weather, or watch the flies about one, or what is worse, to be bandying compliments, this to me is not bearable."

D'Israeli.

POPULAR TALES.

THE PRECIPICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GILBERT EARLE."

—Here's the place:—stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below. [Shakespeare.]

The following Norwegian tale will show the spirit of vivacity and energy that animates the *Friendship's Offering* for 1827. To comprehend the story aright, we must suppose ourselves introduced to a company of goatherds, who, on a dreary winter's night, relate their adventures among the mountains to one another. Having told their tales, an elderly hunter, who had sat in silence during the narrations, thus introduces himself to our notice:

"My young friends," said he, "you have been telling us some very marvellous adventures; but as I am an old hunter, and, therefore, am fond of the spirit which leads you into them, I will not strive to sift the grain from the chaff, the exact facts, from the colours in which you have dressed them. But I will give you, in my turn, an account of an accident which, you all know by report, did actually happen to me, as the limp in my gait can testify to this day.

"It was about twenty years ago that I was one day out hunting as usual. I had got sight of a chamois, and was advancing upon him, when, having almost got within shot, I sprang across a chasm a few yards wide, upon a ledge of snow opposite. The outer part of this was, alas! only of snow; it was frozen hard; but as I came upon it with considerable force, I felt it giving way beneath me. The man who says he never felt fear, never was in a situation such as this. The agony of terror, and what agony is greater? rushed throughout my frame. My first impulse was to spring forward, to reach the firm ground. But the very effort I made to save myself, accelerated my fate; the mass broke short off, and I fell!

"I have since been to view the spot, and standing in safety on its brink, my nerves have shivered, as I have looked down the awful precipice. How I escaped being dashed into as many atoms as there are pebbles at its base, it is impossible to divine. The height is upwards of seventy feet: there was no projecting rock, no jutting tree, to break my fall. Perhaps the snow, which fell along with me in vast quantities, and which crumbled as it fell, served to protect me. When I perceived my footing yield, the earth as it were sank from under me, I felt the common hyperbole, that my heart sprang to my throat, almost cease to be one. One gasp of mortal agony, as it burst from my lungs, gave me sensation of choking, which the phrase I have mentioned strives to express. The feelings of my mind may be all summed in the exclamation which I believe escaped me—'Oh, God!—I'm gone!' My next thought was one momentary appeal to that God's mercy—and then I thought no more.

"When I recovered my senses, day was beginning to close, and I lay enveloped in snow. My hunting spear was beside me, broken; and, stretched upon my bosom, lay my faithful dog, spread out, as it were, to protect me from the cold, and breathing upon my face, as if to communicate his life to bring back mine. Poor fellow," the old man continued, and the tear glistened in his eye as he spoke,—"poor fellow, he is dead, long since, and his son," stooping and fondling the dog at his feet, "is old now; but, if I had but one crust of bread, and one cup of water in the world, old Thor should share them with me for his father's sake."

The dog looked up, as though he understood his master's meaning: for he smiled in his face with that expression of thankful fondness which the countenance of his race alone shares with that of the human species.

"I felt," continued the hunter, "I felt numbed and stiffened, and in considerable pain, all over, so much so, that I could not distinguish any one particular hurt as being more severe than the rest. I endeavoured to rise, and that soon showed to me where my chief injury lay. I fell back again instantly; my thigh was broken. In addition to this, two fingers of my right hand, and one of my left, were broken also, and I was bruised in almost every part. But I was alive! As I looked up to the

pinnacle from which I had fallen, I could scarcely believe that to be possible.

"The spot where I lay, was in a narrow cleft between two cliffs, which diverged from each other as they advanced, leaving a sort of triangular platform open between them and a third. A torrent threw itself, like a wild horse's mane, from the rock above me; but, in the numberless eddies which whirled in the hollow, it was dispersed into air before it reached the place, distant through its depth, where I lay.

"Night now began to thicken fast; the faster on account of the deep den in which I was. The wind blew as though all the quarters of the heavens sent forth their blasts at once, and they all met and battled there. I had escaped one dreadful death, and now I began to fear another more dreadful still, because more slow, and more felt. I feared that I should die through cold, and hunger, and untended hurts. The cold, too, I now felt more severely; for, shortly after I had given up, in despair, all attempts to extricate myself from my situation, my dog, after whining and yelping piteously for some time, went off. As he turned the corner of the rock, which hid him from my sight, I felt as if my last hold of life had gone from me; as though the friend of my bosom had left me to die. 'He, too, abandons me!' I exclaimed; and, I blush to confess it, I burst into tears. Being forsaken by that which I thought faithful, cut me to the heart. Who, indeed, could bear that?

"The world now seemed to have closed upon my sight forever; my wife, my children, my dear home; I should see them no more! I figured to myself all the delights and charities of that home, and I felt how bitter it is to be torn from life while life is yet strong; all its ties firmly knit; all its affections glowing. As darkness settled around, I thought of my wife anxiously listening for my step, or rather for the well known step of Thor preceding me; and the bright fire gleaming upon smiling children's faces, the fairest ornament and the dearest comfort of a fireside; and the rosy lips held up for a father's kiss; and the little hands clinging round the knees, to attract a father's notice; and the mother's glad, some smile of welcome to me, and unchiding reproof to them. Such was the picture I drew mentally; such was the group which I knew was awaiting me. I looked around me, and the contrast of the reality upon me in all its horrors. The wind raged and howled through the darkness, and in the lull, the spray of the torrent bedewed my face, and froze there. I was encompassed by awful precipices, here and there visible only by being covered with snow. Snow, also, was the bed on which I lay, the bed on which I was to die. And to die! oh, God! to die thus! Alone; through pain and famine; through cold and the exhaustion of suffering nature! The terrors of tempest and of night were the precursors of the terrors of death. From hence I never was to stir more; this was to be my end!

"We often forge ourselves causes of unhappiness, and allow slight things to mar our quiet. But he who has undergone, not what I underwent that night—for who has done so? but, circumstances of peril and despair, in kind, if not in degree, like unto these, he, only, can know to what extent our nature can suffer.

"I lay, in pain of body and anguish, for a space of time which, from these causes, seemed endless. At length hope dawned upon me. Along the top of the cliff to which I had leaped, and from which I had fell, passed, as I knew, a path which led from the village in which I lived, to another about two leagues off. This had not appeared to me as a chance of escape; for by night, it was but very rarely traversed, and morning I never expected to see again. On a sudden, however, I saw a light gliding along this path, as though borne by some one; and I conjectured it to be, as in fact it was, the lantern of a villager returning homewards. 'I shall be saved yet!' was the idea which thrilled through my heart, and I shouted with the whole strength of my voice, to realize the hope which had arisen. At that moment, a furious gust of wind swept through the chasm, and hurled back my cry against me, like the smoke of Cain's rejected sacrifice. I could feel that my voice did not ascend twenty feet above my head. The light glided onwards. Again I shouted

with that desperate strength which none but the despairing own. The light did not stop; no answering shout gladdened my ears; the light disappeared!

"The agony of that moment, who can conceive? The drowning man, as he struggles his last effort, and feels the water closing round him; the criminal, as he mounts the scaffold, and sees his last hope melt from his grasp—such persons may have experienced what I felt then, and such persons only.

"My despair now became fixed and total. I felt that my last hour was come; I endeavoured to turn my thought from this world, and fix them on the next. But the effort was dreadful. As I strove to prepare myself for death, the hope of life would flash across me again, and interpose between me and my prayer. If a sound caught my ear, I raised my head to listen; if the variation of a shadow passed over the surface of a rock, I strained my sight to look; but the sound would cease, and the sight would pass away—and I sank again, upon the snow; and again I prepared myself to die.

"At length, (to my dying day I shall recollect that moment) at length, a gust of wind brought to me a sound which I thought I recognized; I raised myself with an anxiety which almost choked me; I listened, all was still, the wind rose and made me doubtful whether I heard it a second time or not, a third, all doubt was over! It was the honest voice of faithful Thor, coming at speed, and barking as he came, to show, doubtless, the path to the spot in which I lay. Again his deep-mouthed bay sounded loud and distinct, as it approached the top of the precipice. There he paused, and continued barking, till, at length, several lights flashed upon the path along which he had come, and advanced rapidly towards him. A halloo came upon the wind, I strove to answer it as loudly as I could. This time it mattered little whether my voice reached the summit or not; for, as soon as the lights seemed at the spot where the dog stood, he dashed down the cliff, clinging to the irregular surface as he came, now holding by a stone, now sliding down with the rolling earth and snow, till he sprang into my bosom; and almost smothering me with his caresses, made the echoes of the cliffs ring again with his loud and ceaseless barking.

"My companions now perceived where I was. They made a circuit of some little extent, and descended to me by a less precipitous, but still a difficult path. My young friends, unless you have experienced the transition from despair to safety, from abandonment to kind friendship, from death to life, you can form to yourself no idea of the flood of feelings, both rapturous and gentle, which then poured upon my soul. The chosen of my heart was now no widow! my children were now not fatherless! I was restored to life, to the world, to hope, to happiness, and I owed it all to the loyalty and love of a poor hound! When your hand is next raised to strike your beast in anger, pause—and think upon the service which old Thor rendered to his master. That master was a kind one."

From Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.

THE SPIRIT HORSE.

The history of Morty Sullivan ought to be a warning to all young men to stay at home, and to live decently and soberly if they can, and not to go roving about the world. Morty, when he had just turned of fourteen, ran away from his father and mother, who were a mighty respectable old couple, and many and many a tear they shed on his account. It is said they both died heart-broken for his loss: all they ever learned about him was that he went on board of a ship bound to America.

Thirty years after the old couple had been laid peacefully in their graves, there came a stranger to Beerhaven inquiring after them—it was their son Morty; and, to speak the truth of him, his heart did seem full of sorrow, when he heard that his parents were dead and gone;—but what else could he expect to hear? Repentance generally comes when it is too late.

Morty Sullivan, however, as an atonement for his sins, was recommended to perform a pilgrimage to the blessed chapel of St. Gobnate, which is in a wild place called Ballyvourney.

This he readily undertook; and willing to lose no time, commenced his journey the same afternoon. Morty had not proceeded many miles before the evening came on: there was no moon, and the starlight was obscured by a thick fog, which ascended from the valleys. His way was through a mountainous country, with many cross-paths and by-ways, so that it was difficult for a stranger like Morty to travel without a guide. He was anxious to reach his destination, and exerted himself to do so; but the fog grew thicker and thicker, and at last he became doubtful if the track he was in led to Saint Gobnate's chapel. Seeing therefore a light which he imagined not to be far off, he went towards it, and when he thought himself close to it the light suddenly seemed at a great distance, twinkling dimly through the fog. Though Morty felt some surprise at this, he was not disheartened, for he thought that it was a light which the blessed Saint Gobnate had sent to guide his feet through the mountains to her chapel.

Thus did he travel for many a mile, continually, as he believed, approaching the light, which would suddenly start off to a great distance. At length he came so close as to perceive that the light came from a fire; seated beside which he plainly saw an old woman:—then, indeed, his faith was a little shaken, and much did he wonder that both the fire and the old woman should travel before him, so many weary miles, and over such uneven roads.

"In the pious names of Saint Gobnate, and of her preceptor Saint Abban," said Morty, "how can that burning fire move on so fast before me, and who can that old woman be sitting beside the moving fire?"

These words had no sooner passed Morty's lips than he found himself, without taking another step, close to this wonderful fire, beside which the old woman was sitting munching her supper. With every wag of the old woman's jaw her eyes would roll fiercely upon Morty, as if she was angry at being disturbed; and he saw with more astonishment than ever that her eyes were neither black, nor blue, nor gray, nor hazel, like the human eye, but of a wild red colour, like the eye of a ferret. If before he wondered at the fire, much greater was his wonder at the old woman's appearance; and stout-hearted as he was, he could not but look upon her with fear—judging, and judging rightly, that it was for no good purpose her supping in so unfrequented a place, and at so late an hour, for it was near midnight. She said not one word, but munched and munched away, while Morty looked at her in silence.—"What's your name?" at last demanded the old hag, a sulphureous puff coming out of her mouth, her nostrils distending, and her eyes growing redder than ever, when she had finished her question.

Plucking up all his courage, "Morty Sullivan," replied he, "at your service;" meaning the latter words only in civility.

"Ubbubbo!" said the old woman, "we'll soon see that;" and the red fire of her eyes turned into a pale green colour. Bold and fearless as Morty was, yet much did he tremble at hearing this dreadful exclamation; he would have fallen down on his knees and prayed to Saint Gobnate, or any other saint, for he was not particular; but he was so petrified with horror, that he could not move in the slightest way, much less go down on his knees.

"Take hold of my hand, Morty," said the old woman: "I'll give you a horse to ride that will soon carry you to your journey's end." So saying, she led the way, the fire going before them;—it is beyond mortal knowledge to say how, but on it went, shooting out bright tongues of flame, and flickering fiercely.

Presently they came to a natural cavern in the side of the mountain, and the old hag called aloud in a most discordant voice for her horse! In a moment a jet-black steed started from its gloomy stable, the rocky floor of which rung with a sepulchral echo to the clanging hoofs.

"Mount, Morty, mount!" cried she, seizing him with supernatural strength, and forcing him upon the back of the horse. Morty finding human power of no avail, muttered, "O that I had spurs!" and tried to grasp the horse's mane; but he caught at a shadow, which nevertheless bore him up and bounded forward with him, now springing down a

fearful precipice, now clearing the rugged bed of a torrent, and rushing like the dark midnight storm through the mountains.

The following morning Morty Sullivan was discovered by some pilgrims (who came that way after taking their rounds at Gourgane Barra) lying on the flat of his back, under a steep cliff, down which he had been flung by the Phooka. Morty was severely bruised by the fall, and he is said to have sworn on the spot, by the hand of O'Sullivan (and that is no small oath), never again to take a full quart bottle of whiskey with him on a pilgrimage.

MISCELLANY.

"HIGHWAYS AND BYE WAYS."

We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates, for the accommodation of those who choose to call in as they go—and there are very few of all the host of travellers who do not stop at some or another of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety, as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at the different stopping places.

Pride and Fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates—the ordinary fees they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset, she tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands—but she taxes without mercy—like an artful robber, she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money—and turns him off, a miserable object, into the worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll-gatherer on the road—for he not only gets from his customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their brains. The men you meet in the road, ragged and ruined in fame and fortune are his visitors.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary.

Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain common sense men, who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things—it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with. We are apt to do a good deal as our companions do—stop where they stop—and pay toll where they pay. Ten chances to one, then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is closely to observe how others manage—to mark the good or ill that is produced by every course of life—see how those who do well, manage, and trace the course of all evil to its origin in conduct. Thus you will make yourself master of the information most necessary to regulate your own conduct. There is no difficulty in working things right if you know how—by these means you learn.

Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to be a second nature—good habits I speak of—bad ones are more easily acquired—they are spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly without culture.

These ideas are thrown loosely together, but they may be worth a thought. I send them to the printers, who will print them when they have a little room to spare.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

From the Pawtucket White Banner and Masonic Telegraph.

At the battle of York Town, whilst the aids of the American Chief were issuing his orders along the line, a man was discovered a short distance from

it, who presented rather a grotesque appearance, being dressed in the coarse common cloth worn at that time by the lower orders in the back country, with an otter cap, the shape of which very much resembled the steeple of a meeting-house, and a broad leather apron. His equipments consisted of a small wood-chuck's skin, sowed together in the form of a bag, and partly filled with buck shot, an ox horn filled with powder, and an old rusty gun, which measured about seven feet, eight inches, from the muzzle to the end of the breech, and which had probably lain in the smoke ever since the landing of the pilgrims. One of the aids passing him in the course of his rounds, inquired of him, to what regiment he belonged. "I belong to no regiment," said the fellow, after he had fired his 'long carbine.' A few moments after, the officer rode by again; but seeing the fellow very busy, and sweating with exertion, he once more inquired to what regiment he belonged—"to no regiment," was the answer, the speaker at the same time levelling his piece at a "red coat" who was preparing to fire, but who dropped dead before he had half raised his gun. "To what company do you belong?"—"to no company—"to what battallion do you belong?"—"to no battallion—"then where the devil do you belong, or who are you fighting for?"—"dang ye," said the fellow, "I don't belong any where, I am fighting on my own hook!"

A REVERIE.

Night was veiling with its dusky mantle the varied face of nature—the bright objects of day were now gloomy and indistinct—I sat before a fire which threw a fitful gleam upon the opposite wall—contemplation had chosen this time as peculiarly her own—the thoughts of years that are gone, crowded upon my mind—I was again in the walks of youth—youth! season of comparative innocence—when the angel of hope covers the mind with her golden wings—when the tear of grief seldom dims the laughing eye—when "sorrow may endure for a night," but when the morning sun will bring with him the light of consolation and rekindle the glow of joy. Where is the man who can look back upon thy days of peace, without a pensive feeling? If there be such a man, I envy him not—he has little sensibility. What has become of those, whose youthful hands we pressed with youthful ardour—around whose necks our arm was fondly thrown—whose mirth, whose pains we shared, whose wrongs we were ever ready to avenge—in whom we confided—for the influence of the dark spirit of suspicion was then unfelt? Some of them have been gathered to the mansions of death, in the spring of their days, while they "dreamed" of "many a morrow gay"—some upon whose devoted heads the storms of misfortune have pitilessly pelted, have sought far from their homes a foreign grave—some have quaffed the cup which smiling pleasure afforded—they are now treading with hasty footsteps the broad road whose end is ruin—some have been "marked" by "melancholy for her own," and move through life "in helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart." Some are far away—tossed on the stormy ocean, or pursuing fortune in other climes, exposed to death from the roaring wave, or inhaling the pestilential breeze. Of how few can it be said—their path has always been prosperous? Those may be considered as fortunate, and should be contented who can say, we float along the stream of time—it is now gentle and calm—now rough and turbulent—its banks are often adorned with gay and beautiful landscapes—though our prospects are sometimes bounded by dark and barren rocks—as we advance we are still greeted with smiling spots of verdure, but long tracts of cheerless sterility too frequently meet our gaze. Happy is he whose bosom is swayed, and whose actions are directed by the expectation of heaven, of an illimitable felicity.

CHOICE OF STAIRCASES. A Spanish priest, delivering a sermon on the Temptation in the wilderness, said, when the devil took Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple, and bade him cast himself down, he replied, "Thank you, my friend, I have a better staircase to go down by." Being told after the service that he had made our Saviour call the devil his friend, he took it so much to heart that he died.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1827.

JOHN A. BRYAN, esq. postmaster in Ellicottville, Cattaraugus county, will act as agent for the American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine.

New subscribers can be furnished with the American Masonic Record from No. 1, of the present volume. Unless directions are sent with orders hereafter received, the back Nos. will be forwarded.

We decline publishing the article signed M. Religion is among the subjects excluded from our columns; and we cannot consent to be a medium through which our correspondents may interfere with another's notions of futurity. We beg our correspondent to bear in mind that metaphysical disputes and speculation are dull, and for the most part incomprehensible, to a majority of readers. A man cannot be in much worse business, now-a-days, than prosing upon the passions and affections. M. has seen something of the world; cannot he combine incident with sentiment? Satire alone, unless lively and severe, is very apt to be insipid.

WAVERLY NOVELS. It will be seen by an extract in another column what Sir Walter Scott has at length avowed himself the "total and undivided author" of the Waverly novels. This declaration will, we doubt not, be universally received with satisfaction and pleasure; for though the pretensions of many other persons have been strenuously supported, a claim from any other source than Sir Walter Scott would have been received with coldness and distrust. The New-York Statesman, speaking of Sir Walter's declaration, says,—"A measure of good fortune much larger than has fallen to the enjoyment of any other writer, has become the portion of Sir Walter. It has been the melancholy history of genius, in every age and country, that its powers have been underrated, or unrewarded, or both, during the lives of its possessors; and that the aggravations of disappointment have been augmented in exact ratio with the increased splendour of the illuminations they have sought to obscure. But the works of Sir Walter acquired the fulness of their fame while yet unacknowledged. They were placed, at once, in the very highest rank of the department of literature to which they belong; and their author was decreed to have become entitled to divide the Supremacy of the world of Fiction (for the present age, at least) with him who was previously, though in a different form of composition, emphatically its Master. But the great achiever (if we may so speak) was yet unknown. Though the freshest and the greenest of laurels were prepared, no claimant presented himself until now; when, throwing aside the shroud in which his features were enveloped, he takes possession of immortality as of an appointed inheritance. Its value is enhanced because it has been awarded without deduction or drawback, of any kind from any cause. It is unanimous and enthusiastic; and, earned while its object is yet in the prime of his years, he has ample time of realizing its high and proud gratifications. Nor have the rewards of Sir Walter been confined to distinction alone. The pecuniary returns of his labours, (less ethereal, perhaps, than fame, but thrice more substantial) have corresponded in value. Whatever poets may dream about pastoral simplici-

ty, and however much they may despise the cold calculations of gain, it is not to be denied that golden returns are great stimulants to exertion, and that a *quantum suff.* of golden oil is necessary to prevent even the lamp of genius from expiring."

Mrs. ROYAL. This lady is certainly the most indefatigable literary being of which our country has the honor to boast. She is as volatile as ether; without being subject to evaporation. One day, with all the spirit and sanguinity of a Junius, she is writing down the Boston Lyceum; the next, she is holding a *tete-a-tete* with the President; and the third, she loads down the mail with familiar epistles to her truly loving and beloved friends of the editorial profession. The gallant governor of Arrarat says she is the Mrs. Walter Scott of America; the National Advocate insists that she is Madame de Stael, *secundus*; and the lady herself is perfectly satisfied that her's is

One of the few, th' immortal names,
That were not born to die.

For ourselves, as her husband was a soldier and we are not of a fighting propensity; and moreover, as she has intimated that she expects a particularly lofty puff from us, on the score of ancient friendship; we have determined to pronounce her infinitely superior to Mrs. HALE and the authoress of Redwood. We have but one fault to find with Mrs. Royall, and that is, she don't write any poetry. If this article should be so fortunate as to arrest the attention of her divinityship, we would most respectfully urge upon her very particular consideration the notion of manufacturing a mistress for Childe Harold. If she will but write a Childe Haroldess we will engage to puff all that she has written, or may write, "sky high—sky high," as John Randolph says.

BOSTON LYCEUM. Last evening we received the Boston Lyceum for the 15th of the present month. Of course we have not had much time to peruse it. We noticed one article defending Lord Byron's character from aspersions cast upon it by an illiberal writer in the 4th number of the North American Review. We are not the indiscriminate admirers of Lord Byron's private life; but the outlines of his character were so noble, and his sentiments so heavenly, that, to damn him for the accidents of his life, appears to be little less than sacrilege. We may however be on the wrong side of the question.

Contents of the Lyceum:—The Last Supper; Dreamings; Byron and the North American Review; The Monitory Relick; Thersites and Eudora; The Grey Nun; A Husband's Honour; The Mistletoe at the Tomb of Washington; An Introduction to a Great Man; Early Days of Shakspeare; Leisure Hours, No. I. Table Talk—Gallery of Portraits—Harding. Critical Notices—Northwood; Father Clement; America; Byron's Poems; The Odd Volume. The Drama—Federal Street Theatre. The Boston Lyceum is published on the fifteenth of every month by TRUE & GREEN, Merchants' Hall, Boston, at four dollars per annum, one half payable in advance.

We have received a letter from a gentleman of the first respectability, resident in Rensselaerville, enabling us and requesting us to contradict the sentimental tale hatched up by a canting hypocrite in this city respecting the suicide Murdock. The tale is simply this: a man by the name of Mur-

dock, living in Rensselaerville, some years since, became embarrassed in his circumstances, and so great was the effect of his troubles upon him, that he put a period to his existence by cutting his throat. This truth has been twisted and garnished by a fellow in this city, and the murder of Murdock charged upon the masonic fraternity. We now declare that Murdock committed suicide, and pronounce any and every assertion and insinuation to the contrary, wilfully and deliberately false, and consider it as originating in the basest purposes of interest and malignity. We shall not spend our time in commenting upon the doings of a creature whose editorial meanness and baseness are unequalled in the annals of the press. If any of our readers feel interested in the case of Murdock, by calling upon us they can be referred to persons of the most undoubted veracity, for a verification of our statements.

LITERARY PRIZES. The Editor and publishers of *The Memorial*, offer the following Premiums for contributions to their Christmas and New-Year's Offering for the ensuing year—viz: For the best original Poem, a prize of *Sixty Dollars*; for the second ditto, a prize of *Forty Dollars*; for the best original Prose tale, a prize of *Sixty Dollars*; for the second ditto, a prize of *Forty Dollars*. Communications must be addressed "To the Editor of the Memorial, care of Messrs. True & Green, Boston, Mass." on or before the 15th of May.

The Token, a Christmas and New-Year's Gift for 1827. Mr. S. G. Goodrich, in connexion with other booksellers, proposes to publish a volume corresponding in character to the popular works which appear annually in London, under the titles of "Souvenir," "Amulet," "Forget Me Not," &c. It is to consist wholly of original pieces, of a lively character, in prose and verse, extending to from one to twenty pages each. It is particularly desired that it may embrace interesting sketches and tales, illustrative of American history, scenery, and manners. The work will be entitled "*The Token, a Christmas and New-Year's Gift, for 1827.*" As the publishers are anxious to have it take a high rank among works of this sort, they particularly invite the contributions of persons of taste. A premium of one hundred dollars, or a medal of that value, will be given for the best original Tale, and the same for the Poem; the awards to be made by gentlemen, whose names will be hereafter published. The work will appear simultaneously at Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Communications for it to be addressed to Mr. Goodrich, Boston, before the first of June next, or, if more convenient, to W. B. Gilley, New-York, or H. Huntington, jr. Hartford. [N. Y. Mirror.]

From the Boston Lyceum, for April 15.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NORTHWOOD. This is, we believe, Mrs. Hale's first effort in the department of novel-writing, and judging from the justness of outline, and truth of colouring with which she brings before us the manners and customs of our native New England, we venture to predict for her the attainment of a enviable celebrity and a deserved popularity. We have had the pleasure of numbering Mrs. Hale among the contributors to our pages, and there are few who have not read with pleasure her sweet and heartfelt effusions over the signature of "Cornelia"—that we do not therefore feel under any restraint in speaking freely of her recent publication, for it cannot be denied that it has faults, though none that are glaring, and deficiencies,—but they are such as

the authoress can easily and readily supply. There are also in this novel many beauties of an unusual kind,—not merely sufficient to redeem it from tameness, insipidity or insignificance,—but beauties which at once attract the eye, and elicit our warmest approbation. We have seen elsewhere, more boldness in the development of intellectual capacity, more vividness in descriptive scenery, and more actual skill and power exerted in laying open the inmost recesses of the human heart; but we have not often seen more propriety and carefulness in constantly preserving for the individuals of the tale, the same fashioning of mind and tendency of disposition with which they are first introduced to us—nor more regard to the cause of morality in unfolding the better feelings of our nature, and the milder traits of character. We do not feel that feverish excitement in reading Mrs. Hale's book, which precludes the possibility of laying it down till the perusal of it is entirely accomplished, but it has the better quality of affording increased delight and satisfaction when taken up for the second or even the third time. It needs a little more vivacity and sprightliness to give it a rapid circulation, and occasionally more conciseness in the narrative,—but we cannot but congratulate the authoress on her success, and with hearty good will welcome her appearance in the amusing path of literature which she has now entered.

FATHER CLEMENT. This work hardly enough of incident to entitle it to the character of a story, but yet sufficient to gain it some readers among those who must be lured into the paths of instruction by the wiles of fiction. The fashionable and prevalent disregard for serious or religious reading has compelled our most zealous writers to resort to the fascinating shape of a tale, for the sake of a more general diffusion of wholesome truths. The necessity of trepanning readers into goodness may be a subject of deep regret, but the evil is surely lessened by those who, in the production of religious stories, show their disposition to fight against error at all times, and with all weapons.

This volume is little less than a controversy on the errors of the Catholic and the Protestant churches, maintained by the personages of the tale who are of different persuasions, yet still maintaining a perfect appearance of harmony and good will in their conversations. The characters are represented as possessing amiable dispositions,—are disposed to respect each others' difference of opinion, and appear more anxious for the elucidation of truth than for the advancement of their individual dogmas. The principal aim of the author is to show the operation of the Bible upon intelligent and ingenious minds, and this is delightfully evinced in these interesting pages, which are written in a style generally easy and pleasing, and sometimes in bold and glowing language. The errors of both Catholicism and Protestantism are exposed with much impartiality, and the interest that is excited in the perusal of the book arises principally from the new and striking light in which many of those errors are placed.

THE ODD VOLUME. This is a collection of tales, legends, and translations, all of which are highly interesting and amusing, and with the exception of the last in the volume, calculated to afford much entertainment. The single story to which we allude, is entitled—"Beware of what you say before Children," and is a most horrible and improbable—for the honour of human nature, we hope an impossible relation of the evil consequences of gratifying a child's curiosity. If we have counted rightly, nine of the characters in this short narrative, are made the victims to hideous deaths,—the barbarous torture inflicted by an aggravated mob upon one wretched old woman, are detailed with an appalling and almost disgusting distinctness. The other tales are told with feeling and vivacity, and with a skill that displays much acquaintance with the passions and emotions of the heart. "The legends of Number Nip," and "The Widow's Nuptials," contain perhaps, the best sketches in the volume, and will be read with that degree of satisfaction and interest, which are the best proofs of the author's power.

The Grand Jury of Dublin has found bills of indictment against Mr. Sheil the Catholic barister, for seditious language.

From late London papers.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN SELF-ACKNOWLEDGED.

The mystery which has so long existed with regard to the author of those extraordinary productions, the "Waverly Novels," is now finally dispelled, and the general opinion confirmed, by the unequivocal declaration of the "Great Unknown" himself, which was made at the Theatrical Dinner at Edinburgh, on Friday last. We extract from the report given in the Edinburgh Courant, the speech of Sir Walter Scott.

Lord Meadowbank, as a testimony of the feelings with which he rose, begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He would give the health of Sir Walter Scott, which was drank with enthusiastic cheering.

Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to no more than twenty persons, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of Not Proven. He did not think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice—he had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself.—(Long and loud cheers.) He was afraid to think on what he had done—"Look on't I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken and the rod buried. They will allow him further to say, with Prospero, "your breath has filled my sail," and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie.—(Loud applause)—and he was sure that when the author of Waverly and Rob Roy drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed, and that they would take care that on the present occasion it should be prodigious!—(Long and vehement applause.)

Mr. Mackay (who here spoke with great good humour in the character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie)—My conscience! My worthy father the Deacon could not have believed that his son could have had sic a compliment paid to him by the Great Unknown.

Sir W. Scott—Not unknown now, Mr. Bailie. Mr. Mackay said, he had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had now worn for eight years, and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had given such universal satisfaction.—(Loud laughter and applause) Before I sit down, I beg leave to propose the health of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh.—(Loud cheers.) Air "Twas within a mile of Edinburgh." [Traveller.

MR. BROUGHAM AND MR. RAIKES. We are informed that a curious rencontre took place yesterday at Brookes' Club House, between Mr. Raikes and Mr. Brougham. The former gentleman considering himself insulted by the remarks which the honourable and learned member made, on a recent trial in the Court of King's Bench, in which an action was brought against *The Age*, Sunday newspaper, accosted Mr. Brougham, yesterday, in terms, the object of which could not be misunderstood. Mr. Brougham, as we understand, declining to avail himself of the privilege of his professional character, immediately caused a message to be conveyed to Mr. Raikes, through Sir Robert Wilson. Mr. Raikes at once accepted it; but, in the mean while, intelligence of the intended meeting was

rumoured about, and last night Mr. Brougham was placed under arrest; Bishop, the officer, took him into custody. His bail, we are told, were Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Sefton. Mr. Raikes is out of the way; and there the matter rests for the present.

[London Courier, March 12.

MORGAN, &c.

At a Convocation of Richmond Royal Arch Chapter, held on the 12th of March, 1827, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That, having observed in silence as regards this Chapter, the illiberal attempts to implicate and stigmatize the whole fraternity in the outrage committed by some misguided individuals, in the abduction of William Morgan, we deem it but respectful to our fellow-citizens, in the present excited state of the public mind, to declare, and we now do, as a Chapter, solemnly declare, in the presence of Him who governs all things, that the said Morgan was not known, as a man or a mason, to this body, until after the unfortunate and lamentable affair had taken place; and that since then, several of our members have done their utmost to discover the perpetrators of this flagrant outrage against the constitution and laws of our country.

Resolved, That we view with contempt, any measures taken by bigotted and designing persons, to fix on us, individually, or as a Chapter, the base and slanderous charge of having known of, or having countenanced the unhappy transaction.

Resolved, That these proceedings be signed by the officers of the Chapter, and published.

JOHN BROWNELL, H. P.
N. ALLEN, K.
S. NICHOLS, 2d, S.

L. CHURCH, Sec'y.

From the New-York Times.

The mania, (for it deserves that name,) with which some of our fellow citizens are affected by the disappearance of Morgan, is carried to a length which evinces popular frenzy, rather than any more creditable excitement. Let every nook and corner of the state be ransacked until he or his murderers (if such there be) are forth coming, but do not proscribe a whole class of the community for the alledge and unproved sins of a few. We do not pretend to express a confident belief that the man is an impostor and is now amongst us, but be that as it may, we must subscribe in other respects to the following remarks of the Philadelphia United States Gazette.

At the recent elections in the western part of the state of New-York, the line of demarkation between parties was not drawn by any reference to old party names, it was *mason* or *no mason*. The ticket which had upon it the name of a single mason was opposed entirely, and the opposition party headed theirs "*Morgan Ticket*"—and to this molten image, without the attraction of golden, they fell down and worshipped. After enumerating the town officers elected in Lockport, the editor of the "*Observatory*" of that town says, "In this town the masons were wholly excluded, and in some instances for no other reason than because they were *masons*."

In other places it was the same. In Royaltown, John Garney is re-elected supervisor. In that town the whole ticket nominated at the late *Morgan* meeting was elected. The contest was as close, and more anxiety is said to have been manifested for the opposing candidates, than is generally exhibited at the annual state elections. Masons were wholly excluded.

Now the worthless scoundrel Morgan, and the still more worthless wretch Miller, must enjoy this excitement in an eminent degree; and though the chance of securing the \$5000, proffered by the legislative committee is lost to them, yet the sale of their pirated book, and other villainous means of gain, will probably be as profitable to them.

These, however, are common wretches, individual sharpers—but what are we to say of *men*, republicans, who, for the sake of securing office to themselves or their friends, will thus prostitute their elective privileges, and proscribe a whole class of the community?

From Noah's New-York Enquirer.

As a specimen of the extent to which the excitement on this subject is carried, we may quote from the Buffalo Emporium the following passage:—"We learn that the *Morgan ticket*, for town officers, in Hamburg, failed throughout. The people were not prepared to turn out faithful public servants to satisfy some who wanted their places, and who proposed to mount into them on the Morgan hobby." In our own minds, we have not the slightest doubt that the whole business is, and has been, a mere speculation of designing knaves. Their artifices have wrought upon the weak-minded and credulous part of the community, and the whole state is suffering in its character as well as in its peace. We do not recollect any instance of equal aberration of public judgment, unless it be the case of *Elizabeth Canning*, in the middle of the last century. She, too, was supposed to be "forcibly abducted" and murdered. The putative criminals were tried, but the whole transaction was discovered to be a *humbug*, got up by avarice and falsehood. And the Morgan affair, we are sure of it, will come to a similar result.

From the same.

We are absolutely nauseated with the trash which has been disseminated in all parts of the State on this *humbug*. It is refreshing, therefore, to turn the sensible, manly and salutary speech of Mr. Bucklin, in the Assembly, on the resolution offering an additional reward of \$5,000 for the discovery of Morgan or "his murderers." In the face of the popular excitements he has dared to tell the Legislature the truth, and he rebukes such a resolution, as having a direct tendency to increase and perpetuate that excitement. The inexpediency of legislating on such a question (if it could have been previously doubted) is made strikingly manifest in his speech. We are sorry that we cannot print it at length.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

O COME TO THE BOWER.

O come to the bower, 'tis the wonted hour
Of the whispered vow and the clinging kiss;
There comes on the evening breeze a power
Which thou canst raise to the purest bliss.
'Tis the hour of love, and the sky above
Is the spangled wing of a Spirit of light,
Who spreads it forth like the cherishing dove,
To cheer and protect the sweets of night.
Then come to the bower, 'tis the wonted hour
Of the whispered vow, and the clinging kiss,
There comes on the balmy breeze a power
Which thou canst raise to the purest bliss.

G.

From the N. Y. Crystal Hunter.

THE GREEK'S ADDRESS

TO HIS FALLEN COUNTRY.

Composed for a Greek Air brought by Lord Byron to England from Greece.

"Having said this, the poor man shed tears; asking us if the time would ever arrive when Greece might be delivered from the Mahometan tyranny; and adding, 'if we had but a leader, we should flock together by thousands, and soon put an end to Turkish dominion.'"—*Clarke's Travels.*

Oh! when shall Greece, fair, fallen land,
Rekindle Freedom's meteor brand;
And every Grecian slave be free,
Who sighs in hard captivity?

Gone are her altars of pure gold;
Deep lie in dust her gods of old;
Dark, noisome weeds her temples fill;
And every note of praise is still.

Wild and unpruned the tendril grows;
No more Ilyseus' streamlet flows;
The lute has hush'd its soothing sound—
And nought but light winds whisper round.

Yet, it is hop'd for prospect far,
When Greece shall see her conquering star;
When every altar's fire shall flame
A sacrifice to freedom's name!

Shrunk is the rose on yonder bank,
And clos'd those pores the dew which drank;
But there's a spring again must sigh,
Again must waft its fragrance high.

Cheer, cheer thee then my native land!
Again shall wave each freeborn hand;
Again shall Minerva's standard rise,*
Where now the flaming crescent flies.

Then shalt thou, Greece, renowned land!
Rekindle Freedom's meteor brand,
And every Grecian slave be free,
Who sighs in hard captivity.

CHARLES.

* Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece.

From the United States Literary Gazette, for April.

SPRING IN TOWN.

The country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses. Showers and sunshine bring
Slowly the deepening verdure o'er the earth,
To put their foliage out the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
Come earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
Breathes thro' the sky of March the airs of May,
Shine on our roofs, and chase the wintry gloom—
And, lo, our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then,
Gorgeous as are the rivulet's banks in June,
That, overhung with blossoms, through its glen,
Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon;
And they that search the untrodden wood for flowers
Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies;
And foreheads white as when in clusters set,
The anemones by forest fountains rise;
And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

And thick about those lovely temples lie
Locks that the lucky Vignardonne has curled—
Thrice happy man! whose trade it is to buy
And braid and braid those love-nets of the world!
Who curls of every glossy color keepst,
And sellest, it is said, the blackest cheapest!

And well thou mayst; for Italy's brown maids
Send the dark-locks with which their brows are drest;
And Tuscan lassies from their jetty braids
Crop half, to buy a ribbon for the rest;
But the fresh Norman girls their ringlets spare,
And the Dutch damsel keeps her flaxen hair.

Then henceforth let no maid or matron grieve
To see her locks of an unlovely hue,

Frowzy or thin; for Vignardonne shall give
Such piles of curls as nature never knew:
Eve, with her veil, of tresses, at the sight
Had blushed outdone, and owned herself a fright.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street
Like notes of wood-birds, and where'er the eye
Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling feet
Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by;
The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleetest pace,

No swimming Juno gait, of languor born,
Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,
Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn.—
A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
To Singing and the shores of Tappan bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots, who will care
For steeds and footmen now? Ye cannot show
Fair face and dazzling dress and graceful air,
And last edition of the shape? Ah no,
These sights are for the earth and open sky,
And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

CORMAC AND MARY.

"She is not dead—she has no grave—
She lives beneath Lough Corrib's water;
And in the murmur of each wave
Methinks I catch the songs I taught her."

Thus many an evening on the shore
Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly;
Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
"She lives, detain'd by spells unholy."

"Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
Her spirit lives—alien of heaven;
Nor will it know a second birth
When sinful mortals are forgiven!"

"Cold is this rock—the wind comes chill,
And mists the gloomy waters cover;
But oh! her soul is colder still—
To lose her God—to leave her lover!"

The lake was in profound repose,
Yet one white wave came gently curling,
And as it reached the shore, arose
Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.

Onward they move, an airy crowd;
Through each thin form a moonlight ray shone;
While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
Appear in liquid undulation.

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
Their trackless way with antic capers;
And certain clouds hang over head,
Festoon'd by rainbow-colour'd vapours.

And when a breath of air would stir
That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
Light wings of prismy zephyr
Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
Swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness;
To sound of which this subtle throng
Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.

With music's strain, all came and went
Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision;
Now rising in wild merriment,
Now softly fading in derision.

"Christ, save her soul," he boldly cried;
And when that blessed name was spoken,
Fierce yells and headish shrieks replied,
And vanished all,—the spell was broken.

And now on Corib's lonely shore,
Freed by his word from power of fairy,
To life, to love, restored once more,
Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

The following lines, by the Scottish Wilton, will be perused
with interest by the lovers of brilliant poetry

ADDRESS TO THE WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind far down on the vale?—
Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! Idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mist of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wand'ring on mountain and moor
As the vision glides by him may blameless adore:
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the tree
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest glad lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest.
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon sheltering height,
One moment—then bright Apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day,
Alone on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth:

In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself, in full sail o'er the ocean!
Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wildness! where art thou now?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from the cloud of the night!
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-groves are filled as with light,
And the caves as thou passest one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

B.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the bush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to
the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts it-
self in watching over the tranquility of an aged
parent. There are no tears that give so noble a
lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of fil-
ial sorrow.
Julian's Letters.

He that has not a mastery over his inclinations,
he that knows not how to resist the importunity
of present pleasure or pain for the sake of what
reason tells him is fit to be done, wants the true
principle of virtue and industry, and is in danger
of never being good for any thing.
Locke.

No house is so narrow but that a liberal mind will
add to its dimensions.
Petrarch.

It has often been observed that a person of aban-
doned character is always ready to pull down to
his own dirty level, those whose virtues are above
his imitation, and the daily beauties of whose lives
make him more detestable.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1827.

[No. 13.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitz. [Juv. Sat.]

MASONIC CEREMONIES.

From the National Intelligencer.

Ceremony of laying the Corner Stone of the new Church of the First Presbyterian Congregation of the City of Washington, located near the City Hall.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst. in compliance with the particularly request of the committee on the part of the Church, and according to arrangements previously made, the *Foundation Stone* of a new Edifice, intended for the use of the First Presbyterian Congregation, was laid in this city by the Fraternity of Free Masons.

The following is an account of the ceremonies on that occasion:

At four o'clock P. M. a procession was formed at the Rev. Mr. Baker's Church, according to the usual order.

The procession marched down Fourteenth street to F. street, where it halted to receive the Rev. Clergy, members of the Church, Building Committee, and Citizens, who had assembled at the Rev. Dr. Laurie's Church; all parties having taken their proper stations, the procession moved on to Pennsylvania Avenue, along the Avenue to 4 1-2 street, and up that street to the site of the Edifice, where it halted—the ranks were opened to the right and left, and the Grand Master and Grand Officers passed through the line to the Stone: the Fraternity, Rev. Clergy, members of the Church, and Building Committee, also passed, and formed in the area of the building.

Silence having been proclaimed by the Grand Marshal, and repeated by the Grand Deacons, attendant on the Grand Master, and each of the Assistant Marshals—

Brother the Rev. WILLIAM HAWLEY, the Grand Chaplain, rose and addressed the throne of Grace in a fervent and eloquent prayer; after which solemn music was played by the Band: and

Brother JOHN N. MOULDER, M. W. Grand Master, delivered the following address:

"Brothers and Fellow Citizens:

"Human institutions, in all societies where civilization exists, borrow their excellencies either from moral virtue, or the analogies between the principles those institutions inculcate, and the received religion of the country.

"In this new world, where political freedom has lent its Promethian fire to the cause of general toleration, and the human heart is lit up with the desire of universal love, faith, and fellowship, more is due to the influence of revealed religion, than in those unsettled States, where peculiar ties form the code of morals and the rule of reason.

"The dedication of a Temple, even in the mythology of ancient times, was an earnest of devotion to the guardian divinity of an imagined being; and if the obligations of a Pagan worship could have had any influence on the mind, much more should it possess in the cultivated intellects of Christians, who here give a solemn pledge of faith in the being, honor to the name, and promise of devotion to that living and true God, who is heard in every breeze, 'who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

"As David did with the shields of gold, and the spoils from the King of Zobah, that he dedicated to the Lord, so do we with this new Tabernacle; not aiding by the insignia of secrets that tie up from mankind the knowledge of living virtues, or by the mystic rites of exclusive Masonry, that set apart to itself doctrines to be concealed from human view, since they are open to the virtuous pursuit of all; but assisting as Masons, and brothers of the human race, carrying only in the emblems of our order, the outward marks of honourable brotherhood, and

in our creed, that philanthropy and virtue which declares us Christian brothers of all mankind.

"The pomp of decoration, the memorials which time for ages has assigned—are indeed but the mere glitterings of a noble craft; and when the circumstance of show, the revelation of secrets, and the momenta of our fraternity shall stand confessed on that great day, when

*"The gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,
The whole globe itself,—yea, all who it inhabit,
Shall dissolve;"*

Masonry shall reveal its true secret—Truth—and stand imperishable.

"Glorious then is the duty of raising our banners in honor this day of a living God, and of adding our humble homage to the cause of a Holy and universal Trinity.

"May this intended edifice, then, proclaim in itself, and the disciples of true faith—"that root of Jesse which shall stand for an ensign to the People"—For

"I say unto you that in this place is one greater than the Temple."

The foundation Stone was then laid, with the ancient solemn ceremonies of the Craft—and pronounced by the Grand Master to be *"well formed, true, and trusty."*

Playell's Hymn was then played by the Band.

A leaden box was then produced, and deposited in the Stone, containing—

The Holy Bible, and a Parchment, on which is inscribed the following:

"The First Church of the 'First Presbyterian Congregation of Washington City,' was erected on square No. 636, A. D. 1812. The location of that building having been found injudicious, it was determined at a meeting of the Congregation, held 20th November, 1826, to remove to a more eligible situation.

"This Corner Stone of their new Edifice was laid with the usual ceremonies, the 10th day of April, A. D. 1827, A. L. 5827, by John N. Moulder, M. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons, of the District of Columbia.

Rev. REUBEN POST, Pastor.

JOHN COYLE, } Ruling Elders.

JAMES MOORE, }

MATTHEW ST. CLAIR CLARKE, }

PHINEAS BRADLEY, }

WM. A. BRADLEY, }

ROBERT BROWN, }

ANDREW COLLE, }

SAMUEL BURCH, }

THOMAS SEWALL, }

E. LINDSLEY, }

JOHN UNDERWOOD, }

WILLIAM S. DRUMMOND, Builder

Building
Committee.

"Thus saith the Lord, Behold I lay in Zion for a Foundation a Stone, a precious Corner Stone, a sure Foundation."—Is. xxviii 16.

The Stone having been placed in its bed, the Cornucopia, and the vessels containing the wine and oil, were by their bearers delivered, the Cornucopia to the Deputy Grand Master, and the wine and oil to the Wardens; who, in successive order, handed them to the Grand Master, by whom their contents were poured upon the Stone, saying, "May the all bounteous Author of all good, bless the members of this Church, and the inhabitants of this City, with all the necessities, comforts, and conveniences of life, and grant to us all, in needed supply, the *Corn of nourishment, the Wine of refreshment, and the Oil of joy*"—to which the Brethren responded.

The Grand Master then struck the Stone three times with his mallet—and the honours of Masonry were given. Music sounded a flourish and the Grand Master said—

"We have now laid this Foundation Stone—may the Grand Architect of the Universe, of his kind Providence enable the Church to carry on and finish

this work—protect the workmen against accident, and assist in its completion. May he afford to it, and to this City in general, his guardianship and protection, and may he keep it from misfortune, decay, and ruin, until time shall be no more."

The working tools were then committed to the Master Builder by the Grand Master, accompanied by the following remarks:

"To you, Master Builder, I entrust these tools: may you use them as becomes the Craft; superadding to industry, the Christian duty of faithfulness; and to faithfulness, skill: so that in whatever Order this building may be reared—whether in the Corinthian, Ionic, or Doric, it may emblematically unite in harmony the strict duties of social life, to add their graces to the more perishable beauties of proportion and architecture."

To which he replied, as follows:

"Most Worshipful Sir: Distrusting at all times my skill and abilities, I accept, with great diffidence, the trust which has been confided to me, of erecting the building, the corner stone of which you have just now laid, with such imposing ceremonies, and under such promising aspects.

"Relying on the aid and support, which I hope to merit and receive from the enlightened and liberal gentlemen who have been appointed by the good People for whose use this edifice is intended as their delegates and representatives in superintending its erection, I enter upon the discharge of my professional duties with cheerfulness and confidence; trusting that in their progress, I shall prove, by my zeal and attention, that their confidence has not been misplaced, and certain I am, it shall not be abused."

After solemn music by the Band,

The Grand Chaplain addressed the Throne of the Almighty, and supplicated his gracious blessings on the proceedings of the day; after which, the Rev. Mr. Post, Pastor of the Church, in a most eloquent and appropriate manner, addressed the assembled Masons and Citizens, and closed the ceremonies of the day with prayer.

The procession then marched into the City Hall in common order—the Grand Master, &c. in front, and there was dismissed.

The procession was formed and conducted under the direction of Brothers BENJAMIN M. BELT, Grand Marshal of the Grand Lodge, assisted by his Deputies, Brothers THOMAS DONOHU and ROBERT G. LANPHER—to all of whom great credit is due, for the very able and efficient performance of their duties.

The fine Band of the Marine Corps attended on the occasion, and performed with its accustomed ability.

Charity, in the works of moralists, is defined to be the love of our brethren, or a kind of brotherly affection one towards another. The rule and standard that this habit is to be examined and regulated by among Christians, is the love we bear ourselves, or that the Mediator bore towards us; that is, it must be unfeigned, constant, and out of no other design than man's happiness.

ELECTIONS.

Plattsburgh Encampment, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

At a regular communication of Plattsburgh Encampment, No. 8, of Knights Templars, held on the 13th inst. Good Friday, the following Sir Knights were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Sir William F. Haile, Grand Commander; Sir John Bleecker, Generalissimo; Sir Samuel Emery, Captain General; Sir John M'Kee, Prelate; Sir St. John B. L. Skinner, Senior Warden; Sir Winslow C. Watson, Junior Warden; Sir Roswell Wait, Treasurer; Sir George W. Hicks, Recorder; Sir William H. Morgan, Standard Bearer; Sir Hiram Wood, Sword Bearer; Sir Charles S. Movers, Warder; Sir Michael M'Durmot, Sentinel.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

BRICKS.

The best bricks are made of a clayey loam without having too much clay on the one hand, which is apt to shrink in drying; or too much on the other, which makes them too brittle. The earth of which bricks are to be manufactured, should be dug in the autumn, and allowed to remain during the winter exposed to the frost, which, by mellowing and pulverizing it, renders it afterwards more easily tempered. When the season arrives for preparing it, the clay should be broken into pieces and thrown into pits, where, after being watered, it should remain soaking for several days. Tempering, which is the next process, requires great labour. In England, instead of the old mode of treading with men or oxen, they employ a clay or pug mill, which performs this operation with less labour and more efficacy. "This mill, which is worked by horses, consists, according to Nicholson, of a large vertical cone, having strong knives, with a spiral arrangement, and inclination, fixed on its internal surface. Passing through the centre, and terminating in a pivot at the bottom is a strong perpendicular shaft with similar radiating knives, so that the knives by the revolution of the shaft, cut, separate and purify the clay, till it be reduced to homogeneous paste, which passes through an orifice at the bottom into a receiver placed for that purpose." The clay being thus tempered, should be formed into moulds, previously dipped into sand by the moulder, who strikes off the superfluous earth with a flat smooth piece of wood. One good moulder, it is said, can mould from 5,000 to 7,000 bricks a day. The bricks are then to be taken from the moulder's bench, and ranged on ground prepared for their reception; and after they are sufficiently hardened to admit of being handled, they are to be dressed with a knife, built up in long walls, and protected from the weather. The next process is the burning, which is performed in a kiln. The usual size of these kilns is 40 bricks by 37, and 35 bricks in height. It takes 60 cords of wood for a kiln of these dimensions, or about half a cord to every thousand. Pine is the kind of wood most commonly used. The heat must be gradually increased till it attains its greatest height, and afterwards continued uniformly till the bricks are burned, which is generally completed in six days and nights.

The use of bricks is of very high antiquity. The first bricks which men attempted to form, were probably rude masses of clay, awkwardly fashioned, dried in the air, and hardened by the sun. Time and experience taught them how to mould them, and by this means to give them a regular and uniform figure, which rendered their transportation and use more easy and less expensive, than those of stone. The tower of Babel or Belus, is the most ancient monument of unburnt bricks of which we have any vestiges. The ruins of Babylon, too, furnish another proof of the great antiquity of this material, and show that these unburnt bricks were, in those dry climates, as durable as burnt bricks, and the hardest stone, in cold and humid countries. The ancient Egyptians also constructed magnificent monuments of unburnt brick, which still remain. The ruins of one of these are now to be seen about ten leagues from Grand Cairo. These are thought to be the remains of the pyramid erected by Asychis, king of Egypt, which Herodotus mentions. The ancient Greeks and Romans likewise employed this material in the construction of their public edifices.

[Black Rock Gaz.]

GEORAMA.

Among the new inventions in Paris, destined to render the study of geography more easy and intelligible to young people, must be distinguished this beautiful machine.

The *Georama*, or *View of the Earth*, is a hollow sphere of 40 feet diameter, formed by an assemblage of 36 bars of iron, which represents the parallels and meridians, and which are covered by bluish cloth, destined to admit the lights, and to represent seas and lakes. The land, mountains and rivers, are painted with much care on paper, pasted on this covering. The two poles are situated, as in maps

of the world, at the extremities of the vertical diameter of the sphere. Around this diameter, are two spiral staircases, which land on three little circular galleries, placed one above another, so that the spectator at his pleasure, can approach any point of the sphere that he wishes to examine. This disposition, as convenient as it is ingenious, at first astonishes him. The imposing grandeur of the blue vault which represents seas, the irregularity of the masses of land which interrupt their monotony, the novelty of his situation, all concur to produce a sort of stupor and hesitation, from which he is soon relieved as he discovers, though in a reversed situation, the parts of the world which he has been accustomed to behold.

The relief of mountains is expressed by shades more or less prolonged; rivers, by lines of a paler color; volcanoes by a fiery color. All analogous divisions (and one may judge how numerous they are, since France has the names of all its departments and chief places) are designated by similar letters. All confusion is avoided, by the manner in which the delineations are made.

[Silliman's Journal.]

COMPRESSION OF WATER.

Professor Oersted uses a very simple instrument for measuring the compression of water. After having deprived the atmospheric air by ebullition, he fills a glass cylinder with it, whose upper part is mounted with a brass cover, hermetically sealed, and which is traversed by a screw, with a small piston at its lower extremity which presses upon the fluid. In the cylinder is placed a small thermometer tube, both filled with the water of the cylinder, except that in the upper part of the tube, which remains open, there is a small column of mercury, which, on account of the extreme fineness of the tube, keeps its place without falling down into the ball.

Now suppose that the water is compressed by turning the screw of the piston: this pressure being equal both within and without the ball and its tube, they will not bear expansion nor contraction, and consequently the position of the mercury above the water in the thermometric tube will immediately indicate the compression. Mr. Oersted previously determined the capacity of the tube and that of the ball, by taking the weight of the volume of mercury which fills them. The pressure exerted upon the water by the screw is measured by a tube filled with air and also enclosed in the cylinder. He has ascertained by this instrument that the compressibility of water diminishes very rapidly as the pressure increases, and that the mean compressibility under a pressure of three or four atmospheres is 45 one hundred thousandths, for each atmosphere, a result which very nearly accords with the experiments of Canton.

[Ibid.]

DISCOVERY IN HYDRAULICS.

A prospectus has been circulated in Paris, of a new machine, which, if we may believe its inventors, will effect wonders in hydraulics. They engage to supply a small steam-engine, which will raise water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will, it is said, consume but a penny worth of coals in an hour, in which time it will raise 900 quarts to the specified height. It is to cost 600 francs, and to last more than a hundred years. The proprietors likewise offer, at a progressive advance, machines which will raise double, treble, and decuple heights, (i. e. 120, 180 or 600 feet,) and thus in infinite progression. The proprietors are Messrs. Croissons, brothers, both of them pupils in the Polytechnic School, and one of them is a commandant of artillery, whose talents are said, in the Parisian circles, to inspire the greatest confidence. They keep their discovery a secret, and will not divulge it till they have raised subscriptions for 20,000 inches of water, according to their mode of calculation.

THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

Boerhave, Boyle, and various other writers, who devoted their lives to a profound study of nature, are of opinion, that the earth contains a mass of

lava in a state of perpetual fusion; and some philosophers, from the influence which this internal heat may be supposed to exercise over vegetation and the formation of minerals, have styled this ocean of flame a second sun.

Various observations tend to support this idea. In the first place, the rays of the sun have scarcely any power ten feet beneath the surface of the earth. Secondly, M. de Luc, who, on the 5th of June, 1778, during very fine weather, descended the mines of Hartz, to the depth of 1,359 feet, found the air somewhat warmer than on the surface of the earth. [Philosophical Transactions.]

In the mines of Hungary, which are 500 fathoms deep, the heat becomes insupportable when the workmen descend lower than 180 feet. (*Marius de Loies Subterraneis*.) Those who admit the hypothesis of the existence of an internal fire, suppose that the waters of the sea are continually filtered through their sandy bed; and that by coming in contact with this subterranean furnace, they produce an agitation in the liquified matter, which gives rise to volcanic eruptions.

HORTICULTURAL.

GARDENING.

Little time ought now to be lost in preparing new and old gardens for early spring crops. See that the fences are in good order. Hogs and cattle soon find out a faulty pannel, and will not fail to take advantage of it; and a whole season's work may be destroyed for want of a few hours work at the fence.

Next to a good fence, it is indispensably necessary to have a sufficiency of suitable manure; without this, in the soils of this country especially, labor is vain, without a portion of well rotted stable dung. Lime is the most powerful and most suitable fertilizer of our soils, with which we are acquainted. If the soil be moderately deep, a half bushel of slacked lime may be evenly spread over every twenty feet square. If the soil be sodden and clayey, a moderate coat of coal ashes, sand or the black coal dirt, well known here, will be of signal benefit. The liming must not be repeated for several years. The life and soil of a garden, after it is well manured, is to have it well worked. If it is a new lot, let it be ploughed and cross ploughed, and well harrowed; if an old one, it ought to be dug at least two spades deep, if the soil will admit of it, and be well turned up and pulverised in the digging. It is an injurious and slovenly practice, too common here, to scratch over the surface of the earth a few inches deep. The consequence is, plants put forth their roots and very soon meet a hard unfertilized stratum, which they cannot penetrate, and quickly become puny and sickly from want of room and nourishment; and being so near the surface of the earth, the least drought kills them out-right. It is then a subject of wonder and surprise, what can be the matter,—and the poor soil or climate, or both, has to bear all the blame of the laziness or inattention of the Gardener.

It is all important to have the best seeds. The fruits will assuredly partake of the nature of the seeds. If you sow seeds of poor unprofitable kinds, your produce will be of the same description.

As we are writing for the information of new beginners, we shall be excused enumerating some of the plants and herbs which ought to find a place in every kitchen garden.

Esculents. Beans, Peas, Cabbage, Carrots, Potatoes, Beets, Turnips, Indian Corn, Tomatoes, Squashes, Spinach, Parsnips, Onions, Leeks, Cucumbers, Nasturtion, Okra, Egg Plant, Culi Flower, Asparagus, Artichokes, Peppers, Horse Radish, Scorzoneria, &c.

Sallads.—Celery, Chives, Cress, Lettuce, Endives, Mustard, Parsley, Radish, Shallot, &c.

Herbs.—Anise, Basil, Coriander, Carraway, Chamomile, Lavender, Marigold, Marjorum, Mint, Sage, Savory, Thyme, &c.

In addition to an ordinary garden fruits of Apples, Peaches, Plums, Gooseberries, Currents, &c. &c. we would especially recommend the cultivation of the

Grape. The vine will form a beautiful and highly ornamented shade, and the fruit a delicious desert. Or if you have space and time to cultivate it to a greater extent, you may save, besides abundance of fruit for the table, a glass of good wine for yourself and a friend.

It is too generally supposed that the Grape is difficult to raise, and laborious to cultivate; neither of these suppositions are well founded. It may be raised and cultivated almost with as little expense of money and labor as any other fruit. After selecting suitable kinds, but little skill and attention are required. Our soil and climate is well adapted to the purpose; in proof of this we need but remark the abundance of wild grapes which flourish and bear luxuriously in all quarters around us. And here we would observe that several kinds of these are well worth cultivation. The large white fox grape common here, is little inferior in sweetness and flavour to some of the Foreign cultivated Grapes, and has the advantage of being a native, and congenial to the soil and climate. The small chicken or winter grape is another kind which makes a most delicious preserve.

Gardening is too much neglected in this State. It is considered, in the country, a petty concern, and abandoned to the care of women and children. We desire, if possible, to claim for this subject, suitable attention. The produce of a garden will afford a family many comforts and luxuries; and what contributes more to the value and beauty of a house, than a neat and productive garden? Cultivating a garden is a healthy exercise for the sedentary, and a pleasing recreation for the laborer. It leads to industry, neatness, economy and good order. If every dwelling house had a good garden attached to it, it would, at least in our estimation, raise the value of the state twenty-five per cent.

[Pottsville (Pa.) Journal.]

HISTORICAL.

ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

The last published number of the North American Review contains an able and interesting article in relation to the Indians, once the undisturbed proprietors of the continent of America, from which we make the following extracts:

When we look back upon the long interval of Indian intercourse, which elapsed between the first settlement on the shores of the Atlantic, and the final consolidation of the British power, nothing but a dreary waste meets the eye. Not a verdant spot cheers the sight, nor a single Oasis in this worse than Libyan desert. Remote and feeble colonies had become important and flourishing provinces, and the aboriginal inhabitants had disappeared, or receded, before the mighty tide of population, which already, from the summit of the Alleghany, was spreading with exterminating force over the forests and prairies of the west. We hold no fellowship with those, to whom the sound of the Indian's rifle is more attractive than that of the woodman's axe, nor are we believers in that system of legal metaphysics, which would give to a few naked and wandering savages, a perpetual title to an immense continent. But it will not at this day be disputed, that when, in the progress of improvement, the hunting grounds of the Indians give place to cultivated fields, it is our duty to render them a full equivalent. The British government is responsible for the whole course of measures, in relation to the Indians in this country, until the war of the Revolution. Their orders were executed by their own officers, and during a part of this period, a superintendent of Indian affairs for the northern, and another for the southern department, were appointed by the crown.

Not a vestige remains of any permanent advantage derived by the Indians from the cessions or sacrifices they made. Their actual relations with the British government may be emphatically stated in a few words. *They were useful, and were used in war to fight, and in peace to trade.* Queen Anne, indeed, presented sacramental vessels to the Mohawks, and other furniture for a chapel, and this is about the extent, as far as we have been able to discover, of the direct interference of the British

government in any plan to improve the moral condition of the Indians. Pious and benevolent men were engaged then, as they are now, in this interesting task, and the names of Eliot and Brainerd have come down to us with apostolic sanctity. The Society for Propagating the Gospel attempted something; but they discovered, as they said, "that the Indians obstinately rejected their care," and abandoned the effort, without suspecting, that the fault was in the plan of the teacher, and not in the docility of the scholar. Generally, however, great indifference prevailed, and it is said in the Biographia Britannica, that Lord Granville reproved the converting of the Indians, "because a knowledge of Christianity will introduce them to a knowledge of the arts, and such a consummation will make them dangerous to our plantations. Of a similar character is the policy, stated by Hutchinson to have been pursued, that of keeping up so much contention among the Indians, as to prevent a combination, and to make an appeal to us as umpires necessary from time to time."

In the few Indian treaties which have escaped from the official bureaux, a piece or two of "strouding," some "duffels," "kettles," "flints," &c. constitute the whole value paid for important cessions. These presents were too inconsiderable for general distribution, and they disappeared almost as speedily as the council which produced them. A permanent arrangement, by which an annual consideration should always be given, and a supply thus provided for never ending wants, was neither adopted nor proposed. This plan of permanent annuities, which constitutes an era in the relations existing between the white and the red man upon the continent, was introduced under the American government, and was first extensively embodied in Wayne's treaty of 1795; a treaty to which no parallel can be found in history. The Indians had waged a bloody and causeless war against our settlements for many years. They had been overthrown in a signal battle, and their confidence in themselves and their cause utterly destroyed. They were invited to a general council at Greenville, where the same terms were granted, which had been offered to them long before. Many important advantages were secured to them, and perpetual annuities were guaranteed to each tribe.

If any restraints were imposed by the British authorities, before our revolution, upon the Indian traders, either in relation to their general conduct, or the price of their goods, such restraints have escaped our investigation. We speak advisedly when we say, that none such now exist. Nor is there any prohibition against the introduction of spirituous liquors into any part of their Indian country. We may close this branch of the subject in a few words. There was no attempt to provide a permanent residence for the Indians. There were no schools, and no efforts to introduce agriculture, or the mechanic arts. There were no annuities, no regulations to direct the conduct of the traders, and no law to prevent the sale of ardent spirits. A century and a half had passed away since the first settlement of the country. The rulers who governed it, heedless of the condition and sufferings of its aboriginal inhabitants, abandoned them to that current of events, which is yet hurrying them onward to their doom. The records of history cannot furnish a more cold-blooded, heartless document, than the official report of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the British commander in chief, dated Albany, 13th August, 1763, and communicating the result of Colonel Grant's expedition against the Cherokees. He states, that "Colonel Grant had burnt fifteen towns, and all the plantations of the country; destroyed fourteen hundred acres of corn; and driven about five thousand men, women, and children into the woods and mountains, where, having nothing to subsist upon, they must either starve or sue for peace."

But that great revolution had now approached, which had already produced, and is yet destined to produce, important changes in the social and political systems of the world. The American government, at the commencement of its operations, used every effort to prevent the Indians from taking part in the contest, and the desperate struggle in which

the early patriots were engaged, still left them to devise plans for the moral and physical melioration of their unhappy neighbors.

The condition of our primitive people, is a moral phenomenon, perhaps without a parallel in the whole history of man. During two centuries, they have been in contact with a civilized people. They have seen our improvements, and felt our superiority. They have relinquished their bows, and arrows, and skins, and flint knives, and stone tomahawks, and have adopted our arms and ammunition, our cloths, and many of our instruments of iron and steel. But in their own moral qualities, if they have not receded, they certainly have not advanced. A principle of progressive improvement seems almost inherent in human nature. Communities of men, as well as individuals, are stimulated by a desire to meliorate their condition. There is nothing stationary around us. We are all striving in the career of life to acquire riches, or honour, or power, or some other object, whose possession is to realize the day dreams of our imaginations; and the aggregate of these efforts constitute the advance of society.

But there is little of all this in the constitution of our savages. Like the bear, and deer, and buffalo of his own forests, an Indian lives as his father lived, and dies as his father died. His life passes away in a succession of listless indolence, and of vigorous exertion to provide for his animal wants, or to gratify his baleful passions. He never looks around him, with a spirit of emulation, to compare his situation with that of others, and to resolve on improving it. In a season of abundance, he never provides for a season of scarcity. Want never teaches him to be provident, nor misery to be industrious. This fatuity is not the result of ignorance. Efforts, however ill directed, have not been wanting to teach and reclaim him. But he is perhaps destined to disappear with the forests, which have afforded him food and clothing, and whose existence seems essential to his own.

THE TRAVELLER.

ITALY.

We went to the church of St. Mathews, to see the tomb of Andrew Doria. A young priest lighted a flambeau, and conducted us down a flight of steps into a vault, which consists of a noble arch of white marble, adorned with bass relief, and embossed with gold. It is a splendid sepulture, rather imperial than republican in its character, and destitute of that simplicity which one would wish to find in every thing connected with such a man. He shares a common tomb with the rest of his family.

The solitude and silence of the crypt, hallowed by the dust of the hero; the glare of the taper upon the fretted roof of an antique sculpture, imparted a deep solemnity to this mansion of the dead. On our return to the cheerful light of day, half an hour was spent in examining the church of St. Mathews, the interior of which is among the richest of Genoa, being filled with presents from the Doria family. The gothic front is inscribed with the deeds of the chief who reposes below. We were shocked, while sauntering about the aisles, to come suddenly upon a rude image of the Saviour, large as life, gashed with wounds and besmeared with blood, stretched out like a corpse in one of the recesses, where it had been stowed away as part of the lumber of the church, to be borne through the streets on the next religious festival.

On taking leave of the young priest who conducted us to the vault, and presenting to him the ordinary pittance for his trouble, he seized our hands and pressed them to his lips. In Italy, every thing is done by kissing. Full grown, bearded men, kiss each other on both cheeks, at meeting and parting, as a common salutation—a most unmanly custom, and disgusting to the eye of a stranger. Devotees kiss not only crosses and crucifixes, the faces and feet of statues, but the very doors and steps of churches. A practice so universally prevalent is strongly characteristic of the effeminacy of Italian manners.

[Carter's Letters.]

* History of Massachusetts Bay, Vol. I. page 252.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Boston Lyceum, for April 15.

THE LAST SUPPER.

"It is enough," exclaimed the excellent old Andrea Verochia, mournfully smiling as he laid his easel aside and leant back in a remote corner of his room; "here I will rest."

He approached slowly and stood before the portrait of his departed wife, Joanna, whose countenance, the pencil of his scholar Leonardo de Vinci had drawn for the figure of an angel; but the ethereal smile was more than the master himself could have portrayed.

"Here—" he again began, just as Leonardo entered and caught the sound of his master's voice. "Look my son," exclaimed Andrea, turning towards him—"With this angel thou hast begun, and it is where I leave off. One man cannot accomplish all, nor should any mortal have the presumption to expect to reach perfection in the noblest arts. But one succeeding another may do much. I lay my pencil down and paint no more! But thou art in the spring-tide of life,—be active and vigorous, and the fame of thy glory shall extend over Italy!"

Enraptured with the praise of his master, Leonardo stood and gazed, with sparkling eyes on the portrait he had just completed.

"There is no self-distrust there!" exclaimed Andrea, penetrating to the soul of Leonardo, and reading the secret pride of the youth. "Now is the time to administer a bitter dose that may assist his better nature in gaining the victory. Yes," continued he, pressing in a friendly manner the hand of his pupil, "yes, my son, thou wilt shine, yet thy brightness will not be like the splendour of noon-day, but like the rising beam of the morning, or the mild lustre of the evening. Look at this angel nearer, is there not some mistake in the fore-shortening? the expression, though at first striking, is too languishing for a 'rapt seraph,' and this curl over the right eye, is not the hair of an unnatural colour, as if it had been burnt by the curling iron? No, Leonardo, this work of thine will not descend to posterity, but thou now knowest of what thou art capable. Attain it, and let this imperfect performance pass away. This is the last stroke of my pencil"—and he drew the brush over the picture, obliterating its beauty and grace with a dark and dingy colour.

The deed was like a thunder-clap to Leonardo. A torrent of angry words trembled on his lips, but he repressed them and was silent, for submission was a lesson his master had long since taught him. He suppressed the gall which vanity had excited, and nobly resolved to subdue his pride and self-conceit.

"I thank you master," he exclaimed, rubbing off the newly added covering of paint—"my imperfections shall be my study." And, as with the eye of a critic he began to examine the picture, he found more to condemn than approve. He now carried his self-dissatisfaction too far; the greater excellence he attained in the art, the more fault he found with his productions. Many of his performances he destroyed. His mind was at first depressed by a sense of inferiority, but by the judicious kindness of his master, the gloom was dissipated, and he proceeded with persevering energy.

"This is all as it should be," exclaimed Andrea, "he is on the road to immortality." And indeed, he now studied his subjects day and night, for he realized, that diligence and application were as necessary as genius and talent.

So taught Andrea Verochia, the Florentine, his beloved pupil. But his last hours drew nigh, and he summoned his scholar to his dying bed.

"Why weepst thou, my son," said he, "in this unmanly manner? It is time that I should go. The earth is ready for its offering and its right."

"And Heaven too," exclaimed Leonardo, kissing the cold hand of his master; "Heaven is waiting for the glorious and immortal spirit to return to its home."

"And canst thou then regret," said Andrea, "that I am going thither? and do I not feel that I leave in thee a part of myself? My mission is finished—my feeble endeavours have shed a dawning light, that from the temple of thy art shall irradiate Italy."

"But what," said Leonardo gloomily, "if it is obscured by Pietro Perugino?"

"No envy my son," gently interrupted the master, "Pietro is a painter as thou art, and is there not room in the same road that we walk for many more? Observe how multiplied and various are the forms of nature, how endless the realm of imagination that the ideal fills. Dost thou believe that there is but one path of eminence in creation? Guard against envy; it is unworthy an artist, and all unworthy the noblest of arts. Cultivate a patient and humble temper; be open to reproof, and above all, my son, learn to subdue thy irritable nature. If thou art suffering under the scourge of oppression, or the bitterness of undeserved calumny—profane not thy exalted art by low and satirical revenge. Virtue creates immortality; genius can only emblazon it to the lower world, the reward is in heaven. There are many," continued he kindly, as he spoke, "who think that the art of covering the canvass makes a painter. The artist produces a picture badly designed, but well enough executed for his own taste, and if it ever goes down to posterity it bears the lineaments of an Egyptian mummy. But he whose own glowing soul animates his works, he will live in the forms his pencil creates, and in the love and remembrance of after ages. But my strength fails, I must depart to that land where the blessed shall meet again. Give me thy hand. Tread with firm and generous steps the path of fame, and honor the excellence of thy competitors."

Leonardo pressed the hand of his master. Andrea gazed upon him with a smile—"Perhaps," said he, "I may be permitted to watch over thy progress. My spirit will hover round thee, and when thou shalt be ready to sink under the persecution of enemies, when injustice or scorn shall point its finger at thee, call aloud and I will hear thee among the palm trees of paradise. Call and I will—" The angel of death interrupted the consoling promise, and the head of the enthusiast sunk on the bosom of his pupil. Leonardo gently closed his eyes and signed the holy cross on his venerable countenance.

From day to day, and year to year, Leonardo advanced in excellence, reflected on the lessons of his master, and modelled himself by his precepts. His universal genius excited the attention of the age. He looked on every object with the eye of a mechanic and an architect; he formed the canal of Mortesana, and conducted the waters of Adda two hundred miles to the city of Milan. He created wonderful automations. In 1479 he was desirous of constructing some new entertainment, in honour of the entrance of Louis XII of France into Milan, and he made an automaton in the form of a Lion, which marched out to meet the King, reared upon its hind legs, and opening its breast, displayed an escutcheon with the arms of France quartered on it. He was master of the art of writing, and his knowledge of music diffused joy and gladness over his darkest hours. As an equestrian, he was unrivalled, and could manage the wildest and most ungovernable steed.

His fame had spread throughout Italy. Ludovico Moro Sforza, Duke of Milan, had invited him to his court by splendid offers. Unwillingly he left his native land, the then fair Florence, and when the disorders of Lombardy took place, he returned again and flourished under the Medici.

At this time, Michael Angelo Buonarrotta had just begun to distinguish himself. Though both of the artists were excellent, their perfections lay in a different line. Leonardo was full of sensibility and imagination—he could devote himself to what was pure and noble, and express the exalted affections of the soul. He was select in his choice of subjects, and unless they were such as to interest his heart, his hand became paralyzed and he abandoned his attempt; he was sensitive and delicate, but his passions when excited were hasty and violent. If Raphael afterwards surpassed him, he had, nevertheless, the glory of striking out the new path.

Michael Angelo studied strength and sublimity rather than beauty, and delighted in being great and terrible. Perhaps he affected to look down on the less bold conceptions of Leonardo—for all the advances of the latter were met with coldness, and he became at length so much disgusted by Michael's unkindness that he again quitted his beloved Flo-

rence, and the spot which contained the ashes of his master, and repaired once more to Milan.

The cunning and proud Ludovico welcomed Leonardo, and spoke soft, and smiling, and loaded him with honors. But the artist shrunk from his professions, for his countenance expressed the low passions of his soul, and these awoke no sympathy in Leonardo's heart.

There was also one who was constantly with the Duke, that regarded the Florentine with an evil eye; it was the Prior of the Dominican convent, and the favourite of the duke. Though his words dropped honey, it was honey mingled with gall. His dark malicious eyes slyly looked out from overhanging eyebrows—his forehead was knit into a thousand wrinkles, and his scornful mouth was covered with a black bristly beard. From the moment that Leonardo beheld him, a cold shudder crept over him, and his horror increased as he gazed upon his fiend-like countenance. Nothing could have been more uncongenial to Leonardo than the society of the duke and his favourite. The darkest gloom took possession of his mind, and it was in vain that he tried to banish it;—in the open air, when he was engaged in his mechanical or architectural works, he sometimes succeeded, for then the bright and glowing colours of nature spread their hue over his feelings—the fresh air invigorated his mind—the showers of the morning, the dews of the evening, the exhalations of the night, under the starry vault of the heavens, all gave impulse to his spirit, and carried him over hill and valley. But when he sat silent, before his easel, then his brow became clouded, his hand unsteady. It is from this circumstance that so many of the pictures of Leonardo are lost—they were often destroyed by himself when they wanted only a few masterly strokes to complete them. The Duke often stood enraptured over the works of the artist, but when he began to feel that he was sure of some new production, and that it would soon adorn his gallery, it had disappeared.

"Now," cried he one day, addressing the painter, "you shall paint my portrait,—that at least will be saved from destruction!"

Leonardo trembled at the order—while the Dominican looked at him with a malicious smile. He well knew the peculiar and sensitive mind of the artist, and he foresaw certain ruin in store for him. How could Leonardo, who delighted to paint nature in its fairest forms, endure such a subject, such a combination of ugliness without a particle of its sublime! The red shock hair, the gray twinkling eyes, the ashy cheek, and ill-shaped head? No, it was impossible—and yet the Duke had commanded it! What should he do, paint or not paint? If he painted, should he flatter the tyrant, and disguise his ugliness by deceitful falsehoods? then would the picture bear no resemblance to the original. If he painted him true to nature, what a specimen of his art to adorn a gallery for countless years! In vain Leonardo called on Andrea his ancient master, he heard him not as he had promised, amidst his grove of palm trees. "Well, then," he exclaimed "I must drink the bitter cup and paint him as he is; it is true the tyrant will read in his countenance his own hateful character, but if I paint a false likeness, I shall justly deserve the scorn of after ages."

With a trembling hand he seized the pencil, while the Duke sat before him in proud importance, and arrayed in princely ermine. The nearer the painting approached its completion, the more dissatisfied became Leonardo. At length the last stroke was given, and it stood finished against the wall, and the truth appeared in its homely and revolting aspect.

"How," cried Leonardo, "shall a picture like this go down to posterity? shall I tarnish all the fame I have acquired, and soil the future greatness of my art by such a specimen? Get thee behind me Satan!" he exclaimed, striking his foot with violence against the pannel. It flew into a thousand pieces!

"So, so, master," cried the Dominican prior, who at that moment entered the room by the Duke's command, to enquire after the picture—"thou art possessed of an evil spirit—I will not interrupt thee," and he hastily retired.

Leonardo awoke from the delirium of his passion.

to the consciousness of the deed. The picture of his Prince he had destroyed, and what could he hope from his mercy. A feeling of self reproach was even more poignant than his terrors. It was his protector, his benefactor, that he had insulted. "What have I done?" he exclaimed, as he gazed upon the fragments and gathered them from the floor, "those eyes have looked upon me with kindness—those colourless lips have spoken words of friendship. O, my Prince, thou mightest have been what thou wouldst to others,—but to me thou wert a friend and benefactor!" and his tears fell upon the fragments of the picture.

At that moment the door opened, and the messenger came to say the Duke required his presence.

Leonardo trembled,—“but I will not call on thee Andrea,” said he to himself, “for I have sinned against thy precepts.” With faltering steps he approached the Duke, whose countenance was dark and lowering. The monk stood beside him with folded hands and affected humility.

“What have you done with my portrait?” said the Prince, with suppressed rage.

“It is destroyed,” replied Leonardo in a trembling voice.

“Destroyed!” cried the Duke, “and who destroyed it?”

“I, myself,” replied Leonardo.

“And why?”

“It was the feeling of his own worthlessness, Sire,” exclaimed the monk, “the consciousness that he could not do justice to merit like yours.”

“It is false!” exclaimed Leonardo.

“False!” said the Duke, approaching him, his face pale with rage—“speak! what was your motive?”

“Madness!” answered Leonardo firmly, “folly and want of self-command.”

The Duke stood silent for a moment,—“whatever it was,” said he proudly, “perhaps you have done well, I forgive you if you accept my conditions.”

“Name them, my Prince,” said Leonardo, “command me through fire and water and you shall be obeyed. Make me undergo any torments and I will not complain. I will work day and night to be restored to your confidence, and render myself worthy of your goodness.”

“Be it so then,” said the Duke, “you shall no longer have your attention distracted by the things of the world, your art shall be consecrated to holy purposes. The Refectory of the Dominican Cloister needs decoration, and your pencil shall be devoted to this work. I will give you a year to accomplish it.”

The Prior was astonished at the calmness of the Duke—he had expected to see the storm burst and overwhelm the artist, but he was incapable of estimating the consequence which genius and talent bestow. The Florentine was already the ornament of the age, and commanded the respect of a nation. The monk cast a malicious glance upon him, and Leonardo felt its force; it was indeed hard for him to be shut up with such a man; to serve him with his noble art, and to be subject to the petty vexations he might inflict, and to which he knew his malice was fully equal. But he determined to bear with fortitude the evils he had drawn upon himself, and labour to redeem the confidence of the Duke.

But what subject should he select for this work? it was a new perplexity. One fine day, when the passion-week had just begun—Leonardo was walking in the beautiful garden which is near Milan. His mind was pondering upon the subject of his painting. The spring had already awoke the young blossoms, from their winter’s sleep, and the trees and hedges were crowned with foliage. “I will paint the season sacred to our Lord!” he exclaimed—“his last supper with his beloved disciples—would that my pencil was equal to the subject!”

The sun was just setting as he returned home, his mind filled with the vastness of his project. Unconsciously he arrived at the cloister of the Dominicans; the pealing tones of the organ struck upon his ear, while the lofty roof of the church resounded with the chanting of the monks. The solemn sounds had stilled the tumult of his breast, and his heart was filled with sweet emotion. “O thou!” he cried, “who died for the sins of the world, how shall my feeble hand pourtray thy glory? how shall I paint that last sorrowful night when the apostles

gathered around thee!” As he thus thought on the subject, it opened to his mind; he beheld the long table and the Saviour in the midst of his disciples,—the last rays of the evening shining on his head—a mild radiance beaming from his eyes, at the moment when he said, “*Verily I say unto you, there is one of you shall betray me!*” Leonardo was no longer in doubt; he began his work, and the Refectory was closed to all but himself and the Prior while he painted. But the Dominican well understood the art of tormenting, and it required all the self possession and resolution of the artist not to commit some extravagance—yet he persevered in his labours.

With what beauty did the group spring to light! how fresh, and yet how soft the colouring! but it was indeed an arduous task. The spring had come round, the appointed time was near, and two of the heads remained unfinished. One was the Saviour’s, the other that of Judas. In vain Leonardo seized his pencil and prayed for divine inspiration to paint the Saviour of the world. His touch was cold and formal. Judas, too, could human nature pourtray the betrayer of his Lord? The last week arrived—the Dominican knew that the heads remained unfinished—he exulted in his triumph over his victim, and felt that his ruin was certain. Success or death had been the conditions, and they were fast closing upon him.

It was now that Leonardo thought of the promise of his master—“Andrea!” he cried, “let my voice reach thee among the shade of the palm trees!” Then confidence took possession of his mind; a thousand bright images floated before his imagination, and he again seized his pencil—not as before was his work unsuccessful.

The day arrived—nobles and priests were assembled—Leonardo appeared, and his friend Ambrosio with him, bearing the picture. The figure of the Saviour was completed, and all contemplated it with pious rapture—but when they turned to Judas they beheld the head of the Dominican Prior.

“It is the monk of the cloister!” exclaimed the multitude, and young and old by whom he was equally hated, joined in the shout.

But Leonardo felt no exultation, he knew that Andrea would have condemned such revenge, and he shut himself in his room and forgot the homage of the world. It was the last burst of passion.

The original picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory, gives to the traveller but an indistinct idea of its glory—but the painter and the engraver have transmitted to posterity many thousand copies of it.

Leonardo de Vinci, in 1520, at the age of seventy years, returned to France, in consequence of the pressing invitation of Francis I. His health was feeble, and the king often came to see him at Fontainebleau.

One day when he entered, Leonardo rose up in his bed to receive him, but fainted from weakness; Francis supported him, but the eyes of the artist had closed forever, and Leonardo lay encircled in the arms of the Monarch. P. P.

VARIETY.

OYSTERS. The following specimen of refined and ludicrous humanity, is taken from Dr. Kitchen’s Cook’s Oracle:

The true lover of an oyster, will have some regard to the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator, but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodgings, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death.

THE REWARDS OF WAR. The Duke of Marlborough, observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt-end of his musket, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms, at the battle of Blenheim, accosted him thus: “Why so pensive, my friend, after so glorious a victory?” “It may be glorious,” replied the brave fellow, “but I am thinking, that all the human blood I have spilt this day, has only earned me four pence.”

INVENTIONS. A monk invented gunpowder; a bishop, bombs; a Benedictine, artillery; and a

Capuchin (Father Joseph) first suggested the introduction of paid spies in the police and *letters de cachets*.

EFFECTS OF DINNER. A dinner is remarkable for the waveless calm that it spreads over the most stormy mind. Let a man sit down to table in a passion, and he all at once finds himself imbued with its social spirit; with the very first mouthful, his voice sinks from the tempestuous tones of the north wind to the melodious modulations of the zephyr—his face softens down into an ingenious simper, and finally he becomes as purely angelic as the imperfect limits of humanity will allow. The hypochondriac in Nightmare Abbey, who delayed cutting his throat till he had previously discussed a beef steak and bottle of port, only exemplified a general rule. Dandide deferred his suicide for a similar reason, and was astonished to find, after the digestion of a creditable meal, how reconciled he had become to existence. Talk not to us, then, of care and its countless attendants; life knows but one pleasure and one sorrow; a dinner or no dinner.

A woman in the country went for a pound of candles, when, to her astonishment and mortification, she was informed that they had risen a penny in the pound since she last purchased them: “Why,” says she, “what can be the cause of such an exorbitant rise as a penny?” “I can’t tell,” says the man, “but I believe it is principally owing to the war.” “Why, curse them,” cried she, “do they fight by candle-light?”

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA. The number of assassinations in the Royal Family of Russia, exceeds any thing in history. Ivan IV. killed one of his sons, and died in a cloister. Feodor I. did not reign till he immolated Demetrius; the Monk Ortopine strangled Feodor II. Wasse sacrificed him in his turn. Peter the Great deposed his brother Ivan—condemned his son Alexis to death, repudiated his wife, and massacred eight thousand of the Strelitzers. The Empress Elizabeth toro the young Ivan (the legitimate prince) from his cradle, shut him up in a fortress, and caused herself to be proclaimed empress. Her successor, Peter III. was murdered by his wife Catharine, whose successor, Paul, was murdered with the privy of his son, the Emperor Alexander, who recently lost his life, no body knows how.

It has been a prevailing notion among sailors that Friday is an unlucky day of the week, and few can be found willing to go to sea on that day. To know that Friday does not always portend ill, this useful class of people may be told that Christopher Columbus embarked on his voyage for the discovery of America on Friday, August the 3d, 1492; and landed on Turk’s Island (the first land made) on Friday, October the 12th, of the same year.

The Duke of Angouleme wishing to walk in the park of the Duke d’Infantado, of Bustrago, the steward was desirous of offering some exhibition; and he caused the various flocks of Merino sheep which were fed in it, to be collected upon a hill. There were 45,000 of these animals, who were distributed and put into motion by their dogs and keepers, being made to pass before the prince in the way of an army in review. And, behold in this single scene—Spain! On one side immense riches collected in the hands of a single lord; on the other, a people possessing not an inch of ground; and who, covering their nakedness only with a tattered cloak, seem to be devoted by the laws to a perpetual idleness and stationary apathy.

[Owenard’s Memoirs.

STATUES. Cato the censor used to say to such as expressed their surprise, that so many obscure persons, of no merit at all, should have statues, and he should have none; “I had rather it should be asked, why no statue has been erected to Cato, than why there has.” [Plutarch’s Lives.

The editor of a southern paper being charged with having, contrary to the established custom, taken compensation for announcing a death in his paper, assures his subscribers that “it would afford him pleasure at all times to insert any notice of the kind gratis, and especially should it concern any of the patrons of his paper.”

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1827.

☞ "Superstitious Notions, No. I." by our old friend G. shall be inserted in our next.

VIVIAN is received. We will tell him next week whether we will give him a place; and in the mean time would caution him against writing "in haste;" it is a bad excuse for a bad essay—particularly when the subject does not demand it, and the author has time for reflection.

☞ ROBERT MEIGHAN, Esq. of York, Upper Canada, will act as agent for the American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine, in that place and its vicinity.

☞ Subscribers in this city, who contemplate changing their residence on the 1st of May, will please to give us information of their intended location, in order that they may be regularly served after that time.

SCENES IN THE WEST. Since the western humbug has lost its novelty, and it is ascertained beyond a doubt that the inflammatory coinage of "the proprietors" and the Lewiston gentlemen is chiefly, if not wholly, made up of "sound and fury," there is a disposition generally evinced to treat the absence of Morgan in a calm and deliberate manner. We no longer receive papers from every quarter filled with anathemas against the masonic fraternity. The ill-advised meetings which fostered the excitement have ceased; and with the exception of the interference of demagogues, in a few instances, in the election of town officers, the mighty fever appears to have lost the main of its influence. We are glad to see the people coming to their senses again. Hasty and intemperate measures, while they establish bad precedents and tend to the dismemberment of society, afford few facilities for discovering the guilty. We do not believe the fate of Morgan will ever be discovered, unless a calm and dispassionate procedure be persisted in. Blustering may make a great noise, but there is always more sound than substance in it.

Our readers will find in another column the presentment of the Grand Jury for the county of Niagara, relating to the abduction of Morgan. It was ascertained by that Jury that Morgan had not been upon the Ridge Road, and the appearance in Fort Niagara was so satisfactorily accounted for, that it was admitted as a certainty that Morgan had not been there. At this result a few of the courtiers of popularity in the west affect to be very much surprised, and they talk about the truth of stories being self-evident, when the only "self-evident" portion of them is their falsity. With such men it would be useless to contend; they have already prostituted their abilities to the last extent, and it would seem as if they were like the fellow in the *School for Scandal*, who imagined that to tell one truth or do a just deed would bring certain destruction upon his worldly prospects.

The feud attempted to be created between masonry and politics cannot be too fervently deprecated; nor can those who seek personal aggrandizement by means of it, be too severely censured. Masonry does not interfere in the political movements of nations, and it is the extent of absurdity to attempt a connexion or a breach between them. We already have specimens of the effects of such measures.

One town at the west rather than put masons in office has elected a man to the two-fold office of commissioner and inspector of common schools, *who cannot write his own name!* and another to the same office, *who is so often intoxicated as to be unfit for any business!* These are literal facts; and such are the consequences of the excitement created for the benefit of the speculating gentry. How must the parents of that town feel, while the education of their offspring is intrusted to the care of such men? The one a mere ignoramus—a perfect dolt; the other so beastly intemperate that the civil law, if exerted, would place his own offspring beyond the deadly influence of his protection.

Some editors are very much disposed to give but little credit to the recent declaration of Sir Walter Scott; and if they needs must yield their belief, will war against Sir Walter's moral reputation. The New-York Saturday Evening Gazette has "some slight suspicion" that the story is a hoax, and says that "that species of fun is so common now-a-days that we should not be surprized if some jocose fellow was laughing in his sleeve at the gullibility of the world." And continues—"We really cannot bring ourselves to think that a man of Sir Walter Scott's exalted character and intellect could exhibit such puerility; so much caprice; so little respect for himself and the public as to disclose in a moment of careless conviviality, what he has strenuously endeavoured to conceal for so long a period. To think that the resolution of years should be broken in a mere frolicsome sally, is to us incredible. If so, we must ascribe all to wine; it has broken more potent spells than that: it has disclosed more important secrets too. It was a pity the inquisitive caterers for the public did not before seize some happy moment of Bacchanalian indulgence to coax this secret from the long-suspected UNKNOWN. Sir Walter is made to say in the speech alluded to that he would not enter into the reasons which determined him to keep so long silent; "perhaps," he adds, "caprice had a great share in it." Verily we believe it had a very great share."

Now, it is not uncommon for caprice to be associated with genius; and if this be the case in the present instance, it is no criminal affair. But the probability is, as the language of Sir Walter leaves room to infer, that he had other motives for concealment. Perhaps he doubted the success of the works in the first instance; and having assumed the mask without evil intentions, was not disposed to throw it aside to gratify his vanity. The National Advocate observes upon this subject, that "Scott had a name as a poet before Waverly was begun, and if he felt doubts about the success of that novel and its fellows, he might very easily have known that his whole reputation would have gone down. But it may be asked why he concealed his name after the popularity was established? It certainly could scarcely arise from a want of moral feeling which might be supposed to influence him to tell the truth. The safety of no man's reputation depended on the concealment. On the other hand it is very plain that ordinary men, possessing but the usual share of vanity, could not have kept the secret as Scott did. If the author of Waverly had been a vain man, the declaration would have been made long since. It was not vanity—it could not be want of moral feeling that influenced his conduct. What was it then? Perhaps a love of mystery, or caprice which is sometimes associated with genius."

☞ Mr. Luther Pratt, principal of the Juvenile Academy, and author of the Juvenile Assistant, &c. &c. proposes to publish in this city a periodical journal, under the title of the *Juvenile Magazine; or Children's Monthly Visitor*. It is the design, of the work, "to excite in the youth of our country, a laudable emulation in the pursuit of useful knowledge; to inculcate the moral and social virtues; and above all, to inspire the tender mind with a due reverence and affection for the Supreme Being." The elementary principles of science will be illustrated in a plain and easy manner; and such miscellaneous matter as shall be calculated to strengthen the morals and encourage the laudable propensities of the youthful mind, will be introduced into its pages. It is intended to arrange the work in such manner that it may with benefit be introduced into schools, as a class-book. The utility of a well conducted work of this description, can scarcely be doubted; and Mr. Pratt submits his plea to the consideration of parents, guardians and teachers, and respectfully solicits their patronage. The Juvenile Magazine will be published in monthly numbers of 36 18mo pages, and be delivered free of postage to subscribers in Albany, New-York, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Catskill, Hudson, Troy, Lansingburgh, and Waterford, for one dollar and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; or twelve and a half cents, to be paid on the delivery of each number, as may best suit the convenience of subscribers.

☞ We have received the first number of a new publication entitled *New-York Saturday Evening Gazette*, edited by T. W. Clerke and S. Paine. It is to be devoted to news, literature, masonry, mechanics, &c. The contents of the present number are interesting, and the editorial matter written with spirit. It is printed in the folio form, on an imperial sheet, for two dollars and fifty cents, per annum, payable in advance.

CHIT CHAT.

The morals of society depend more upon early education than any other thing. A New-Jersey paper says Newark has voted this year \$800 for her free schools; Trenton \$300; Elizabeth \$300; Paterson \$400.—For several weeks past, (says the Trenton True American,) a considerable religious excitement has prevailed in this city, the effect of which has been the admission of twenty-seven persons to the church membership.—There are some counterfeit twenty dollar bills of the United States Bank in circulation. They purport to be made payable at Charleston Office, in favor of Jos. Johnson, President. They bear date 1st February, 1820, and are signed by L. Cheves, President, and Sona Smith, Cashier. The plate is marked with the letter M. The signature of Mr. Cheves is very well executed—that of Mr. Smith and of Mr. Johnson, but indifferently—but the most perceptible defects consist in the indifferant manner in which the other blanks are filled up when compared with the genuine notes.—Thirty barrels of wine have been made from the grapes of the country, by a farmer near Dayton, Ohio: and one near Germantown, made one hundred barrels.—The Ladies' Fair, at Baltimore, has produced upwards of \$1500, for the benefit of the Greeks.—A poor melancholy woman, by the name of Catharine Gander, hung herself by a grape-vine from a tree, in Chatham, N. C. last week, and was found dead.—Miss Kelly is travelling westward. She was last at Louisville, and was engaged at Cincinnati, Ohio. These western cities are rapidly becoming fashionable.—We were yesterday, says a Charleston paper of the 11th, politely presented by a friend with two *Strawberries*, each measuring in circumference upwards of four inches, and weighing 3lb. 20gr. They are the growth of a garden in the neighbourhood of Cannonsborough.—A tree of gigantic size has lately been felled in Berks County, Penn. It was one hundred and seventeen feet in height and sixty-four from the butt to the first branch, and its greatest circumference was twenty feet seven inches. It was perfectly sound, and from the concentric circles at the end of the trunk, was estimated to be three hundred years old.—The *salix herbacea*, or dwarf Alpine willow, common in Norway, is so diminutive

a plant, that half a dozen trees, with all their branches, leaves, flowers, and roots, may be compressed between two leaves of a pocket-book. A modern traveller said that he had placed twenty of them between two pages of a duodecimo volume.

There are said to be 3,664 languages in use in the world; of which 987 are Asiatic, 587 European, 275 African, and 1624 American languages and dialects. The winter has been extremely severe and tempestuous in Prussia. In some parts of the province of Glatz, the snow has been so deep that the inhabitants of some of the villages have been obliged to form tunnels under it, in order to get to and from their dwellings. A gentleman having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by the school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad: "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse's head, and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world; but I have read in the Bible at School, that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length." The gentleman could not help laughing, and he threw the lad sixpence for his wit. A little treatise by Aristotle, on the length of the lives of animals, has recently been republished at Goettingen, with notes by Professor Schultz. These notes contain a summary of all that is known on the subject by the moderns. M. Schultz gives an account of some very curious experiments on *cercaria ephemera*; and although, of all vertebral animals, birds are those which have the shortest lives, he brings forward, in opposition to these beings of a few hours, the instance of a parrot, carried in 1633 from Italy to France, which was still living in 1743, and which, consequently was above 110 years old. He also quotes the no less remarkable fact of a fish, taken at Kayerslautern, in 1467, in a reservoir, where it had been deposited 267 years before; as appeared from a ring of copper with which its head was encircled. Whales, which, according to Buffon, live for 1,000 years, are not forgotten; but M. Schultz prudently observes, that the celebrated naturalist may perhaps have been deceived on that point. A. M. Lagnel has constructed a machine, which is at present at work on the Rhone, by which he contrives to tow vessels against the stream at the rate of three quarters of a league in the hour; the ordinary rate of vessels towed by horses being two leagues and a half, or three leagues in a day. He has presented a model of his machine, on the scale of an inch to a foot, to the French Academy of Sciences.

THE MASONIC HALL.

This splendid edifice will soon be completed. It is built in the Gothic style of architecture, and reminds us in its external appearance of those hallowed monuments of antiquity with which the old world abounds. It is executed with care, and exhibits considerable taste if not critical correctness in its construction. Its numerous rooms are to be made use of as places of meeting for various Masonic lodges in the city, affording such accommodations for the purpose as are seldom offered any where. The imposing external appearance of the edifice is a great ornament to the city, and particularly to Broadway. It gives an air of grandeur to the neighbourhood in which it is situated, that we did not expect it would assume for many years. Nothing more clearly displays the progress of the arts in New-York than the various public buildings which are beginning to adorn every portion of it. A taste for architecture is always co-existent with a high state of refinement. When the edifice is completed we purpose giving a minute description of it. [N. Y. Sat. Eve. Gaz.]

MISS. WRIGHT. The philanthropist mania is spreading rapidly among the blue stockings and the philosophers. Mr. Owen, notwithstanding his very untoward prospects, has not altogether given up the ship. Who has not heard of the celebrated Miss Frances Wright who published a book in the United States one day, in which she belaboured this country with praise and told a horrible story of the burning of a steam-boat in one of the western lakes? This lady is one of the learned, but she has given over writing books. She has taken a covey of blacks under her protection and intends, in the wilds of Kentucky, to raise up a new Africa. Whether she will succeed better in whitewashing the blacks than she did in blackballing the English Tories is still in the womb of futurity. A black settlement, however, may succeed better under petticoat government than even a white colony under Mr. Owen's "circumstances" and "parallelograms." All these attempts to remodel both black and white society are

very benevolent experiments, which, should they fail, will still be useful to the philosopher and the historian. We hope Miss Wright is yet right.

[National Advocate.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the New-York Enquirer.

We find nothing in our files of English and French papers by the Liverpool and Havre packets which gives intelligence of interest not received by the Columbia from London; but there is a mass of miscellaneous news from the continent, and notices of local events, and much readable matter, which we shall prepare at leisure. Affairs in Portugal are by no means settled, neither is it apparent that the rebels are utterly discomfited; they have been defeated in several actions, but they seem to rally with fresh spirit. This must arise from facilities afforded by Spain, and by the jealousy entertained towards their English friends. The priests take an open stand against the charter, and seem to be flush of money. The queen secludes herself, and is in constant fear of being poisoned. She drinks no water but such as has been three days under her own lock and key, and then only after seeing its effect on the servant who attends her during that time. Yet, from the treasures which she commands, and the faithful counsellors whom she consults at midnight, she is enabled to busy herself with the destruction of the new representative system not only on the northern and ill-guarded verges of Tras-os-Montes and Galicia, but in the capital, under the very nose of the Executive, though supported with all the aids of English forces, and the prudence of the diplomatic corps. It was discovered that a company of the 9th cavalry were preparing to desert, and upon their seizure it was found that they were furnished with an almost wanton abundance of money and equipments.

Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the British and Portuguese forces, seems to be popular, but the Portuguese utterly refuse being commanded by Marshal Berresford. The revolution is by no means ended.

We have another fact to state, which places the morality and taste of royalty in an entire new light.

The Prince de Pucklar Muskan of Prussia, who married a daughter of the late Prince de Hardenburg has divorced his wife for the purpose of marrying the ex-queen of Hayti, widow of Christophe. The Americans who have visited Port-au-Prince in her time will remember that she is a fat, greasy wench, as black as the ace of spades, and one who would find it difficult to get a place as a cook in this city. So much for royal taste.

If the great naval force at sea from Egypt, only shares the fate of preceding expeditions, the Greeks have nothing to apprehend. They have great confidence that the Turks will never again obtain possession of their country. The French and English ministers at the Porte have represented to the Reis Effendi that it is the general wish of the Christian Powers to have peace.

Twenty-five Englishmen have arrived at Warsaw for the purpose of constructing machines to work the Polish mines.

The Sunday Times says, it is rumored in the court circles that a disagreement—not likely to be reconciled—has occurred between two most exalted personages in Ireland, who, since their marriage, were distinguished for connubial happiness. The exalted lady possessed every requisite to confer happiness, having intellectual attainments and wealth. Certain it is, that she has left Ireland, and rumor alleges that she will retrace her steps to a more distant land. It is said that the cause of disagreement was the intrusion into domestic arrangements of some near relatives to the noble lord.

Can this lady be the Marchioness of Wellesley, late Mrs. Patterson, of Baltimore? "Retracing her steps to a more distant land" looks like it. Happiness is not always the fruits of rank and wealth.

ROYAL WHIMS. Amongst the articles at the sale of the late Duke of York's effects we find two items "which provoke a smile." "Twenty walking sticks, and sixteen whips." One would think his Royal Highness had been a dealer in these things. They show how sadly put to it these weal-

thy idlers are to get through their money. It is probable that in other and costlier matters there was the same superfluous indulgence. Indeed, with regard to princes, we might make the foregoing items a standard for computing the difference between luxuries and necessities. Take the common necessities of life (such as a walking stick) and multiply them by twenty, and you will get about the actual amount of the possessions of these royal excrescences.

THE GLEANER.

THE FRENCH CHURCH.

The following statement of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Clergy in France, with their respective stipends, paid by the French Government, is extracted from documents laid before the Chambers by the Ministers of the interior.

Roman Catholic Clergy.—The Established Church of France is composed of four cardinals, one of whom the archbishop of Paris, has 100,000 francs yearly, about \$20,000; the others 30,000 each, about \$6,000. There are 13 archbishops, besides the metropolitan, who receive each 25,000 francs, \$5,000; 66 bishops, each 15,000; 174 vicar generals, each from 2,000 to 4,000; 600 canons or prebendaries, each from 1,500 to 2,400; 2,917 cures or rectors, each from 1,100 to 1,600; 22,316 desert-vants or curates, each from 750 to 900 francs per annum. To the colleges for educating the young clergy, \$40,000 francs, or \$158,000; and for repairing and building churches, 200,000, or \$400,000. The whole expense of the establishment, including annuities to the infirm clergy, is estimated at 25,850,000 francs, or \$5,130,000.

Protestant Clergy.—The Calvinists have three pastors, who receive yearly, each three thousand francs; 28 who receive each two thousand; 69 who receive each one thousand five hundred; and lastly 195 pastors, each one thousand—total Calvinist ministers 295. There are two Lutheran pastors, each receiving three thousand francs; 25, each two thousand; 21, each one thousand five hundred; and 175 pastors, each one thousand—total, 220 Lutheran Ministers. Sum total paid to the Protestant Clergy, six hundred and twenty-three thousand francs, (one hundred, twenty-four thousand and six hundred dollars.) Twenty-four thousand francs allowed for their colleges, and fifty thousand for places of worship—sum total for the Protestant religion, one hundred thirty-nine thousand and four hundred dollars. This sum is paid by the French government; but it must also be remarked, that there are many Protestant clergy in France who do not receive any stipend from the government, it being a regulation not to make any grant where the Protestant population does not amount to a thousand.

It will be seen by the foregoing statement that the proportion of the expense of the Protestant, to the expense of the Catholic Church, is about one to fourteen. Comparisons also may be made between the Catholic Clergy in France and the Protestant Clergy in England, by which it will appear that the English clergy have not much greater emoluments, considering the cheapness of living in France, and that a French ecclesiastic has no family to provide for; his stipend is spent upon himself alone. Some of our bishoprics and large livings may perhaps form an exception, but the inferior clergy in France are decidedly better remunerated than the same body of most laborious and useful men are in England.

MORGAN, &c.

PRESENTMENT

Of the Grand Jury of the county of Niagara, impaneled at the April term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for said county.

The Grand Jury for the body of the county of Niagara leave to represent to the Honorable Court, that they have been charged by his Honor the Judge, especially to inquire into the outrage (said to have been committed) upon the person of William Morgan, and his forcible abduction from the county of Ontario to parts unknown, as well as into the circumstances alleged to be connected therewith, have taken the subject under serious consideration, and have made diligent inquiry in relation thereto.

That every person supposed to have knowledge of this transaction might be produced before the Grand Jury, three members of the Lewiston Committee, who have been exceedingly active in their exertions to bring to light the perpetrators of this high handed outrage, were examined by the Grand Jury. This committee were furnished with subpoenas to compel the attendance of witnesses, and thirty-one persons were examined at their summoning, in addition to fifteen others, produced by the District Attorney. That having patiently and diligently investigated the subject, and having heard all the testimony offered to them, are confirmed in their opinions that no facts have been disclosed whereby they as Jurors, upon their oaths could impeach or make presentment or indictment against any citizen for the offence aforesaid, or for any offence connected therewith.

The Grand Jury can assure this honorable court, that they in common with every good citizen of this county, highly disapprove of the conduct of those, whoever they may be, that have in any manner been connected with the aforesaid outrage.

Rufus Spaulding, Foreman; Willard Smith, Edward Arnold, Paul Hawes, James M'Kain, Jr. Geo. A. Neal, Norman Shepherd, John Gooding, Volney Spaulding, Job Chubbuck, Benjamin Cornell, George Judson, Sextus Shearer, Lyman Litchcomb, Ralph J. Woodward, Otis Hathaway, Benjamin H. Packard, Solomon Hersely, Gordon Davis, John Gould, Amos S. Tryon.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO THE GRAVE.

O Grave! if I had laid
My infant smiling form in thy embrace,
Then had the weight of sorrow's tempests staid,
Which beat like winter on my lengthening days.

Then had some precious tears
Dropped like the dews of heaven above my head—
Sad consolation!—but 'tis all endears
This life,—that some will weep when we are dead.

I had not then the frowns
Of tyrant fortune, nor of slavish men,
To banish the too transient peace which crowns
The brow of Hope, who smiled so beautiful then.

And the green turf had been
An altar on whose head fair hands would fling
Garlands of flowers, and wreathes of evergreen,
To soften down their tender sorrowing.

O Death! thou hast no sting,
When one lays down young, aimless and beloved;
Who would not rather hide beneath thy wing,
Than range the desert waste my life hath proved?

And yet, if I had laid
My infant smiling form in thy embrace,
The storms of darkening destiny had staid,
Which beat like winter on my riper days.

But now thou art to me
A dreary home,—a dark oblivious spot,—
Where I must sleep, like those the stormy sea
Rolls its dark billows over,—aye forgot.

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Whisper, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn Wood!

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and moonlight glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen.

"I have seen the forest-shadows lie
Where now man reaps the corn;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

"With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

"I have seen the knight and his train ride past
With his banner borne on high;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleaming panoply.

"The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
Kneeling at Vesper-hours.

"And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,
And the hunter's song, of yore.

"And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

"But now the noble forms are gone,
That walk'd the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

"There is no glory left us now
Like the glory with the dead:—
I would that where they slumber low,
My latest leaves were shed."

Oh! thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,
That mournest for the Past!
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
A happy summer-glow;
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village-bells are on the breeze
That stir thy leaf, dark Tree!—
How can I mourn, amidst things like these,
For the stormy Past with thee?

A BLUE STOCKING.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Her Leghorn hat was of the bright gold tint
The setting sunbeams gave to autumn clouds;
The riband that encircled it as blue
As spots of sky upon a moonlight night,
When stars are keeping revelry in heaven;
A single ringlet of her clustering hair
Fell gracefully beneath her hat, in curls
As dark as down upon the raven's wing;
The kerchief, partly o'er her shoulder flung,
And partly waving in the wind, was woven
Of every colour the first rainbow wore,
When it came smiling in its hues of beauty,
A promise from on high to a lost world.
Her robe seemed of the snow just fallen to earth,
Pure from its home in the fair winter clouds,
As white, as stainless; and around her waist
(You might have spann'd it with your thumb and finger)
A girdle of the hue of Indian pearls
Was twined, resembling the faint line of water
That follows the swift bark o'er quiet seas.
Her face I saw not—but her shape—her form—
Was one of those with which creating bards
People a world of their own fashioning—
Forms for the heart to love and cherish ever—
The visiting angels of our twilight dreams.
Her foot was loveliest of remembered things,
Small as a fairy's on a moonlit leaf,
Listening the wind-harp's song, and watching by
The wild-thyme pillow of her sleeping queen,
When proud Titania shuns her Oberon
But 'twas that foot which broke the spell—alas!
Its stocking had a deep, deep tinge of blue—
I turned away in sadness, and passed on.

SKELETONS.

It chills the gayest heart to see
The playthings which the revelling worms
Make of the godliest human forms—

* * * * *

Behold the skeletons of wit—
Of Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, or Pitt!
Think (fancying thou see'st them) how
Burn'd once the orbs so vacant now!

The first—how spiritually fired
With all the sacred Nine inspired!
Diffusing, in his earliest youth,
By Avon's stream, the light of truth;
And after, when experience taught,
The light of nature and of thought!
Full from his mind, o'er History's page
Pouring enchantment's mystic spell;
The gifted Bard of every age—
Imagination's couple!

The second!—yet no second he—
How bright the eye that could not see,
O'er his expansive brow when shone
The effulgent glories—still his own:
Oh! who could track that spirit's flight
To the empyreal heavens on high,
The worlds of uncreated light,
Where he beheld the angelic fight?
Then, with inspired soul and gifted eye,
Pierced downward, through chaotic night,
To the deep hell where the damn'd spirits lie!
Saw the fierce council of Satanic pride;
Heard the arch fiend disclose his subtle plan,
Whereby was wrought the primal Fall of Man!

The Third!—within that hollow space
How glow'd the fire of minstrel grace!
And, ever and anon, how came
The thunderbolt of lyric flame!
To think those eyeless holes contain'd
The balls where wit and genius reign'd—
That mused o'er Baton's distant towers,
That went o'er ruthless Edward's powers,
That contemplated wrapt in shade,
The garden where the dead are laid!

And fourth!—how Britain's senate hung
On every accent of his tongue!
How every eye to him was turn'd
While from his lips those accents burn'd!
Time was—(our country's genius knows,
Through all disguise her friends and foes)—
Time was, our country's genius lit
The eyes of her immortal Pitt,
The friend of freedom!—for if he
Had chain'd the wing of Liberty,
Nay, sullied but one heavenly plume,
I'd write my "shame" upon his tomb;
Shame—were he not the champion true
Of a free throne and freedom too!
Alas! that he, who ne'er can die,
Should ever thus in bondage lie;
Forget the land that gave him birth,
Forget the interests of earth.
Forget his own surpassing fame—
Glory, that beckon'd him to stay,
But could not, with his magic name,
Immortalize his shroud of day!

STANZAS.

Like the young spring buds, sweet and bright,
And like the lark, and like the light,
And like the wind, and like the wave,
E'en such is Hope: Buds find a grave,

The lark gives place unto the owl,
The light is quenched in darkness foul,
The winds are fickle, waves betray,
And hope is falser far than they.

And like the dew upon the thorn,
And like the bluish break of morn,
And like a vessel harboured well,
And like a song, and like a spell,
E'en such is Man: the dew exhales,
The morning's past, the vessel sails,
The song is sweet but swiftly flies,
The spell is burst and man he dies.

And like the azure skies of June,
And like the sun, and like the moon,
And like a bowl, and like a smile,
And like a taper's burning pile,
E'en such is Life: the charged sky rains,
The sun goes down, the pale moon wanes,
The bowl is drained, that smile's the last,
The taper's spent, and Life is past.

LACONICS.

BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

It is in no man's power to avoid enemies; they injure by chance in a crowd sometimes, and without design; then hate always whom they once injured.

Many friends may do one little good; one enemy much hurt. Whoever can die easily, may live easily.

Sharpness cuts slight things best; solid, nothing cuts through both weight and strength; the same in the use of intellectuals.

Man, is a thinking being, whether he will or no; all he can do is to turn his thoughts the best way.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

Dying is a piece of our nature as well as living; therefore, if not content with one, we cannot be perfectly so with the other.

Sometimes, in one age, great men are without great occasions; in another, great occasions without great men; and, in both, one lost for want of the other.

THIS PAPER

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BY E. B. CHILD.

AGENTS.

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ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1827.

[No. 14.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

A DISCOURSE

ON THE BEST WAY OF DEFENDING FREEMASONRY.

BY THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

"With well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God."

[1 PETER, II. 15, 16.]

I shall use these words, my brethren, as the motto to a discourse, wherein I propose, after adverting to the injustice of those imputations which are brought forward against freemasonry, briefly to consider the way in which we can best preserve it from misrepresentations, and best defend it against censures.

Whilst we feel our minds enlarged by its discoveries, our hearts expanded by its charities, and our satisfactions increased by its influence, we cannot grow indifferent to its interests, nor hear the reproaches repeated against it with the coldness of unconcerned auditors, without emotion and without reply. With honest zeal we come forward; not to contest the subject in "a war of words," not to discuss, but to demonstrate; not to defend opinions against those whom no reasons will satisfy and no arguments convince; but to vindicate our principles by referring to their effects upon our temper and our conduct.

Modesty, which retires from observation; diffidence, which always entertains an humble opinion of its own merit, and avoids ostentation as it does censure; have hitherto restrained us from such a plea: but our enemies impel us to this issue.

1. Freemasonry, you know, is, at the present day, viewed in an unfavourable light: and we are considered by some as covenanting on principles and associated on purposes destructive of civil subordination, and tending to dissoluteness and infidelity; to the disavowal of all that is venerable in virtue or sacred in religion. In vain have we repeatedly unfolded our sentiments to public examination, in the most honest, ingenuous, and explicit manner. Our protestations are disregarded; and while every paltry pamphlet or paragraph written in opposition to us is eagerly read and implicitly believed: what we publish, particularly the book of CONSTITUTIONS, which contains our laws and ceremonies, is never inquired after, never consulted.

My brethren, our inexorable accusers arraign us at the tribunal of the public, to defend ourselves, not against what they know, but what they suspect; to answer, not for what they have experienced, but what they fear. This is taking us at great disadvantage: and the unfairness, as well as injustice, of such an allegation, will excuse our passing it by in silent contempt. We challenge them to point out the instance in which we have appeared the advocates or the abettors of immorality or rebellion! We submit our actions to their prying investigation; hoping, besure, some allowance for the frailties and imperfections incident to humanity; arrogating to ourselves no immaculate purity nor indefectible virtue; but neither needing nor asking apology for any thing that is peculiar to us as MASONS.

Assured that whatever follies or imprudencies may have injured our credit as men, and that whatever vices have wounded our character as christians, it never justified the former nor allowed the latter, let us exculpate our institution; and frankly declare that our errors and crimes are from another source, the weakness and depravity of human nature, the incitements to evil and the temptations of the world, to which all alike are exposed.

A distinction must be made between what is attributive to freemasonry, and what is not; between

what is within its influence, and what is beyond its sphere. For though we may safely declare that it is impracticable to ascend into these regions without improvement of the heart and enlargement of the understanding, and without carrying along with us into the world we are obliged to act in, something to purify our conduct and meliorate our condition: yet we do not pretend that freemasonry was instituted for the express purpose of teaching morals. And though all its rites, ceremonies and charges, imply the necessity and express the importance of piety and virtue, and with impressive solemnity inculcate their observance; yet it never professed to be a substitute for natural or revealed religion, nor to prescribe the faith, regulate the conscience, or control the judgment of any. It has enough liberality to allow each man to be "free," but so much restraint as to prevent him from using his liberty for "a cloak of licentiousness."

We are the more particular in making this discrimination, because some late writers have suggested that masonry professes to supersede all religions, and to introduce a moral code of its own in their stead.

2. Many are so uncharitable as to lay the blame of every thing erroneous in the sentiments or reprehensible in the conduct of a mason, to the regulations or principles of the institution to which he belongs; falsely arguing, or obliquely insinuating that because he was reproachable, that must have been base and immoral tendencies.

Now, this mode of reasoning is not perfectly just. It is not fair to predicate worthlessness of that profession which may have some unworthy professors.

But if freemasonry has not made us better, is it certain it has made us worse? Are we more loose in our principles, more unjust in our actions, more niggardly in our dispositions, or more parsimonious in our charity, than before we entered the lodge? Are we more so than those who are not of the fraternity? Are the most thorough masons conspicuous as the most notorious villains, the most daring infidels, or the most insidious jacobins? Or are the base, the atheistical, and the factious always masons?

We confess, with sorrow, that there are some of our order who deserve not its protection and dishonour its name. But would our opposers wish to conclude from that that all masons are similar to them? Is it right to argue thus? Are such inferences admitted in estimating other professions? Doth the perfidy of a single Judas give grounds to conclude that all the other disciples were faithless and traitors? Why, then, is a mode of reasoning which is never justified in any other cases, only supportable when directed against freemasonry?

But if we have been disgraced by some, who have walked unworthy of their profession; so likewise have we been honoured by others, who would reflect lustre on any society. Admitting that there may be seen among us some whose conduct deserves the odium of all the wise and good; are there not others, whose actions even prejudice cannot censure, and whose virtues even malignity dare not impeach? If masonry be made responsible for the ill conduct of the few; ought it not, in all reason, to have credit for the good conduct of the many? The greatest characters in the world have laid aside their dignities, and put themselves on a level with us. Not that I would have it imagined that freemasonry can derive any authenticity or importance from the celebrity of those who belong to the society: it being rather calculated to confer respectability, than necessitated to borrow it. Yet, when we find in every period of its history, some of the first rate characters in every estimable respect, belonging to it and glorying in it, the conclusion cannot be considered extremely arrogant, that the institution has some real excellence; at least, that it is not so "frivolous" or "dangerous" a combina-

tion as some would fain represent it. It is not to be supposed that the great, the wise, and the good, of all ages, would have given it their decided support, had they found it containing any intrinsic principles repugnant to the interests of society, or hostile to their religious principles. Would they not, rather, have been the first to have proclaimed the evil of its tendency, and to have avowed their condemnation of its spirit and design?

Suffer me now, in conclusion, my brethren, briefly to point out what I consider the best, I might say the only effectual method of vindicating the principles and re-establishing the credit of the order.

To remove the veil which misinformation and prejudice have thrown over the eyes of our enemies, it remains for us to convince them by our lives, of the truth of our declarations; and to let our conduct be a letter of recommendation, "seen and read by all men."

This is a kind of conviction which must at length prevail over the most obstinate and unyielding prepossessions.

A good life is an unanswerable refutation of every charge.

By a life and conversation regulated by wisdom and sanctioned by virtue; by discharging every duty with integrity and fidelity; and by exercising to all around us every friendly and tender office of charity; we shall demonstratively prove that our institution does not train us up in demoralizing principles; and that they are either ignorant or foolish men who have said that it did.

By piety towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; by a veneration of the gospel, an exemplary obedience to its precepts, and a regular observance of its institutions; we shall get clear of the charge of being "Anti-christian Conspirators."

Lastly: By our zeal for the interests of our country; by maintaining, supporting, and defending its civil and religious rights and liberties; by paying all due allegiance, honour, and submission to its magistrates, supreme and subordinate; by leading peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty; and by endeavouring to promote harmony and good will, condescension and subordination among all orders of men; we shall put to silence the opprobrious allegations of those who strive to prejudice the public against freemasonry, by insinuating that it is "the hot-bed of sedition," and fraught with purposes for the subversion of all government and rule, all thrones, principalities and powers.

Thus, my brethren,

"We'll dissipate each dark and threatening cloud
That prejudice and calumny can raise,
By radiant probity of heart and life,
And persevering deeds of love and peace."

Defended and illustrated by an edifying example, freemasonry will yet triumph in its influence, and be respected in its effects.

While we evince in practice those principles we profess in theory, our institution will "have a good report of all men, and of the truth itself;" and those who "speak evil of us as evil doers, will be ashamed," seeing they falsely accuse and misrepresent us.

Regulated by the precepts of wisdom, supported by the strength of virtue, and adorned with the beauty of beneficence, our actions will escape censure, if they meet not praise. If we live within compass, act upon the square, subdue the passions, keep a tongue of good report, maintain truth and practise charity; we shall not only display the principles, but honour the cause we have espoused. Such an exemplification of its tendencies, will do more to wipe away the unfavourable impressions which any have received against the institution, and will more effectually conciliate their esteem of it, than all the reasoning of laboured argument, or all the eloquence of verbal panegyric.

Then, as we honour our profession, our profession will be an honour to us.

Remember, brethren, that the interests of free-masonry are in your hands. Be careful then, not to blend with it your weaknesses, nor to stain it with your vices. Consider how much the world expects of you; and how unwilling to make you any abatements. Consider with what dignity, fidelity, and respectability you ought to support the character you bear: and render the name of *free-mason* illustrious, as designating worth and virtue of superior stamp.

It is highly incumbent on you to "walk in wisdom towards them that are without;" doing nothing that should render your principles suspicious, or disgrace your institution in their eyes, nothing that should give them new occasion of dislike, or increase their former prejudices. For, "be assured that, if in your conduct you forget that you are men; the world, with its usual severity will remember that you are *masons*."

While ambitious of obtaining the favourable opinion of men, let us not be regardless of the honour that cometh from God. His approbation will make us ample amends for all we may suffer from their evil surmisings and unjust reproaches. Let us, therefore, seek to please God rather than men. Remembering that we are his servants; let us be fervent in spirit, serving him with fidelity, constancy, and zeal. Let the sense of his adorable presence never, for a moment, be estranged from our minds. May all our conduct be strictly and invariably directed by his will and word. May we "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing;" and "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

To conclude:

If, Brethren, we have any true love for masonry; if we have at heart the honour and interest of this most ancient and venerable institution; we shall be careful, not only to rule and govern our faith, but to square our actions by the holy word of God; and, while with each other we literally walk upon the level, may we keep within due bounds with all mankind. Thus shall we merit and obtain the reputation, not only of "good men and true," but of wise and skilful, free and accepted masons. And when he who is "the first born among many brethren," shall again appear "to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe," may he pronounce our commendation and designate our reward by this declaration, "these shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy!"

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&4Th. e. m.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3M. e. m.
Friendship Chapter,	Durham,	Wed. aff. m.
Friendship Lodge,	Durham,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Asylum Lodge,	Coeymans,	Thu. pr. f. m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3Th. e. m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3Sa. e. m.
Seafable Lodge,	Albany,	
Olive Branch Chapter,	Bloomingsburgh,	Sat. pr. f. m.
Bloomingsburgh Lodge,	Bloomingsburgh,	Mon. aff. m.
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e. m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3M. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	2&4Tue. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	1st Tu. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3M. e. m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. aff. m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. aff. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. af. f. m.
Danville Royal Arch Chapter,	Danville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Danville Lodge,	Danville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Orange Lodge,	Waterford,	1st W. e. m.
Pen Yan Chapter,	Pen Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen Yan,	Tues. do.

Authority is by nothing so much strengthened and confirmed as by custom.

Order is the effect of thought, and the cause of all good productions.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

From the *New-Harmony Gazette*.

DISCOVERY OF COBALT IN MISSOURI.

Cobalt is an article which has hitherto been imported from Europe. It is true there exists in Connecticut, at Chatham near Middletown, cobalt ore containing arsenic and sulphur and disseminated in a horn-blend rock, but this cobalt is said to be so much contaminated with nickle that the expenses of mining and of purification were higher than the amount of the sales of the cobalt; its manufacture has therefore been abandoned.

In our pedestrian tour through the mining district of Missouri, we found some fragments of this ore. And having received two or three weeks ago, the boxes with our specimens, we are now able to congratulate the inhabitants of that district on the possession of that valuable article, which by its analysis, proves to be the best variety that exists; and if it be abundant, which we have reason to believe it is, the discovery is of very great value.

It appears by analysis that this ore contains, when free from adherent matter, upwards of seventy-five per cent. of cobalt. The richest ore in Europe, analyzed by Klaproth, contains only forty-four per cent.

As many of your readers may be unacquainted with this metal, we annex a short account of its history and uses.

Its name seems to be derived from *Cobalus*, which was the name of the spirit that, according to the superstitious notions of the times, haunted mines, destroyed the labours of the miners and often gave them a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The miners probably gave this name to the mineral out of joke, because it thwarted as much as the supposed spirit, by exciting false hopes, and rendering their labours often fruitless; for as it was not known at first to what use the mineral could be applied, they threw it aside as useless. It was once customary in Germany to introduce into the church service a prayer that God would preserve miners and their work from *cobalts and spirits*.

Matthesius in his tenth sermon, where he speaks of *cadmia fossilis* (probably cobalt ore) says "Ye miners call it *cobalt*; the Germans call it the black devil and the old devil's whores and hags, old and black *kobel*, which by their witchcraft do injury to people and to their cattle."

It was used in Europe since the 15th century to tinge glass of a blue colour. But the nature of this mineral was altogether unknown till it was examined by Brand in 1733. The celebrated Swedish chemist obtained from it a new metal, to which he gave the name of cobalt. Lehmann published a very full account of every thing relating to this metal in 1761. Bergman confirmed and extended the discovery of Brand in different dissertations published in the year 1780. Scarcely any further addition was made to our knowledge of this metal till 1798, when a paper on it was published by Mr. Tassaert. In 1800 a new set of experiments were made upon it at the school of mines at Paris, in order to procure it perfectly pure, and to ascertain its properties when in that state. In 1802 a new series of tracts was published by Thenard, which threw considerable light on its combinations with oxygen. And in 1806, Prouse published a set of experiments on the same subject.

Cobalt is principally used in a state of saffre. This substance being melted with sand and potash forms the beautiful blue known by the name *Small* from which the azure or powder blue is manufactured. It is used to imitate some of the blue precious stones, as the sapphire—the blue colour on the porcelain, queensware, and all pottery, or the enamel is made with cobalt. It is likewise employed for some chemical uses.

The extent of the coloring power is perhaps more than that of any of the other metallic oxyds; for one grain of the pure oxide will give a very full blue to half an ounce, or two hundred and forty grains of glass. The oxide melted per se gives so intense a blue, as to appear perfectly black, except just at the thin edges of the sharp fragments, when broken.

Though the uses of this metal seems to be very limited, it is nevertheless a very important branch of industry to those countries which produce it. For instance the saffre is prepared in Bohemia, Wirtemberg, Silesia, Lorraine, and we believe Sweden and some other parts of the continent of Europe; but in Saxony alone it yields to the proprietors an annual revenue of 200,000 crowns.

G. TROOST.
C. A. LESUEUR.

New-Harmony, April 4, 1827.

ROMAN POLISH.

Sir—Having frequently visited the Vatican during my stay at Rome, in the winter of 1818, I was much struck with the brilliant polish of their mahogany (if I remember right) bookcases; and as the then Pope Pius the Seventh was adding to the library, and putting up additional bookcases, that were made equally brilliant, upon the spot, I not only watched the progress, but asked one of the workmen how it was done. As I have read much about French Polish in your interesting Magazine, perhaps you would not object to a recipe for a Roman Polish, which has the advantage of requiring no varnish, and is very much at your service.

Brick dust, sifted very fine; olive oil mixed with it, just to give it the dampness of flour; this is rubbed by a pumice stone upon the wood till perfectly smooth; then add spirits of wine, and continue rubbing it till you have the required polish, which is beautiful and more durable than any other.

[Mech. Mag.]

CONTRACTION AND EXPANSION OF WATER IN COOLING.

Fill a thermometer tube with tepid water, and immerse it in a glass vessel containing water of the same temperature, in which a mercurial thermometer is placed. If the whole apparatus be now placed in a bed of snow, or in a frigorific mixture, the water in the tube will gradually contract, till the mercury shows the temperature of 40 deg.; it will then begin to expand gradually until it becomes ice. From this simple experiment the reader may see, what is otherwise, however, a well established fact, that the specific gravity of water is greatest at 42 deg. The expansion of this fluid, when cooled still further, is an exception to the general law of bodies expanding by heat and contracting by cold, and as we are unable to account for it, or refer it to any class of facts, it seems like a perpetual miracle, and may excite both our wonder and our gratitude whenever it is contemplated. It is in consequence of this miracle that ice swims on water, and does not sink down, choking up the streams and stopping the currents of the rivers, the continued flow of which is as necessary to the existence of the world as the circulation of blood is to our existence.

[Chemist.]

UTILITY OF THE NETTLE.

In the weekly newspapers of the Bavarian Agricultural Society, 1823, No. 6, the nettle is said to have the following properties: 1. Eaten in salad, it cures consumption. 2. It fattens horned cattle, whether eaten green or dried. 3. Experience not only shows that it fattens calves, but improves their breed. 4. It is an antidote to most maladies. 5. Sheep which eat it bring forth healthy vigorous lambs. 6. It promotes the laying of eggs in hens. 7. It improves the fat of pigs. 8. It grows all the year round, even in the coldest weather. 9. The fibres of the stem make an excellent hemp.

The Bavarian oracle might have added, that few plants force better or more rapidly, and that the tender shoots so produced, make a delicate and high-flavoured pot-herb, resembling the points of the shoots of pumpions.

It is certain the nettle is much valued in Holland, where its young shoots are used as a pot-herb, its roots for dyeing yellow; where the horse dealers give them to horses, to make them brisk and give them a fine skin; and where considerable portions of fields are planted with it, and mown five or six times a year as green food. [Gard. Mag.]

CHARACTER.

MANUEL RODRIGUEZ.

Among the most interesting persons who have appeared in the revolution of Chile, may be reckoned MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, the friend, adviser, and coadjutor of the Carreras. As far as a man's purposes can be understood from his professions and acts, it may be truly said of Rodriguez, that he had the liberty and equal rights of his countrymen, as well their independence really at heart. As far, at least, as the refusal of office, and compensation of inestimable services in his country's cause, will go as an argument in his favour, we may believe him to have been governed by disinterested patriotism. Till recently, his fate has been involved in the deepest mystery; no one has pronounced his name but with the utmost caution, or scarcely heard it without crossing himself. He was equal in rank to his friends the Carreras, but he was destined to different pursuits in life, having devoted himself to the study of the law, in which profession he was rising to eminence.

At the commencement of the revolution he joined the patriot party, and adhered to it without wavering to the last. He was the Mentor of the Carreras, and when their fortunes declined, he accompanied them across the Andes. His spirit and exertions did not flag with their ill success; he enlisted in the cause of his country with the same zeal, when its interests were entrusted to San Martin as when they were in the hands of his friends. When Buenos Ayres undertook the emancipation of Chile, Rodriguez was one of the most forward in council and in action. His chivalrous spirit induced him to chuse the most perilous and important office, that fell to the lot of any one engaged in the enterprise, that of personally conveying information to the friends of the insurrection in Santiago, and ascertaining the disposition of the people at large in Chile. In the execution of the trust he proved himself another Proteus. Though cautious and prudent where the interest of his cause was in jeopardy, yet there was no personal hazard or adventure that had not a charm for him. He engaged to cross the Andes and enter Chile for purposes of secret observation, at a time, when the government could not but have been jealous and wary, as well of the Carrera party, as of the people of Buenos Ayres. During the period between the battles of Rancagua and of Chacabuco, while the royalists retained undisturbed possession of the kingdom, he passed the mountains and entered Chile in various disguises three different times, travelling generally on foot. He appeared sometimes in the dress of a minor, sometimes of a friar begging alms for his convent, and sometimes of a pedlar. In this manner he went as far south as Talca, eighty leagues from Santiago, and about the same distance towards Coquimbo, frequently making himself known, but only to those with whom he was thoroughly acquainted. At one time in Santiago, when he thought himself pursued, he was concealed for a day, and part of a night, in the house of one of his friends, in a tenaca, or large earthen wine jar; at another time, when returning from Chile to Mendoza, he was impressed by an officer, who with a guard of soldiers, had been posted in a pass of the Cordilleras, for the very purpose of interrupting the correspondence, and preventing communication with the other side, and whose men were then employed in repairing the road. Rodriguez was immediately set to work, and he showed that he could handle the spade and axe, as skilfully as he had formerly done his pen. He was detained two days, and all the time had concealed about his person important letters and papers the discovery of any one of which would inevitably have cost him his head.

He frequently went at noon day to the houses of some of the first men in the city, in tatters, and with a basket of fruit upon his head, and while bargaining for the fruit made himself known, and received important communications.

Rodriguez accompanied the army of San Martin into Chile, and after the battle of Chacabuco he returned to the city, and set himself quietly down in his study. He mingled no further in public affairs, than any other decided private patriot, till the dispersion of San Martin's army at Cauterida. When the news of this disastrous event reached the city,

all eyes were instantly turned off Rodriguez. To him was owing in a great measure the success of exertions, which have too often been attributed exclusively to San Martin. For the moment, he assumed the office of Director, and executed its duties. He harangued the people, exposed to them the folly of despair, the rashness of flight, and the absolute necessity of a last struggle, although it should be the struggle of death. He succeeded in calming their fears and inspiring hope. The soldiers, who were all on the wing for the Cordilleras, he induced to remain and prepare to be organized anew; and before the arrival of San Martin and the Director was announced in the capital, he had quelled the first impulse of terror in the inhabitants, and put affairs into the train that led to the glorious results which ensued.

In the space of three days he raised an organized corps of six hundred horsemen; and in as many more had them disciplined and ready for the field. This would be incredible; did we not know that a Chileno's home is on horseback, and that the youth of the better sort are universally accustomed to the exercise of the broadsword. This corps received the appellation of La Battalion de la bueno Maerte. In the hard fought battle of Maypu, an important post was assigned to it, and Rodriguez proved himself on that occasion as well fitted for the field as for the cabinet. Unfortunately, however, it soon appeared, that more of the credit of this victory, and the events preparatory to it, were by popular opinion attributed to him than was consistent with his safety. Six or eight days after the battle and in the midst of the festivities consequent upon it, he suddenly disappeared, and no man dared to ask, where is Rodriguez? He has never since been seen.

[North American Review.]

THE TRAVELLER.

From Buckingham's Travels.

LOVE IN TURCOMANIA.

The women of the Turcomans, who are in general fair, ruddy and handsome, neither disfigure themselves by blue stains, nor veil themselves, after the manner of the Arabs. The jealousy of the men, regarding their honor, is, however, still stronger. Mr. Museyk, who, it should be added, is a Dutch merchant of the highest respectability, and has resided at Aleppo for forty years and more, journeys through every part of the surrounding country, told me an instance in proof of this, which I should scarcely have believed, if I had not heard it from his own mouth.

Two young persons of the same tribe loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage; their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents; they stopped to speak to each other, and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart: and when she fell, they abandoned her carcass to the dogs!

The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe encamped near them, and told his story; begging that he would assist him with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went, accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this? They replied, that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honor, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband, on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, "What, is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish this work of death;" and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threatened instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his

tent, and, after a series of kind attentions, slowly recovered.

During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came under cover of the night, to see her; and weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, "No! No! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered and that you have escaped; we shall both live and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love." This really happened; the girl recovered, was married to her impassioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children.

So romantic a tale of love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity, and heroism, would have been incredible, were it not that all the parties were known to Mr. Museyk, who related it; that he did so in the presence of many other persons born in Aleppo, and acquainted by report with the fact; and that the veracity of the narrator may be regarded as unquestionable.

SPORTING IN ARABIA.

Three of our party went out shooting in the desert, and had excellent sport. Hares, black partridges, and snipes, were in the greatest abundance. For my own share of the game, I claim a brace of partridges, not a little proud that nearly the first birds which ever fell by my gun should have been killed in the garden of Eden. Another of our party killed a hare, but the boatmen objected to our having it dressed on board, as it had not undergone the ceremony of being made *hulaul*, (lawful.) This is performed by repeating a prayer, and by cutting the throat of the animal, with the neck turned towards the tomb of Mahomet. Yet according to the Jewish law, from which nearly all the Mahometan prohibitions respecting food, are taken, the hare is an unclean animal, "because he cheweth the cud, and divideth not the hoof."

At four o'clock we stopped at a patch of brushwood jungle, where nearly all the boatmen and guard went to cut wood for fuel. In the midst of this employment, one of the party disturbed a lion that was sleeping under a bush. He was greatly frightened, and speedily communicated his terror to his comrades, who hastened on board. The lion stole away, and the trackers who had to walk thro' the same jungle, continued their work without making any objection. Game of every description is abundant throughout, which reminds us that we are in the ancient kingdom of Nimrod, that "mighty hunter before the Lord." The spot we were now passing was quite living with the immense quantities of animals of all descriptions. At every step our trackers put up pelicans, swans, geese, ducks, and snipes; numbers of hogs were seen galloping about in every direction; a lioness strolled towards our boat, and stood staring at us for two or three seconds; when within thirty yards, Mr. Hamilton and myself both fired at her, but as we were loaded with small shot, we did her no injury; the noise of our guns made her turn quietly round, and she went away as leisurely as she came.

We saw, this afternoon, a numerous flock of small birds, which presented the appearance of a large whirlwind and literally darkened the air in their flight. Both Mr. Lamb and Mr. Hart had seen the same in India, and told me that they were birds of the ortolan species. Juhul Afees is said to be coeval with the ruins at Fillfilah and Sooroot. While we were examining these ruins, we put up great numbers of hares and partridges. We met also some men with greyhounds; these dogs are very beautiful animals, and are somewhat smaller than the English breed; the ears hang down, the tail is feathered, and both are covered with hair as fine as silk. The Arabs are very fond of this species; but the dog being an unclean animal, according to the Mahometan law, the faithful are not allowed to touch it, except on the crown of the head, that being the only part of the animal which he is unable to pollute with his tongue. The owner of these dogs was rather an anomalous being for an inhabitant of the Desert—a young Arab dandy: his turban and robes were adjusted with the greatest neatness, his eyelids were strained with antimony, two or three rings graced each finger, and he conversed with an air of the most amusing puppyism. [Keppel's Journey.]

POPULAR TALES.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

THE SPECTER OF THE ROPE WALK.

By the blue and yellow haze of a midnight lamp—at a moment, O! complaisant reader—when all thy senses are absorbed in dreamy darkness, lulled by the soporific smorzando of thy nasal cornicle—when the pageantry of life is to thee a nihility; and time and space and things thereunto pertaining, are all resolved into a shapeless lump of oblivion—when thy recumbent brow, whether at noon-day crowned with gorgeous diadems or surmounted by a greasy tarpaulin, is happy enjoying an utter negation of earthly care, and resting in the fathomless vacuum of sleep—when

"past twelve o'clock," the drowsy watchman bawls, as Peter Pindar hath it—and when, as inditeth the same poet,

From murky vaults

The dough-faced spectres do crowd forth,

blinking and gibbering at each other like witches in a thunder squall—lo! the plodding historian sitteth down to the relation of a veritable tale, that shall make thy muscles to tremble, and thy scalp to tingle with amazement.

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of the anno domini one thousand eight hundred and blank, there came into this port a barque from the realms of Ching Hong Fohi, lord of the celestial empire, where growth tea and bandanas. Among the souls on board, was that of Boshong Hushi, surnamed *Le*, a mandarin, of the seventeenth grade, escaped from the perils of degradation from his *caste*; and from the tongues of three wooden-shod wives. Upon his tunic there were silver buttons curiously wrought, and innumerable threads of gaudy coloured silk were interwoven among the compartments of his grotesque turban. His projecting cheek bones, compressed nose, liberal mouth beset with teeth of bronze

"like angel visits, few and far between"—

united to a complexion of sedate sallowness, gave him altogether an affecting and ghastly interest among inquisitive and anxious beholders.

With his camphor wood trunks and other valuables, he at length debarked; and, after idly wandering for some months amidst the populace and the sands, he became penniless and discontented. He sighed in secret for his country; and he lamented in public the absence of his consorts, whose very scolding in classical Chinese, was to him far preferable to the outlandish jargon that fell so constantly upon the thin tympanum of his little oriental auricle. He thought of tea and tamarinds, and ruminated on rice and river water—articles of import or scarcity. He dreamed of the lovely Quanghai, pondered on the swarthy charms of Mingshin, and over him came visions of the polished Phi Kien. There was a romantic stare in his small olive coloured optics, that told of absent comforts, and of estranged attachments. He walked upon the strand by starlight, and strolled over the cliffs on rainy afternoons, meditating things inexpressible. At one moment he was half determined to fall in love with some individual of the feminine gender, could he find a countenance and finger-nails resembling the beauties of India. But opportunity, that convenient commodity, occurred not—and poor *Le*—the matter cannot be minced—resolved in his distraction, to hang himself!

To a few intimates he hinted this determination, and his desire to "go home." He was advised to proceed by water; but he deemed it more practicable and expeditious to adopt a different line; religiously believing that strangulation would immediately introduce him into the society of his long-lost kindred, located in the flourishing village of Whompee, towards the rising sun. Expostulation therefore was in vain; for who, in this free country, will attempt to impede the progress of religious opinion, or meddle with the pious rites even of an unregenerated heathen? The spot selected by *Le*, for the performance of this ceremony, was the site of a deserted ropewalk, extending along the margin of our harbour, alienated from public notice, and screened by its own forbidding aspect from the gaze of vulgar eyes. Thither he repaired at mid-

night, one twenty-ninth of February, with a long rope under one arm, and an eleemosynary pig under the other. Whether the swinish victim were designed as a propitiatory sacrifice, or as the subject of scientific experiment, no mortal can divine. Howbeit, some strolling boys, emulous of shelter from a sudden shower, incautiously entered the dark and dismal edifice, at its southern extremity. They had approached but a few paces, when the eyeballs of some bristly monster, "midway in air," seemed to glare horribly upon the intruders. At the farther end, they discovered a human figure, whither they bent their steps. "He is dancing," said one of the lads, as the thunders bellowed, the rain drove through the frequent crevices, and the whole building reeled under the pressure of broken and spiteful blasts. They hurried towards the corpse of *Le*, as it swung to and fro amidst the elemental uproar. But soon, with a simultaneous shriek, they bolted forth at a ready outlet, and bore the awful tidings through storm and peril to the nearest neighbour. The unfortunate pagan suicide and his companion, were soon after, removed from their elevated attitude, and deposited horizontally within the bosom of a christian soil.

But, on taking down those bodies, the hempen halters by which they had been fatally suspended, were left dangling in *terrorem* upon the crazy beams—a sad and deplorable oversight, as shall be shown in the sequel. Since that memorable juncture, no human being, with one exception, has dared to approximate within arm's length of the appalling strings, nor had the temerity to look upon them a moment after sunset. Albeit, exactly four years thereafter, to wit, at the first quadrennial return of the said 29th of February, Mr. Nicholas Noodle, chancing to perambulate the precincts of the premises for no sort of good, at a very witching time of night, was suddenly astounded with an unearthly squeal, coming forth of the ropewalk aforesaid. Physically terrified and mentally strengthened by dint of recent brandy sling, Mr. Noodle drew nigh unto the noise. He looked at the long, low, dark wooden skeleton before him—he looked beyond, where insensibly uprose the rotund moon, majestically and quietly stealing towards the zenith—he looked behind, where stretched the placid bay, reposing on its hollow bed, breathing in gentle ripples, and reflecting here and there a flash from some straggling moon-beam. He looked—and he thought it a clear case of desolation. But he moved onward, though somewhat less ardently, until he could distinctly hear a shrill voice, exclaiming in the Chinese tongue, *le, le, le!* Mr. Noodle waxed desperate, and advanced—oh! presumptuous Noodle! Presently he saw a sharp face like that of a pig, poked through a broad crevice into the cold and naked moonshine. He lifted his foot with intent to kick—when he felt himself whirled into the cranny, and in a twinkling tripped up by the heels beneath the horrible gibbet of Boshong Hushi. His brain was turned; and he beheld myriads of sprites and goblins with green eyes and red hair, making all manner of supernatural mouths, and capering about him like ghosts in the garret of bedlam. Dizzy with dismay and upside-downishness, he rose into a swoon ***** and when Mrs. Noodle called him down to breakfast the next morning, placing before him the relics of a soused minister's face, Mr. Noodle vowed with an affirmation—a vow since scrupulously observed—thenceforth to abstain from brandy slings!

From Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.

THE BREWERY OF EGG SHELLS.

It may be considered impertinent were I to explain what is meant by a changeling; both Shakespeare and Spenser have already done so, and who is there unacquainted with the Midsummer Night's Dream* and the Fairy Queen?

Now Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been changed by "fairies theft," and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy, blue eyed boy had become shrivelled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs. Sullivan very unhappy; and all the neighbours, by way of comforting her, said, that her own child was, beyond any kind of doubt, with

the good people, and that one of themselves was put in his place.

Mrs. Sullivan of course could not disbelieve what every one told her, but she did not wish to hurt the thing; for although its face was so withered, and its body wasted away to a mere skeleton it had still a strong resemblance to her own boy: she therefore could not find it in her heart to roast it alive on the griddle, or to burn its nose off with the red hot tongs, or to throw it out in the snow on the road side, notwithstanding these, and several like proceedings, were strongly recommended to her for the recovery of her child.

One day, who should Mrs. Sullivan meet, but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of Ellen Leah (or Grey Ellen.) She had the gift, however she got it, of telling where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

"You're in grief this morning Mrs. Sullivan," were the first words of Ellen Leah to her.

"You may say that, Ellen," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and good cause I have to be in grief, for there was my own fine child whipped off from me out of his cradle, without as much as by your leave or ask your pardon, and an ugly bony bit of a shrivelled up fairy put in his place: no wonder then that you see me in grief, Ellen."

"Small blame to you, Mrs. Sullivan," said Ellen Leah; "but are you sure 'tis a fairy?"

"Sure!" echoed Mrs. Sullivan, "sure enough am I to my sorrow, and can I doubt my own two eyes? Every mother's soul must feel for me!"

"Will you take an old woman's advice?" said Ellen Leah, fixing her wild and mysterious gaze upon the unhappy mother; and, after a pause, she added, "but may be you'll call it foolish?"

"Can you get me back my child, my own child, Ellen?" said Mrs. Sullivan with great energy.

"If you do as I bid you," returned Ellen Leah, "you'll know." Mrs. Sullivan was silent in expectation, and Ellen continued, "Put down the big pot, full of water, on the fire, and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells into the pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether it is your own boy or a fairy. If you find it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red hot poker and cram it down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that, I promise you."

Home went Mrs. Sullivan, and did as Ellen Leah desired. She put the pot on the fire, and plenty of turf under it, and set the water boiling at such a rate, that if ever water was red hot—it surely was.

The child was lying, for a wonder, quite easy and quiet in the cradle, every now and then cocking his eye, that would twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs. Sullivan breaking the eggs, and putting down the egg-shells to boil. At last he asked, with the voice of a very old man, "What are you doing, mammy?"

Mrs. Sullivan's heart, as she said herself, was up in her mouth ready to choke her, at hearing the child speak. But she contrived to put the poker in the fire, and to answer without making any wonder at the words, "I'm brewing, a vick," (my son.)

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech now proved beyond question, that he was a fairy substitute.

"I wish the poker was red," thought Mrs. Sullivan; but it was a large one, and took a long time heating; so she determined to keep him in talk until the poker was in a proper state to thrust down his throat, and therefore repeated the question.

"Is it what I'm brewing, a vick," said she, "you want to know?"

"Yes, mammy: what are you brewing?" returned the fairy.

"Egg-shells, a vick," said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Oh!" shrieked the imp, starting up in the cradle, and clapping his hands together, "I'm fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of egg-shells before!" The poker was by this time

quite red, and Mrs. Sullivan seizing it, ran furiously towards the cradle; but somehow or other her foot slipped, and she fell flat on the floor, and the poker flew out of her hand to the other end of the house. However, she got up, without much loss of time, and went to the cradle intending to pitch the wicked thing that was in it into the pot of boiling water, when there she saw her own child in a sweet sleep, one of its soft round arms rested upon the pillow—his features were as placid as if their repose had never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

Who can tell the feelings of a mother when she looks upon her sleeping child? Why should I therefore endeavour to describe those of Mrs. Sullivan at again beholding her long lost boy? The fountains of the heart overflowed with the excess of joy—and she wept!—tears trickled silently down her cheek, nor did she strive to check them—they were tears not of sorrow, but of happiness.

* "For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Act ii. s. 1.

† "—A fairy thee unwittingly left,
There as thou sleepest in tender swathing band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left,
Such men do changelings call—so changed by fairies
thrift."

FAIRY QUEEN, Book i Canto 10.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

SUPERSTITIOUS NOTIONS.

NUMBER I.

We of this enlightened age and country, or rather those who are enlightened, and feel a national pride, while they look upon our free institutions, and the liberal opinions we cherish, are apt to thank Providence for these privileges, and consider themselves superlatively happy in not being enveloped in the ignorance and bigotry which prevail so widely in other regions of the world. But in these grateful exercises they much resemble the Pharisee in the parable. They pride themselves for an exemption which is only imaginary—and laugh at the clownish credulity of a foreign nation, which they only know from report, while the same error exists in all its absurdity directly in their neighbourhood. I allude to the faith which many have in ghosts, witches, fortune-tellers, &c.

The belief which the Scotch or Irish peasantry attach to the gift of second sight, or faculty of seeing an object distinctly long before it exists, would be very justly entitled to our ridicule, were we wholly clear from the same credulity. Of all the many ridiculous examples of Scottish superstition, I never heard of none that would bear comparison with the grave and assured narrations of my own neighbours;—persons of the firmest veracity, and sustaining the character of men of science. Not ten miles from my present seat, are perhaps ten respectable men, and of decent education for farmers, who will attest to the truth of the relation I am about to give you; and the Lord only knows how many women would confirm the same, though by the bye, their word has seldom much currency with me in such matters.

It was in the war of the revolution, when the army of General Burgoyne had just stepped upon the rebel ground, and with all the mighty strength of proclamations, Indians, Tories and mercenary German soldiers, were blowing from their lips tobacco-smoke, threats and death, to the affrighted people of this now great state. The inhabitants of a town lying on the west side of the Hudson, were quietly retiring from their fields of labour, to refresh their weary bodies with a dish of suppaan and milk, and a pipe of tobacco, before retiring to bed. The sun was just sinking behind the northern summits of the Catskill, leaving behind him a few clouds, and a sky, tinged with such glorious hues as no painter but nature can imitate. There was scarcely a breath of air, and no noise but the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep. The attention of the whole neighbourhood was suddenly attracted by a prodigy that appeared in the air. Ap-

parently as high as some of the scattered broken clouds which hung over them, an army of men, in regular files, and following the exact course of the main road from Albany downward, with a regularity of step and evolution that no discipline could match, passed on as if marching to the music of the spheres. Here was an ample field for prognostication; the whigs mourned over the devastation about to come on their homes, and already in fancy saw their houses and barns smoking before the ranks of the victorious Burgoyne; and the Tories could hardly refrain from dancing with joy. The event however deceived them both; but certain it was that not many weeks after this vision, a part of Burgoyne's army passed down this very road, as prisoners of war.

Who has not heard of the wonderful second sight of persons born, as the knowing ones say, with a veil over their eyes? Funerals, deaths, &c. are said to be seen by such individuals, weeks, and even months before they occur.

But Ghosts—ghosts are the grand article of faith with some; and are believed in by many who are ashamed to own their folly. An aunt of mine was so much a slave to her imagination, that she often put her whole family into a fright at the appearance of a ghost, which as often turned out to be a white horse, a stump, or some linen hung out to dry. But her faith could not be shaken, and she died a firm believer in the doctrine of spiritual shadows.

The power of charms, or magic which does not strictly belong to witchcraft is another prevalent belief among many of our illiterate people. It was doubtless introduced, and kept alive by the German settlers in this state. I know several of this cast who verily believe they can charm a gun; and I have heard a certain industrious and respectable mechanic in the county of S——, who told me "upon honour," as Gen. Smyth says, that he could secure his tools by a charm alone, so that the thief who dare attempt to steal them, would be kept as upright and motionless as Lot's wife, until he himself should dispel the enchantment. On asking him whether he had tried it, I was answered in the negative: his sole reason being that he believed it an undue exercise of power, and of course sinful.

The Reformed Dutch Church, in its form for administering the Lord's Supper, admonish such as "enchanters, diviners, charmers, and such as confide in such enchantments to keep themselves from the table of the Lord."

This is wholesome admonition, and would go far either to prove that the founders of that church were not, as superstitious as they are accounted to be. But I have, not a year since, known an instance of a certain deacon who went thirty miles, to consult a fortune-teller about a stolen Pocket Book. A divine too who sermonizes not ten miles from Albany, gave me his unqualified opinion, that certain charms used by divers quack farriers, such as hazel twigs, &c., were efficient and sure in their operation. These are such things as the bigotted mind loves, I know; but they are in direct opposition to the spirit of religion, and I think also to the doctrines supported by every Christian denomination in this country.

I would say something on witches, warnings, &c. but must defer them for the present. In my next, I may lay open a field for some dispute, by advancing some opinions concerning witches, which may be called new. I will conclude by observing that we need not go to Scotland for specimens of bigotry, nor read Dr. Faustus for instances of diabolical agency. They may be very well illustrated nearer home, by drawings taken from real life.

G.

VARIETY.

The celebrated Lord Gardenstone once performed on Mr. Crosbie a practical joke of a very humorous nature. This gentleman, in the course of a walk from Morganside, where he resided, met a rustic going to Edinburgh, in order to hear his cause pled that forenoon, in which Mr. C. had been retained as counsel. The facetious Senator directed the man to procure a dozen or two of farthings at a

snuff shop in the Grass Market, to wrap them up separately in a white paper, under the disguise of guineas, and to present them, as occasion served, in the capacity of fees. Mr. C's heart not happening to be in the case, he frequently flagged in his eloquence, to the eminent danger of being nonsuited. His treacherous client, however, kept close behind his back, and ever and anon as he perceived him bringing his voice to a cadence for the purpose of closing his argument, slipped the other into his hand. The repeated application of this silent encouragement, so far stimulated Mr. C. in his exertions, that he strained every nerve his soul possessed, in grateful zeal for the interest of his client; and at the fourteenth farthing he gained the cause. The denouement of the conspiracy, which took place immediately after, in John's coffee house, over a bottle of wine, with which Mr. Crosbie had treated Lord Gardenstone with the profits of his pleading, can only be imagined.

Whitaker, in his history of Manchester, relates, that in an early period of English history, "Two dogs suffered death for assaulting one of the lions of the tower, on the principle of its being treason against royalty."

In some of the villages in Kent, when a man is known to have beaten his wife, it is usual to strew chaff before his door; then the joke runs through town, that such a man was thrashing last night, as the chaff was seen in front of his house. Such notoriety is said to be a more wholesome restraint on bad husbands, than any legal enchantment.

A foolish fellow in Windham, sent to a famous doctor to obtain some pills, being told that they would recover stray cattle! The doctor gave the man three pills, which he took: and in going home had occasion to go into the woods, where he found his father's stray ox. The fellow went home and swore the doctor sold pills which would recover stray cattle.

MADAME DE MAINTENON'S INFLUENCE OVER LOUIS XIV. On the days of business, says the Duc de St. Simon, Madame de Maintenon, in whose apartment the ministers transacted affairs with the king, sat by, reading or working tapestry. She quietly heard all that passed, and rarely threw in a word. The word was still more rarely of any consequence. The king often asked her advice, addressing her in a playful tone, as—your solidity, or your reasonableness. She answered slowly and coldly, scarcely ever betraying a prepossession for any thing, and never for any person; but the ministers had their cue. If by chance the king at first fixed on her candidate, it was well, the ministers were sure to agree; and they contrived to hinder the mention of any other. If he shewed a preference for any other, the minister read over his own list, rarely recommending any one directly, but hinting at the objections to all, so as to leave the king perplexed. In this embarrassment he often asked the advice of the minister, who, after balancing the good and bad qualities of all, shewed a slight preference for one. The king hesitated, and frequently in that stage referred to Madame de Maintenon; she smiled, affected to be incapable of judging; said something in favour of another candidate, but at last, sometimes slowly, as if deliberating—sometimes, as if by a sudden accidental recollection, returned to the candidate whom she had prompted the minister to recommend; and in this manner she disposed of all favours in France.

A RIGHT TO SHOOT. Des Essarts, an actor at the Hague, having been caught poaching on the preserves of the Stadtholder, availed himself of the resources of his profession to get out of the scrape. A gamekeeper, who had never seen the tragedian except in the garb of royalty, asked him by what right he came there to shoot? Des Essarts, with an air and tone of the most heroic haughtiness, replied—"Ask you by what right?"

"By that great right the vast and towering mind
Has o'er the grovelling instinct of the vulgar!"

These lines, uttered with tragic and theatrical air, so panic-struck the poor gamekeeper, that he exclaimed, "Oh, if I had known that of course I should not have interfered."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1827.

§5-Vivian is declined. We would advise him to become more cheerful and to try again.

INTEMPERANCE. We do not approve of making hobbies of the good or bad practices of the world; nor do we think that lucubrations touching the degeneracy of morals, properly belong to the most interesting species of reading. Every one knows the evil effects of vicious habits; and all who consult either their temporal or spiritual welfare will shun them. It is of but little use to talk of broken constitutions, disease and premature death; for the man who is content to stagger, or even to walk steadily through the street, with ruby eyes, a pestulous proboscis, and tumid cheeks, is generally of that way of thinking (if he ever thinks at all) concerning this world and the next too, that sobriety and propriety of conduct are with him affairs of quite inferior importance. Besides, a certain portion of mankind is prone to consider vice as a sort of personal property, with which no one except the possessor has any authority to meddle: These and similar causes have hitherto prevented us from entering into the crusade against dram-drinking. We detest the practice in our very soul: it is one of the vilest sins imaginable. It is the cause of innumerable inconveniences, and is the mother of vice. It destroys the energy of the mind, and leads to profanity and a total disregard of every moral and religious obligation. It destroys domestic peace, sends families to bed supperless, and rears pale and emaciated children, without education. We would not insinuate that Albany is worse in this respect than other cities; but we know it is not an uncommon occurrence for a stripling to pass a whole night at a keno table, and after losing all his money and credit, to stagger to his business in the morning, drowsy, bewildered, and intoxicated. There are some men here who follow drinking almost as a profession, others whose terms of tipping are periodical. Some who have cunning enough to shun drunkenness live by feasting the bad passions of others, and those might be named who yearly collect thousands as fees for leading the unwary into the paths of dissipation. We know from observation that this is matter of fact; and we should not think the law a very "blue" one that should have for its object the repression of the haunts where these wretches congregate. These places may be termed the manufactories of drunkards and villains. Boys enter them as spectators; from spectators they become participators; and from participators, professors; and they learn to lie, to cheat, to swear, and to guzzle rum. We shall, one of these days, cast our observation abroad upon this ancient city, and then we shall spare neither persons nor places. The secret places of iniquity should be made known, and the sooner the better.

It appears that intemperance is a vice of very general prevalence. The editor of the New-York Enquirer says that he recently saw two men staggering at mid-day through the streets of a village, neighbouring that city. Upon inquiry he learned that one was the wealthiest man in the place, worth something more than 100,000 dollars, and that the other was the postmaster! This vice flourishes in the principle cities to a great extent. A late medical journal states that "during the last five years

65,000 paupers were admitted into the Philadelphia Almshouse, being an average of 13,000 a year." Here, then, are 13,000 miserable beings annually thrown upon the public charity by the intemperate use of ardent spirits in one city. But the evil does not stop here. After these wretches are lodged in the Almshouse, it is thought necessary to administer to them every year nearly two thousand dollars worth of ardent spirits, besides wine and cider, in order to keep them alive and comfortable! New-York and Boston are not much better off; and doubtless, if the truth were known, Albany contributes its modicum to magnify to the extent of the evil.

The Boston Medical Intelligencer, in speaking of the practice of administering spirituous liquor to invalids, says: "We believe it to be the conviction of every sound and observing physician, that the opinion that ardent spirit is necessary to sustain or recruit a drunkard, derives not the smallest support from any facts or observations which have been made in relation to this subject. It might as truly be said that another portion of poison is necessary to restore him to life who is now expiring under the quantity already swallowed. It is true that the system which is disordered and broken down by intemperance, needs something for support and restoration which is different from the food that is adapted to the wants and assimilating powers of a healthy body. But shall this be rum, brandy, gin, whiskey,—any of the life-destroying forms of spirit, which are already prostrating the physical and moral man? You might as well admit to your confidence the murderer, who with friendly professions in his mouth, waits only for an opportunity to plunge a dagger to your heart. We will undertake to assert, that if it shall, on any proper occasion, be required, hundreds of cases can be brought forward to prove the fact, that as many instances have occurred where the habitually and deeply intemperate have been restored to perfect health, and in a short time too, by an instantaneous and total subduction of ardent spirit in all its forms and disguises. With these facts before us which have been for years accessible to all who have sought for them, is it credible that the overseers of a public charity, in an enlightened city, should in the space of five short years permit themselves to spend 9000 dollars for ardent spirit, to say nothing of wine and cider, for paupers, to keep them alive and comfortable, when in all probability this very restoration had made them paupers? Is it to be believed that any well informed and humane physician has recommended this proceeding? We will not say that every intemperate man can be restored to health of body and mind, by breaking off his vicious habit; for there are many cases in which the inroads and ravages of intemperance have become so deep and indelible, that nothing but the wreck and ruins of the man can be preserved, a dreary monument of what the victim was."

The discoveries of Messrs. Loiseau and Chambers promise to be of much benefit. The accounts from New Orleans continue to bear favourable testimony of the remedy of the former, and some of the New-York journals speak in very high terms of the latter. The following is given in the newspapers as Mr. Loiseau's prescription: "Tincture Assafetida, Tart. Antimony: Ipecacuanha. Mix these with the particular spirit or liquor which you want to shun, and drink a wine glass full every morning, fasting, for a week, when I will insure a voluntary abstinence for one year. An infusion of the leaves of

tobacco, will prove a valuable auxiliary. As soon as any inclination is felt to resume the cup, the remedy must be promptly applied, or there will be a relapse." The remedy of Dr. Chambers has been stated to be a secret, confined to Rutgers College and its professors. This has since been denied by the faculty of that college, who say that there exists no connexion between Dr. Chambers and that Institution. They express a hope, however, that his remedy may prove to be genuine; and declare a willingness to encourage it, if such shall be the case. A writer in the New-York Enquirer complains of the exorbitant price of Dr. Chambers' medicine, and publishes a remedy discovered by himself, which, he says, has proved uniformly successful. He says that the success of his remedy is founded "on that immutable principle in our nature, that we loathe whatever produces a disagreeable or unpleasant impression. It is obvious that such impressions may be obliterated by time, hence a repetition of the remedy sometimes becomes necessary." His prescription is "Antimonial Wine, half an ounce; Wine of Ipecac, two drachms, Tincture of Assafetida, one drachm. A portion of this, and in cases of long standing, the whole of it, is to be mixed with the liquor to which the person is addicted, and, in many cases, unless the person is told, he will swallow the dose without suspicion. It is not always necessary that all of the ingredients should be administered, and the dose can be graduated according to the constitution, age and inveteracy of habit. The relish for liquor will be instantly and entirely destroyed; and whenever the liquor is seen, and in many instances even mentioned, the principle of association will immediately call up the disagreeable impression. As long, therefore, as this is retained in the memory there will be no danger of a relapse: as soon as symptoms of this are observed, a much smaller dose will wonderfully refresh the memory." A person in Worcester, Mass. who had taken this medicine attempted to make use of ardent spirits again, but after swallowing a small quantity, he had only time to walk across the room to the door before he vomited it. Instances are numerous in which notorious drunkards have been entirely reformed by using either of the above prescriptions; and we think it is incumbent on all who are friendly to the suppression of intemperance (and who is not?) to make known discoveries which are calculated to exercise so beneficial an influence over the morals, and consequently over the character and harmony of society.

§6-A monthly publication, under the title of *The Western Medical and Physical Journal*, original and eclectic, and edited by DANIEL DRAKE, M. D. late professor of the theory and practice of medicine in Transylvania University, and GUY W. WRIGHT, M. D. was commenced in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, in April. We have received the first number, but being wholly unacquainted with medical affairs, we are not capable of judging with what degree of scientific ability it is conducted. The papers of that city speak in the most favourable terms of its editors, and expect from their professional attainments and unwearied industry, and the anticipated co-operation of their medical brethren, the entire success of the work. Upon gentlemen of the medical profession this journal will undoubtedly rely for support; and none, better than themselves, can appreciate the importance of every attempt to extend the sphere of knowledge in the "healing

art." If any of our medical friends wish to examine the present number of the Western Medical and Physical Journal, they can do so by calling at this office. Contents—Neuralgia Facialis, by D. DRAKE, M. D., Purulent Ophthalmia, by J. H. SAVAGE, M. D., Traumatic Hemorrhage, by H. G. JAMESON, MAKITTRICK'S Commentaries on the principles and Practice of Physick, COOPER'S Lectures on the principles and practice of Surgery, Wounded Nerves and their treatment, by G. BELL, Humoral Pathology, by M. SEGALAS, Experiment on Hydrocyanic acid by M. DUPUY, Chloruret of Lime in burns, Original Intelligence and Notices, Graduates of the Medical College of Ohio, Graduates of Transylvania University. Conditions—The Western Medical and Physical Journal will be published monthly: each Number will contain from 56 to 64 octavo pages—making annually a volume of about 750. It will be transmitted to subscribers by mail, unless otherwise ordered. The price, per annum, is FOUR DOLLARS, payable in advance. All communications must be addressed to N. & G. Guilford, the publishers, Cincinnati, (post paid)—to whom all subscriptions are made payable.

LITERARY PRIZES.

In compliance with a wish very generally expressed, the Editor and Publishers of THE MEMORIAL give notice to those who intend forwarding communications for the premiums already offered, that the examination of the contributions will be deferred to the 16th of JUNE.

The prizes are:

For the best original Poem, a prize of \$60.

For the second ditto, a prize of \$40.

For the best original Prose tale, a prize of \$60.

For the second ditto, a prize of \$40.

Communications must be addressed "To the Editor of the Memorial, care of Messrs. True & Greene, Boston, Mass."

Editors who have inserted the former advertisement, will confer a favour by giving publicity to the change proposed above.

CHIT CHAT.

As a matter of justice we say that, we are often pretty largely indebted to the National Advocate for items of *chit chat*. We sometimes alter dates, and suit other trifles to the meridian of Albany, but the matters of fact and many of the best observations belong to the Advocate.—A new Medical Hall is to be erected for the Transylvanian University, Kentucky. The professors are to deliver a course of lectures during the summer.—Captain Partridge wants to establish a military school at Lexington. We are afraid these military schools will soon get out of vogue.—The Philadelphia Greek Fund nearly amounts to \$21,000.—The Winyaw (S. C.) Farming Society have authorised the hiring of two suitable persons to watch negro traders and report the violations of the law. This is a sort of *espionage* in a free country.—The line of morality is sometimes very fancifully drawn. A municipal law of Georgetown, S. C., declares to play billiards after 12 o'clock at night is dangerous to morals, but playing before twelve o'clock is proper and legal. If a game therefore is begun a few minutes before twelve and ended a few minutes after twelve, the first part is correct and proper, but the latter damnable and corrupt. When the clock designates between vice and virtue, clock-makers are the greatest philosophers.—The steamboat Tecumseh has arrived at Louisville from New-Orleans in nine days four hours, having lost one whole night and part of another by fog—distance 1500 miles. The Tecumseh passed eighteen boats on the way. It will be recollected that within a very few years the citizens of Louisville gave that enterprising officer, Capt Shreve, a public dinner for performing the trip in twenty-five days!—It is calculated that the value of the produce which has been floated down the Susquehanna, up to the 23d ult. is equal to eight hundred thousand dollars.—The automaton chess player has arrived in Baltimore. The newspapers are calling out all their players to the scratch.—More deposits of gold have been found in North Carolina.—Fifty dollar notes on the Farmer's Bank of Virginia, altered from five, are in circulation in Baltimore.—"It is said" the old ladies in the neighbourhood of

Fort Niagara are in continual fear, in consequence of the nightly appearance of Morgau's spook. Sometimes he is seen like a wizzard, darting across the Niagara upon a broomstick—at others, he presents himself in the very heart of the great Israelitish city of Arrarat, with a pair of compasses, as though he was planning a palace for the Grand Judge; but his most favourite avocation appears to be sailing up and down the cataract upon a mason's trowel, using its handle for a rudder! Thus "it is said."—A mechanic of Exmouth, (Eng.) has constructed a model of King Solomon's temple, in shell work and minerals, containing 985 windows, 11 towers, 885 pinnacles, 188 pillars, formed of 150,000 English shells. The model is four feet ten inches in length, and three feet seven in breadth; the centre tower four feet six in height.—Abbe Plank (professor) was murdered at Vienna by a person who formed an acquaintance with him for improvement in mathematics. The murderer plundered the professor of certain bonds, which were described in his will (made in favour of the students) and by means of which description the murderer was detected in offering the bonds to be cashed.—*The largest Kettle in the world!* This remarkable vessel is at the Convent of Bernardines, of Pisa. It is of cast iron, and is said to be fifty feet in height, and a hundred and forty feet in circumference.—The Mayor of New-York has offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the "apprehension and conviction of any person or persons concerned in the murder and abduction of Peter Haviland, a respectable citizen." Was he a mason?

From English papers.—It is said a considerable curiosity exists in England respecting the measures to be adopted for tranquillizing the people of Ireland.—All the west coast of England is principally supplied with butcher's meat from Ireland.—Millions of acres of fine land are in a state of nature in Ireland. The nation wants a circulating medium.—It is said that the warlike preparations making in Spain have no hostile view upon England or Portugal. They are directed against Spain.—The Emperor of Russia has declared Georgia, Caucasasia, and the territory of the Cossacks to be in a state of war.—A new farce was recently brought out at Drury Lane Theatre called "Comfortable Lodgings." The dialogue is full of puns. Its success was doubtful.—Justice Burrough, at the Winchester Assizes, stated that if the Magistrates remained quiet and did not interfere when a "prize fight" was going to take place, they were liable to an indictment for inattention to their duties.—The coinage at Lima during the six months preceding November last has been nearly two millions of dollars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship William Thompson, Captain Maxwell, English files to the 19th March, inclusive, have been received.

The affairs of Greece are looking more prosperous than heretofore. It is supposed that Missolonghi will soon be restored to the Greek government.

The news of the loss of the Catholic question in the House of Commons had inspired the Catholics with fresh courage, and urged to renewed efforts. In Ireland the news had excited feelings of regret and indignation. Various plans had been proposed in order to keep the public attention fixed on the question. Among other measures it is proposed to send a deputation of the most powerful Catholics in Ireland, to England, in order to obtain a personal interview with the King, and to implore his Majesty to grant his powerful aid to the Catholic cause. The question will be again discussed on the 1st of May.

Lord Liverpool has recovered so far as to be able to walk in his chamber.

All the Austrians had left Naples last February.

A very considerable quarrel has taken place between the Protestants and Catholics near Berlin.

Extensive forgeries in bills and notes have been committed near Dundee in Scotland. The amount is stated at £200,000.

The London Courier of the 17th states, that the Greeks have re-possessed themselves of the ruins of Missolonghi.

The Catholic Association met on the 10th March, but nothing was done.

The new English Corn bill is called a *lumbag*. It is just as bad as the old system.

It was asserted in Parliament that the fees of the Lord Chancellor on account of his jurisdiction in bankruptcy amounted to £20,000.

It is said that Mr. Canning has tendered the resignation of his office.

The London Morning Chronicle fears that the boasted prosperity of England is on the decline, not only with regard to manufactures, but to revenue.

The political horizon of England is gloomy. Trade, manufactures, and agriculture, are languid.

From the London Times.

We copy from a Dublin paper the following extraordinary paragraph.

DUBLIN, March 12.

"Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic question in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon-house, to forward 5,000,000, rounds of musket ball cartridges to the different garrisons throughout the country." [Freeman's Journal.]

Here, then, is the commentary on that text which the Orangemen have delivered to Parliament for the guidance of its policy towards the Irish nation. Men demand their rights, and the answer is five millions of leaden bullets! Almost a cartridge a piece for the Catholics of Ireland. God help them.

By the ship Emerald, Captain Howes, arrived at Boston, Liverpool and London newspapers to the 24th and 26th March have been received by Mr. Topliff. Though some sixteen days later than previous advices, we find but little in their columns to interest the American reader. The latest London paper speaks favourably of the convalescence both of Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning; the latter was well enough "to take an airing" on the 23d. The Literary Gazette remarks that the appointment of Mr. Canning as prime minister was the most popular statement of the day.

So great had been the importations into England of French silks, that persons engaged in the silk trade contemplated a memorial to ministers, representing the ruin that must ensue unless measures were taken to lessen the importation. A complete stagnation in the trade was produced in London, and the distress among the weavers in Spitalfields had been scarcely exceeded.

The trial of the Wakefields for the abduction of Miss Turner, (an heiress) was to take place at Lancaster on the 23d March.

A stage between Bristol and Gloucester was literally blown over by a gust of wind, and altho' full of passengers no serious injury occurred.

Greece. The information concerning Greece is of considerable interest. Lord Cochrane at last sailed for Greece from St. Tropez, in the beginning of March, in a brig, the purchase, fitting out, and arming of which cost 290,000 francs, or about \$50,000. He was furnished besides with 355,000 francs to pay the crew and troops under his command, it being thought necessary, for the preservation of harmony, that he should be able to maintain his crews. The steamboat Perseverance, Captain Hastings, which had been sometime in Greece, had done considerable service. Another steam-boat, the Enterprise was nearly ready to sail from England for Greece, to join the Perseverance. She was tried on the 20th March, and made a trip to Nore, running a distance of nearly 50 miles, in five hours and a half.

A letter from Leghorn of the 5th of March says, "Yesterday the Unicorn, with Lord Cochrane on board, appeared off the point of the Mole. It happened oddly enough, that it passed very near the Egyptian corvette; but instead of entering the port, the Unicorn suddenly tacked, and to-day we see it at the distance of 586 miles. It is believed that the object of this manœuvre was to examine the corvette, in order to pursue it with greater certainty when it shall be time. The appearance of the Unicorn in those seas had excited the greatest terror in the agent of the Pacha of Egypt, M. Rosetti, who suddenly lowered all the sails of his vessel, though he was ready to depart."

Mr. Gordon is said, in letters of a late date, to be at the head of 5000 men, better appointed and better disciplined than any that have yet taken the field in the cause of Greek liberty; and the Greek chiefs are represented as only waiting the arrival of Lord Cochrane, who was hourly expected, to commence active exertions. The Neapolitan General Church (an Englishman,) and Mr. Lambion, the late member for Durham, have sailed from Naples to join the Greeks.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE LYRE OF SAPPHO.

Hast thou my dear the enchanted Lyre
Unhappy Sappho strung,
And couldst thou give it half the fire
With which the maiden minstrel sung,
Thy Phæon I would fainly be,
But not to spurn thy fervent strain,
Nor let such angel minstrelsy
Die on the Lyre in vain.

Sure Sappho was not fair like thee,
Or Phæon had no heart;
For where's the generous breast could be
Indifferent to such mighty art?
Art?—No—it is not art—'tis soul,—
'Tis inspiration,—and the breast
Which feels not—owns not its control
Is aught but virtue's rest.

There is a language few can speak,
Though all can read it well;
It is written on the virgin's cheek,
And, like some bright unearthly spell,
It binds the eye that reads it there,
And throws a charm upon the heart
That challenges Time, Distance, Care
Or wretchedness to part.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

CAROLINE DE MOOR.

BY WILLIAM L. McLAUGHLIN.

The sun had set, the earth was wet,
With heaven's balmy dew,
The western gale sigh'd in the vale,
The vernal rose to woo;
The evening star shone bright afar
Upon the cottage door,
Where by its light I sought that night
Fair Caroline de Moor.

In twilight shade I met the maid
Before my heart I knew,
And long I lov'd and long I prov'd
That heart both fond and true;
By sweet consent that night I went
To woo and win her sure,
In hopes gay bloom to hear my doom
From Caroline de Moor.

The lilac grove, and bower of love,
Was balm as I drew near,
And mem'ry sought each well known spot,
To young affection dear;
My pulses beat, with hasty feet
I sprang into the door,
And madly prest the death cold breast
Of Caroline de Moor!

There is a grief that mocks belief,
And feeds upon the soul,
So cold and drear that not a tear
Can mark its deep controul;
I've prov'd its smart, and when my heart,
No longer will endure,
From nature driv'n, I'll seek in heaven,
Sweet Caroline de Moor!

H. S. Ship Lexington, April 2d, 1827.

ABSALOM.

BY N. P. WILLIS, OF YALE COLLEGE.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream—the willow leaves
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide
Forgot the lifting winds, and the long stems
Whose flowers the waters like a gentle nurse
Bear on its bosom, quietly gave way
And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem, and now he stood
With his faint people for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath, for he had worn

The mourner's covering; and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words, and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently—he pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous—but oh for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he pour'd
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straiten'd for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when in hours of gentle dalliance bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet—his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him—and the jewel'd hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rest'd like mockery on his cover'd brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle, and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside his bier
And gaz'd upon the dark pall stedfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startl'd him. He grasp'd his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe.

"Alas, my noble boy—that thou should'st die!
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair—
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy Absalom?"

"Cold is thy brow, my son!—and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee!
And hear thy sweet "My Father" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!"

"The grave hath won thee—I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young—
And life will pass me in the mantling blush
And the dark tresses to the soft wing flung—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me, Absalom!"

"And oh! when I am stricken—and my heart
Like a bruised reed is waiting to be broken—
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet amid Death's gathering gloom
To see thee, Absalom!"

"And now farewell! 'tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee.
And thy dark sin!—Oh I could drink the cup
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee like a wanderer home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child—then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively as if in prayer,
And as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

TIME'S SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

O'er the level plain where mountains
Greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste where fountains
At my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day,
On the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away!
Who will chain my flight?

War his weary watch was keeping;
I have crush'd his spear;
Grief within her bower weeping;
I have dried her tear;
Pleasure caught a minute's hold—

Then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold
And her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory—
Where is now his fame?
Genius said—"I live in story!"
Who hath heard his name?
Love, beneath a myrtle bough,
Whisper'd—"Why so fast?"
And the roses on his brow
Wither'd as I pass'd.

I have heard the heifer lowing
O'er the wild wave's bed,
I have seen the billow flowing
Where the cattle fed;
Where began my wanderings?
Memory will not say;
Where will rest my weary wings?
Science turns away.

THE SCOTS SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

Hame frae the wars, broken, frien'less and poor—
Hame frae the wars to my Scotland I came;
I saw my dear cabin just ower the lang muir,
I stood i' the gate, but I found not a hame.

Oh! 'twas desolate a'—an' the smile o' my dearie
No longer shone there, darting love through the breast;
Nae bosom o' truth for the wounded an' wearie,
Nae lips of affection to sweeten my rest.

No; my wife an' my wean i' the cauld grave are sleeping,
And thou, O my Scotland! art hameless to me;
The heart o' my love brak wi' waiting an' weeping,
Ance sae warm, now 'tis chill—Oh as mine soon maun be!

Then I'll e'en lay me down by my hearth-stane deserted,
And dream o' my dear i' the land o' the leal;
Death, death will befriend the forlorn broken hearted,
And heal the deep wound that time ne'er can heal.

LAMENT.

Oh! fare thee well, dearest, the morning may bloom,
And deck the wild flowers that breath on thy tomb,
But its rays cannot brighten the spirit that's fled,
Nor awake the sweet corpse from the trance of the dead.

Oh! fare thee well dearest—the even may close
The leaves of the bashful and beautiful rose;
But the fairest of flowers is sunk on its breast,
The loveliest of roses in slumber is blessed.

Oh! fare thee well dearest—thy spirit though gone,
Shall live in this desolate bosom alone,
Till it burst in the splendor of weakness forgiven,
And immaculate shine in the lustre of heaven.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1827.

[No. 15.]

MASONIC RECORD.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitz. [Juv. Sat.]

GRAND MASTER SMITH'S CHARGE.

GRAND LODGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 5795.

Respectable Brethren—You have so often received, from this chair, discourses illustrating the high antiquity and peculiar excellencies of freemasonry, that you cannot expect from me any thing on those topics, either instructive or entertaining. Indeed, so little competent do I feel myself to the task of addressing you at all on this interesting occasion, that I should have requested to decline it altogether, had I not too much respected the custom which sanctions these addresses, a custom not only venerable in itself, but attended in its effects with essential advantages. By a periodical assembly of the brotherhood, by drawing our minds to an attentive view of the origin, duration and excellence of the order, and by impressing on them its great and noble objects, we are taught to reverence the former with unabating respect, and to pursue the latter with increasing affection.

Freemasonry is an institution of very remote antiquity; it is the growth of every clime; it has flourished in all parts of the globe; it is understood in every language; indeed it may emphatically be called the language of human nature. While governments founded in fraud, deception or injustice, have been swept away by the revolutionary hand of time; while whole nations have either disappeared, or have so changed by great natural or political convulsions, as not now to be traced; freemasonry, like a venerable fabric, founded on the strong and unshaken pillars of piety, charity and benevolence, has stood the test of time, and resisted the shock of ages. Such have been the benefits to mankind from this admirable institution, that while all others have in their turns experienced the wrath of arbitrary governments, freemasonry, upheld by conscious innocence and the universal reputation of its merit, has ever escaped the ruffian fangs of tyranny and the lawless gripe of anarchy. When ruthless despots, aware that masonic principles opposed a barrier to their fierce ambition, and eager to establish their tyranny on the ruins of virtue and philanthropy, have attempted to abolish freemasonry within their dominions, they have soon found it so deep rooted in the affections of the people, as to be compelled to forego their detestable designs.

This preservation of our Order for so many ages, through so many dangers and revolutions, and in so great a portion of the world; while it must inspire us with the liveliest gratitude to the great Architect of the universe, cannot fail to warm our breasts with the purest sentiments of attachment to it, and to prompt us to the exercise of all those virtues which have constituted its basis and conducted to its permanency. Those virtues have been frequently the theme of similar discourses; but it is so interesting and so animating a theme, that fearful as I am of trespassing on your patience, and superfluous as the duty may appear after the able discourses you have heard, I shall slightly touch on some of them, trusting that you will receive with indulgence what I shall offer with deference.

Charity is the brightest jewel in the masonic temple: it is a virtue which more than any other, assimilates man to his beneficent Creator: it opens the heart to the divine effusions of unlimited sympathy and benevolence, and rubs off that rust which would gather round it and corrode every exquisite sensation. But it is a virtue of reflection as well as of feeling: in the due exercise of it, reason, no less than impulse, has its duty to perform: these should be properly tempered and balanced; for while, on the one hand, cold reflection ought not at all times to benumb the generous exertions of an amiable impulse, so, on the other, ought not an ardent sensibili-

ty to stimulate to an improper lavishness of that which might be wanted for more fit occasions. Happy is it for us, my brethren, that the bountiful hand of nature has been so prodigal of its blessings to this country; that the calls on human commiseration are, perhaps, less frequent here than in any part of the world. In this young and flourishing nation, industry can scarcely fail to be rewarded with a decent competency; and idleness ought ever to meet a freemason's frowns. Still, even in this fruitful land, poverty and distress will sometimes await the aged and the infirm: there will also be some, who, in spite of the utmost exertions of a laudable industry, will be overtaken by unavoidable misfortune: these, with the unfortunate brethren of other climes, who seek among us a shelter from transatlantic miseries, will claim and will always receive the benevolent aid of our society.

Before I quit this subject, I will mention one species of charity, which though not of the active but of the passive kind, though not a positive but a negative virtue, is, notwithstanding, attended with great social benefits: I mean that kind of charity, which restrains us from thinking too unfavourably of each other: the neglect of this virtue has often been the source of great disorders: mankind are but too prone to indulge an uncharitable disposition, to ascribe the worst views and motives to those who differ from them in the occurrences of life; this imputation of sinister designs produces an acrimonious state of society, and begets divisions, productive of social misery and public unhappiness. In the organization of the human mind, and in the structure of civil society, was it not intended that there should exist a variety of opinions? And when these neither disturb the public order nor endanger the public welfare, should not candour give credit to others for the same purity of views which we are conscious of possessing ourselves?

May I be permitted on this occasion to touch on another kind of inactive virtue, an inattention to which frequently leads to the prostration of all others: I mean sobriety. This virtue being as it were, the guardian of the others, a few observations on it may not be misplaced. An oriental apologue contains an excellent moral on this subject. A man was directed to choose which of these crimes he would commit—parricide, incest, or drunkenness; he recoiled with horror, and without hesitation chose the latter: but mark the sequel—when drunk he committed both parricide and incest. This vice, when it becomes a settled habit, is indeed attended with innumerable evils: it palsies all those fine qualities of the mind which elevate man to the similitude of the Supreme Being: it obliterates all those sublime virtues and excellencies which have distinguished man as the noblest work of God: it sinks him far below the inanimate brute; for the latter pursues the design of its creation, whereas man, by wantonly depriving himself of that reason wherewith he is endowed, entirely disappoints the views of his Creator. Can there be a more melancholy object than a human being in this degraded state, where a dark and gloomy veil is drawn over the obscured faculties of the mind; where the man, who a few hours ago, was admired for the brilliant display of his talents and genius, is now contemned for his folly and extravagancies; where he, who, but yesterday, was an object of envy or admiration, is, to-day, a subject of derision or compassion. Were we not too much familiarized with such scenes, should we not shudder at the sight of an enlightened being, suddenly reduced to the darkness of insanity, not by the inevitable act of providence, but by the wilful abuse of the comforts of life?

In making these serious reflections, far be it from my wish to check that convivial disposition, which gives a relish and a zest to social enjoyments. There are undoubtedly occasions when the honest heart will naturally expand, and the agreeable companion ought to relax from those severe restraints, which, if too rigidly observed, would deprive life of some

of its essential pleasures, and rob society of many of her principal charms.

Industry and punctuality in the observance of engagements, are also important virtues. Man was not intended for an inactive life; but every one, according to the sphere in which he finds himself, is bound by the social tie, and by his duty to his Divine Parent, to contribute his mite to the public stock. By this general co-operation, and by the happy diversity of trades and professions, into which communities are distributed, nations prosper, while individuals promote their own and each other's welfare. Idleness is not only the bane of society, but it is its own curse; for while the industrious citizen provides for the comfortable support of his family, sees every thing thriving around him, inculcates by his meritorious example, industrious habits on his children, enjoys the fruits of his labour, and the respect of his countrymen, the idler, after wasting his time in chimerical speculations or specious projects, which he wanted activity to undertake, tired and ashamed of his existence, skulks into some obscure corner, forgotten, or only remembered to be despicable.

Contentment, in whatever situation a man may be placed, is a blessing which belongs not to all; but it is one which all should strive to attain: how many have fallen victims to that restless disposition, which stimulated by mistaken and misapplied principles, has urged them to abandon a substance to grasp at a shadow! It is natural for a man to strive, by active industry and economy, to better his situation; but let him not repine at an apparent inequality of condition, and at too slow a transition from obscurity to honours: let him not, to accelerate his progress, embrace means unworthy of a good citizen. In the natural progression of things, industry and frugality must exalt some to riches and honor, while idleness and profusion will sink others to dependence and obscurity. By this revolving course of events, the children of the industrious mechanics of the present generation will probably be hereafter independent gentlemen, while the children of the idle gentlemen of the present generation will be hereafter industrious mechanics.

A scrupulous adherence to our engagements is a high masonic virtue: a strict observance of good faith between man and man enlivens the toilsome path of business and makes our duties easy and pleasant; whereas captious and evasive practices add fresh burthens to our labours, and obstruct us with difficulties, far greater than those naturally incident to the ordinary operations of trades and professions. As there is no being more despicable than a tricky character, one who is always on the watch to overreach his neighbour and take advantage of his credulity and indulgence, so is there none more respectable than an honest and industrious mechanic, who maintains and educates his family, benefits mankind by his work and his example, and honourably fulfils his engagements. Such a citizen is indeed far more respectable and infinitely more useful to society, than many of a different description, frequently and improperly called gentlemen.

Among the duties which we owe to society, is that of properly educating our children. In governments like ours every one should know his rights, that he may learn to prize them. Ignorance is incompatible with free governments: it may be called the grave of liberty. Mankind has been ingeniously divided into three classes, the wise, the fools, and the knaves: in public contests, the knaves get possession of the fools, and are then frequently an overmatch for the wise. In the United States, which enjoy superior advantages over other nations in this respect, as in all others, education has been so much attended to, that ignorance bears a smaller proportion in the general scale than elsewhere. Still public happiness depends so much on the diffusion of knowledge, that education cannot be too leading an object of our regard. Let every one, therefore, whatever his situation in life, give the

best education to his children within his means, without however interfering too much with the profession or trade to which they may be destined. A proper education is by no means inconsistent with the practice of a mechanic art. Every citizen, in every station, ought to know enough to be able to judge for himself in all the great transactions of life, and to be proof against the practices of the the ambitious and the designing. An ignorant man in the hands of a knave is like a mischievous weapon in the hands of a madman; but a well-informed citizen is not only the guardian of his own rights, but the safeguard of the honour and rights of his fellow citizens.

From the contemplation of these domestic and neighbourly virtues, allow me to lead your minds to the sublime contemplation of a virtue which acts on a more enlarged theatre, and swells the bosom to a more comprehensive scope of reflection:

You will readily perceive that love of our country is the noble sentiment alluded to. A good freemason must be a good patriot; but patriotism, like many other virtues, has been so often prostituted, by the ridiculous mummeries and wicked artifices of impostors, that it is necessary to discriminate between genuine and spurious patriotism.

When I speak therefore of this virtue, I mean not that mock patriotism, which, in all ages, and in all free countries, has been seized on by the ambitious as a cloak to cover base and insidious designs; which, bedecked with the alluring garb of tinsel jargon, has been assumed to conceal the foulest purposes; which, under the mask of hypocrisy, and with the parade of pompous language, has been ever found subservient to the most despicable and selfish views; which, at one time, has been employed as a stepladder to power, and at another, as an engine of destruction to rival popular and obnoxious competitors; I mean not that mock patriotism, which has been the siren song of seduction of the knaves, to cajole and ensnare the fools; I mean not that satire on patriotism, which blazes its own merits in ranting declamation and frothy professions, which draws from time to time out of non-existence little ephemeral insects, which glitter for a moment in the glare of their own creation, and then dissolve into their original nonentity; I mean not that profanation of patriotism, which, while it utters from the lips the most precious and pious ejaculations for the public weal, impiously bears in the heart the most atrocious designs against public order, public tranquillity, and national independence. But I mean that heaven-born patriotism, which announces itself in deeds of public utility; which delights in the maintenance of law, in the support of order, in respect for the magistracy, enforcing, by precept and by example, every moral and religious practice; which displays itself in habits of industry and frugality, in a virtuous education of one's family, and in the faithful performance of all the relative duties of a man and citizen.

Enlarging still further his views, every good freemason should embrace, in his system of philanthropy, the whole human race; universal benevolence should share in his breast a place with those social affections, which are of a more local complexion.

This expansive and magnanimous philanthropy will of course excite him, while he delights in his own domestic prospect to invoke the divine protection for those unhappy nations, which are now desolated by the scourge of war, and every public calamity; and to implore the Almighty Ruler of the universe, to stay the avenging sword, and to restore peace, liberty and happiness, to so many millions of our miserable fellow creatures.

Finally, my brethren, let me exhort you to a proper attention to your religious duties. Religion, were it not even inculcated by our Divine Master, would recommend itself to all enlightened men and civilized societies by the purity of its precepts and the excellence of its practices. Religion, by softening the manners and subduing the unruly passions, unites mankind in the bond of brotherly love, and, like freemasonry, constitutes a most salutary and durable cement to society. Do we not learn from history, that in proportion as nations have receded from the principles and practices of religion, they have advanced to ferociousness or relapsed into barbarism? And in our own country, is it not undeniable that in proportion as religion sheds its be-

nign influence over society, do justice, order, and public felicity prevail?

I have now rapidly passed over some of the most prominent features in this beautiful system of moral freemasonry. To have enumerated them all, or to have dwelt more minutely on those that have been selected, would have exhausted your patience. You will have observed; my brethren, that to accomplish the views of the Great Artificer of the world, and to be approved as true and perfect freemasons, you have many important duties to perform; you will likewise have observed, that beginning within the circle of the more domestic and social duties, your bosoms must dilate to the more enlarged circle of the public duties you owe to your country; and that, not confining your affections even there, the heart must afterwards expand to the spacious circle of human nature, and swell with emotions of universal love and benevolence. A due cultivation of these virtues will invigorate the cementing principle of brotherly love, which is the grand basis of freemasonry; for nothing is more true, than "that the better men are, the more they love one another." The practice of these virtues, will also smooth away those asperities, which are found in the rugged vale of life, and make us glide more gently down it, to that future state of bliss, which a life so spent will insure us.

Thus having fulfilled the purposes of your creation, and done honour to the inestimable principles of this institution, you will, by approving yourselves good freemasons, at the same time approve yourselves good men, good citizens and good christians.

ELECTIONS.

Greene Royal Arch Chapter, Greene, Chenango co.

Elected December 12, 5826:—Levi Farr, High Priest; George Wheeler, King; Augustus Willard, Scribe; Gideon B. Minor, Captain of the Host; Warren Gray, Principal Sojourner; Townsend Bagley, Royal Arch Captain; John Avery, Carding Jackson, Chauncey Brown, Masters of Vails; G. B. Minor, Secretary; J. Johnson, jr. Treasurer; J. L. Skell, Tyler.

Lafayette Chapter, No. 20, Granby, Connecticut.

Elected April 12, 5827:—Joseph T. Jewett, High Priest; Daniel B. Holcomb, King; Abner Case, Scribe; Hiram R. Pettibone, Captain of the Host; Joshua R. Jewett, Principal Sojourner; Harry Holcomb, Royal Arch Captain; Charles Holcomb, Orator Pinne, Walter Lewis, Masters of Vails; Joseph Smith, Treasurer; Joel C. Holcomb, Secretary; Rev. Amasa Holcomb, Chaplain; Stephen Sage, jr. Israel Goddard, Stewards; Maltby G. Hillyer, Tyler.

Clinton Council of Royal and Select Masters, No. 15, Granby, Connecticut.

Elected April 12, 5827:—Joshua R. Jewett, T. I. G. M.; George Norton, I. D. G. M.; Calvin Dibble, I. P. G.; Joseph T. Jewett, C. C.; Joseph Smith, Treasurer; Joel C. Holcomb, Recorder; Elisha E. Holcomb, Steward and Sentinel; Maltby G. Hillyer, Tyler.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

TAPPING THE PERICARDIUM, OR BAG, CONTAINING THE HEART.

We feel great pleasure in being enabled to lay before our readers the following account of a most difficult and dangerous operation in surgery, successfully performed, for the first time, by a townsman. Desault, an eminent French surgeon, we are told, once attempted the same thing, about twenty years ago, but found, after the patient's death, that he had been mistaken in the complaint. M. Laennec, and others, have since proposed it; but no one till now has ventured to perform the operation. The result is of extreme importance, not only as it regards the individual more immediately concerned, but as proving the practicability of what has hitherto been considered impossible. It will be seen, that the case had assumed that decided character, that no alternative remained to save life.

"A girl named Skinner, fourteen years of age, residing in White-street, Carter-Gate, in this town, had this operation performed, on Wednesday, February 14, being the first time it has been success-

fully attempted. She was attacked with rheumatism last January, at which time Mr. Jowett, the surgeon of St. Mary's parish, discovered by the use of the stethoscope, that the pericardium and lining membrane of the heart were inflamed likewise. By very active measures, the severity of the complaint was subdued and she appeared to be recovering; but the stethoscope joined with other signs, indicated that considerable effusion, or dropsy, had taken place in the pericardium. On the 13th of February she became much worse, and on the 14th was so bad, that it was evident she could not survive the night, unless some relief was afforded. The operation having been previously proposed, was then consented to, and was performed by Mr. Jowett the same afternoon, in the presence of Dr. Manson (the consulting physician), an assistant, and the patient's friends. It was at first intended to have drawn the fluid out by means of a syringe pump, fitted with proper apparatus; but an accidental circumstance occasioned, what has since proved a material improvement, viz: the evacuation of the fluid into the left cavity of the chest, which being in a healthy state, absorbed it in a very short time. Within twelve hours after the operation there was a manifest improvement; and we are happy to say, that although she still remains in a very weak and exhausted state, considerable hopes of recovery are entertained. [Nottingham Jour.]

SECURITY OF STEAM ENGINES.

The Royal Academy of Paris has been called upon by the government, to report on the means proper to be adopted for the prevention of accidents and injury from the explosion of steam engine boilers. The means proposed had the double object of preventing the rupture of the boilers, or, in case of their destruction, preventing injury to neighbouring buildings. They directed that the boiler should be proved by the hydraulic press, with a force five times that which they would have to bear during the working of the engines; that a safety-valve should be attached to the boiler and locked up, the valve being so loaded as to open at a pressure just above that by which the boilers have been tried; that the boiler should be surrounded by a wall of masonry one metre (39.371 inches) in thickness; an interval of a metre, being left between the boiler and the wall, and again between the wall and the neighbouring buildings. Another precaution has been added by M. Dupin, (whom we congratulate on his deserved elevation to the rank of Baron) and adopted by the Academy; namely, the introduction of a metallic plug into the upper surface of the boilers, formed of such an alloy as should melt at a temperature a few degrees above that at which the engine is intended to work.

In consequence of this application, it became necessary to form a table of the pressure and temperature of vapour. The Academy appear very doubtful of estimations as yet published, but give the following table, up to eight atmospheres, as nearly correct; above that, they say, it was impossible to go without further experiments.

Elasticity in atmospheres.	Height of mercury.	Temperature of Fahrenheit.	Pressure on a square inch.
1	29.92	in 212° 0	14.61 lbs. av.
1 1-2	44.88	in 234.0	21.92
2	59.84	in 251.6	29.23
2 1-2	74.80	in 264.2	36.44
3	89.76	in 275.0	43.84
3 1-2	94.73	in 285.3	51.15
4	119.69	in 298.4	58.46
4 1-2	134.65	in 302.0	65.76
5	149.61	in 309.2	73.07
5 1-2	164.57	in 316.4	80.37
6	179.53	in 322.7	87.69
6 1-2	194.49	in 328.5	94.99
7	209.45	in 334.4	102.30
7 1-2	224.41	in 339.3	109.60
8	239.37	in 343.4	116.92

It is advised that no direction should be given for the composition of the plugs or plates, but their preparation entrusted to some competent person, who should be responsible for the accuracy of their fusing points. The fittest place for them, all things being considered, is the upper surface of the boiler. Their proper diameter and thickness have not yet been ascertained; they should be such as to

bear the force of the vapour without risk of breaking, and, when the plate is fused, to leave an aperture sufficient for the ready escape of the vapour. [*Ann. de Chimie*, xxvii. 95.]

ARTIFICIAL PUZZOLANA.

An excellent artificial Puzzolana is now prepared in France, by heating a mixture of three parts of clay and one part of slacked lime, by measure, for some hours, to redness.

IMITATION OF CHINA INK.

Dissolve six parts of isinglass in twice their weight of boiling water; and one part of Spanish liquorice in two parts of water. Mix the two solutions while warm, and incorporate them, by a little at a time, with one part of the finest ivory black, using a spatula for the purpose. When the mixture has been perfectly made, heat it in a water-bath till the water is nearly evaporated; it will then form a paste, to which any desired form may be given, by moulding it as usual. The colour and goodness of this ink will bear a comparison with the best China or Indian ink.

FRENCH COAL MINES.

The coal mines of Anzin are very extensive, and employ a large capital. They have been worked about a hundred and twenty years, and are connected with the coal mines of Fresne and Vieux Corde. At the present moment there are forty-one shafts in these mines; twenty-nine of extraction, nine of draining, and three of ventilation; and nine shafts are digging. The deepest shafts are those of Benjardin. The draining shafts are worked by five of Watt and Bolton's steam-engines of seventy-horse power, and four of Newcomen's steam-engines of fifty horse-power. Twelve of Perier's, and fifteen of Edward's engines are employed in the extraction of the coals; amounting to two hundred and twenty-four horse power. A population of about five thousand people subsists in these subterranean works. The number of working miners is nearly three thousand, about a third of whom consists of children, from ten to eighteen years of age. There are five medical men to attend the sick; and the superannuated miners retire with a pension. Their widows and orphans are also taken care of; and for the education of the latter, there are three schools of mutual instruction. The introduction of Davy's safety lamps has greatly diminished the number of accidents. The mines are also provided with rail-ways; the iron composing them is, generally speaking, wrought, which is considered much preferable to cast-iron for that purpose. The consumption of coals in France is increasing daily, which may be deemed one of the most unequivocal proofs of the growing prosperity of a country. The mines of Anzin furnish annually from five to six millions of livres' worth of this valuable fuel.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the London Literary Gazette.

M. MALTE BRUN.

This eminent geographer was born in 1775, in Jutland; he was destined by his father, who was a clergyman, for the church, and sent to the University of Copenhagen to study theology; but he occupied himself in writing verses and a theatrical journal. Politics seemed to be the favourite theme of the young student; and when the minister, Count de Bernstorff, proclaimed the liberty of the press in Denmark, and endeavoured to abolish the slavery of the Serfs, Malte Brun declared himself the champion of liberal ideas; and while his father protested with the nobles against the abolition of slavery, the son wrote boldly for the liberty of the peasants. His success encouraged him to dare more; he joined the party which desired a radical change in the government of Denmark, and wrote a violent pamphlet entitled *Catechism of the Aristocrats*. Fearing for his liberty, he fled to Sweden; but finding the government did not trouble itself to make a state affair of his pamphlet, he returned to Denmark, and wrote still more violent productions, which rendered a second flight necessary. He was in his absence condemned to perpetual banishment, at the demand of the Emperor Paul and King of Sweden, who re-

quired of the Danish court the punishment of the Jacobins of the north. He arrived at Paris, and the republican soon became an apostle of the imperial rule of Napoleon: as a writer in the *Journal de l'Empire*, he daily bespattered the idol of the day with the most extravagant praise; this lasted until the fall of Napoleon, when he quitted the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the *Quotidienne*, in which he had only to change the name of Napoleon for that of Louis XVIII. to continue in his old style of continual admiration. These changes of opinion were but too common in France during the revolution to which she submitted. But we shall not follow him through the labyrinth of his political career, in which he resembled the dial, which marks the hour exactly when the sun shines, but leaves no trace of his existence when clouds or night veil him from mortal eye.

It is therefore with pleasure we turn to M. Malte Brun's claims on society as a geographer. He published with M. Mentelle a geographical work in sixteen volumes, and afterwards another alone. Of this latter work six volumes are before the public; and we may safely aver, that M. Malte Brun was the first who treated the subject as a science, and his work therefore claims a decided superiority over every other. Unfortunately, the author did not live to complete it: the seventh volume, which concludes it, was, we believe, nearly ready for the press when he died. He had just issued a prospectus of this seventh volume, and an Abridgement for the use of schools, as well as a Treatise on Ancient Geography, to be published in 1829; but, alas! he did not survive even to prevent its being an anachronism.

M. Malte Brun's learning was considerable, and his zeal unabated: he was of very social habits, and during the winter had a regular weekly dinner of the literati of eminence of every country. He was extremely obliging, and had an excellent heart: it was only when he took the pen in his hand that he was really *mechant*; for then he neither spared friend nor foe; which made him many enemies. Though a foreigner, he wrote French with an elegance and purity at which many Frenchmen never arrive. He was the author of many other works, but his fame will entirely rest on his *Precis de la Geographie*; and we trust that it will be concluded with the same learned care that presided over the preceding volumes. He was of late years one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*; and as the French never lose an occasion of saying a good thing, *coute qui coute*, the rival papers said he died of surprise on learning that his colleague the Abbe Feletz had been elected a Member of the Institute.

He left an amiable widow and two sons to deplore his loss.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

From the London Literary Gazette.

SPAIN.

A French traveller, of the name of Blanqui, who was at Madrid in the months of August and September last, has published the observations which he was enabled to make during his residence in that capital; and the present interest of the subject induces us to translate them into the *Literary Gazette*. It appears impossible to surcharge the picture of the degradation and misery to which pride and superstition have reduced Spain. M. Blanqui was at his very entrance into the country asked for alms by the public functionaries, in rags, who required to see his passport. He remarks, that nothing can exceed the melancholy appearance, the dilapidation, and the filth of the dwellings, except the wretchedness and ignorance of the inhabitants. When you wish to go into any of these houses, the question is, "Who goes there?" to which you must answer, "Ave Maria:" your interrogator rejoins, "Who conceived without sin;" and allows you to pass. The priests and monks in various costumes stroll lazily about. They alone are well clothed and fed; they alone enjoy the good things of this world, in exchange for the orders which they issue upon eternity. Wherever they appear, they are received with marks of the most profound veneration. Having been prevented by the police from leaving Madrid, for the purpose of visiting Cadiz, M. Blanqui

insisted upon knowing from the secretary of the intendant of the police the cause of this treatment. "Sir," said the secretary, smiling, "when your countryman, General Cambronne, was in Italy with a detachment of eight hundred men, he one day demanded five thousand rations from the mayor of a little town in which his troops were to pass the night. 'What! general,' said the mayor to him, 'you ask me for five thousand rations, and you have only eight hundred men?' 'Mr. Mayor,' replied the general, 'I never talk politics.' M. Blanqui, I say to you in my turn, dispense with my talking politics." In the month of September last, the police of Madrid posted up an order respecting the theatres, of a part of which the following is a literal copy: "Every individual who allows himself either to applaud or to hiss, during the performance, or to make signs to any body in the boxes, (even if it should be to his sister) shall be condemned, for the first offence, to serve six years as a private soldier; and in case of a renewal of the crime, to be sent to the galleys for ten years." An English traveller told M. Blanqui, that while at Seville in the course of last summer, he was accosted by a tall Spaniard, who demanded his purse, threatening to poniard him if he hesitated. "There it is," said the stranger; "but you have adopted a bad trade, and in a dangerous place." The Spaniard finding that he was an Englishman, immediately changed his tone, and added, "Sir, my life depends upon you. Take my card, and call on me to-morrow. You will have it in your power either to hang me, or to render me a great service. Come without fear." The Englishman went; and found eight children devouring the remains of some coarse food, with all the signs of raging hunger. Their father (the robber) offered to return the purse, and confessed that he was a deposed magistrate, whose whole resource was despair. A similar occurrence is introduced in Tom Jones; but there it is the creation of the writer's fancy; while in Spain it passed under the observation of an eye-witness. Every journalist who dares to publish any opinion unfavourable to the absolute authority of the king, is instantly denounced. All the enlightened part of society is exposed to persecution from the ignorant and fanatical classes. These classes, stultified and rendered brutal by the priests, and living upon charity, demand the renewal of the tortures of the Inquisition, and make the industrious merchants, the physicians, the lawyers, the literary men, and all the intelligent friends of the public weal, tremble. The country is gradually losing that part of its population which alone could maintain its happiness and its glory. The towns in the south of France are encumbered with Spanish refugees, all more or less interesting, and all having more or less to complain of. It is difficult, M. Blanqui says, to mention a single Spaniard, distinguished for any eminent mental faculty, who, since the restoration of the power of the monks, has not been either disgraced or banished. The most prudent people are wholly silent; others limit their disapprobation to a gesture, or an ironical smile, whenever the apostolical regime is talked of in their presence. The officers who commanded under the Cortes, the veterans of the war of independence, can with difficulty stifle their indignation and resentment when they find that they have fought and triumphed for the Capuchins! Even Ferdinand is not treated with any respect by the priests. During the constitutional regime, a princess of the king's blood having asked his consent to her purchasing an estate belonging to the church, which would be an accommodation to her, the king said to her, "Buy it; buy it; you are right." After the restoration of Cadiz, the clergy having re-entered on their possessions, without excepting the estate in question, the princess complained to Ferdinand; whose answer was, "Why did you buy it?" M. Blanqui was much struck with the contrast between the magnificence of the royal residences, and the poverty of their furniture. He was especially shocked at that of the king's bedchamber. A very common mahogany bedstead, a miserable toilette, two old-fashioned arm chairs, and two velvet cushions, complete the shabby catalogue. The queen's bedchamber is equally paltry. Among the curious anecdotes related by M. Blanqui, is one of Murat's son, who, it seems, was decoyed beyond the lines of Gibraltar by a fictitious billet-doux, and then seized and thrown into a dungeon.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New-York Saturday Evening Gazette.

REUBEN VILLAGE.

I ask not sympathies nor meed. The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree I planted; they have torn me and I bleed; I should have known what fruit would have sprung from such a seed.

(Byron.)

Almost every little village has had its tradition, either handed down from a distant generation, "time out of mind," or the early recollection of the eldest inhabitants, indubitably impressed upon their memory in childhood, and related as the most interesting scene of their life. Every family has its tale of wonder and misfortune, some accident or adventure, either from a remote relative, or some recent occurrence, fresh in their memory.

It was on a cool and dreary day of December, 18—, that I chanced to be travelling through some of the neat villages, on the borders of the Hudson river; the wind howled along the deserted road, and the snow had already begun to descend, when I heartily rejoiced, on reaching the summit of a hill, to behold but a short distance from me a more substantial inn than was common to that part of the country. I found a variety of guests, seated around a cheerful fire, discussing the good landlord's ale; and having much time before us, it was determined by a majority of voices, that each, in his turn, should relate some tale for the amusement of his fellow-traveller; the first duty of course fell upon *mine host*, and he, vouching for the truth of his narrative, related the following Legend of his village.

This obscure little village of Reuben, as it was called in 1776, is situated, as you all know, on the banks of the Hudson, not many miles north of the city of New-York. It then contained but a few houses; there was, however, an air of neatness around these, altogether different from the country houses that are common to the villages on the banks of the North river. From its appearance, it seemed that a few wealthy persons had chosen it for a place of resort during the summer months of the year. It was at that memorable period of American history, when all were called upon to wrestle with foreign oppression for the soil which they enjoyed; when the liberty of their country, and the love of glory, were the animating passions that swayed the breast of almost every young American, that Edwin SUMMERS, scarcely twenty-one, was called upon to act a part in the tragedy, that so deeply concerned his native land. He had been living with his uncle, and sister Amy, at their deceased parents' residence in Reuben; and, though he was loth to quit his orphan sister, the world had then too many charms for a warm and enterprising disposition, to let even that consideration deter him from accepting a commission from the young American Republic.

Amy Summers was then a wild and thoughtless girl of sixteen; no rose in her garden was of a finer hue than the bloom upon her cheek; no bird sung more merrily than she; treading with a light step over the grassy lawn, or sitting at noon-day under the shade of some spreading tree, she was thoughtless, innocent, and happy. Her uncle, then, her only acquaintance in the place, and, excepting her brother, her only relative in the world, was too old and infirm to restrain a wild, romantic girl, of her youthful age, and too inconsiderate to take any care, where he was not able to perceive some wanting. Things were in this situation when Captain Summers was called to the camp; he left the village after some parting advice to his sister, whom he had always loved with sincere affection.

But a few weeks had passed away after Edwin's departure, when a young English officer, interesting in his appearance, was brought to the village; he had been wounded in a late skirmish with the Americans, and having some relatives at Reuben, he removed there for recovery. His wound being of such a nature, that, though it disabled him from duty, did not confine him entirely to the house. It was not long ere accident made Amy and William Pemberton acquainted, and mutual inclination made them intimate. He could tell of the engagements he had been in; of the customs and wonders of his native country; and various anecdotes, ever interesting to a secluded female's ear. Scarce a month had passed away, before the recovery of Pemberton

made it necessary that he should soon return to his quarters; but a stronger tie now restrained him; acquaintance with Amy grew, perhaps unconsciously to both, into love. Amiable as he was, and above the prejudices so natural to his countrymen, he would not, or did not, consider, whether the cause he was engaged in was right or wrong; he had been sent from his country, he said, "to fight for his prince, and he contented himself with being his soldier, not his judge." The consideration that Amy would not be contented to leave her native land, the recollection of other ties, and the necessity of his returning to his country as soon as possible, made him sensible he was forming an imprudent attachment; but these considerations, like the dew-fall at night, would be dispelled at the sun's rising on the morrow. He daily saw Amy Somers, and daily determined that his next visit should be the last; and even while he still visited her, he was forced to think, that if he saw her "with the thoughts of marrying her, he was a fool; and if not, a villain." True and violent love is far stronger, it is said, than any rules of prudence, and he soon found that he must marry Amy, or remain unhappy. One pleasant day they had strolled to visit an old Hermit, or solitary, who lived almost secluded from the world, in a rude cottage, a short distance from the village. He had been an old friend of Amy's parents, though his history was but little known to them, or any of the inhabitants of the surrounding country. As Pemberton appeared with Amy he regarded the young soldier with a doubtful eye, and told her that she must look for the serpent among the fairest flowers; with many insinuations, which alarmed Amy, who, though wild, romantic, and imprudent, was still amiable, and had her moments of thoughtfulness. But on their return, after the persuasions of her lover, she could see nothing very wrong, in promising to become his bride. A secret marriage took place in a few days after, when, on account of various circumstances, and the wish of Pemberton, they each vowed to keep it secret, until they should mutually consent to its being revealed, or circumstances should render its concealment no longer necessary.

The utmost time that Capt. Pemberton could remain at Reuben Village had nearly passed away, and he prepared to leave his young bride for the camp, on the afternoon of the tenth day succeeding their marriage; it being necessary that the noon of the following day should see him at his quarters.

There is every thing in the first, however small, deviation from the direct path of truth and prudence; it is always the foundation of great crime, and continued unhappiness. It was the duty of Amy Summers to have taken the guidance of her brother, and it was her intention so to do, but the knowledge of his antipathy to the English soldiers, she knew would either cause enmity between her brother and herself, or put an end to all her fond anticipations of happiness. Few will blame her for not revealing the state of her affections, when she knew it would be the means of destroying her peace. She should have told her lover she had a brother; on some consideration or other she did not, and it was a circumstance altogether unknown to him.

It was on the evening of the day that Pemberton was to depart for the camp, that a horseman was seen by the inmates of Reuben Inn, rapidly descending the steep road opposite its entrance. As he halted before the door, it was perceived that the dress of the traveller bespoke the camp. Having hastily alighted from his horse and entered, he was immediately hailed by well-known voices with various inquiries from the American Army: it was Edwin Summers.

Capt. Summers' unexpected arrival at Reuben, was a matter of no small surprise to most of the villagers, while some of the more sagacious thought much but said nothing. He had stopped at the cottage of the hermit as he passed along, where he learnt sufficient to arouse his already half-awakened suspicions for his sister.

A vague imperfect report had reached him in his quarters through the agency of the hermit, that an English officer had fallen in love with a lovely girl at Reuben while her brother had gone to the war. This, with other considerations, brought him in full speed to the village. And though he knew Amy

was rather of a romantic and self-willed disposition, he would have treated any offer for her hand, coming from an English soldier, with contempt, however advantageous it might seem. He had inquired of the hermit as he passed by his cottage, if his sister had been there during his absence, and on learning she had, and with Pemberton too, his old and mortal foe, he hastened to see his sister and enact vengeance on his enemy.

His first inquiry on reaching the inn, was, if there had been any soldier lately in the village. He heard there were none except Pemberton. Their bitter enmity was known to nearly all the surrounding country, while it had never reached the ears of poor secluded Amy. On learning he was to depart that evening for the camp, he soon satisfied the eager inquiries of his acquaintances at the inn, and took the road that led to his sister's residence, some little distance from the heart of the village.

The moon had just risen, and was shedding its pale light through the thick trees that surrounded the cottage of Amy, affording but an imperfect light around, while she was momentarily expecting her husband; he had promised to stop a moment ere his departure for his quarters which, travelling through the whole night would scarcely enable him to reach betimes on the following day.

Edwin Somers had scarcely reached the gate that opened before the path, leading to the door of the cottage of his sister, when his attention was arrested by hearing the distant sound of horses' hoofs; nearer and nearer they approached, until the horseman reached the place where Edwin stood, when throwing himself from his horse, he was about to enter, and felt the rough hand of Edwin at his throat. In Captain Somers he had unexpectedly met his sworn foe; twice already had they been together at the point of the sword, and the last time he had severely wounded Edwin, who, in the delirium which attended his illness spoke vaguely of young Pemberton and his sister, which his mother had interpreted into some mystery concerning them, and she was induced to consider him as the enemy of her family; an idea that attended her to her death-bed. The quarrel he formerly had with Edwin, was in relation to a young lady, and he thought it was some such pretensions he had to Amy, and would have told him his situation, for though he recollected he was of the same name as his bride, yet as Amy never told him she had a brother, and his former quarrels were at a different place, he had no idea of their being related.

The struggle between the two soldiers was long and violent. Edwin at last was thrown rolling over the grass; he instantly arose with redoubled anger, and hastily drawing his sword struck his adversary on the shoulder, bidding him defend himself. Edwin had not only infused some of his passion into Pemberton, but had put such a stain upon his honor, which in the language of a soldier, "blood could only wash out." Noticing, however, that it was so near the cottage of Amy, he motioned and led the way towards the banks of the river; Edwin followed.

Both too proud to hold communication with each other, they drew when at the destined spot, and the pure light of the moon shone on their blades, as they struck at each other's lives. It was but a moment ere Pemberton fell, severely wounded and unable to speak. Edwin now saw to what extremity his passion had driven him; his horrible situation rushed with all its force upon his mind; Pemberton would probably die before aid could be procured, and what plea could he have to excuse him if they should be found together. A duel! fought without seconds! The known enmity between them made it most probable, his fame would more severely suffer even than his piece of mind.

It was on the banks of the river that Pemberton fell, and nearly the same distance to the solitary residence as to his sister's cottage. This determined him to chuse the former place to convey his fallen enemy, with the resolution to give him all the assistance that could be procured. He soon obtained a light waggon, and drove with Pemberton resting on his bosom, to the hermit's cottage; his heavy breathing denoted him still alive, but on the brink of eternity. The united skill of Edwin and his aged companion, (whose name was coupled with a kind of sanctity by the surrounding inhabitants, for the wonderful cures

he had performed by means of herbs,) could not avail, and but a few moments elapsed ere the vital spark fled forever.

(Conclusion next week.)

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

ON THE MIND.

NUMBER VII.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Ida's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side. [Goldsmith.]

Man is a singular and highly gifted animal. He is elevated above the brute creation, by that superiority of intellect; by that brilliance of the mental faculties which is evidently an emanation of the Deity. He is monarch over all living creatures, and holds the sceptre of command over the temporal destinies of the world. Nature is the common mother of the whole, united as the earth, the sea and air. She is governed by immaculate and immutable laws, which like the attraction of gravitation, never swerve from the destined centre, or the object for which they were intended. But from a hasty view of the subject, we should be inclined to suppose that she is in some instances, partial to particular individuals, or classes of men. We observe in some men, that nature has bestowed a far greater degree of genius, and we behold it bursting forth in brilliant streams, like the liquid lava from the hitherto dark crater of a volcano, spreading astonishment and wonder in all its course. And we frequently observe this where education and science have aided in an inconsiderable degree. We sometimes behold an orator, who was born to poverty, and consequently had not the means or resources by which he could become proficient in the rules of logic, thundering from the pulpit such strains of untaught eloquence, that we are struck dumb by the amazing power which he displays, and are ready to imagine that nature has been niggardly to us, when put in competition with the character designated. We sometimes read the strains of a bard, who, perhaps, has been very little favoured with the learning of the schools, and in the ecstasy of his own language, we are ready to exclaim, "how far short my talents are, when compared to his." We sometimes listen to the ever fascinating sarcasms and burlesque expressions of the witty, and cry out, when we see the multitude in a roar, "I would give the world to possess his inimitable talent."

All these circumstances, and particularly that of the poet, whom nature in all instances inspires, have a tendency to persuade us, that she is a niggard to the larger portion of mankind, and that she has bestowed all her favors upon a few, and upon the majority, none. But let us reverse the subject, and view the picture on the opposite side. Were all men gifted in the same manner, it would break in on the order and regularity of human society. Where nature bestows on one score, she denies upon another. The man of bright genius, and expanded intellect, is seldom blest with the exterior charms of beauty, which we see particularly exemplified in the features of Shakspeare, Samuel Johnson, the literary star of the eighteenth century, and Alexander Pope. And the greater number of women celebrated for their talents are remarkably ugly; for instance, Miss A. M. Porter, and Lady Morgan; formerly Miss Owenson, said to be the most talented woman in Europe. Deformity is frequently connected with great and splendid genius, as was the case with Johnson and Pope. But there are exceptions to all general rules.

The blacksmith is compensated for his denial of the brighter part, by those Herculean limbs, and ponderous muscles, which characterize him as the chief forgerman of Vulcan. The ladies' man, is remunerated for his insignificant character, by personal beauty, and an inexhaustible fund of insipid nugacity, or small talk. His Adonis form, is the pride of his heart, and he asks no greater boon of heaven. The miser, or more properly, the fool, sells his remnant of mind and morality for the golden ore, and becomes the most wealthy man in the country, and the least respected. But he has the talent of skinning a flint, and of converting a grindstone, into his favorite metal, and he aspires to no

more. We seldom behold an accomplished orator, a great writer, or a great writer an accomplished orator. The man who would shine, perhaps, as a poet, sinks far below his original avocation, when he aspires to the learned professions, and much reminds us of the fable of the frog, whose vanity taught him to believe that he might acquire the size of the ox, by excessive inspirations of air, but which ended in the eruption of the thorax and abdomen, and finally the extinction of life.

Thus, by reasoning in the abstract, we are led to perceive that nature repairs every breach, by some gift better adapted to the peculiar formation of the brain, and the order and arrangement of the mental faculties. If by a fortuitous circumstance, a man lose an eye, she will render the remaining one of double strength, as a compensation for the lost one, and where the lower extremities have become useless, by the effect of mercury, rheumatism, &c., she makes up the breach, by giving greater dexterity and strength to the arms. In case of fracture of one of the bones, she will cause to be poured out a redundant supply of osseous matter, as a safeguard against future accidents or fractures.

But I digress; and will return to the subject. No man should grasp at that which is entirely out of his reach, or attempt to become learned, when nature has withheld her succour; or in other language, when she has not given him that capacity by which he may rise from the chaotic gloom which surrounds him. The inclination of the human mind may be discovered in early youth by various means, and we are told by historians that it was a custom with parents, in the once polished republic of Athens, to pierce into the genius of their children, by presenting to them while at play, a number of instruments of different kinds, such as mechanical tools, toys, coats of arms, &c., thereby discovering which they were most pleased with by the choice. This is said to have been the means by which the great Ulysses was discovered, whom prophecy said was a boy, and if found, was destined to lay in ruins the celebrated city of Troy. We are credibly informed by Plutarch, that in the time that the city of Rome was the glory of the globe, and mistress of the world, some children were seen holding a mock forum and pleading in miniature, the criminal case of some pretended offender. The Roman youth, it appears, were altogether inclined to the forensic studies, united with the manly exercises, in which they made great proficiency, as we observe in Cicero, and many others. Thus we see that man is a gifted animal, and that each has a particular talent bestowed upon him from the ancient mother, nature. Let not the gray headed, reverend senior smile with contempt at the rude term *animal*; for if he will trace the word to its origin and make the proper inquiry, he will find that every creature on the earth that inhales the atmospheric air, or more properly, that breathes oxygen, is an animal.

Every youth should be dedicated to that avocation which nature has designed for him, and never be driven to the learned professions, when his inclinations do not prompt him, as the act will only entail disgrace upon him, and bring down the curse of ignorance on his head.

MILFORD BARD.

VARIETY.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.—The church of St. Peter's, at Rome, has generally been considered as one of the most magnificent edifices in the world. It was begun by Pope Julian; but left unfinished at the time of his death. His successor, Pope Leo the Tenth, was desirous to complete this superb fabric; but being involved in debt, and finding the Apostolic chamber deserted, he had recourse to the disgraceful, though gainful, traffic of selling indulgences, to raise the sum that was required. In 1517, he accordingly gave publicity to his resolution, by offering indulgences throughout Europe, to all who would contribute to the building of St. Peter's. The price of sin was stipulated. The sum of ten shillings was sufficient to procure pardon for every offence, and to release a soul from purgatory. It was against this abominable merchandise that Luther, though strongly attached to the church of Rome, lifted his voice; and the contest terminated in the establishment of the Reformation.

A TURKISH ANECDOTE.—Some years ago, a French frigate being at Boodroom the commander expressed a great desire to see the marbles of the fortress; but the then governor absolutely refused to admit him, without direct orders from the Porte. The commander had interest; the ambassador was set to work; and in a short time the frigate returned, bearing the necessary firman. The governor put it to his forehead, in acknowledgment of its authority, and declared his readiness to proceed. Arrived at the outer gate, "Effendi," said the governor, "the orders of my Imperial master must be implicitly obeyed." "Let me in, then," exclaimed the impatient captain. "Undoubtedly," replied the Turk, "for so I am enjoined to do by the firman: but as it contains no directions about your coming out again, you will perhaps forgive this momentary pause, before we pass the drawbridge." The French commandant, not chusing to put such hazardous irony to the test, departed.

A captain of a trading ship being not long since in the city of Constantinople, lodged in the house of a seafaring Turk. One day he observed to the Musselman, that in all his walks through the immense city of Constantinople and its suburbs, he had not seen any thing like a jail for imprisonment of debtors. Christian dog! (said the disciple of Mahomet) do you suppose we are so debased as to copy the Nazarine policy? We take care to strip a debtor of all his property—but there we leave him—we instantly turn him loose to begin the world again. The believers in our prophet are above shutting up their fellow men in cages in order to starve, persecute and torment them. We make a distinction between a man and a rat. I have been in several of the Nazarine (Christian) cities, and never looked at a debtor's prison without horror, as a place where man is degraded to the condition of a rat!

FASHIONABLE NOMENCLATURE.—A *Utility* is a young man who hates cards and dancing, yet is always ready to stand up in a quadrille, or take a hand at whist when called upon by the lady of the house. An *Indispensable* is one who takes care of gloves, fan, handkerchiefs, &c. &c. hands ices and lemonade, assists in cloaking and shawling, and calls up the coach. An *Indefatigable* is either a young gentleman just come out, or an old beau who goes to three different parties every evening; dances indiscriminately with old and young, pretty and plain, plays on the fiddle, the flute, and the piano-forte; always arrives first, and stays till the wax lights are twinkling in their sockets.

SAGACITY OF IRISH POTATOES.—"Did you ever hear the old fable of Jack Finnane, and the white eyes?" said Sandy. "To be sure, I didn't; for what should I?" "Sit aisy, then, and I'll tell you it. This Mr. John Finnane, you see, was a kind of half-air, a middleman, that used to be great long ago, letting out land in acres, and half acres, and quarter acres, to the poor people, that would, may be, want a *gival* (ariful) of the praties, coming on the idle season; and a hard and a bitter landlord he was, to the poor fellows that wouldn't have the rent agen the gale day; and good care he took, I'll be bound, that not a single cannop (potatoe) ever left the airth until every camack (penny token) was paid, dead gale and all. Signs on, it often chanced, as most like was, that the poor tenants not having the deference o' the rint, used to go into the pratie fields at night, pulling up the stalks, filling their little Jack daws (John Doe, a small bag) with what God sent up with the roots; which being made known to John Finnane, you see, he sat up of a night, to know would he catch any of the plunderers at their doings, which they baving notice of, didn't come—as why should they? being marked for the quarter sessions, surely. Well, 'twas coming on midnight, and Mr. Finnane being, as it were, tired with himself, sat down on a ridge of the praties, with his feet in the furrough, and he very sleepy, it being Jerry Craham's quarter. 'Tis aisyly known, he opened his eyes wide enough, when he heard—what do you think? only Jerry's white eyes talking to one another, in the ground under him! He stooped his head down and began to hearken." "Will you grow any more?" says a little pratie to a big one. "No a gragal," says the big pratie: "it's big enough I am already." "Well, then," says the other,

"move out o' the way with you a piece, and let us grow for Jerry Graham and the craters." "I'd be happy to oblige you then," says the big pratie; "but sure it's well you know none of us can stir from our places an inch, until John Finnane gets his rint." [Hollandtide, or Munster Popular Tales.

THE FIELD OF SORROW. The following extract from Bell's Observations on Italy, describes a spot and scene near Lyons, in France.

"Near these gardens, and hard by the river side, there is a green meadow, a place rendered memorable by circumstances of deep and touching interest. On this spot were massacred some of the wretched victims of the Revolution. The people of Lyons, with a just sensibility, have named it 'The field of Sorrow,'—*Champ de la Douleur*." A body of the citizens were carried forth to this place, conducted by the Gendarmerie. In crossing the bridge they were counted over, and being found to exceed the allotted number by two persons, the commanding officer, Vallot, was informed of the circumstance, and was asked whether the two should be saved, and in such a case, which two. He replied, 'what matter is it? who cares for two, more or less? if they go to-day they do not go to-morrow.' They proceeded, therefore, and 210 men, accompanied by these two ill-fated beings, whom accident had involved in the massacre, were conducted to death. Their hands were tied behind them, and they were bound to a cable, passed from tree to tree, along a range of tall willows; the soldiers were drawn up in an opposite line, with two pieces of artillery. At the appointed signal, their limbs flew in every direction. Those whose arms were shot away fell from the cable, and rose and fled, pursued by the cavalry, who cut them down. Those who were wounded, but yet not released from the cable, cried out to their butchers to finish their work; and they did so without delay with the bayonet and sabre. Their number was such as to render the work of butchery long and fatiguing, many were left breathing and palpitating in the agonies of death, and next morning many, still alive, were buried with the dead, by those who came out to pillage and who threw lime on them, still quick and alive."

Such is the narrative of a Frenchman. Alas! the French have many, very many such massacres to relate; blood which ages of peace and penitence will not wash away. We saw the spot where the trees had stood. They are now cut down and replaced by monumental stones, to the memory of those who perished.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1827.

Mr. MACREADY, the greatest tragedian now living, has personated three characters at the Albany Theatre during the present week—viz: *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Virginius*. We believe that Mr. Macready's delineation of these several characters, is esteemed as decidedly superior to that of every other actor that has appeared upon the Albany boards. His *Hamlet* and *Virginius*, in particular, were uniformly natural and excellent. *Hamlet* is, perhaps, a character as difficult in conception and personation as any in the whole range of the drama; but it was undoubtedly perfectly embodied in the simple and philosophical representation of Mr. Macready. His *Virginius* was last evening received by a crowded and fashionable house, with such applause as never before made the welkin of our theatre ring. As to his acting, the least we can say of it is, that, take it "for all in all," most probably "we shall not look upon its like again."

It is a peculiar uniformity in Mr. Macready's acting which forbids criticism to indulge its propensity to rest upon particular scenes. Most of the eminent performers who have preceded this gentleman upon the Albany stage, have walked tamely through the minor scenes of the play, and exerted every

faculty to redeem their reputation in such scenes as possessed of greater interest. If there be particular scenes in which Mr. Macready excels more than in others, they are such as require a greater exercise of the passions than of the mouth.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN. A very good and worthy friend of ours, S. De Witt Drown, Esq. Post Master at De Witt's Valley, recently published a pamphlet of sixteen pages, under the unique title of *The Perpetual Almanack, Interest Table, and Mathematical Liquor Guager*. Mr. Drown belongs to that class of men who derive their principal zest from the contemplation and establishment of improvements in the mathematical, literary, and physical departments of human affairs, and a liberal support and exercise of masonic virtue. The plan upon which Mr. Drown proceeds in the pamphlet under consideration, is not such a one as will admit of a clear elucidation in the columns of a public journal; and we are in consequence deprived of the satisfaction which a review of the subject would afford us.

We are also under the necessity of soliciting our author's pardon for having been compelled to suspend the publication of a very excellent system of short-hand-writing, which was forwarded to us many months since. We have hitherto been unable to procure the requisite characters; but as soon as this can be done, we shall take pleasure in making our readers acquainted with Mr. Drown's stenography. In the mean time, we wish his laudable endeavours the best success.

THE PRAIRIE. According to the newspapers, a new novel, entitled *The Prairie*, from the pen of the author of *The Spy*, &c. &c. will be published this day, simultaneously in England, Paris, Berlin, and Philadelphia. We have seen an extract from *The Prairie*, by means of which we recognised an old acquaintance in the character of the Trapper.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS. There is not, probably, in the long list of institutions created for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the poor, one which fulfils its duties in a more salutary manner than the Sunday School. Its influence is always exerted directly and efficiently over that portion of the community which is always deserving and in need of the Christian's charity. Its object is improvement at home, and, however deserving may be the noble institutions whose benevolence is apparently (though not really) exerted through a larger sphere, we think that its influence is more in accordance with the true spirit of charity, than is that of the more ostentatious societies. It is a sufficient proof of the excellence of the Sunday School, that all denominations zealously unite in its support.

The anniversary of the New-York Sunday School Union took place at Castle Garden, in that city, on Tuesday last, at which time and place (says the New-York Times) about seven thousand five hundred pupils of both sexes were present. After prayers and addresses from several of the Rev. Clergy, the assembly was dismissed at 6 o'clock. In the evening the annual report was read, and elections of officers took place at the Middle Church; from the former it appears that the total number of scholars is 7796; and of Libraries, 24; containing 6660 volumes.

The publication of the Niagara Sentinel, published at Lewiston, Niagara county, has been suspended. Among the causes which have led to this re-

sult, the editor enumerates the excitement caused by the absence of Morgan. We are not aware that the editor of the Sentinel has deviated from an honest course in relation to the scenes connected with Morgan; and it is to be regretted that the good sense of any portion of the community, should suffer the press to be trampled under foot while discharging its salutary duties.

We have received the specimen Number of a very neat publication entitled *The Ariel, and Ladies Literary Gazette*; to be published every other Saturday, at Philadelphia, in the quarto form, at the low rate of one dollar a year. If we are to judge from the present number, *The Ariel* will be found worthy of holding a respectable station among the literary journals of our country. Its selections display a cultivated taste, and its original matter is free from the insipidity which is too often the characteristic of flippancy. The editor promises occasionally to embellish the Ariel with appropriate engravings. The regular series was to commence on Saturday last. We will with pleasure act as agents in this place.

The Caskeys, or Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, for May, 1827, was published last week, and is embellished with a portrait of Robert Fulton, Esq. with a biographical sketch; a view of the Falls of Treponton, in the state of New-York; three Nos. of the School of Flora; and a ballad, set to music, called "Comin' thro' the Rye," as sung with great applause by Mrs. Knight. Our readers are acquainted with this publication.

The New-York Spy has been much improved in appearance. The second volume was commenced last Saturday, in the quarto form; and among other departments we notice one devoted to masonry. We have received the first numbers of two semi-weekly papers, issued from the New-York press the past week. One is entitled the *Morning Courier*, and is edited by Skillman, Brooks (late editor of the Gazette and Atheneum) and Lawson. The other is entitled the *Morning Chronicle*, and is edited by C. N. Baldwin and E. J. Roberts.

A weekly paper, entitled the *New-York Farmer*, was commenced, about a month since, in the city of New-York.

Three or four new papers recently made their debut at Cincinnati. The printers of the present day appear to have an "itching palm" for first appearances. We wish them all, long life and a superabundance of the needful.

OHIT CHAT.

A Tontine establishment is building in New-Haven and nearly finished. It is to be kept by Messrs. Drake and Andrews, who were formerly known at the Springs. The building is located directly in front of the Green, extending on Church street 75 feet, and 136 feet on Court street. It is built of brick, four stories above the basement, with 67 apartments; including a dining hall, 50 feet by 25, a ball room, 102 by 26, and a masonic hall, 35 by 10; all of which are fitting up in good style.—Mr. T. J. Randolph in reply for the \$10,000 granted by South Carolina to the daughter of Mr. Jefferson, says "it preserved from the hammer the furniture of her father's bed room."—A jury of Tuscaloosa county, Alabama, recently returned a verdict of \$1525 damages for a plaintiff, in a suit brought for damages in a case of seduction.—Books, umbrellas, penknives, and tobacco boxes, are, according to the modern system of morals, said to be common property.—A poor pensioner who had drawn the pittance his country allows him from the bank, was robbed of the whole of it, by some cold blooded villain who was a fellow lodger, in a virtual cellar in Boston.—The Erie and Chaplain canals are open through the whole line.—A steamboat recently proceeded 50 miles from Pittsburgh, on an experimental excursion up the Alle-

ghany.—A "Fireman" in the U. S. Gazette says that fifteen fires have occurred in Philadelphia since the 1st of January, exclusive of sixty-five alarms, one-third of which were chimneys.—Union Canal, Pennsylvania, is on the point of being put into immediate operation. The law authorising this canal was passed in 1797, but languished for thirty-five years and started afresh when New-York showed the example.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The arrival at New-York on Monday evening of the ship Dalhousie Castle, brings Liverpool papers to the 17th April, and London to the 14th, which confirm and give the particulars of important changes in the British Cabinet.

Mr. Canning is appointed first commissioner of his Majesty's treasury, or, in other words, prime minister.

The late British cabinet (says the Evening Post) consisted of *fourteen* individuals, usually denominated "King's ministers," one half of whom it appears, resigned on the appointment of Mr. Canning to this exalted and commanding situation—a result most gratifying to us citizens of a free republic, as evincing in the most conclusive manner the diffusion and ascendancy of liberal sentiments. Although the situation of Mr. Canning may be somewhat unpleasant for a time, in consequence of the opposition of a part of the high tory and aristocratic party, yet, there can be little doubt of his complete success in the administration of the government, upheld as he is by a power paramount to all others—*public opinion*; more especially when that is corroborated by the acknowledged support and esteem of the sovereign.

The following are the seceding members of the cabinet:—

Eldon, Lord Chancellor.
Wellington, Master General of the Ordnance and Commander-in-Chief.
Lord Melville, of the Admiralty Board.
Bathurst, Secretary of State for the War Department and Colonies.
Westmoreland, Lord Privy Seal.
Bexley, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.
Peel, Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Of which it is said that Lord Bexley, (late Mr. Nicholas Vansittart) had signified his wish to recal his resignation.

The London Courier says, that the statement that Lord Sidmouth had sent in his resignation, is erroneous. Lord Sidmouth is not a cabinet minister, and could not be affected by the state of the ministry.

The Duke of Clarence had been appointed at the head of the Board of Admiralty.

It is certain that Mr. Canning has assurances of the cordial support of the King; and that the resignations have been accepted without hesitation.

It is said that Mr. Canning refused to accept the place of prime minister unless he should be left at liberty to form a cabinet according to his own views, and that this condition had been agreed to by the King. In the mean time conjecture is busy in speculating on the formation of the new administration.

On this subject the Liverpool Albion has the following pertinent and sensible remarks:

The appointment of Mr. Canning to the office of first Lord of the treasury has met with the general approbation of the country. This event, for which the public mind had been prepared before it was announced, has, however, produced one of the most extraordinary and unexpected cabinet revolutions that has ever taken place in the political world. The appointment of the right honourable gentleman to the premiership was the signal for seven of his colleagues to send in their resignations to his Majesty. The names of the ministers who have *struck*, as their act has been insignificantly and emphatically designated, are given elsewhere. The only resignation for which the country will feel regret is that of Mr. Peel. This gentleman is said to have thrown up his office from personal considerations alone; and his secession from the ministry is described as having had no connexion with the resignation of the noble gang who have deserted their Sovereign "at his utmost need," and at a period

when the exigencies of the country imperiously demanded their wisest counsels and their most devoted services.

Of the motives which have induced the *seven wise men* to take the extraordinary step which has excited the astonishment of the country, we cannot be supposed to know much. Rumour, with its hundred tongues, or, rather, with its hundred pens, has been busy; and the reports in circulation on the subject, are as vague as they are numerous. The Catholic question, it is clear, was the great stumbling block which obstructed Mr. Canning's advancement to the premiership at an earlier period than he obtained the post. Anti-catholics themselves, the most powerful of his colleagues either feared, or affected to fear, that he would, if made their chief, use all the influence of his high station to carry the question triumphantly through Parliament. But their intrigues to prejudice the mind of the King against this great statesman have completely failed, as all iniquitous combinations should fail. The King, following the voice of the country, appointed Mr. Canning his prime minister; and seven of his colleagues, in pet and dudgeon, simultaneously sent in their resignations, exclaiming, as they quitted the office, "We will not have *this man* to reign over us!"

With the exception of Mr. Peel, the conduct of the ex-ministers has met with the indignant reprobation of the country. Their attempt to intimidate, to overawe the King in his own palace, and to dictate to him whom he should appoint as his first minister, was most undutiful, most unconstitutional, nay, most atrocious. The conspiracy which they so disgracefully formed against their Sovereign, happily failed; and the band of noble conspirators have lost both place and character at one and the same moment. The King has acted, throughout this trying occasion, with a spirit becoming his house; and this firmness at this juncture has annihilated an oligarchy the most insolent and overbearing, whose aim it evidently was to dictate to the Monarch and to overtop the Throne itself.

Mr. Canning now stands upon a proud and commanding eminence; an eminence to which he has attained by the force of talent and character alone. His position, however, is one of great difficulty. He will have much to fight against, before he can enjoy his power tranquilly. But the country is with him; and he will, we are confident, soon triumph over the miserable and the characterless faction which his elevation to the premiership may be expected to array against him.

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN.—It is said that the affairs of Portugal are assuming a more serious aspect. (All French accounts, of the Peninsula affairs, however, must be taken with many grains of allowance.) The rebels, as they are called, have been victorious, and it is evident that the British must send heavy reinforcements, or the troops they have there already will be beaten. The *Indicateur* of Bordeaux says they will be reinforced considerably, and adds, that appearances are more than ever for war. Spain and the Portuguese revolutionists are on the best terms, and France, no doubt, urges them on.

The *Quotidienne* contains the following extract of a private letter of the 31st of March, from Madrid—"The most complete harmony prevails between the Portuguese Royalists and the Spanish authorities, who have received them. The Marquis de Chaves has had horses bought at Toro, Medina, and Fuente, and a singular circumstance is that the Portuguese royalists have a great number of arms of English manufacture. We are assured that an insurrectional movement has taken place in Portugal at Moro Novo, fifteen leagues from Lisbon, which extends already as far as the mountains of Portalegre. It is certain that the greatest effervescence prevails in that country from Tras-os-Montes to Algarves."

The *Echo du Midi* mentions the discovery of a conspiracy that had been formed at the very gates of Madrid. The conspirators are said to have been eight hundred in number, and twenty-seven of them have been shot. One of the leaders, upon promising to reveal the details of the plot, was spared and conducted to Madrid.

The interior troubles of Spain increase. In Catalonia, armed bands are running through the country crying Vive Charles V.—Death to Ferdinand VII.—Vive Charles V. and the Inquisition. Ge-

ronne, although occupied by the troops of Ferdinand, supports the conspiracy in this province.—Rebels have threatened also to enter Figueras, and have even appeared at the gates. Bands multiply and threaten Puyceida. The authorities are greatly alarmed, and have sent to Perpignan for assistance. The exportation of powder from France has been prohibited: but women have attempted to purchase it at Perpignan. The greatest excesses are committed by the rebels towards the constitutionalists. The Marquis of Tamarites is at the head of the conspiracy at Tortosa, together with some monks. Troops to the number of 500 have refused to obey the intendant general of Zamora and set his authority at defiance.

At Barcelona affairs wore a threatening aspect.

At Figueras, in an insurrection, two or three persons were killed.

FRANCE.—The French papers announce the vote of the New-York Legislature not to send the Greeks the 1000 barrels of flour.

The Duke of Broglie has been chosen by the Greek committee to take the place of the Duke of Rochefoucault.

The Count Alexander de Lambeth has deposited in the hands of the Greek committee the sum of 300 francs, a gift of the Duke of Orleans, and a like sum for his daughter.

Lady Cochrane arrived on the 7th April at Bordeaux from Marseilles. She was on her way to Paris.

Peace is about to take place between Russia and Persia.

GREAT BRITAIN.—By the last quarter's return of the British revenue, ending 5th of April, it appears that there is a decrease of 1469,548, making a deficiency for the year of 11,709,897.

The Courier says, "the real produce of the revenue, by taxation, in the present quarter, divested of all incidental advantages which attached to the corresponding quarter of 1826, is as nearly equal as possible, and by no means indicating any permanent depression."

A powerful intrigue and opposition from the Continental Powers, were said to have been on foot against appointing Mr. Canning Prime Minister.

Accounts from China, to the last of December, state that an alarming revolution had broken out in Tartary, and that the emperor was making the most extensive preparations for suppressing it.

The London Courier, in noticing the fact of the correspondence between Great Britain and this country having been laid before Parliament, speaks in the most exalted terms of Mr. Canning's abilities as a statesman, and concludes with the following *left-handed* compliment to Mr. Gallatin:—"Nor are we disposed, while we claim this praise for Mr. Canning, to deny that the American minister, Mr. Gallatin, bating the vice of his country, prolixity, displays no mean talents, which only require to be removed from their juxtaposition with the effusions from the pen of the honourable gentleman, to impress us with a favourable notion of his diplomatic ability."

THE GREEKS AND TURKS.—Advices from Constantinople are to the 26th of February. Nothing further had transpired respecting the interference of Russia and England for the pacification of Greece. The Reis Effendi had not answered Stratford Canning's note of the 5th of Feb. and the two ministers had agreed upon a certain day to make a final and energetic attempt to bring the subject to a close. It is stated that the French, Austrian and Prussian ambassadors had, informally, advised the Reis Effendi to accept the propositions of the other powers, except those of Russia and England. It was also presumed that the courts of Vienna and Berlin had already or would accede to the terms proposed. Notwithstanding all this, it was confidently asserted that the court would not assent to any proposition, the Reis Effendi having verbally declared that the proposals were inadmissible, being contrary to the rights of the Sultan and human reason. The Porte seems to be persuaded, that notwithstanding their menacing tone, the Christian cabinets will go no farther except in words.

The Greeks had provisioned the Acropolis afresh, having driven the Seraskier a league from Athens. Omer Pacha had experienced a great defeat at Dirmo.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO LAURA.

Laura, I have often told thee
That my heart should never wed;
That mine eye should ne'er behold thee,
Graceful in the nuptial bed:
Love has never caught me kneeling,
Cupid ne'er unveiled his dart;
I have never felt the feeling
That shall captivate my heart.

Cease, then, Laura, cease thy glances,
Bend thine eye another way;
Modest conduct grace enhances,
Not coquettish airs so gay:
Beauty more attracts in weeping,
Beauty is more fair in tears—
Than the eye, in leering, peeping,
Or the breast, unveiled appears.

Hidden love is more enchanting,
To the feeling bosom, young,
Than the bosom, heaving, panting,
Or the gabbling coquette's tongue:
I have seen deceit oft lurking
In the semblance of a smile;
I have seen destruction working
In the words of cunning guile.

I entreat you, Laura, never
Mention love to me again;
Let the tie your absence sever,
I to be alone would fain—
Fain be left in age to moulder,
In celibacy's cold band;
Love I cannot feel when older,
Nor can wish for beauty's hand.

Laura, when thy beauty's fading,
And the rose has ceased to bloom;
Pale will be the lily shading—
Beauty sinking to the tomb:
When thy charms have all departed,
Which external beauty gives;
Then the sigh will be extorted,
While old age the wrinkle weaves.

But when Ellen's beauty lingers,
And shall bid farewell to her;
Education's balmy fingers
Shall impart a transport dear:
'Tis refinement, more than beauty,
That adorns the female mind;
Virtue points to moral duty,
And her graces are refined.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE STAR THAT RULED MY BIRTH.

The star that ruled my birth, I never saw,
But feel its gloomy influence too well,—
And feel it but alone—for who would draw
The bosom's veil aside, and stoop to tell
To every careless ear, the tides that swell
The ocean of my bitterness. The draught
Which fate hath offered, and the deadly spell
It holds, shall be with the same lightness quaffed
As ever inspiring wine by him who drank and laughed.

And why should I look sad, when none will feel
For the regrets I shew? If to the gay
The ill-feigned trifler's features I reveal,
The trifier's smile will answer. Then away
With the dark brow, and trembling sigh, which lay
Their claim in vain no sympathetic feeling;
'Twere better to waste mirth, than be a prey
To irony, and all the soul-congealing
Neglect the world shews to wounds too deep for healing.

My aching brow I'll dress with smiles, and force
A double cheek upon the rising sigh;
I'll turn my thoughts away from their dark course,
And raise to forms of light this vacant eye;
I'll teach my lips the sound of peace, and ply
My voice to melody of gayest measure;
And though the flattering images which fly
Like leaves of autumn past me, bring no pleasure,
Has earth, or aught that earth affords, a truer treasure?
May 8.

G.

From the New-York Chrystal Hunter.

MIND.

"Now, this fellow has a head!"

I.
I've marked upon the mountain top,
The sun a pebble kiss;
And then it seemed a starry drop,
Come from its azure fields of bliss,
To tell the earth how pure and fair
Was its fine home above the air.

II.
I've seen a stone attempt to shine,
Beneath the restless wave;
But 'twas a faint and flickering line—
As trifling as the fire-fly gave
When he went roving for a bride,
At the dark hour that day-birds hide.

III.
I've watched a man whose thoughts were high—
Bright as the mountain stone;
Mind, mighty mind, was in his eye;
Above the earth he stood, alone;
A light between the earth and sky;
Filled with a hue which could not die.

IV.
But man will grovel; and the wave
Of earth o'ershade his beams;
His life's oft shrouded like his grave;
He gives the sunken pebbles gleams;
Unmindful of that inward light,
Which is a star at morn or night.

C. E. E.

THE SONG OF THE COTTAGER.

BY MRS. HAILE.

There's a cot at the foot of yon fir-crowned hill,
Where the voice of the bird and the gush of the rill,
When Spring is weaving her leafy crown,
And the wild rose budding, come softening down,
Afar through the elm's dark boughs are seen
The clustering roofs round the village green;
Lofty those dwellings arise and fair,
The hum of the busy tribe is there,
And pride and pomp—but ye'll pass them by;
'Tis the cottage will fix the thoughtful eye.

Secure it looks mid a world of change,
And the heart may rove, and the foot may range,
Yet who can gaze on a quiet spot,
But a wish will arise to share its lot?
Summer is bright o'er the teeming earth,
But its loveliest flowers are of lowliest birth;
They bloom and breathe round that cottager,—
And pure as their incense his pure thoughts stir;
Even Winter, sweeping in wrath along,
Bears on its blast the cottager's song:

"They urge me abroad, and tell of joys,
But the spirit of peace ne'er dwells in noise—
There's the crowded hall and the gay saloon,
Where lamps are shedding the lustre of noon,
And mirrors the gorgeous show reflect
Of the laughing crowd in their pride bedecked,
While music proclaims that care hath fled,
And the dancer's light step is deemed pleasure's tread—
O! I know they're gay—but the thought will come,
'Tis not like the joy of my own dear home.

"Then give me my parlour, so neat and fair,
And snug by the fire place my favourite chair;
Let the taper be trimmed on the table near—
But away with the flaring chandelier,—
I ask not a lustre so blazing and bright,
My fancy best suits with a sober light:
I liken its glow to constant love,
Or that peace whose sweet beamings descend from above!
O, blest! might such rays forever illumine
The quiet retreat of my own dear home.

"Joy's beam is the glance from a smiling eye;
Love's music, the tone of a soft reply;
How bright that beam—that music how dear,
When to circle my warm heart my loved ones appear!
O, if earth has a pleasure that breathes of heaven,
It is to the union of pure hearts given;
Theirs is the altar and truth and love,
Bright with the flame that descends from above!
Give riches and power the pillared dome—
Peace, is mine in my own dear home."

From the London Literary Gazette.

OCEAN.

Ocean! I remember well
How my young heart sank in awe,
When thy billows' mighty swell
I with childish wonder saw.

Little then my spirit dreamt
Of the tempest's raging shocks:
Still I marvelled who would tempt
Depths unknown and hidden rocks.

Yet 'twas on a tranquil night,
First thy pebbled shore I prest,
And the pale moon's placid light
Slumbered on thy heaving breast.

Though upon my listening ear
Gently came thy murmuring voice,
Felt I still too much of fear,
In its soft sound to rejoice.

Only one joy then I proved,
Thinking each dear friend was found,
In the land so well beloved,
Circled by thy watery bound.

Ocean! can I love thee now,
More than in my childhood's day,
When thy dark tide's ceaseless flow
Has borne those friends far, far away? ROSA.

LACONICS.

BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Study gives strength to the mind; conversation grace; the first is apt to give stiffness, the other suppleness: one gives substance and form to the statue, the other polishes it.

The great happiness is to have a friend to observe and tell one of one's faults, whom one had reason to esteem, and is apt to believe.

The best rules to form a young man: to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone on what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

The chief ingredients into the composition of those qualities, that gain esteem and praise, are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding. Good nature is seen in a disposition to say and do what one thinks will please and profit others—good breeding in doing nothing one thinks will either hurt or displease them. Good nature and good sense come from our births or tempers; good breeding and truth chiefly by education and converse with men.

Against a foreign enemy, and for defence of evident interest, all that can bear arms in a nation are (or ought to be) soldiers. Their cause is common safety; their pay is honor; and when they have purchased these, they return to their homes and former conditions of peaceable lives. But, standing troops, and in constant pay, are properly servants armed, who use the lance and the sword, as other servants do the sickle and the bill, at the command and will of those who entertain them. And, therefore, martial law is, of all others, the most absolute, and not like the government of a father, but a master.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1827.

[No. 16.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

EXTRACTS FROM A MASONIC SERMON.

Text—"Light was against light, in three ranks."

Our first and most excellent Grand Master, Solomon king of Israel, strengthened by the strength of Hiram, king of Tyre, who strengthened him in his glorious undertaking, had now completed that mighty fabric on the summit of mount Moriah which has immortalized his name; and being called thereby from the labour of seven revolving years, to the refreshment of a moment's rest, his active and intelligent mind employed that moment to draw the outlines of a spacious and magnificent edifice, sacred to the genius of the mystic order, and devoted to the regular assemblings of the faithful and the true; the worthy and the good.

The foundation and the capstone of this elegant monument of fraternal affection and royal munificence, king Solomon gave in charge to the widow's son, by whose cunning contrivance and curious workmanship, the pillars and their chapiters were beautified and adorned with lily work, network and pomegranates, inlaid in the seven times refined silver of Parvaim, combined with perfections of gold from Ophir and Uphaz; united to the mild radiance of the oriental pearl, and gemmed by ten thousand stars, composed of sparkling diamonds, set in polished rubies.

Obedient to the mandate of his illustrious companion and brother, Hiram el Abif selected a deep vale in the forest of Lebanon, where the voice of the lion had never been heard, nor the volume of the serpent pressed the flowery turf, and projecting an oblong square, due east and west, of one hundred and fifty feet in length; and seventy-five in breadth, between north and south; the lower court, middle chamber, and third story rose from the earth to the heavens, forty-five feet in height; and the whole building was supported on its base, in the centre, and at the capital, by thrice fifteen cedar columns of the ancient and original orders, emblematic of the illustrious elect, elected of three times five; and alluding to those ineffable mysteries which can only be learned in the audience chamber of the grand, most potent and sublime.

Forbidden to rend the purple veil which hides the ever burning lamp; nor permitted to explain the secret engraving in crimson capitals; we therefore shall confine our present researches to that *light against light in three ranks*, whereby this magnificent dome was perpetually illumined, as with the noontide splendours of the glory and beauty of the day; and this *light against light in three ranks* it will be our happiness to exhibit, as the three greater lights in the golden candlesticks of the temple, comprehending the first great light of the Holy Bible, the second great light of the perfect square, and the third great light of the extended compasses; and may each one of these grand, sublime, masonic solar orbs commingle social rays, in harmonies of moral and of heavenly light; and so enlighten the worshipful master, wardens and brethren of this right worshipful lodge, that having faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind, they may realize the pleasing satisfaction which results from a life well spent, die at last in peace with God and man, and awake to raptures of ecstatic bliss in yon bright world of everlasting day, which neither needs the sun, the moon, nor morning star, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof, and the Lamb in the midst of the rainbow diademed throne, its cloudless and eternal light.

Masonry, my brethren, my friends, is moral and spiritual science, progressing from faint degrees of natural light, to brighter and more perfect degrees of intellectual day: and while her sons profess to revere that elder scripture, penned on vast creation's wide expanded scroll, they are taught to acknow-

ledge still superior obligations, to a far superior light than nature, or than reason can presume to boast: For although it be a serious and a solemn truth, as the apostle Paul hath justly observed, that the eternal power and deity of the Supreme Architect of the universe may be clearly inferred and positively proved, from the visibles of creative wisdom, strength and beauty, as impressed on the heavens above, and engraven on the earth beneath; yet, incredible as it may appear; astonishing, as indeed it is; and humiliating, as it must be, to philosophic pride, the inhabitants of the world, from the rising of the sun, to the going down of the same, stand solemnly charged at the dread tribunal of the high and the lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, with having changed the glory of the incorruptible Jehovah, into an image made like to corruptible man; and the bird of the air, the beast of the earth, and meaner reptiles of the dust, have received that worship, homage, and fear, from rational, intelligent, and immortal beings, which ought forever to ascend, as a morning oblation, a noontide offering, or an evening sacrifice, to the only blessed Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of Lords, who is clothed upon with light, as with a garment; who is decked with honour and majesty, for a covering; who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh abroad upon the wings of the wind; in whose presence, angel and archangel, veil the radiant face, while cherubim and seraphim continually cry, Holy, holy, thrice holy, is the Lord, the Lord, the Lord of hosts; and to whom, the first born sons of elder paradise, from golden harps, perpetually respond. The heavens are full of thy glory, thy goodness, O God! and let the earth be filled with thy praise, thou grand Master Builder of the mighty, the stupendous whole; Artificer supreme, of worlds on worlds, that roll amid the vast expanse!

Thus taught to know the weakness of imperfect man; and learned to feel the frailties of feeble dust, as men, as masons, we confess the necessity and need of a divine revelation, in which, the name, the nature, and perfections, of the great first cause; the sovereign cause of uses and effects, shall be engraven, as with the point of a diamond, on the rock of celestial truth; and by the clear shinings of whose unspotted light, the craft may be enabled to walk through the darkness of the valley, evermore offering the incense of piety, perfumed by odours of praise, to the munificent giver of every good and perfect gift, for the manifold blessings and comforts of life, profusely sprinkled in a vale of tears; and specially adoring the ineffable riches of that unspeakable grace, which hath set before the sons of amity and peace, a hope full of immortality, beyond the clouded canopy of time; where sorrow and sighing shall flee away; sickness and pain be known no more; and death himself give up the sith, resign the quiver and the bow, and yield his iron sceptre, to the Son of God.

But it is not, my brethren and my friends, the lighter shade of superstition, the deeper gloom of bigotry, nor yet, the more awful horrors of idolatry, which alone have impelled the fraternity of free and accepted masons, to rejoice with exceeding great joy, in that light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which the gospel of the blessed Redeemer, hath benignantly revealed, as the path of the just, shining brighter and brighter unto more perfect day: but they are also convinced from indubitable records, supported by historic fact, that Grecian philosophy and Roman ethics are but the darkness of the midnight hour, when compared with that purer light of the morn, which glows on revelation's lucid page; and we feel ourselves bound to acknowledge, what Socrates and Plato confessed as truth, that weak, imperfect, and benighted man needs a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path, inkindled at the altar of the skies, and fed upon the oil of heavenly grace.

This pure and spotless light, a light above the brightness of the mid day sun, above the radiance

of the queen of heaven, our ancient patrons found within the compass of the book divine: and HE,* whose birth we celebrate this day, and one, whose memory masons hold most dear, have added many a wheel of light, involving light, in triple rank, to revelation's glowing car: and here permit me to observe, that this great light of life; this greater light in death; not only reflects the light of heavenly truth, on the whole sphere of obligation, which is due to the Grand Architect of the heavens, the earth, and the sea; the Creator of all things above, below, beneath, around; but it also sweeps the compass of knowledge, circle within circle of moral duty, as duty respects the great brotherhood of the one family of man universal: and likewise it teaches that reverence, which we owe to ourselves, as bearing the image and superscription of the imperial Augustus of the worlds on high; as deathless emanations from the brightness of the King eternal, immortal, invisible; who alone by his wisdom stretched forth the heavens; by his strength, based the corner stone of earth on the fiat of his word; and swept the royal arch of beauty round yon azure skies!

Persuaded as men, convinced as masons, and believing as christians, that no other light, except the sun of righteousness himself, can possibly equal this great light of present, and of future life; this light of God from heaven above, reflecting light on earth beneath, it is therefore established by a solemn masonic decree, immutable as the law of Media and of Persia which changeth not, that the first great light of the Holy Bible shall forever adorn the altar and the column; perpetually shine within the temple and the veil; and evermore move onwards before the journeyings of the craft; as a pillar of fire, moving mid the wilderness of old; and beaming meridian splendours of light, on the deepest gloom of low twelve; while our ancient books of original constitutions, and primitive rolls of sacred charges, received from the Master in Israel, on the top of Mount Horeb, and confirmed by himself, in the depths of the valley of Jehosaphat, have unitedly ordained, that the faith and practice of masons must be conformed to the divine principles, and heavenly pattern of the supreme, sublime, grand Master of the universe; from whose written word we are taught; and by whose exemplar we are taught, to walk as children of the light and of the day, having on the breastplate of faith; and being clothed with the ephod of love, unsullied by hypocrisy, and unstained by dissimulation; evermore loving God, who first loved us, with all the heart, and soul and mind, and might, and strength; which is far more acceptable than thousands of rams, ten thousands of rivers of oil, or the sweetest perfumes of Sabea's spicy groves: and loving our neighbours as ourselves; speaking truth and peace; showing mercy and compassion; executing judgment and justice; thinking no evil against a brother; and working no ill to an enemy; we thus fulfil the royal law of heaven, the law of liberty and love: for these are the two great commandments of the Mosaic and Christian economies united as one, in love to God, and love to man; and they contain within the golden points, extended from the bosom of Moses, to the breast of Jesus, the sum of all the law at Sinai given; the substance of prophetic truth from Samuel, to the days of John; and comprehend the glorious gospel of the blessed God, reflecting of the mingled rays of legal and prophetic light; and which like charity, abides the greatest of the three, forever blessing and forever blest.

Let us remember to *work* in this life with a reference to that which is to come; and whilst we are seeking after words, and pass-words, with which to obtain a knowledge of the mysteries of antiquity, let us not neglect to seek diligently after that word, that inestimable NAME, which deprives death and

* St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist.

the grave of their power, and which secures to its possessor the greater mysteries of futurity, life and bliss, uninterrupted and eternal.

MASONIC ANNIVERSARY.

The approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated in the city of Hudson, by Hudson Lodge, No. 15, Hudson Royal Arch Chapter, No. 6, and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7. An address will be delivered, and a dinner provided on the occasion. The brethren generally in the vicinity, and neighbouring Lodges, are respectfully invited to attend.

JOHN TALLMAN, LIONEL U. LAWRENCE,
AMBROSE L. JORDAN, EDWARD C. THURSTON,
ELIHU GIFFORD, ROBERT A. BARNARD,
CAMPBELL BUSHNELL, FLETCHER M. BEEKMAN,
CHARLES DARLING, LUKE POWER,
CYRUS CURTISS, Committee of Arrangements.

The festival of the nativity of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated in Danby (Tompkins county), on Monday, the 25th of June next. Members of neighbouring Lodges, and worthy sojourning brethren, are respectfully invited to attend. The Lodge will be opened at the lodge room, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

ASHBEL PATTERSON, HUDSON JENNINGS,
GEORGE THOMPSON, JULIUS RANNEY,
SHERMAN MILLER, Committee of Arrangements.

The Batavia Chapter and Batavia Lodge have resolved to celebrate in public the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, on Monday, the 25th day of June next. The neighbouring Encampments, Chapters, and Lodges in their corporate capacities, as well as Sir Knights, Companions, and Brethren, in the vicinity, will be invited to attend.

Cuba Lodge, No. 436 will be consecrated on the 25th day of June next, at the house of Calvin T. Chamberlain, in the town of Cuba (Allegany county), after the ancient usages of the order. The attendance of the neighbouring Lodges and visiting brethren is most earnestly solicited.

STEPHEN CADY, HENRY STEPHENS,
KENDAL WILDER, Committee of Arrangements.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

OF THE ACTION OF FORCES.

All matter is continually under the operation of forces, which, if acting upon it equally, and in opposite directions, maintain it in a state of rest. But if a newly created force act upon a body in such a direction, and to such an extent, as to overcome the forces under whose action that body, in common with all other matter, exists, the result will be motion communicated to that body; and in an exact proportion as that newly created force exceeded the amount of forces that were previously acting upon it in the opposite direction. For example, if a man lift a pound weight three feet from the ground, the amount of motion created by that action, is exactly equal to the amount his newly created force exceeded the force of gravity, or weight which acted on the matter: for if his force had not exceeded the force of gravity, it is manifest that that motion could not have been created; and if the force of gravity had not existed, it is again manifest that the amount of motion would be exactly in proportion to the amount of the whole of the force he had applied. Again, if his force only exactly equalled, and did not exceed, the force of gravitation, motion could not have taken place, and the body would have remained at rest.

This state of rest, maintained by the contrary action of two equal forces upon a body is called *equilibrium*. But the term equilibrium is most commonly applied when one or more bodies are, by the mere force of gravitation maintained in a state of quiescence, or rest:—thus, if a bar of iron is supported at its centre, it will balance, or remain horizontal, as the quantity of matter in one end is equal to that in the other, and the amount of the gravitating force proportional to the quantity of matter that is in each arm of the bar: likewise, if a ball be acted upon by a force at one end and by another force, exactly equal, at the other end, the ball will be maintained in a state of quiescence, termed *equilibrium*.

In the common operations of mechanics, the former state of equilibrium frequently occurs; the latter rarely, and never with any permanent duration; by the term equilibrium, therefore, in general is understood the position first cited.

Upon duly considering that matter, when between forces acting in opposite directions, is in a state of equilibrium quiescence, it will be manifest, that motion cannot be obtained without destroying the equilibrium. It must not therefore be supposed, that the forces of gravitation or adhesive attraction can produce motion, as has been erroneously urged by some, but rather, that all the motion these powers

are capable of producing was primarily exerted to bring matter into that state of equilibrium, in which we find it. Wherever that equilibrium is disturbed by extraneous causes, the resultant motion, attainable by such disturbance of the general equilibrium, has long since been known and applied to useful purposes. We may with propriety, therefore, deduce from these considerations, the perfect fallacy of that most ruinous and speculative notion of a perpetually moving force. Many who have wasted their time in attempts to attain that object, have either supposed that the force of gravitation could obtain motion, or that motion once obtained could of itself increase its force; which was about as rational as to suppose that any substance could of itself increase its own bulk. The powers with which nature has supplied us, have, as far as we are aware of, been already applied; and should there be others existing of which we are ignorant, or which we have not reduced to our command, the search for, and development of such objects, are praiseworthy and valuable: but let us with confidence hope, that the labours of ingenuity will no longer be drawn aside from the paths of prolific study, by this destructive phantasy.

Returning from this digression, when a body is operated upon by a force, and acquires motion, that motion, taking into account the amount of space through which the body passes in a given time, is called the *velocity of the body*; and according as the extent of distance increases or decreases in a greater or less period of time, the velocity is said to increase or decrease.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Light goes about thirteen millions of miles in a minute. A strong wind goes twenty feet in a second. When a cannon is fired, if we are distant a mile, we hear the report twenty-four seconds after we see the flash. The nearest of the stars is five thousand times more distant from us than the sun, its distance then is seventy-seven billions, four hundred millions of miles. Were a cannon to be fired from a star it would require five millions four hundred thousand years for the report to reach us.

THE TRAVELLER.

HUNGARIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

FROM "NOTES AND REFLECTIONS ON GERMANY."

In the hall of the Hungarian deputies, it is impossible not to feel a momentary delight, the picture is so new and so startling. I sat in the gallery, whither I went at an early hour; but it was filled to suffocation before the members took their seats. The hall is nothing remarkable, merely a long lofty chamber. A chair is raised on a step at the upper end, for the president. Tables run the whole length of the hall, covered with green cloth, and supplied abundantly with materials for writing. Immediately below and on the right of the president, sat such bishops and dignitaries of the church as have seats in this assembly. The rest of the members, and there appeared to be more than three hundred present, wore the national dress of Hungary. It consists of a hussar jacket, and pantaloons of brown cloth, and a hussar boot. The ornaments are of black silk lace, plain, warlike and becoming. A very few, indeed, were sheeted in gold lace, and few more wore a tassel of gold bullion on the boot, and a gold cord fastening the pelisse. The reason of this difference, I learned to be, that some were actually in the military service, and the tassel and cord of others, were little vain additions, which men dandified by a residence in Vienna had ventured to assume; nothing could be more plain, or in better taste than the costume of the many. There was a spur on every heel, a sword on every thigh, and by the side of every man, on the table at which he sat, stood the calpac, with its rich brown fur, and that falling top of crimson cloth, which, when in former time, the Hungarian galloped to the field, flew bravely in the wind, giving life and menace to his motion. It is impossible to gaze down without interest on this belted assembly, the descendants of a race of warriors, ever ready to leap into their saddles—in fact, the vanguard of Europe against the Turk. I cordially hate the Turk, not because he is a Mahometan: I am not so wretched or so narrow minded a christian as that; but because all of him

that is not slave is tyrant; because he would, if he could, bring back upon the earth a moral darkness.

I must admit, indeed, that the Hungarian has something of the tyrant in him; a haughtiness, gotten centuries ago on horseback; and that he has, in his day, lorded it among his vassals, as did the barons of our own country (blessings on their memory, nevertheless!) in the days of king John: but when we reflect that the nobles and privileged classes of Hungary, form, at least, a twentieth part of her population; that, upon the whole, that population has generally been found attached to them; and that the diet of Hungary has often resisted and defied the crown of Austria, we cannot say that it is composed of slaves. No longer, indeed, can they be said to defy the crown; and in the consciousness, perhaps, that they have sunk nearer to the people, so they feel more with them and raise their voices more loudly for them. The debate was carried on in Latin: numbers spoke, and in general they had a ready and fluent command of language, and a very animated and manly delivery. Few of their speeches were more than ten minutes in length, and the greater part still shorter. It is true that, as it has seldom fallen to my lot to hear Latin spoken since, as a youth, I listened to declamations, I cannot pretend to speak to the classical correctness of expressions, or the construction of sentences; but thus far I can say, it was not a bald, meagre, thin Latin; and many of the sentences fell richly rounded on my ear. There was one churchman, an abbot, I think, who spoke rapidly, bitterly, and very well; and there was an elderly deputy, with gray hairs, who replied to him most eloquently, with a fire and a freedom that surprised me. I could not get fully at the subject, but it was some question connected with a tax that had been imposed, under the late viceroy, on salt, and that was felt and complained of by the people. This fine old Hungarian, in the course of his speech, dwelt proudly upon the ancient privileges of his country, and complained that the spirit of them had been greatly invaded during the late lieutenancy. His loyal expressions towards the person and family of the emperor, were warm, and seemed to be sincere; but he returned, quite as bitterly, to his attack on the measure on which he sought to impeach the minister; and, in one part, where he was more particularly pleading the cause of the people, he cried out with animation, '*Vox populi, vox Dei!*' It electrified the whole assembly. There were many loud Vivats; not only from among the deputies themselves, but also from almost all the persons in the gallery. For a brief moment I might have fancied myself in a free assembly; but the calm, complacent smile upon the features of a keen-looking president, who is the representative of the crown, reminded me that there was a bridle upon the Hungarian steed, and, although he is suffered to prance loftily in pride and beauty, and to fancy as he gallops, that he is running far and away, his rider sits laughingly at his ease in the saddle, and knows better. The illusion is still more completely dissipated at the doors of this assembly; no fiery horses stand saddled and neighing for their masters; but a long row of mean open carriages, each however, with a hussar behind them; wait tamely in the street, and such of the spurred members as have one, get slowly into it, loll indolently back, and are driven to their lodgings. This, it will be observed, was a meeting of the second chamber: a holding of the full diet, where the magnates attend, I was not fortunate enough to see; and I am still left, in spite of all description, a little in doubt as to the picture it would actually present; magnificent it may be, yet, methinks, judging from what I did see, the splendour has been somewhat exaggerated; that of the guard noble undoubtedly is. They have good, but not remarkable horses. The hussar dress of scarlet and silver is rich and dazzling, as they ride down to mount guard, to see them followed by a train of orderlies mounted, and with led horses, although the pelisses of these orderlies were old, and rusty green, and the horses might have been turned out in higher order, has an appearance somewhat imposing. But the young men composing this corps differ in size, figure, and carriage, and scarce look like soldiers by the side of the old Austrian cuirassiers. A regiment of these last lay in garrison here, and some strong battalions of infantry, consisting entirely of men from the Italian provinces of the em-

pire. So much for the houses of lords and commons at Presburg, and for the chance of free discussion in the kingdom of Hungary.

THE HUMOURIST.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

PROGRESS OF A DANDY.

Eleazer Muckleton was born, and partly bred, in a town not far from the metropolis of Massachusetts. Oldsquire Muckleton, the father, was an uncouth, left-handed, parrot-toed sort of a clod-hopper; while his lady, having once spent a winter among the fashionables in the city, was altogether devoted to the punctilios and observances of high life. Many a time had she undergone most inexpressible chagrin, when the squire unceremoniously intruded upon her select parties, clad in his docked coat of faded brown, mulberry-coloured vest, breeches of grey satin, disclosing the warp at the knees, and double-soled cow-hide half-boots—about his neck a coarse pulicat, and about his hands a visible as well as fragrant portion of the compost so essential to the prosperity of squash and cabbage. "Dong it," he would exclaim on such occasions, "Why didn't you let us know of this 'ere scrape?"—whereat the lady would strive to blush, or avert in scorn the offended dignity of her countenance.

These frequent encroachments upon the purlieus of style, excited Mrs. M. to the contrivance, either of a remedy, or of a consolation. She began with the squire himself; and, after finding all her lectures and expostulations utterly ineffectual, she resolved on making a gentleman of Eleazer, then in his 19th year. So, one afternoon calling in the lad from his avocation in the barn yard, she disclosed her project as followeth:

"Eleazer, my darling, your father is such a downright clown, that I despair of living peaceably in any genteel manner, until you have become so far polished, and have acquired that gentlemanlike sort of address which may make our family respectable, and render his appearance at our fashionable assemblies no longer necessary. Therefore you must go to Boston, get a place in some retail store on Cornhill, attend Mr. Carter's dancing school one or two quarters, and come home in two years, perfectly accomplished."

"I like that plan darned well," responded Eleazer. "It's jest what I was a thinking on, t'other day, when I slumped into the muck-hole—I thought how I should rather like to be one of them 'ere gentsel fellows behind the counter, where I went to sell the tow cloth and mittens that aunt Polly made. Gor! I guess I'd roll out the ribbon, and haul down the calico, as well as any on 'em! Besides they're all as rich as mud—they've got ruffles to their shirts, and watch-chains, and don't wear the least bit of homespun, and their boots always shines like a junk bottle."

Delighted with this evidence of taste, and these incipient uprisings of ambition, Mrs. M. exercised all due diligence in despatching her hopeful heir to the land of politeness. The squire himself was forced to succumb; and the plan succeeded to a miracle. A situation was soon obtained, and Eleazer was transformed by degrees into the similitude of a gentleman. At the first, it is true, there was some incongruity in his appearance—the new coat did not exactly tally with the red and yellow swans-down vest, the false collar ill accorded with the factory-shirt, the white pantaloons revolted from the yarn hose and rough brogans, and the cropped pate disclosed certain proofs that the upper portion of his visage had been deprived of its protection against the glare of a burning sun. But all these matters soon wore into consistency; and at the end of two years, Eleazer again visited his parents, as finished a dandy as his fond mother could desire, and as foppish a butterfly as was ever generated from a despicable muckworm, and warmed into giddy and senseless existence.

So extensively in fact had he profitted by the good lady's instructions, and so thoroughly had he completed his education, that the doting mother found him to be much too far advanced in the science of gentility, either to subserve her original design, or to come within the range of her comprehension. Since her sojourn at the capital, very important

changes in the world of fashion had occurred. New habiliments, new manners, and new terms had been invented—and while Muckleton the younger dilated on these topics, the old-school disciple was wrapt in doubtful astonishment and admirable perplexity. It was therefore with no great reluctance that the parents consented to encourage the genius of Mr. Eleazer with a viaticum of five thousand dollars, wherewith to proceed to the emporium of dry goods within the dominions of his majesty of England, in order to make purchases, return, and make his fortune.

With these views he departed; and an absence of six months contributed to transform the Cornhill coxcomb into an Exquisite of the highest grade. He had swelled himself out of every body's memory—so that he could not possibly recognize his former acquaintances. For every dollar carried with him to London and Leeds and Manchester and Birmingham, he brought back four in the shape of merchandise. Resolved on cutting a monstrous flourish, he rented a large store and commenced wholesale dealer, with all the paraphernalia of clerks, apprentices, yard-sticks and scissors. His counting-room in the second story was fitted exactly to his taste, and according to his special order—there were double desks, book-racks, big folios, blank checks and so forth—the door panels glistened in all the ostentation of spanish brown mahogany, and the floor was marbled most raving-distractedly. He was for doing business on a splendid scale—and he so did it, for a whole twelvemonth—when old squire Muckleton was fain to visit the city, pay off the wholesale dealer's debts, and take him home, polished into an utter unfitnes for any useful employment—at the cost of some ten thousand dollars.

The following article from "Bell's Life in London," is replete with amusement.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

SIR—As I know many of your readers "love fun," in the hopes that I may contribute to the frolics of the day, and afford some useful hints to the admirers of practical jokes, I send you a short sketch of my own sport on the first of April last:—

Got up early, and placed a large basin of cold water close to my wife's side of the bed, laid down on the hearth rug, and screamed ten thousand murders. Poor Betsey seeing me, as she thought, in dreadful agony, jumped out to my assistance, when popping both her feet into the basin in her alarm, she overturned the unexpected bath, slipped on her back, and was completely soured. Scrambled up laughing, and ran out crying "April fool." Rushed up stairs, and calling the cook, told her her mistress was in a fit, and desired her to go to her assistance. Down ran cooky, *en chemise*, and rushing into the room, received the empty basin full in her face, intended as the "retort courteous" for me. Her nose was split, the basin broke, and I had to pay the doctor's bill; but then I had my joke. Went into the parlour, and seeing my brother's boots at the fire, dropped an egg in each. Was delighted to see him crack them both, and draw out his feet covered with the yolk. Laughed heartily, and exclaimed, "April fool." Threw his boot at my head, but ducking, the iron heel smashed a pier glass. "Who's the fool," cries Jem. Heated the handle of the poker, and told Molly to stir the fire. In ecstasies, at seeing her drop it with about four inches of the skin off her fingers. Unfortunately, it fell on a valuable china plate filled with toast—the former was broken and the latter spoiled, but then it was the first of April. Looked demure when my wife came to breakfast. Said nothing, but thought it was d—d bad. Took another cup and complained, when Betsey consoled me by observing that it was the first of April, and she thought a little *jalap* would do me good. Didn't relish such jokes. Heard an old Irish woman crying *mackerel*. Called her several times. Highly amused to see her turn round, and scream "coming." Twiggged me at last, and flung her pattern at the window, to the detriment of two squares. Wrote a note to Alderman Gobble to dine with his friend Thompson, who I knew was in the country. Gobble took the bait, but unfortunately, finding Thompson abroad, he just "dropped in" upon me at dinner time, and nearly devoured a whole dish of smelts, which I had got

as a treat for self and rib. Met Mrs. Williams. Asked if she had heard of her son's accident. "Good God! no," said she, in great alarm; "what is it?" "He has broke—" "Broke what? in the name of heaven!" she shrieked with increasing alarm. "His walking stick," said I, and trotted on in a roar of laughter; but, not noticing where I was going, stepped into a milk pail, to the great injury of my black silk stockings, as well as to the annoyance of the vender, who called me all the fools she could lay her tongue to. Went into Baston's, called for a basin of soup; drank it, emptied the ink bottles into the basin, and then asked the waiter how he could bring me such stuff. He begged pardon, and I left him to find out his mistake. Sent my son with a bottle of Apothecaries' Hall for sixpenny worth of pigeons' milk. Came back in half an hour, and said they had none made. "Where's the sixpence," said I, "I spent it in oranges," said the young rogue and had the grin of me.

Brushed into my neighbour's, and told him I was sure there was a fire in his house. Dreadfully alarmed, he ran into every room on the premises, but returned with an assurance that I was mistaken. Called him "April Fool," and bid him look in the kitchen. Sent Molly to Spital-square to see a master silk-weaver roasted. Came back in a hurry, and said he was only "in a stew." Voxed with Alderman Gobble about the smelts. Asked him to take a glass of Madeira, and accidentally, on purpose, poured him out a glass of vinegar. Burst into a snort of laughter to see his wry face. My own wine went the wrong way, and I was nearly choked. Filled a blind nut with cayenne pepper, and gave it my wife to crack. Had her a second time. I thought she would have spit out her eye teeth in getting rid of its effects. Knew my brother was going out to an evening party, and had soaped the soles of his shoes. Was delighted to hear him come hump down on his crupper, overhead. Went up to have my laugh, and found him crying with a sprained ankle. Run down to send for a doctor, but nobody would go, believing I only meant to make them "April Fool." Went myself, and came all haste back with Dr. Bolus. Found a cat tied by the tail to the knocker, kicking up a precious clatter. Couldn't go near for fear of my eyes. At last, she worked the skin off her tail, and bolted. Cook opened the door, all consternation. Scrambled up stairs to my brother's room, with Bolus at my heels, but he was not there. Came running down again; trod on some peas which my son Jack had placed to overturn the maids, was launched forward like a seventy-four, and rose majestically with all the skin off my back. Limped into the drawing room, and found my brother had only been gammoning. Made a virtue of necessity, and laughed with tears in my eyes, and pains in my bones. Not done yet. Sent cook to the linen-draper for two yards of ell wide pack-thread. Came back, and said, "they an't got none so narrow." Had another hearty laugh; but changed my tone on old dripping coming back, and saying she had left the door ajar while she was gone for the ell-wide pack-thread, and some fool or other had walked off with my great coat, and Alderman Gobble's hat. No such fool, either, thought I. Wanted to get rid of Gobble, and told Jack to tell Tom to get some one to come and say that his mother was dead. The news came, but Gobble took it very easy. "I know it," said he, "for I was at her funeral when I was fourteen. No go," and he had the smile in his favour. Determined to be even with him, and after supper filled the kettle with gin, and put a bottle of the same on the table. Swore it was fine strong spirit, and tried in vain to weaken it with water from the kettle. Got blind drunk, played the devil with the Turkey carpet, and I was obliged to send him home in a coach. Slipped slyly up stairs, while my wife was gone to see all right in the kitchen, and made "apple pie" with the sheet by turning it up half way with the tail towards the head. Thought I should have died of laughing to see her getting in. Called me an old booby, and got out to make the bed again. Put out the candle, and got in myself, but found to my great dismay, that there were two sorts of bed-pies, for Betty had actually placed a large dish of hare-pies under the clothes, into which I jumped, but was very well content, in the end, to find it was nothing worse.

Yours, &c.

AN OLD JOKER.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New-York Saturday Evening Gazette.

REUBEN VILLAGE.

(Concluded.)

The dream, for it could seem nothing else to Edwin, was horrible; the thoughts of the act he had committed, though justified by some on a point of honour, could not altogether still his conscience, nor prevent him from thinking that his violence of temper alone was the cause;—and as he gazed on the still, pale form of his late adversary he bitterly wished it was himself that had fallen.

The evening had not so far elapsed as to prevent his visiting Amy, and with a heavy heart he took the road that led to her cottage. Amy had long been impatiently awaiting the appearance of her husband, when, hearing the light tap at the door, she flew to receive him as she thought; her brother stood before her; surprise made her tremble for a moment, but the next she was in his arms.

That night, to Edwin, was miserable, and as the sun first gave token of its rising on the succeeding morning, he was in the hall of the cottage; but Amy was there before him. "There is one scene of my childhood," said he to her, "that will never be erased from my memory, it always casts a shade of unhappiness over me for a moment, whenever any object brings it fresh to my mind; I have often strived but in vain, to forget it, each effort seeming to bind it stronger to my memory. You can but recollect, that on the hill side, you often went with me to see a solitary's cottage; one lives there whom misfortunes, that perhaps were not unmerited, had driven from the world to that lonely spot—

"And does that affect your happiness, Edwin?" said Amy.

"Listen: last night in my journey here I passed that way, with all the impatience that I had, to see a sister, and the shades of night approaching so fast, could not deter me from seeing him, and his words went like a dagger to my heart. When first he saw me approach, with his cane he pointed towards your cottage, and bade me 'hasten to save a sister's honour!' Startled at the thought, I staid not to answer him, but hastened here."

"And what has that to do with me?" said Amy, "some busy, wandering woman, or mischievous boy, has told him an idle slander, in their visits to his cottage, and this he frightens you with; you know him well, some say he is far from possessing reason."

"He was our dying mother's only friend, for this you should respect him," said Edwin.

"And you believe his idle tales?"

"I knew him well, Amy; but this only brings me nearer to what I would say to you; for oh! what followed was the wonder! In the village, as I passed, I heard your name pronounced with violence in a dispute, and hastened to learn the cause, when I saw two young men talking of you in the village inn; one of them I heard say, 'her brother, when he comes, will make all right.'"

"'Tis impossible!" said Amy shuddering with alarm.

"'Tis true as heaven! and, fired at the insult, I rushed upon them to learn the cause of thus using your name with such freedom, they escaped me, but some one whispered Pemberton. Good God! do you shrink at that? You know him! he has been here!"

As Edwin mentioned her husband's name, a deadly paleness overspread the face of Amy, which was almost immediately changed to the deepest red, as the apprehension for Pemberton's safety, and the fear that her brother had discovered their marriage, assailed her mind. She well knew that if Edwin became acquainted with her situation with Pemberton, notwithstanding his prejudices against his countrymen, it having been kept secret from him, would be enough to make him spurn her from him. It would make him and herself unhappy, and she was in the present circumstances, determined to keep it still secret; though should she ever wish it, she now, for the first time, felt she was solemnly bound not to reveal it. She therefore satisfied him with saying, that Pemberton had merely called at the cottage, and he believed that nothing further had occurred. "But listen, Amy," said he "our mother, when she died, with tears in her eyes, entrusted

you most solemnly to me; whether it was but the delusion of a fading and dying mind, I know not, but she said that you were destined by fate to be the child of unhappiness. At her command I knelt beside her in her last moments, and took an oath that I would guard you dearer than any other tie. That Pemberton was the man with whom, when at our residence in the city, I fought with, and was severely wounded; since that time, I have not seen him, excepting last night. Our mother from what cause I not, made me sacredly vow that I would guard you from him, and never let acquaintance or connection be between you.

"What, paler still, Amy?" This was the scene that I told you was ever first in my memory; and that hermit was the only witness to this strange oath, that, though it but bound me to my duty, the strangeness of our parent's conduct, and the fear that you should meet him, have made me melancholy ever since. I never can forget our mother's dying words; 'your's and your sister's honour is all I leave you; let no rude thorns lie in the path your sister treads, that a brother's hand can remove, her way will not be strewn with flowers, but to you I trust her, guard her as if she were as dear to thee as hopes of heaven.'"

"You have," said Amy, "ever shown me more than a brother's love and care."

"And I am sure you will never wrong it; but now I conjure you by every holy recollection of our mother's dying words, if there is any secret within your mind, though you may think it innocent, you must tell me unless you could withstand the idea of your mother's rising from the grave to curse you. I have heard much of this Pemberton, but him you will never see again."

"Have you seen him since your arrival at the village?" said she eagerly.

"I have, but from him you have nothing to fear; he is your country's foe; for that you should hate him."

"Can he honourably be otherwise than loyal to his Prince?" said Amy.

"He is like too many of our own countrymen, Amy, that would think it cowardice to brook the slightest taunt unrevenged, and yet would rob the garden of its fairest flower, and smile, unheeding its destruction. Oh do not, my dearest sister, rob me of the only happiness I have, of seeing you thus innocent and happy as when we were left unprotected, in our infancy, to the wide world. Let no rude passion sway your tender breast, until reason shall have cause to sanctify it."

With but ill-concealed agitation, Amy had listened to her brother, and deeper and stronger reasons for concealing her marriage were now very apparent. While she shuddered at the thoughts of some "ignorant sin she had committed," she was determined to keep it secret from her brother, whose happiness seemed to rest upon her. But she must be assured of her husband's safety; Edwin had seen him since his arrival, and he was to have called at the cottage the preceding evening. Could they have met and fought; for she had often heard of his mortal foe, but was ignorant of his name as well as offence. It was with not a little agitation that Amy asked what had passed between them. This question brought the melancholy recollection of his misfortune fresh to Edwin's mind. "We have both seen him for the last time," said he; "I may have trouble on his account, but it was all fair and honourable, though no witnesses were present, save God, and our honour, and he had as fair a chance for my life as I for his."

But where was Amy now; she had listened with the most eager attention to her brother, when, shrieking "You have murdered my husband," fell at his feet pale and apparently lifeless as the marble she laid upon. The rest of this sad tale is soon told. Edwin, driven almost to madness at the emotions that contended for superiority in his bosom, after summoning the servants to his sister's assistance, rushed in desperation from the house, and was met by one of his friends, who told him that blood had been traced by the villagers from some distance to the solitary cottage where Pemberton's body was discovered. His sudden arrival at the village, and their well known enmity, had fixed suspicions upon him, and said he, innocent or guilty, your life is only in your escape, as the officers of justice will soon be in pursuit. This was too much for him to bear, and with

the desperation that had marked him from his childhood, he rushed to one of the highest rocks on the banks of the river, and dashed headlong in—a violent emotion of the water—a struggle—fainter and fainter each moment—the water settling with less and less motion—was the certainty that all was over.

Amy soon recovered to life and misery; the rose left her cheek forever, and seated melancholy took the place of that gayety which had ever before illuminated her countenance; but a year had scarcely elapsed, ere she was no more.

Edwin was sought for, but in vain, and was supposed to have escaped, when his body was washed ashore, some distance from the spot where the tragic act was committed.

The old hermit explained the reason of Edwin Somers' oath, that his mother, by some delusion, was thought to consider Pemberton as the foe to her daughter's happiness, as he had been to her own, and to Edwin's safety; this was the only reason she had for his taking the oath he had, and which he considered was the act of his parent, when her senses were over-clouded with severe illness.

The name of this village has long since been changed, and perhaps its original one forgotten, or never known, to most of its inhabitants. But there is still an old decaying tomb of rough stones over the lonely grave of these unhappy beings, and the spot is yet venerated for their misfortunes; a large willow tree is planted near it, which is sometimes pointed out to the passing traveller, as a place rendered sacred by the misfortunes of those who lie buried there. B.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MISSOLOGHI.

A history of the siege of Missolonghi has been published at Paris, by M. Auguste Fabre, a French writer of considerable celebrity. It contains a number of most interesting details with respect to that memorable event. The bravery and self-devotion of the unfortunate Greeks are painted with a very masterly pencil. It is well known, that after having been disappointed in all their hopes of aid, feeling their ramparts crumbling under their feet, seeing their fathers, their wives and their children, perishing by famine, the garrison sent a communication to the only corps which was able to give them any succour, that of Kairaskaki, requesting it to attack the rear of the enemy on a certain day, and to announce its arrival by a general discharge of musketry, at which moment the garrison would make a sortie and endeavour to cut their way thro' the besieging army. On the appointed day, the population of Missolonghi was assembled. There remained three thousand soldiers (including those who, although sick or wounded, were capable of marching with the assistance of their comrades), a thousand artificers or other men unused to fighting, and about five thousand women and children. The Grecian women, who fancied themselves strong enough to brave the fatigue and danger of the sortie, dressed themselves in men's clothes, in order that if they were unable to escape the enemy, they might be mistaken for soldiers, and put to death instantly. Many of them hung round their necks and the necks of their children, as a protecting talisman, the revered relics of their ancestors; and wore concealed daggers, with which either to strike the enemy, or to secure their not being taken alive. Those whose weakness forbade them to follow the troops, joined the desperately wounded, the sick, the aged, and the infants, and resolved to bury themselves in the ruins of the town. It was a terrible moment. Almost all the families of Missolonghi were divided into two parts; those who remained in expectation of death, and those who were on the point of rushing forth to vengeance and to new dangers. The hardiest warriors were subdued to tears; and the bravest hearts quailed at the approaching separation. All those preparations were, however, rendered abortive by the infamous treachery of a Bulgarian soldier, who had deserted to Ibrahim, and disclosed the whole plan. The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and bathed themselves in Christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. "But one voice was heard among the despairing women,"

says M. Fabre: "To the sea! to the sea!" Many precipitated themselves into wells, into which they first threw their children. But the wells at length became full, and it was a long way from the ramparts to that part of the harbour which was sufficiently deep for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close on their victims. Several women, and even several children, had the address and the good fortune to free themselves by throwing themselves on the naked swords of the Arabs; others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; twelve hundred, who could discover no way of destroying themselves, fell into the hands of the enemy. The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder magazine. The size and the solidity of the building induced them to believe that the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only women and children, and Capsalis (one of the primates of the town, who, having obstinately refused to accompany the garrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder magazine a crowd of women and children, saying, 'Come, and be still; I will myself set fire to it'). They wept not; they had no parting to apprehend; the grave was about to unite them forever. The mothers tranquilly pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsalis. In the meanwhile, the enemy crowded round their asylum; some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; some climbed to the roof, and endeavoured to demolish it. At length, Capsalis, perceiving that a vast number had assembled, uttered a brief prayer, familiar to the Greeks—'Lord remember me!' and applied the match. The explosion was so violent, that the neighbouring houses were thrown down, large chasms were produced in the earth, and the sea moving from its bed, inundated one part of the town. Two thousand barbarians were blown up with Capsalis." Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama!

IRISH LEGENDS.

CON M'GILLIGAN.

The following tale, extracted from a late publication entitled *Sketches in Ireland*, portrays the singular Irish belief in the "good people" so well, that we cannot do better than give it our readers.

Manus M'Swine in this way had a fine boy taken from him, and one all head and mouth left in its stead; there it lay in the chimney corner, everlastingly bawling—the roar never out of its mouth except when it was crammed with milk and white bread; and the day the priest went to cristen it, you would hear its bawls all over the hills and up to Lough Salt;—thus it lay the world's torment, until one day that Con M'Gilligan, the tailor, came. Now Con used to come once a year to give a week's mending and making; and so he staid in the house a sewing, while Manus was abroad working and working, and the mistress went out to milk the cow; and just to make the needle run glibly through the cloth, Con began to lilt up a song, when with a squaking voice from the cradle in the hob, the little crathur cried out, "Con, jewel, go to the salt-box and take out an egg, my dacent lad, and just dress it in the ashes for me, or I will cry so loud that it will spoil your singing." "O, then," says Con, "is it you that spakes—by the powers, I all along knew you were nothing at all but a leaving of the good people—not the breadth of my nail will I go until you tell me all about yourself." "Well, now, do, Con, make haste and roast the egg for me before the mistress comes in, and believe me it will be well for you." So Con thought it all but dangerous to anger the crathur, and so he went and roasted the egg in the ashes, and afterwards, though he did not much like it, fed the urchin, who seemed to like mightily a fresh egg. "Well, and now my sweet little fellow, who are you, and where did you come from? for sartin I am that you are not a natural bairn." "Oh, then, Con, you never said a truer word than that—I am one of the good people—I am sent here by our king as a bit of a punishment; but next hollantide eve, please the pipes, I will be back and dancing on the moor braes round the Rock of Doune." "Well, and," said Con, "when and where

were you born." "Tut, man, I was never born—I was once upon a time as pretty a winged angel in heaven as could be, as beautiful, as good, and as happy as the day was long; and there was terrible war there, for they that are devils now, rebelled and were turned out, and down they came falling head foremost, tumbling and rolling until they dropped into hell. I with all those who are now called good people, took neither hand nor part in the fray—we joined neither god nor devil; and so, because we were neither good nor bad, neither this thing nor that thing, God Almighty was pleased to turn us out—not indeed into hell, but here we came to flit up and down through the world—sometimes indeed for good, more times for bad—now merry—now sad, and here we are to be until the day of judgment, growing less and less, time after time, and I fare very much unless we mend our manners we must all of us in the end go to hell. But no more of that now, my dear Con, for its a sore subject; you seem to be a good and likely boy, and know how to roast an egg, so Con, dear, meet me the night of hollantide at the Rock—I will be after making your fortune." The week before hollantide the child was observed to bawl no more; it would not sup any more milk; and one morning it was found stiff and cold in its cradle. To be sure Manus and his wife were not sorry to be so well rid of what was a vexation and a shame, and Manus went with a light heart with the unlucky thing under his arm, and he put it quietly in the church yard on the north side of the old abbey, where the sun never shone upon it. Twenty times a day did Con M'Gilligan argue with himself whether he would mind the fairy's bidding, and go to Doune Rock on the night of All-Souls, or not: 'twas head or harg between conscience and curiosity—and curiosity won the toss; and so he set out in the light of the full moon to the Rock. As he came near, and was turning the corner of a rocky ridge out of which an oak in the former times used to grow, he found something drop from the tree on his shoulder, and looking up, he saw the natest little gentleman in the world sitting there just like an old acquaintance. "I'm glad to see you, Con—and so you can put trust in the good people's word: and now it's I that will shew you that I am a gentleman, and up to my word to a hair's breadth; so now mind my bidding, and follow me; but first take this musheroon in your left hand, 'twill make you, while you hold it, as light, and thin, and small as myself: and mind for your life you don't name the name of God, or say a Pater Noster." As Con had gone so far, he thought he might as well go on; so taking the musheroon from the fairy, in the twinkling of an eye, he became less than a ninepin, and it was all his wonder that though his legs were so small, he went as fast as thought; so thus they slid on, until they came to the side of the Rock where the fairies' door is, when his leader put his hand in his fob, took out a little key, and slipping it in the keyhole, before you could say Jack Robinson they were in the finest palace in the world. King Solomon, nor King David, nor King George, God bless him! neither have nor had such furniture, such household stuff, in kitchen nor in parlour. "And now," says the fairy to Con, "don't you want a little money? come this way with me and fill your pockets." So they turned down an entry and came to a great iron grated door, with a huge padlock to it, which at the fairy's touch opened, and they entered into a sort of cellar, full of bags of gold. "Make haste now, Con, and fill your pockets." So Con set to work, and crammed as fast as he could; and just when he had all his pockets full, he cried out, "thank God I'm rich enough forever!" He had no sooner said this, than crash, dash, went every thing about his ears; light left his eyes, and sense his brain; and on the following morning, as if awaking out of a sound sleep, he found himself lying at the mouth of the cave, and what was best of all, he found when he clapped his hands to his pockets, that they were full of good hard cash. So up he got; and as he was going towards home, says Con to himself, "What came by fairies may go by fairies; if I stay here in this country, there may little luck or grace go along with me or my money." So Con set off for Derry, and took shipping for New-York, as he heard for sartin that fairies never go as far as America; and there he lived and died—and there his children are rich people to this very day.

VARIETY.

CALIGRAPHY OF DR. CHALMERS AND MR. JEFFREY.—"Pray did you ever see Jeffrey's scrawl, or the pot hooks of Dr. Chalmers?" "Never." "Then you are no judge of the beauties or varieties of human writing. I've had a note of the latter lying by me three years, and I've never been able to decipher it yet, nor have I ever met with a being who could. I showed it to Professor Lee, as Arabic, written to me by the celebrated Mirza Seid Moosshedabad, of Ispahan! He said at once, 'I can make neither head nor tail of it. But pray, Madam, preserve it; it's a very great curiosity.' As to little Jeffrey's caligraphy, you shall hear what Mr. Willison, of Edinburgh, said to me respecting it. 'Did you ever see his writing? Of all the pot hooks—Lord save us! a cook maid would have written better with a skewer! He's often sent me sheets which were actually illegible—a mass of mere up and down strokes—I could have wept to look at them! Perhaps I could make out the first letter—say it was p—well, then all the rest was a matter of guess work; and whether it was particular, or praiseworthy, or professional, or party spirit, or periwinkle, I had to conjecture from the context. Surely never man made such a g, l, and p, as he does! And then the cantrips, which his highness would occasionally play up! Often when I had got a whole number in type, he would come down, cancel three or four articles and leave me as many fresh ones in their place. And times beyond number he has presented himself to me, seen the proof of a long and difficult article, and altered and remodelled every line of it! And then if we made a mistake or two more than ordinary, he would fume, and rage, and fret, and talk of his time, and our stupidity, as if his writing was copperplate! I've often said to Mr. Constable, Jeffrey will drive me demented at last: and if ever I'm put into a madhouse, see that he pays the charge o't.'"

ETYMOLOGIES.—Mr. Horne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, introduces the derivation of King Pepin from the Greek noun *asper*: as thus—*asper*, oper; diaper; napkin, nipkin, pipkin, pepin—king—King Pepin! And in another work, we find, the etymology of pickled cucumber from King Jeremiah! *exempli gratia*, King Jeremiah—Jeremiah King; Jerry, king; jerkin, gerkin, pickled cucumber! Also, the name of Mr. Fox as derived from a rainy day; as thus—rainy day, rain a little, rain much, rain hard, reynard, fox! Every scholar must be also able to prove to a demonstration that a pigeon-pie is an eel-pie. Lest the reader may not be a student or an etymologist, here it is—pigeon is pie-jack; pie-jack is jack-pie; jack-pie is fish-pie! and fish-pie is eel-pie!

CONFESSION.—An Irish lad, whose father was a Catholic, was pursued to go to the priest and confess. He consented, but upon the priest demanding a shilling before hand, he made a pause, and asked, "Do you confess?" "Yes," said the priest, "I confess to the dean." "Does he charge you?" asked the boy. "Yes, a white thirteen," replied the priest. "And who does the dean confess to?" "The bishop." "And the bishop?" "He confesses to the pope." "And do deans and bishops pay?" "Yes, emartly too," replied the priest. "Who, then, does the pope confess to?" inquired the boy. "To God," was the reply. "And what does God charge?" "Nothing." "Then I'll confess to God, and save my shilling," said the boy.

DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD. A pious divine of the old school says, "a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the wo of his wife, the scoff of his neighbour, his own shame, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man."

There are said to be no less than 3,664 known languages in use in the world; of which 937 are Asiatic, 687 European, 275 African, and 1624 American languages and dialects.

A great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great misfortune. The more riches a fool has, the greater fool he is.

ALBANY :

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1827.

THE FESTIVAL. We invite the attention of the fraternity to the notices on our second page, and in particular, those whose residences are in the immediate vicinity of the several places of celebration.

Besides the satisfaction which every worthy brother may derive from the society of those whom masonry has made near and dear to him, celebrations, if well attended, and prudently conducted, have a directly salutary influence upon community at large, in more particulars than even their best friends are always aware of. In the first place, they give rise to a mutual courtesy, and exchange of compliments between places which are too often induced by secular interest, to look coldly and jealously on each other. Invitations are passed, and repassed; assistance, if needed, is cheerfully tendered, with a firm confidence that it will be as cheerfully reciprocated; acquaintances are formed, which often ripen into the firmest friendships, and by these, the interests of each become the charge of all. Then, talents are elicited which the monotony of familiar exercise have too often rendered dull. The orator of the day will exert his utmost, for the best reason in the world,—an opportunity to send his name beyond the circle of those friends, who perhaps have grown indifferent to his abilities; and his success on that day will brighten them, in the same proportion as they give him a confidence in himself. Again, the science of music on such occasions, receives attention of no inconsiderable advantage. The chorister puts his best judgement in requisition, and selects the most appropriate pieces for his choir,—who, in their turn, never pass over a season like this without improving, both in taste and theory. In short, we might go on and enumerate a host of benefits, to be derived from celebrations; but it would only consume time, as we trust that reflecting masons will pursue the hints we have thrown out to them, till they arrive at the conclusion to go, and put the matter to a fair and impartial test.

CIVILIZATION. There are few of the privileges we enjoy, for which we are not far more indebted to the wisdom and enlightened liberality of the generations before us, than we are apt to imagine. It is true, that the present age is more fertile in that genius of invention which is so conducive to human ease, than many which have passed; but we must not infer from this, that our ancestors were less wise, or filled a less important link in the chain of Time. There are arts which their industry and enterprise have perfected, though humble in their character, which added as much to the refinement and glory of the days in which they lived, and perhaps more to the real welfare of humanity, than the boasted discoveries and learned theories of the present era.

We have often beguiled our hours of tedium, with reflections on the rise of the human mind, from its first feeble flutterings, to the sphere in which it now soars; the monarch of the world, the tamer of the elements, the scrutinizing inspector of the farthest and most mysterious works of God. We cannot but think that man at his creation received such knowledge from his Maker, as was never communicated to any other form of dust:—a knowledge that even his offspring become possessed of only by imitation,—for example, the faculty of speech. Whether this revealed knowledge extended any

further, it is not our province to decide; but it is more than probable, that, were man totally cut off from all opportunity to imitate, or to receive instruction from his fellow man, he would remain and die in a state of intellect very little if any above the complete idiocy in which he was born. And this position is not without facts to support it, of the most conclusive nature. Besides the daily proofs which any man of sound and cultivated reason may see in the crowds of human forms around him, history furnishes some facts which amount, in our humble opinion, to a demonstration.

We find in the history of Poland, that a part of that ill-fated country, some hundred years ago, was overrun with hordes of warlike Tartars. The cities and villages were burned, and their inhabitants, men, women, and children, driven away into captivity beyond the Wolga, or forced to fly to the mountains and caverns of the forests. Time, the only sure comforter, at length restored peace to the valleys of Lithuania; but he did not in all cases unite the parted captives, or bewildered fugitives. Many a mother was left to dream of her lost child, and many a brother knew not whether to weep for the living in exile, or the more happy dead; and their hearts were rung, both by the recollections of joys that were, and the uncertainty of the fate of those who to them were not.

Some twenty or thirty years after this, the attention of the curious was excited by the capture of several wild men; probably the children of some parents who were massacred by the Tartars, or separated from them in their flight; and being left destitute of the aid of one single being like themselves, they had relapsed into all the ferocity and degradation of brutes.

They were found individually alone, went on all fours, and showed no other proofs of sagacity than an amazing dexterity in climbing trees, and procuring their customary food,—the wild fruits and nuts of the forest. Gentle treatment and persevering efforts restored some few of them to their speech and to humanity; but on others, all that art and patience could bestow had no impression. They were still as indocile as the orang-outang.

Those on whom the humane efforts of their captors had the most salutary effect, arrived at considerable proficiency in the art of speech; but strange to tell, when questioned as to their mode of life and feelings, while wild, they were uniformly found totally destitute of the faculty of memory, till founded on the associations and discipline of civilized life.

If this be the natural state of man,—if he has risen to his present rank in intellectual improvement, from a situation like this,—where shall we fix the bourn of his scaring mind? If from a state bordering on idiocy, he has arisen to a knowledge and a power which enables him to bridle the storm, and bring down the lightning to his subserviency, why may we not infer that he will go on increasing in knowledge, till even the bottom of the ocean is as familiar to him as the cellar of his own house, and the planets and fixed stars become to him like next door neighbours.

REFLECTION. The difficulty of confining our thoughts to a profitable subject, and the intrusion of ideas wholly remote from those we wish to retain, are among the most serious obstacles which throng the path of solitary reflection. Nothing is a surer

check to the vagrancy of the thoughts than to shun all dangerous and foolish practices, which have been improperly termed recreations. We mean such amusements as gaming, carousing, &c. These pursuits are followed by many for the sole purpose of driving away those thoughts which are painful to them; for with them, to think at all is a species of torment, which they shun with the ingenuity of the conscience-stricken felon. If exercise and amusement are necessary to health (and they are absolutely so in many cases), there are diversions which are really recreative. Hunting, riding, walking, and even music, are of this kind; affording at the same time, an easy exercise to the body, and a spacious field for the entertainment of the mind.

We do not mean that it is desirable, or even salutary, to be debarred entirely from the society of the gay. To become a mere hermit would turn the thoughts away from every pleasant, as well as every profitable channel. The most happy, and we think we may add, the most wise, are those, whose discretion is most plainly discoverable in the division of their time; giving to the duties of labour, refreshment, devotion, and reflection, each its separate and limited portion of the day. It is evident that the comparative quantity of each division must be adapted to your pursuits, and circumstances in life; for in some situations, the part allotted to the purposes of labour must be greater, while that devoted to reflection must of course be less in its turn. The order of arrangement, too, must necessarily be different, as the person's station in society and pursuits vary; but we know not the individual, who, having the exercise of his reason, and a healthy constitution of mind and body, may not devote some portion of every day to each of these duties.

As a specimen of management proper for those who are studious either from necessity or choice, we take the following extract from a work of sterling worth, which every reflecting person will find both interesting and profitable,—Zimmerman on Solitude. "What character, however luxurious, ever felt the same content at any splendid entertainment, as Rousseau experienced in his humble meal? 'I return home,' says he, 'with tired feet, but with a contented mind, and experience the calmest repose in resigning myself to the impression of objects, without exercising thought, indulging imagination, or doing any thing to interrupt the peaceful felicity of my situation. The table is ready spread on my lawn, and furnished with refreshments. Surrounded by my small and happy family, I eat my supper with healthy appetite, and without any appearance of servitude to annoy the love and kindness by which we are united. The gayety of my mind throughout the evening testifies that I lived alone through the day; for, being seldom pleased with others, and never with myself when visitors have disturbed me, I sit, during the whole evening of the day when company has interrupted me, grumbling or silent. Having thus made my humble and cheerful meal, I take a few turns round my little garden, or play some favourite air on my spinette, and experience from my pillow a soft content, more sweet, if possible, than undisturbed repose.'"

THE LATE EXCITEMENT. The following are extracts of letters from gentlemen of the first respectability in the places from which they are dated. They serve to show the standing of persons whose ebullitions of malignity are so actively and

zealously scattered through the country by mischievous and designing men.

"*Canandaigua, (Ontario co.) May 3, 1827.*

"The excitement can't last forever, and we look for more quiet times. Since the town meetings have been held, there is less said on the subject. The petty brawlers, and aspirants for petty offices, have, in a measure, been gratified. The most noisy and contemptible fellow here, was, for his over zealous efforts, rewarded with the *high and honourable station of keeper of the pound!* by the unanimous vote of the town."

"*Bath, (Steuben co.) May 6, 1827.*

"There is yet much excitement in this vicinity, on the subject of the alleged abduction of Morgan; but it prevails only among a class of people not remarkable for brightness of intellect—men whose opinions, at home, are not worth a straw; but when blazoned to strangers, are looked upon as expressive of the feelings and sentiments of the community at large. And if the numerous meetings which have denounced masonry in such energetic terms, should be properly scanned; they would be found to have consisted principally of knaves and fools—knaves who endeavour to make it a political question, and fools who suffer themselves to be wheedled by such profound absurdity."

MASONRY IN MEXICO. From the New-York Times, of Thursday, we extract the following:—"Vera Cruz papers to the 11th ult. have been received in New-Orleans. one of which mentions that on the 3d of April, there was a warm debate in the Mexican legislature, on the policy of tolerating freemasonry, and which rite was to be preferred, the York or the Scottish. The paper states that the galleries were crowded by people of both sexes and of all colours. The report of a committee, for imposing some restraints on the secret proceedings of Masonic Lodges, was finally adopted—in the Senate by a vote of 24 to 7—in the House of Representatives, 40 to 24.

OHIT CHAT.

Settlers from Europe are pouring into Canada. About 1000 arrived at Quebec the first week in May.—The Emperor of Russia has appointed a special commission to consider of measures for encouraging the building of merchant vessels.—At Newport, N. H. last week, an action, *Miss Thankful B. Pollard vs. Elijah Cooper*, was tried. The auditors were so numerous that the court adjourned to the meeting house. Verdict for plaintiff—damages \$150, for breach of promise of marriage.—At a late trial in England, a witness testified against a Welshman that he had known him drink ten gallons of ale in a day—and sometimes he would sit for successive days, drinking, and would never leave off while he could get ale. It is extraordinary he had not a certain ail called the dropsy.—It is proposed in London, to conduct the smoke of their fires under ground, to a respectful distance from the city before they let it taint the air. But the saucy wind may afterwards blow it over the houses—and place a cloud between the sun and nobility.—A poor man, a native of Ireland, having gathered together a few pounds, and not liking to have it about him, gave it to a gentleman to take care of, that he might draw when occasion required it; but the gentleman had not had it many days in his possession before he died. The poor man on hearing of his death went to bed immediately, and died in twenty-four hours after.—*London paper*—The Pacific, arrived at New-York from Liverpool, saw about 100 islands of ice—about lat. 45, and from lon. 49 to 52—the summit of one was 244 feet above the sea.—The *Manch Chunk Railway* is in successful operation. It is said some of the descending cars have been permitted to run a mile a minute!—In Catholic towns the bells are chimed at the birth of a child—and in a town of France they play *Malbrook* for a boy, and *bon jour, Mam'selle*, for a girl.—The hills in Canterbury, N. H. and the tops of *Kear-sage* and *Cardigan*, in sight of Concord, N. H. were covered with snow, May 3d, which fell two days before.—The steam boat *Olive-Branch* was destroyed by fire at New Orleans, on the 21st ult.

FOREIGN NEWS.

London papers of the 16th ult. and Liverpool of the 17th, are received by the Florida, capt. Tinkham.

Nothing certain was known in regard to the formation of a new ministry, but the Times of the 16th, states that the following arrangements are in contemplation.

Sir John Copely to be Lord Chancellor.

Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Robinson, (with a Peerage) Colonial Secretary.

Mr. Huskisson, Home Secretary, (this not certain.)

Lord Dudley and Ward, Privy Seal.

Lord Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chamberlain, (not certain.)

Marquis of Anglesea, Master of the Ordnance.

One paper says it is believed the Duke of Cambridge will be appointed Commander-in-Chief. Another states that the Marquis of Anglesea has been offered the post.

It is said that his Majesty received the resignation of the seceders with a tone and manner so decisive, that more than one repented he had not doubted before tendering so fatal an offer. Lord Bexley is said to have recalled his, and Mr. Peel, it was rumoured, would probably be open to explanation.

Lord Bexley is allowed to come back to the cabinet.

The new title of Mr. Robinson, is Lord Strath-earn.

The Marquis of Londonderry resigned his embassy to Vienna on hearing of Mr. Canning's appointment. It is rumoured that the Marquis has written an insolent letter to the king. Other resignations have taken place—among them, it is reported, the Attorney General.

Though it was strongly rumoured in London, on the 16th (says the New-York American) that the arrangements referred to above for the composing of the new Cabinet has been made, it is not to be taken as certain that such was the fact. One thing, however, is clear—that the King has felt himself personally aggrieved, and the respect due to his station violated, by the combined withdrawal of the old Cabinet. His feelings, therefore, as well as his judgment, will induce him to sustain and uphold Mr. Canning in the arrangements he may propose for re-forming the Cabinet.

We regret, says the London Times, to hear that a negotiation, which had been commenced by Mr. Canning with Lord Lansdown, has broken off on the impossibility of emancipation being made a Cabinet question against a declared royal wish; and further, that Ireland is still to reap a few of the comforts of a divided government. If, however, Mr. Plunket be immediately named Lord Chancellor of that country, one positive good will have been fixed beyond the reach of fortune.

SPAIN. All the reports in circulation were of a warlike character. At Madrid, many labourers were employed in making cartouches, which were despatched to Ciudad Rodrigo. The Marquis of Chaves was about to make a new inroad into Portugal.

PORTUGAL. It is said in a private letter from Madrid, of the 2d of April, that the general opinion was, that Chaves would re-enter Portugal before the end of the month; part of his troops had not been disarmed. It is also mentioned that Montea-legre had already returned into Portugal, disguised as a peasant, to endeavour to organize, by himself, a rising in *Tras-os-Montes* and *Beira*.

The generals of the constitutional Portuguese army, having requested from the Spanish authorities the delivery of the horses which had been used by the royalists, were answered that the greater part were Andalusian, and of course Spanish property; so that a restitution could not be made.

All apprehensions from the movements of the rebels had ceased at Lisbon; whatever steps they may take, will be only the struggles of an expiring cause.

A letter from Lisbon, March 28th, says: "The commander *Torlade Dazambuja*, who was ambassa-

dor of Portugal at Madrid under the Cortes, has been nominated charge d'affairs to the U. States of America, and will shortly sail for his destination.

TURKEY. A letter from Constantinople, of the 10th March, says: "After the evasive answers given by the Reis Effendi to the propositions of the European powers respecting the Greeks, the ministers of England, Russia, Austria, France and Prussia, determined, in a conference held at Pera, to present a note unanimously, in which they call upon the Porte peremptorily to accept the proposition. A favourable result to their proceedings is expected."

"The labours of the arsenal are pushed forward actively, and the troops continue their exercises daily. The government exhibits the greatest severity in upholding the public tranquility."

LONDON, April 16. Contrary to the expectation, little effect has been produced on the funds by the dissolution of one ministry, and the bustle incidental to the information of another.

A Carlisle paper says, that a number of operatives have set out to embark for America, or are preparing to do so. The price of weaving the lowest class of gingham is now so much reduced as to render it perfectly impossible for a weaver to provide for a large family, even with oatmeal, or potatoes, though he toil 14 hours a day.

Thomas Campbell, esq. was installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, on the 12th April.

SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

BOTANICAL CURIOSITY.

A leaf of the talipot tree has lately been brought to this country from Ceylon, of which island it is a native. The leaf is in a good state of preservation. It measures fully eleven feet in height, sixteen feet and a half in its widest spread; and from thirty eight to forty feet in circumference. If expanded as a canopy, it is sufficient to protect a dinner party of six, from the rays of the sun, and in Ceylon is carried about by the natives for that purpose.

[*Asiatic Journal.*]

ENORMOUS FOSSIL VERTEBRA.

It is stated in the last number of the *Philosophical Journal*, that in the neighbourhood of Bridport, in Dorsetshire, a short time ago, a labourer, digging for an ingredient used in mortar, found a vertebra of an enormous animal, larger than a whale, and supposed to belong to a land animal. This curiosity is in the possession of a gentleman at Bridport, who generously rewarded the finder with ten guineas. Search has been made after the other parts of the same animal, but without success. The perforation for the spinal marrow is stated to be nearly equal in circumference to the body of a man.

REVOLUTION OF COMETS.

The zeal with which the interests of science were forwarded in New-Holland, by Sir T. Brisbane, deserves the warmest acknowledgement of every liberal mind. Among the most curious results obtained under his patronage, by Mr. Dunlop, at the observatory of Paramatta, may be considered the one arising from the observations on the comet of August, September, and October, 1825, and on the changes which took place in the figure of the tail, tending to establish the existence of a rotation round its axis. The periodic variations in the appearance of the tail, seemed to indicate the time of revolution to be about nineteen and a half hours. Similar appearances were observed by Le Pere Cyral, in the tail of the comet of 1618; by Helvetius, in the tails of the comets of 1652 and 1661; and by Pingrel, in the tails of the comets of 1769.

DIED,

In Rowley, on the 7th inst. after many months of extreme suffering, Mr. ROBERT S. COFFIN, the Boston Bard, son of the late Ebenezer Coffin, A. M. His remains were carried from Rowley to Newburyport, and carried into St. Paul's Church. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Morse, and then the body of the deceased was interred in the Old-Town burial ground, by the side of his father.

COOPER'S NEW NOVEL.

THE PRAIRIE, is just published, and for sale at O. STEELE'S

Bookstore, 437 S. Market-st.

May 19.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO ———.

And now the sickening charm is gone,
The silver veil is parted,
And thou art foul to look upon,
As mean and hollow hearted.
But not by rough upbraiding verse
Shall he thou hatest mate thee;
In other forms the mourner's curse
And scorner's frowns await thee.
Fly, then to some dark shade,
Where vengeance may not teach thee
The grief that thou hast made,
—For there it yet may reach thee.

But stay!—Where shall the slanderer rest
Free from the fiends, which haunt him?
Is there no prompter in the breast,
Whose voice shall daily taunt him?
But go!—thou hast no sense of pain,
Save thine own selfish sorrow;
And pity, thou shalt seek in vain,
For all thy woes to-morrow.
Fly, then, to some dark shade,
Where none to taunt shall follow,
Whom thy false heart has made
As hard, as mean, as hollow!

May 12, 1827

G.

THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

Spirit of the midnight dream,
What is now upon thy wing?
Earth sleeps in the moonlight beam;
O'er that sleep what wilt thou fling?
Many a vain and shadowy thought,
All of daylight's hope and fear,
Minds strange workings, have I brought
On the sleeper's eye and ear.

There were some who prayed me give
Respite short from grief and pain;
Some few who but sought to live
Pleasures fleeting hours again.

Past I o'er a purple tent,
Down and odours wooed my stay;
But remorse and hate were sent—
Guards to banish me away.

Reached I next a lonely tower,
Pale, like him, a lamp burnt there,
While its master past the hour
O'er his scroll of learned care.

Marvelled I that he should spend
Thus the hours of my sweet reign;
When his labours find their end,
He will find, too they were vain.

Tears were in the soft dark eyes
Where I once had loved to rest;
Love had banished me, and sighs
Told he was less quiet guest.

But I bade her eye-lids close
'Neath a sweet dream's gentle sway,—
False, but yet less false than those
Which the maiden dreamed by day.

I have seen the iron brow
Grow yet darker in its rest;
While the flushed cheeks angry glow
Told what lurked in the dark breast.

I have entered the drear cell
Where the pallid murderer past
Hours whose anguish none may tell,
Yet clung to them as his last.

I have looked on craft and crime
In the hearts of youth and age:
O Night! thine's a fearful time—
Mine a weary pilgrimage!

Better love I sweet noontide,
Haunting the blue hyacinth bell,
Where the silver waters glide—
Where the falling dew-drops dwell.

Welcome to the morning hours!
Welcome to the rising sun!
I may now go haunt the flowers,—
Joy! my human task is done.

SONG.

BY MISS MITFORD.

With hound and horn and huntsman's call
They chase the fallow deer;
And thou, the noblest of them all,
Why dost thou loiter here?

Thou canst not deem within her bower
Thine own true love to see:

Dost thou not know at matin hour
I ne'er can come to thee?

My sister's voice is on the stair,
All in her maiden glee:
My mother's sitting every where,
And calling still on me.

My father's by the southern wall,
Pruning the old vine tree;
My brothers playing in the hall,—
And all are wanting me.

Then off, and mount thy gallant steed,
To hunt the fallow deer;
Off, off, and join the chase with speed
Nor loiter longer here.

At eventide my mother sits,
Her knitting on her knee,
And wakes by starts, and dreams by fits,
But never dreams of me.

At even tide my sister fair
Steals to the great oak tree;
I may not tell who meets her there,—
But naught want they of me.

At eventide, beside the bowl,
With some old comrade free,
My father many a song doth trol,
But never thinks of me.

Off, then, with hound and echoing horn,
To chase the fallow deer;
Nor deem again at peep of morn
To meet thy true-love here.

BALLAD.

A lover to his lady's bower,
With silent steps came softly stealing;
The dew was on the leaf and flower,
And night and shade the earth concealing;
He drew his lute, and breathed this lay—
"O, Lady, list, thy lover's 'plaining!—
The night is innocent as day—
Where love, and love alone, is reigning!"

The lady from her lattice high,
Came stealing, too, on feet as soundless;
She heard his lute, and heard his sigh,
Which told a tale of passion boundless.
"I know thee not, but by my fair,
By thy bold tongue thou'rt some false lover;
For love's light sins by night, the day
Will by its waking blush discover.

"Vice, when he wears the mask of night,
May look as fair as holy Virtue,
But you discern by days true light,
The sin disguised which came to hurt you:
The hawk by night may woo the dove,
And seem a dove—as tame and tender;
But with the day she knows her love,
And seeks her dove cote to defend her."

"Oh, think not so, thou lady rare!
The moon for us safe watch is keeping,
And we on bliss may fully fare,
When all the world, save us, are sleeping!
Descend, my lady dear, descend—
And where love is he never fearful;
Pure love had never sinful end—
Of love and lovers heaven is careful!"

"Then say not so—oh, say not so—
Thy words descend like drops of sorrow:
Yet since thou wilt not true love know,
Thou shalt behold him on the morrow.
May all good angels guard thy head,
When softly laid on slumber's pillow,
But I shall lie on torture's bed,
As restless as on ocean's billow!"

They parted then—the morrow came,
And to her bower the knight came riding;
She knew him, by his scarf of flame,
To be a lord and wept her chiding.
"Now tell me, surly groom—now say,
Is thy all-worshipped lady waking?
And does she know this night's delay
Weighs on my heart as it were breaking?"

Tell her I come from the Holy Wars,
With the scarf she bound about me,
Unstained, unshamed by the Moslem's scars,
With my trophies round about me!
For Richard's right, and England's might,
My sword and battle axe were wielded;
For these I fought the Christian fight,
Till every Paynim foe had yielded."

Fair lady Emma from her couch came,
And, weeping as she ran, embraced him;
She knew him by the scarf of flame,
And by the plumed helm which graced him.

"Oh, droop not so—oh, weep not so—
Thou art still true and tender-hearted;
We've parted once, but never mo'
Shall our dear loves and lives be parted!"

"Then let the merry bell ring round,
And the feast be largely given,
For I am now on England's ground,
The holy knight of heaven!
Let the priest wight by tapers light
Unite us fast as love would be;
And be the glee sung, and the carrillon rung,
And the feast and the flask move merrily!"

LACONICS.

BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Telling *lessens* our griefs and *doubles* our joys.
Our thoughts are expressed by speech, our passions
and emotions as well without them.
Solitude damps thought and wit; too much com-
pany dissipates and hinders it from fixing.

BY JOHN GILLIES.

Men are less jealous of power than tenacious of
property, and less tenacious of property itself than
of their *ancient usages and customs*.

The desire of wealth and of power, of effeminate
ease, of frivolous amusements, and of all the artifi-
cial advantages and enjoyments of society, are only
so many *ramifications of the love of action and of
pleasure*; passions which it would be impossible to
eradicate without destroying the whole vigour of
the mind. Yet those propensities, which it is often
the vain boast of philosophy to subdue, policy may
direct to new and more exalted objects.

Few individuals are able to enjoy, without abusing
the gifts of fortune; and *no nation ever possessed
power, without aspiring at conquest*.

*The chief happiness of the mind must be sought in it-
self*, in the enjoyment of intellectual and moral plea-
sure. Our thoughts are ever, and intimately present
with us; and although the bustle of external objects,
and the tumult of passion, may sometimes divert
their current, they can never dry up their source.
The reflections on our own conduct will be con-
tinually recurring to our fancy, whatever pains we
may take to exclude them; nor can the voluptuous
enjoyment, or ambitious activity ever so totally oc-
cupy the mind of a Persian satrap or a Grecian dema-
gogue, but that their principal happiness or misery,
in the whole course of life, must chiefly depend upon
the nature of their reflections on the past, and upon
their hopes and fears about futurity.

Of all political constitutions *democracy* presents
the widest scope to the exercise of superior talents,
and has always been *most productive in great men*.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1827.

[No. 17.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MASONIC FUNERAL HYMN.

Dark is the path that earthly wanderers tread,
And moral blackness clouds their cheerless sight;
Till He at whose rebuke old chaos fled
Points their dim vision to eternal light.
It breaks upon them—not in all its bright
And lightening lustre; but a single ray
Shoots from the east, as in his early flight,
The angel of the morning brings the day;
Increasing, till the shades shrink from his smile away

Then through this vale of sorrow must he pass,
Beset by foes without, and fears within.
Where from such danger shall he fly? alas!
No earthly refuge can his footsteps win,
When death and wo pursue! Or who hath been
Potent to ward the blow when overtaken?
He sinks. The grave yawns, and he stumbles in,
Unmarked, save by the rootless shrub, forsaken,—
He sleeps till He shall come, through whom the dead awaken.

O mourn not o'er his humble grave; in vain
Ye sigh for his return to worldly care.
He rests untortured by earth's toil and pain,
And foes pursue not his devotions there,
Then to the living glory which they share
Who from the grave first rise, and are first blest,
He and his peace are left. And when the fair
Reviving form comes forth from out thy breast
O earth! thy shades are past, and the weary soul may rest
May 23d, 1827. G.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I have been several times requested to prepare a Calendar* for the use of the Lodges and Councils under the jurisdiction of the Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem with which I am connected. That *uniformity* should obtain, as well in the mode of *dating* as in other matters appertaining to the mystic craft, is doubtless a desideratum. If a compliance with this request, will in any measure aid in promoting this object, I shall be compensated for the little research the following remarks have cost me.

As the Jewish Calendar is the one adopted by Sublime Freemasons, it appeared necessary to give a description of it. In attempting to do so, I soon found myself enwrapt in a labyrinth of matter, to present the whole of which to your readers, would make too serious an encroachment on my time and their patience. Besides, in an essay designed for a paper like yours, "*est brevitatis opus, ut currat sententia.*" On the other hand, in the effort to prevent remarks on a subject of this kind, from becoming too prolix, there is danger of their becoming obscure. I would here observe, "*en passant,*" that those who wish for a full and elaborate illustration of this calendar, can be gratified by consulting the Commentary of Dr. Adam Clarke at the end of Deuteronomy. I have also made a few observations respecting the different modes of dating, in use among freemasons, which may perhaps interest some of your masonic readers.

If you deem the following essay and circular

* I wished to reserve all remarks on this subject, for insertion in a Manual, on sublime freemasonry, long ago promised, but which circumstances have prevented, and may for sometime to come, prevent, from appearing before the public.

worthy a place in your valuable paper, please insert them in your next number; which reaching every subordinate Lodge and Council, will save me the trouble of writing particularly to each.

G. F. Y.

Sc henectady, May 16th, 1827.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MASONIC CHRONOLOGY.

It has been an immemorial custom among "blue" and "red," as well as "sublime freemasons," to date from the creation. The reason of this custom, is doubtless because the principles upon which their order is founded, can be traced from the beginning of time. With sublime freemasons, there is an additional reason. Certain circumstances detailed in some of their degrees, have an allusion to the time, when by the fiat of Jehovah, the chaotic materials of this earth were ranged in form and order, and gleams of light dispelled the darkness, that enveloped "the face of the deep." Every accomplished brother will here readily advert to our mottos, "*Lux ex tenebris,*" and "*ordo ab chao.*" And when it is considered, that the Jews were the original depositories of some of the sublime mysteries, it is not to be wondered at, that sublime freemasons should adopt, or retain, the Jewish mode of dating.

It has been a subject of much speculation, at what time before Christ to fix the epoch of the creation. "Several hundred calculations and opinions have been given, making the extreme dates differ upwards of 3000 years."* Since the most learned chronologists do not agree on this point, it is not strange surely, that freemasons should differ in their computations. Masons of the lower degrees, usually compute by the "vulgar year of our Lord," adding to it 4000 years; thus calling the present year, 5827. But Dionysius Exiguus, who, A. D. 532, first taught christians to date from the birth of Christ, commenced the Christian era *four years too late*. The true epoch of the creation, is B. C. 4004. This is the chronology established by those profound scholars, Usher, Prideaux, Calmet, and others, and is according to the Hebrew text. It has received the sanction of the greatest Protestant divines throughout the world, and is held in such high repute, that it is adopted in the authorized versions of the Holy Scriptures. Sublime freemasons use this chronology either alone, or in conjunction with the vulgar Jewish computation, which fixes the creation B. C. 3760.

In one of the sublime degrees, allusion is made to an ancient Syriac manuscript, discovered A. D. 1553, which represents the world as being many thousand years older than by the chronology of the Bible. That freemasons should make pretensions to a discovery so much at variance with the commonly received opinion of men on this subject, might by some be deemed presumptuous. In answer, we will state simply one fact. Not many years ago, the learned Dr. Hales, in his "analysis of chronology,"† has established a new era, which makes the present year of the world 7288. He has, in the most able manner, controverted the system of Usher, and if not fully established his own system, has advanced

such powerful arguments in support of it, as will stagger the most sceptical.

The "year of the restoration," which will be found in some masonic documents, cannot with propriety be used by masons below the 16th degree, and is seldom used by any except masons *above* that grade. It is calculated from the time Cyrus issued his decree for the restoration of the ancient Israelites. The Knights Templars have a date peculiar to themselves, which is computed from the time their order was established. According to these several computations, the date of this communication would be, the 19th day of the second month IYAR, Judæorum anno 5587, Anno Liberationes 2362, Anno Lucis 5831, Anno Ordinis (of the Templars) 709, which answers to the 16th day of May, Anno Domini 1827, and (it may not be impertinent to add) to the 10th day of the 11th Arabic month, called Dalhaadah [signifying month of repose] Hegira 1205.

The Rabbies maintain that the Almighty rested from the work of creation, on a day answering to the first day of their month Tisri, which corresponds with Sunday, October 23d. It is admitted that the Hebrews originally began their year with that month. But on their departure out of the land of Egypt and in commemoration thereof, they were divinely commanded* to make their year commence at the beginning of the month in which that departure took place; to wit, the month *Nisan*, then called *Abib*. Josephus says, that "Moses appointed that Nisan should be the first month for their festivals, because he brought them out of Egypt in that month: so that this month began the year as to all solemnities they observed to the honour of God; although they observed the original order of the months, as to selling and buying and other ordinary concerns."† Josephus then being judge, the Hebrews had *two* ways of beginning their year. For all matters of a civil or secular nature, they made use of, what they now term their "political" or "civil year;" which commenced about the time of the autumnal equinox with the month *Tisri*. And in the calculations of their festivals and other ecclesiastical concerns, they used their "sacred," or "ecclesiastical year;" which commenced about the time of the vernal equinox, with the month *Nisan*.

This notion of two sorts of years, is maintained by the Rabbies of the present day. That it should have been adopted by Prideaux,‡ and other christian writers, may appear somewhat singular, when it is considered that no plausible passage from Holy writ can be adduced in support of it. It does not appear from any part of the old Testament that the ancient mode of beginning the year from the month Tisri, was used after the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt. Wherever the months are named and numbered, no matter whether for civil or ecclesiastical purposes, they are numbered according to the ecclesiastical year. Examine among other passages, Exod. xiii. 4.—I. Kings vii. 1. viii. 2. Esther viii. 12—ii. 16—iii. 7—viii. 9—Zech. i. 7—vii. 2.

But whether there was a single or double com-

* Exodus xii. 1, 2.

† Josephus' Antiquities, lib. I. ch. 2. sec. 3.

‡ See Prideaux's "Connections," part 1st, preface.

* See new edition of Dalcho's "Ahiman Rezon," p. 37.

† London edition 4 vols. quarto 1809.

commencement of the ancient Jewish year, it is not of any consequence to us, as sublime freemasons, to enquire into, since we have adopted the *ecclesiastical* year of the modern Jewish Calendar. The fasts and festivals of the Jewish church are connected with this subject, and might here claim our attention. But inasmuch as this essay is designed for freemasons, who as such have nothing to do with these observances, we shall waive any remarks respecting them, and proceed to a description of the Calendar now used by the Jews.

This Calendar was settled by Rabbi Hillel, cir. A. D. 358. He made the ancient Jewish Calendar which consisted altogether of lunar months, vie in astronomical accuracy with the Julian Calendar. This last, however, was in the sixteenth century surpassed by the Gregorian Calendar, which (as is well known) is the one now in use among Christians.

(Conclusion next week.)

ELECTIONS.

Grand Lodge of the State of Connecticut.

Elected May 9th, 1827: Daniel B. Brinsmade, Grand Master; James W. Goodwin, Deputy Grand Master; Amherst D. Scovill, Grand Senior Warden; William C. Gay, Grand Junior Warden; Laban Smith, Grand Treasurer; William H. Jones, Grand Secretary; Charles A. Ingersoll, Grand Senior Deacon; Asa Child, Grand Junior Deacon; Rev Benj. M. Hill, Grand Chaplain; Philip Saunders, and William H. Ellis, Grand Stewards; Darius Higgins, Grand Tyler.

Grand R. A. Chapter of the State of Connecticut.

Elected May 10th, 1827: Thomas Hubbard, Grand High Priest; William H. Jones, Deputy Grand High Priest; Andrew Harris, Grand King; Asa Child, Grand Scribe; Ingoldsby W. Crawford, Grand Marshal; Samuel Simons, Grand Centinel.

Grand Council of the State of Connecticut.

Elected May 10th, 1827: T. I. Ingoldsby W. Crawford, G. P.; I. Andrew Harris, D. G. P.; I. Asa Child, G. T. J.; I. Samuel Simons, G. P. C.; I. John Fitch, G. C. G.; I. Andrew Kidston, G. Treasurer; I. William H. Jones, G. Recorder; I. and Rev. Benjamin M. Hill, G. Chaplain; I. William H. Ellis, G. S.; I. Darius Higgins, Grand Tyler. T. I. N. A. Phelps was re-elected, G. P. but declined.

MASONIC ANNIVERSARY.

At a regular meeting of Franklin Lodge, No. 399, it was resolved to celebrate the festival of St. John the Baptist, on Monday, the 25th June next, at the Village House kept by E. Wells, in Pittstown, Rensselaer county. A sermon and an address will be delivered, and a dinner provided on the occasion. The Worshipful Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of neighbouring Lodges, are respectfully invited to attend and join in the celebration. The services will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. JONATHAN WORTHINGTON, ERASTUS GEER, WILLIAM TILLINGHAST, ELBERT J. WILLETT, Committee of Arrangements.

Pittstown, May 19, 1827.

At an extra communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 90, at their Lodge Room in Greenfield, on the 19th of May, 1827, it was

Resolved, That said Lodge celebrate the approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist, at the above place, on the 25th of June next, and that the adjacent Chapters and Lodges be solicited to join in the festival. It was also

Resolved, That brothers Lewis Scott, Darius Johnson, Elihu Wing, William Burnham, and John Paige, be a committee of arrangements.

The particulars relative to the order of the day, will be hereafter given by the committee.

BENJAMIN H. AUSTIN, Sec'y.

The festival of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated in the village of Herkimer, Herkimer county, by Royal Arch Chapter, No. 27, in conjunction with Amicable Lodge, No. 37, of the same place. The procession will be formed at the house of Companion Benjamin Kelsey, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and move to the church, where an oration will be delivered; after which the procession will return to Comp. Kelsey's, who will furnish dinner and refreshments at a reasonable rate. The Companions and Brethren of neighbouring Lodges are respectfully solicited to attend said celebration. The neighbouring clergy are also invited to attend.

DAN CHAPMAN,
C. D. LOUNDSBERRY,
JAMES RYERS,
PATRICK MAHON,
LORIN DEWITT,
J. S. MAYNARD,
JOHN CARPENTER,
Committee of Arrangements.

The annual meeting of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-Hampshire, will be holden at the Hall of the Blazing Star Lodge, in Concord, on Thursday, next following the second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock, forenoon.

ALBE CADY, G. Sec'y.

May 19, 1827.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

ASBESTOS.

This substance, called also amianthus, appears to be produced from the decomposition of primitive rocks, amongst which it is oftenest found. It chiefly occupies fissures and cavities of steatitic rocks, serpentine, and others abounding in magnesia. The asbestos which is found in the mountains of Tarentaise, in Savoy, forms silky filaments of more than three decimetres, or about a foot in length. People, when they see for the first time, a detached tuft of asbestos, can scarcely be convinced that it is actually a stone, and not a species of fine white silk. Asbestos abounds in Corsica; Dolomieu made use of it, instead of hay and tow, to pack up other minerals. Ciampini says, that the largest asbestos he ever saw, came from the Pyrenes. It abounds in the Uralian mountains, and in Greenland. In Corsica, they mix asbestos with the clay used in the potteries, which is thus rendered less brittle, and more capable of resisting the sudden alterations of heat and cold. The ancients spun the asbestos, and made towels, napkins and head dresses of it. When these became soiled by use, they were thrown into the fire, which did not destroy the substance of the asbestos, and upon being taken out, were found to be whiter than if they had been washed. In the funeral obsequies of kings and emperors, the dead body was enveloped with clothes of asbestos, before it was placed on the funeral pile; and thus the ashes were obtained quite unmixed. In modern times, the Russians alone have attempted, but without success, to spin the asbestos. The inhabitants of the Uralian mountains have still preserved some remains of this frivolous industry. The indestructible paper, made from this substance, appears more useful. Wicks for lamps are also formed of all the asbestos, which easily imbibe oil, and burn with a brilliant flame. Father Kircher made use of such a wick for more than two years, without any perceptible decay, but having wet it by accident, was prevented from continuing his experiment. Perhaps the fabulous accounts of unextinguishable sepulchral lamps derive their origin from this circumstance.

Of the inflammable substances, sulphur naturally presents itself first to our observation. That which is crystalized by the action of a liquid, is found in veins or in beds, amongst sulphate of lime, or amongst potters clay. These beds, which are often very extensive, border upon strata of rock salt. Crystals of sulphur sometimes adorn the interior of calcareous, or even quartz eagle stones. With respect to sulphur formed by sublimation, it is found in powder, in striated masses, or even in crystals, at the mouth of many volcanos, such as Etna, Vesuvius, and Mount Hecla. Several substances, amongst others the sulphurous pyrites, are impregnated with sulphur. We cannot doubt that sulphurous and sulphuric acid exerted a powerful agency in the primitive fermentation of the elements—but there is nothing in the existing economy of nature which can enable us to penetrate these mysteries of "chaos and ancient night."

We have already spoken of the diamond, to which the rigid justice of modern chemistry assigns a place amongst combustible substances. The anthracite, a substance similar to the pit coal, combined with stony matter, of difficult combustion, appears to have the same principle for its basis as the diamond, namely, pure carbon, accidentally mixed with flint and iron. The anthracite occurs chiefly, but not exclusively, in primitive rocks, where it forms considerable masses. Thus, as Dolomieu observes, "carbon, or the carbonaceous principle, exists in nature, independently of animals and vegetables, of which there are no traces found in the primitive soils." let us also add, that sulphur must have existed before organized bodies, since, as Delametherie observes, it is found in granite. Deluc has lately expressed the same opinion in relation to primitive calcareous earth. We seem every day becoming more disposed to admit the formal pre-existence of

all the elements which enter into the composition of the globe, whilst false logic would represent them as being wholly the remains of animals or vegetables. Let us rather say, that the organic energy of nature exerted in two different directions, has given rise on one side to calcareous rocks, alkaline-earthly substances, and animals—on the other, to quartzeous and bituminous substances, and vegetables; constantly putting in action the same elements, or their products, but always proceeding from a general and imperfect organization, to another more individual one more perfect, ascending from the stone to the diamond, from molybdena to gold, from the medusa to the shell, and from the polypus to man.

The elementary oils existed also without doubt before vegetable substances. The place they hold in nature is worthy of our attention.

[Physical Geography.]

SUBTERRANEAN SOUNDS,

HEARD AT NAKOUS ON THE RED SEA.

Baron Humboldt informs us, on the authority of most credible witnesses, that subterranean sounds, like those of an organ, are heard towards sunrise, by those who sleep upon the granite rocks, upon the banks of the Orinoco. Messrs. Jomard, Joilois, and Devilliers, three of the naturalists who accompanied Buonaparte to Egypt, heard at sunrise, in a granite monument placed at the centre of the spot on which the palace of Carnac stands, a noise like that of a string breaking.

Sounds of a nature analogous to these have been heard by Mr. Gray of University College, Oxford, at a place called Nakous, (which signifies a bell) at three leagues from Tor, on the Red Sea. This place, which is covered with sand, and surrounded with rocks in the form of an amphitheatre, presents a steep declivity towards the sea, from which it is half a mile distant. It has a height of about 300 feet, upon 30 feet of width. It has received the name of a bell, because it emits sounds, not as the statue of Memnon formerly did, at sunrise, but at every hour of the day and night, and at all seasons. The first time that Mr. Gray visited this place, he heard, at the end of a quarter of an hour, a low continuous murmuring sound, beneath his feet, which gradually changed into pulsations as it became louder, so as to resemble the striking of a clock. In five minutes it became so strong as to detach the sand. The people of Tor declare that the camels are frightened and rendered furious by these sounds.

Anxious to discover the cause of this phenomenon, which no preceding traveller had mentioned, Mr. Gray returned to the spot the next day, and remained an hour, to hear the sound, which was on that occasion heard much louder than before. As the sky was serene, and the air calm, he was satisfied that the sound could not be attributed to the introduction of the external air, and in addition to this, he could not observe any crevices by which the external air could penetrate. The Arabs of the desert ascribe these sounds to a convent of monks preserved miraculously under ground, and they are of opinion that the sound is that of their bell. Others think that it arises from volcanic causes; and they found this opinion on the fact that the hot baths of Pharaoh are on the same coast.

M. Humboldt ascribes the sounds in the granite rocks, to the difference of temperature between the external air, and the air of the narrow and deep crevices of the shelves of rocks. These crevices, he informs us, are often heated to 48 or 50 degrees during the day, and the temperature of their surface was often 39, when that of the external air was only 28 degrees. [Edinburgh Journal of Science.]

GERMAN SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The ingenuity of German artificers has lately offered two spectacles equally interesting and curious:

1st. Placing chains for a suspension, instead of the ancient bridges, over the grand navigation of the Danube, at Basumowski, and, 2d, A manoeuvre, executed by the pioneers, by which a bridge of a new construction was thrown over a stream and lying upon the tressels, which form part of the accoutrement of this body of men, when in service; but which are thus adapted to purposes of undoubted utility in times of peace. The canal is 160 (Vien-

na) feet in width, at the part where the bridge is planted; its greatest depth is 10 feet 2 inches, and the swiftness of the currents, usually flowing at the rate of 4 feet 2 inches in the second, was greatly accelerated by the quantity and violence of the previous rains: in spite of this, one hour and three quarters saw the undertaking completed; and a bridge was raised upon eight tressels, across which large bodies of men and horse might pass with perfect safety; as, also, artillery, and light waggons, or carriages.

BOTANICAL QUESTION.

Are all plants the result of the germination of virgin earth and vegetable mould? It is undoubtedly a very remarkable phenomenon that the earth when dug to the depth of eight or ten feet or more, produces all sorts of plants, provided it is advantageously exposed to the sun; but what is more extraordinary, is that this new vegetation frequently affords plants of kinds which have never been remarked in the country. It is natural to ask, whence came these plants? Can it be admitted that the seeds of those new plants were contained in the several kinds of earth? But could all those seeds, which had been perhaps above three thousand years under ground, without having been exposed to the action of the sun, have preserved the power of generating? If we strew ashes on high and arid heaths, we should see sometime afterwards clover and vetches growing there, though these two plants had never before been seen on those places. Shall we believe that the seeds of clover and vetches were in the ground, and only waited for stimulus to germinate? But how did it come there? We know that high and arid heaths never produce clover; it cannot therefore be considered as proceeding from a plant which formerly grew there. But even should we admit the possibility that these kinds of earth may contain clover seed, this opinion cannot be maintained in some parts of East Friesland, where wild clover is made to grow by sowing pearlshells on peat marshes. [*Bulletin Universel des Sciences.*]

THE COCOOY, QUEEN BEETLE.

This astonishing insect is about one inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus, furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which afford light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light. But language cannot describe the beauty and sublimity of these lucid orbs in miniature, with which nature has endowed this queen of the insect kingdom.

TO GIVE SILVER PLATE A LUSTRE.

Dissolve alum in a strong lye, skim it carefully, then mix it with soap, and wash your utensils with it, using a linen rag.

REPOSITORY.

COMBUSTION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

The following accounts of combustion of the human body are taken from the *Emporium of Arts and Sciences*. The facts are well authenticated and accounted for on philosophical principles. They are republished with a view of aiding other means now employed for the suppression of intemperance.

We read in the *Transactions of Copenhagen*, that in 1692 a woman of the lower class, who for three years had used spirituous liquors to such an excess that she would take no other nourishment, having sat down one evening on a straw chair to sleep, was consumed in the night time, so that next morning no part of her was found but the skull and the extreme joints of the fingers; all the rest of her body, says Jacobæus, was reduced to ashes.

The following extract of a memoir of Bianchini is taken from the *Annual Register for 1763*: The Countess Cornelia Bandi, of the town of Cesana, aged 62, enjoyed a good state of health. One evening having experienced a state of drowsiness, she retired to bed, and her maid remained with her till she fell asleep. Next morning, when the girl entered to awaken her mistress, she found nothing but the remains of her body in the most horrid condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which could be distinguished the legs and arms untouched. Between the legs lay the head, the brain of which, together with half the posterior part of the cranium, and the whole chin, had been consumed: three fingers were found in a state of coal; the rest of the body was reduced to ashes, which, when touched, left on the fingers a fat, foetid moisture. A small lamp which stood on the floor was covered with ashes, and contained no oil; the tallow of two candles was melted on the table, but the wicks still remained, and the feet of the candlesticks were covered with a certain moisture. The bed was not damaged; the bed clothes and coverlid were raised up and thrown on one side, as is the case when a person gets up. The furniture and tapestry were covered with a moist kind of soot of the colour of ashes, which had penetrated into the drawers and dirted the linen. The soot having been conveyed to a neighbouring kitchen, adhered to the walls and the utensils. A piece of bread in the cupboard was covered with it, and no dog would touch it. The infectious odour had been communicated to other apartments. The *Annual Register* states that the Countess of Cesana, was accustomed to bathe all her body in camphorated spirit of wine.

Mary Clues, aged 50, was much addicted to intoxication. Her propensity to this vice had increased after the death of her husband, which happened a year and a half before. For about a year, scarcely a day had passed in the course of which she did not drink at least a pint of rum or aniseed and water. Her health gradually declined, and about the beginning of February she was attacked with the jaundice and confined to her bed. Though she was incapable of much action, and not in a condition to work, she still continued her old habit of drinking every day and smoking a pipe of tobacco. The bed in which she lay stood parallel to the chimney of the apartment, and at the distance from it of about three feet. On Saturday morning, the 1st of March, she fell on the floor; and her extreme weakness having prevented her from getting up, she remained in that state till some one entered and put her to bed. The following night she wished to be left alone. A woman quitted her at half after eleven, and according to custom, shut the door and locked it. She had put on the fire two large pieces of coal, and placed a light in a candlestick on a chair at the head of her bed. At half after five in the morning a smoke was seen issuing through the window, and the door being speedily broke open, some flames which were in the room were soon extinguished. Between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate Clues; one leg and a thigh were entire, but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles and viscera. The bones of the cranium, the breast, the spine, and the other extremities, were entirely calcined, and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The people were much surprised that the furniture had sustained so little injury. The side of the bed which was next to the chimney had suffered the most; the wood of it was slightly burnt; but the feather-bed, the clothes and covering were safe.

The transactions of the Royal Society of London present also an instance of human combustion no less extraordinary: It was mentioned at the time it happened in all the journals; it was then attested by a great number of eye witnesses, and became the subject of many learned discussions. Three accounts of this event, by different authors, all nearly coincide. The fact is related as follows:—"Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger, of the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich, aged about sixty, had contracted a habit, which she continued for several years, of coming down every night from her bed-room, half dressed to smoke a pipe. On the night of the 9th of April, 1744, she got up from her bed as usual. Her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive she was absent till next morning when she awoke,

soon after which she put on her clothes, and going down to the kitchen, found her mother stretched out on the right side, with her head near the grate; the body extended on the hearth, with the legs on the floor, which was of deal, having the appearance of a log of wood, consumed by a fire without apparent flame. On beholding this spectacle, the girl run in great haste and poured over her mother's body some water contained in two large vessels in order to extinguish the fire; while the foetid odour and smoke which exhaled from the body almost suffocated some of the neighbours who had hastened to the girl's assistance. The trunk was in some measure inciterated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs, had also participated in the burning.

This woman, it is said, had drunk a large quantity of spiritous liquor in consequence of being overjoyed to hear that one of her daughters had returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burnt entirely out in the socket of the candlestick which was close to her. Besides, there were found near the consumed body, the clothes of a child and a paper screen, which had sustained no injury by the fire.

HISTRIONIC PREACHER.

Mr. Whitfield displayed in his boyhood, great theatrical talent; and when afterwards called upon to the ministry of the gospel, he indulged in a histrionic manner of preaching, which would have been offensive, if it had not been rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable power. Remarkable instances are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. A ship builder was once asked what he thought of him. "Think!" he replied, "I tell you, sir; every Sunday I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitfield I could not lay a single plank." Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him.

The elocution of Whitfield was perfect; he never faltered, unless the feeling to which he had wrought himself, overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears;—sometimes the emotions of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension for his life.

He would frequently describe the agony of our Saviour with such force, that the scene seemed actually before his auditors. "Look yonder," he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing while he spoke, "what is it that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark! do you not hear? Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" This he introduced frequently in his sermons: and one who lived with him says, the effect was not destroyed by repetition; even to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if they had never heard it before.

Sometimes at the close of a sermon he would personate a judge about to perform the last awful duties of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would say, "I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinners, I must do it, I must pronounce sentence upon you!" and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." When he spoke of St. Peter, how after the cock crew he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face.

Perfect as it was, histrionism, like this, would have produced no lasting effect upon the mind, had it not been for the unaffected earnestness and indubitable sincerity of the preacher, which equally characterised his manner, whether he rose to the height of passion in his discourse, or won the attention of the motley crowd by the introduction of familiar stories and illustrations adapted to the meanest capacities.

POPULAR TALES.

MASETTO AND HIS MARE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Author of "Whims and Oddities."

It is remarkable, and hardly to be believed by those who have not studied the history of superstition, what extravagant fables may be imposed on the faith of the vulgar people; especially when such fables are rehearsed in print, which of itself has passed before now as the work of a black or magical art, and has still influence enough over ignorant minds, to make them believe, like Masetto, that a book of romances is a gospel. This Masetto, like most other rustics, was a very credulous man; but more simple otherwise than country folks commonly appear, who have a great deal of crafty instinct of their own, which comes to them spontaneously, as to the ravens and magpies. And whereas pastoral people are generally churlish and headstrong, and in spite of the antique poets, of coarse and brutal tempers, Masetto, on the contrary, was very gentle and mild, and so compassionate withal that he would weep over a wounded creature like a very woman. This easy disposition made him liable to be tricked by any subtle knave that might think it worth his pains; and amongst such rogues there was none that duped him more notably than one Bruno Corvetto, a horse-courser, and as dishonest as the most capital of his trade. This fellow, observing that Masetto had a very good mare, which he kept to convey his wares to Florence, resolved to obtain her at the cheapest rate, which was by stratagem; and knowing well the simple and credulous character of the farmer he soon devised a plan. Now Masetto was very tender to all dumb animals, and especially to his mare, who was not insensible to his kindly usage, but pricked up her ears at the sound of his voice, and followed him here and there with the sagacity and affection of a faithful dog, together with many other such tokens of an intelligence that has rarely belonged to her race. The crafty Corvetto, therefore conceived great hopes of his scheme: accordingly, having planted himself in the road by which Masetto used to return home, he managed to fall into discourse with him about the mare, which he regarded very earnestly; and this he repeated for several days. At last, Masetto observing that he seemed very much affected when he talked of her, became very curious about the cause, and inquired if it had ever been his good fortune to have such another good mare as his own; to this Corvetto made no reply, put throwing his arms about the mare's neck, began to hug her so lovingly and with so many deep drawn sighs, that Masetto began to stare amazingly, and to cross himself as fast as he could. The hypocritical Corvetto then turning away from the animal,—"Alas!" said he, "this beloved creature that you see before you is no mare, but an unhappy woman, disguised in this horrible brutal shape by an accursed magician. Heaven only knows in what manner my beloved wife provoked this infernal malice, but doubtless it was by her unconquerable virtue, which was rivalled only by the loveliness of her person. I have been seeking her in this shape all over the wearisome earth, and now I have discovered her I have not wherewithal to redeem her of you, my money being all expended in the charges of travelling, otherwise I would take her instantly to the most famous wizard, Michael Scott, who is presently sojourning at Florence, and by help of his magical books might discover some charm to restore her to her natural shape." Then clasping the docile mare about the neck again, he affected to weep over her very bitterly. The simple Masetto was very much disturbed at this story, but knew not whether to believe it, till at last he bethought himself of the village priest, and proposed to consult him upon the case; and whether the lady, if there was one, might not be exorcised out of the body of his mare. The knavish Corvetto, knowing well that this would ruin his whole plot, was prepared to dissuade him. "You know" said he, "the vile curiosity of our country people, who would not fail at such a rumour to pester us out of our senses, and, especially, they would torment my unhappy wife, upon whom they would omit no experiment, however cruel, for their satisfaction. Besides, it would certainly kill her with

grief, to have her disgrace so published to the world, which she cannot but feel very bitterly; for it must be a shocking thing for a young lady who has been accustomed to listen to the loftiest praises of her womanly beauty, to know herself thus horribly degraded in the foul body of a brute. Alas! who could think that her beautiful locks, which used to shine like golden wires, are now turned by damnable magic into this coarse slovenly mane;—or her delicate white hands—oh! how pure and lily-like they were!—into these hard and iron shod hoofs!" The tender-hearted Masetto beginning to look very doleful at these exclamations, the knave saw that his performance began to take effect, and so begged no more for the present, than that Masetto would treat his mare very kindly, and rub her teeth daily with a spig of magical hornbeam, which the simple-witted rustic promised very readily to perform. He had, notwithstanding, some buzzing doubts in his head upon the matter, which Corvetto found means to remove by degrees, taking care, above all, to caress the unconscious mare whenever they met, and sometimes going half-privately to converse with her in the stable. At last, Masetto being very much distressed by these proceedings, he addressed Corvetto as follows:—"I am at my wit's end about this matter. I cannot find in my heart, from respect, to make my lady do any kind of rude work, so that my cart stands idle in the stable, and my wares are thus unsold, which is a state of things that I cannot very well afford. But, above all, your anguish, whenever you meet with your poor wife, is more than I can bear; it seems such a shocking unchristian-like sin in me, for the sake of a little money, to keep you both asunder. Take her, therefore, freely of me as a gift; or if you will not receive her thus, out of consideration for my poverty, it shall be paid me when your lady is restored to her estates, and by your favour, with her own lily-white hand. Nay, pray accept of her without a word; you must be longing, I know, to take her to the great wizard, Michael Scott; and in the mean time I will pray, myself, to the blessed saints and martyrs, that his charms may have the proper effect." The rogue, at these words, with undissembled joy fell about the mare's neck; and, taking her by the halter, after a formal parting with Masetto, began to lead her away. Her old master, with brimful eyes, continued watching her departure, till her tail was quite out of sight; whereupon, Corvetto leapt instantly on her back, and without stint or mercy, began galloping towards Florence, where he sold her, as certain Saxons are recorded to have disposed of their wives, in the market-place. Sometime afterwards, Masetto repairing to Florence on a holiday, to purchase another horse for his business, he beheld a carrier in one of the streets, who was beating his jade very cruelly. The kind Masetto directly interfered in behalf of the ill-used brute, which, indeed, was his own mare, though much altered by hard labour and scatty diet; and now got into a fresh scrape, with redoubled blows, through capering up to her old master. Masetto was much shocked, you may be sure, to discover the enchanted lady in such a wretched plight. But not doubting that she had been stolen from her afflicted husband, he taxed the carrier very roundly with the theft, who laughed at him in his turn for a madman; and proved by three witnesses, that he had purchased the mare of Corvetto. Masetto's eyes were thus opened, but by a very painful operation. However, he purchased his mare again, without bargaining for either golden hair or lily-white hands, and with a heavy heart rode back again to his village. The inhabitants, when he arrived, were met together on some public business, after which, Masetto, like an imprudent man as he was, complained bitterly amongst his neighbours of his disaster. They made themselves, therefore, very merry at his expense, and the schoolmaster especially, who was reckoned the chiefest wit in the place. Masetto bore all their raileries with great patience, defending himself with many reasonable arguments; and at last he told them he would bring them, in proof, quite as wonderful a case. Accordingly, stepping back to his own house, he returned with an old tattered volume, which Corvetto had bestowed on him, of the "Arabian Nights," and began to read to them of Sidi Nouman, whose wife was turned, as well as Corvetto's, into a beautiful mare.

His neighbours laughing more lustily than ever at this illustration, and the schoolmaster crowing above them all, Masetto interrupted him with great indignation. "How is this sir?" said he, "that you mock me so; whereas, I remember, that when I was your serving-man, and swept out the school-room, I have overheard you teaching the little children concerning people in the old ages, half men and the other half turned into horses: yea, and shewing them effigies in a print; and what was there more impossible in this matter of my own mare?" The priest interposing at this passage, in defence of the schoolmaster, Masetto answered him as he had answered the pedagogue, excepting that instead of the Centaurs, he alleged a miracle out of the holy fathers. There was some fresh laughing at this rub of the bowls against the pastor, who being a Jesuit and a very subtle man, began to consider within himself whether it was not better for their souls that his flock should believe by wholesale, than have too scrupulous a faith; and accordingly after a little deliberation, he sided with Masetto. He engaged, moreover, to write for the opinion of his college; who replied, that as sorcery was a devilish and infernal art, its existence was as certain as the devil's. Thus a belief in enchantment took root in the village, which, in the end, flourished so vigorously, that although the rustics could not be juggled out of any of their mares, they burned, nevertheless, a number of unprofitable old women.

THE TRAVELLER.

PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES.

From a Sketch taken among the Andes by an Englishman.

As soon as we crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capitaz told me, that it was a very bad place for baggage mules, that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one. He said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his *lazo* to catch what might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble if there was to be one, so the capitaz took away my mule and his own, and while I stood on a projecting rock at the end of the pass, he scrambled down on foot, till at last he got to the level of the water.

The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden, and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of color in the animals, the different colors and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the dangerous path they had to cross, formed altogether a very interesting scene.

As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also.

He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence, that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced her journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and then I certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule, carrying a portmanteau with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them; however, his fore legs were still

upon the narrow path; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose on the path on his left, and appeared to hold on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule which came, and in walking along after him knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroying his balance, and head over heels the poor creature instantly commenced a fall, which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then seeming to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought of course that he was killed, but he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. For a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went head with all the baggage and he was carried down the stream. As suddenly, however, up his head came again; but he was now weak and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons with their lasos in their hands run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking towards us. We instantly perceived that he was the Phæton whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades.

MISCELLANY.

FATE OF CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

There is an interesting account of the spread, and finally the extinction, of Christianity in Japan, in pages of the celebrated Swedish traveller, Charles Peter Thunberg, M. D. The Portuguese first introduced the new religion immediately after their discovery of the country. Missionaries were sent by the Jesuits in the year 1549. They succeeded in spreading their doctrines over the whole of the empire. The Portuguese enjoyed the most ample privileges—travelling—preaching—and carrying on commerce in every part of Japan. Many of the native princes were converted; and in the course of forty years, so firmly was the Catholic religion established, that an embassy was sent to Rome to Pope Gregory XIII. with letters and valuable presents. The wealth and dignities which flowed so copiously to the Portuguese settlers, inflated them with pride, and called into action all their bad qualities and propensities. The natives quickly changed their feelings toward them, and henceforth viewed them as avaricious and haughty intruders, rather than useful and generous benefactors. In the year 1586, the hatred of the insulted Japanese broke out in a decree for the extermination of the Christians. This was partially carried into effect, and upwards of 20,000 individuals were massacred. Once more, however, it was destined that the new religion should raise its head, and in the short space of two years after the execution of the abovementioned bloody decree, not less than 12,000 persons were converted and baptized. Even the emperor himself professed to embrace Christianity, as did his court and family, and had the Portuguese learned by experience, and conducted themselves with the gentleness and moderation, or even abstained from the perpetration of the blackest crimes, there is every reason to believe that they would have been un molested. But each day increased their haughtiness; some of their ecclesiastics publicly insulted a prince of the empire; and the consequence was, the extermination of the Christian religion, and the utter ruin of the Portuguese commerce with Japan. The final stroke took place in the year 1596. In the first instance, the priests were forbidden to preach, many of the clergy were banished out of the country, and the mercantile part of the colony sent to the island of Desima. Almost immediately after the execution of this comparatively lenient sentence, a

conspiracy was detected amongst the Portuguese, having for its aim the murder of the emperor. This led to an immediate decree of banishment to all who refused to abjure the Catholic religion, and of death to all who disobeyed. A most virulent persecution now commenced, which ended in the utter extinction of all who adhered to the faith of the church of Rome. History informs us, that 37,000 Christians who had taken refuge in and about the castle of Simabara were routed and put to death in one day. The Japanese argued from the immoralities of the Portuguese to the badness of their religion, and concluded, that a faith which did not restrain its believers from the grossest excesses and crimes, could not be of divine origin, and ought not to be tolerated in the empire. Many laws were passed to prevent the future re-establishment of Christianity in Japan; among the rest a day was ordered to be set apart in every year, for the purpose of expressing the national abhorrence of the exterminated faith; and on this occasion, the images of the saints are thrown down, trampled on, and subjected to other indignities. [Christian Inquirer.]

INGENUITY OF THE BEAVER.

M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire relates the following fact:—A few years since there was in the royal menagerie, in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, a beaver, belonging to the family of the Rhone beavers, which live solitary like the water rats. The observations on this animal which I had occasion to make, placed it beyond a doubt, that this variety of the beaver species can upon emergency, exert their instinctive sagacity as a resource upon unforeseen difficulties or mishaps. As a protection from the rather severe cold of winter, our beaver was furnished with nothing but a more abundant supply of straw. The nights grew colder; and the falling door of his cage had so many chinks, that the animal was forced to set about preparing a better defence against the inclemency of the weather. It was usual to give him, as well for food as for employment in the night, a quantity of green boughs, the bark of which was always found gnawed off in the morning; and every evening regularly, before his door was closed, he received a certain allowance of other articles of food, consisting of fruit and garden vegetables. On one occasion, after it had been snowing all day, a good deal of snow had accumulated in the corner of his cage. Such were the materials which the beaver had at his disposal, and which he diverted from their proper destination, to employ them in the formation of a wall, which should defend him from the external air and the cold. With the boughs he interlaced the bars of his cage with as much regularity as is displayed in the work of a basketmaker. The platted branches, however, were not so close as not to leave open spaces, for filling which the animal had recourse to his other supplies. For this purpose he employed the turnips apples, and straw; and the former was gnawed or cut into pieces suitable to the vacancies. Lastly, although the animal was sensible that he needed a still closer shelter, he used the snow to plaster the whole, and then filled all the remaining interstices. The wall covered two-thirds of the aperture of the door, and all the provisions with which the beaver had this time been supplied were expended in its construction. The next morning the door of the cage was found by the keeper frozen fast by the snow to the new wall. It was not without some trouble that it could be detached and opened, and then the contrivance of the inhabitant was exposed to view. The man was so astonished that he left it untouched, and called me to look at it.

VARIETY.

WHOLESALE LEGISLATION. At a General Court in Boston, 1639, "an order was made to abolish that vain custom of drinking to one another, and that upon these and other grounds.

- 1st. It was a thing of no good use.
 - 2d. It was conducive to drunkenness, and occasion of quarrelling and blood shed.
 - 3d. It occasioned a waste of much wine and beer.
 - 4th. It was troublesome to many, especially the master and mistress of the feast, who were forced thereby to drink more often than they would.
- Yet divers even godly persons were loth to part

with this idle ceremony, who, when disputation was tendered, they had no argument to maintain it—such power hath custom.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD FELLOW.—How many there are who give up every pretension to the character of a good man, for the name of a *Good Fellow!* and what is a good fellow? Why, a graceless young man, who is addicted to every vice, until by debauchery and extravagance, which he does not really enjoy, he brings the "gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave." This is a *good fellow!* Sometimes in visiting the hospitable mansion of a friend, he corrupts the son, or debauches the daughter; and yet he is a *good fellow!* He perhaps marries,—but to become fretful and penurious at home, and thoughtlessly profuse abroad; he dissipates that which should support his family, returning but to insult and distress them; yet he is generous over a bottle, and must be a *good fellow!* At last his money runs short, and he would borrow of his friend: few lend, and those few he forgets to pay; till every one avoids him, and he is no longer a welcome visitor, even to mine hostess; for then he is no longer a *good fellow!*

INDUSTRY. The wisest sages of antiquity, and the soundest moralists of the present age, freely admit the vast importance of activity and industry. Industry is sedulous, void of lethargy, dissipating idleness with all its train of evils, and raising monuments of greatness. It is industry that achieves that which appears impossible: it is she who continually adds comforts to society, and who banishes indolence and vice. Fostered by her, liberty exalts a nation, commerce wafts her sails, the arts and sciences flourish, and plenty opens her doors to health and contentment.

COMPLIMENTARY.—An English clergyman preaching before the court, said, at the close of his sermon, that those who did not profit by what he had advanced, would forever inhabit a place which politeness would not suffer him to name before so respectable a congregation.

AGE.—A Spanish prince used to say of age, that it appeared best in four things, viz. old wood to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.

PRIZE POETRY.—On the death of Gen. Wolfe, a premium being offered for the best written epitaph on that brave officer, among the rest there was a poem from which the following stanza is selected:

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what was more miraculous—nay, very particular,
He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular.

RESOLUTION.—A lad who carries the mail between Vergennes and Poultney, in Vermont, coming to one of the rivers where the bridge has been swept away, and where the torrent was still of fearful depth, secured the mail to his body, plunged his horse in, and swam through. On being asked why he adventured upon so hazardous an experiment, he replied, with genuine yankee *sang froid*—"Why, there is a fine if we don't deliver the mail in season, and I guess they don't get the fifty dollars out of me, and be darn'd to 'em."

The biographer of John Hart, of New-Jersey, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, relates that after the British took possession of New-Jersey and of his own farm, being unwilling to be absent from the neighbourhood of his family, he became a wanderer in the woods, "carrying his grey hairs and his infirmities about from cottage to cottage, and from cave to cave. The extremities to which he was reduced, may be judged from two facts; one is, that for a long period he never ventured to sleep twice at the same house; and the other, which he very good humouredly told of himself, was, that on one occasion, being sorely pressed for a safe night's lodging, and being unknown where he applied for one, he was obliged to share the accommodations of a large dog—a badfellow, as he declared not in those evil times the most exceptionable."

MONEY.—No man will take counsel, but every man will take money, therefore money is better than counsel.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

T. J. NEVINS, Esq. of Penn-Yan, Yates county, will act as our agent, in that place and vicinity.

L. H. YOUNG, Esq. editor of the Canal of Intelligence, Norwich, Connecticut, will act as our agent in that place and vicinity.

G. W. ADDISON, Esq. editor of the Camden Journal, Camden, S. C. will act as our agent, in that place and vicinity.

Mr. NATHANIEL CARPENTER is our travelling agent, in the counties of Orleans, Genesee, and the other western counties not on the line of the canal.

The epistle from M. to our friend G. has been duly presented to him. We are authorised to tender him the thanks of G. for his polite and flattering marks of attention. If M. perceives any asperity in the notice he speaks of, he has put a construction on our words, very different from our meaning.

The excellent article on Masonic Chronology, commencing on our first page, is worthy the attention of every classic inquirer. It evinces much research, and possesses throughout, particular interest to the masonic reader. We shall be happy at all times to receive further communications from the same source.

THE PRAIRIE. Few works of so respectable origin have come before us, with less presentiment in their favour, than this last production of the author of the *Pioneers*. The great length of time since the author's intention was made public; the immoderate fruitfulness of the press in works of fiction, and even the very title of the tale, contributed to figure in our imagination a field as barren and destitute of interest as the wide wilderness it represents; and the good opinion of many of our friends, who had previously read it, did not do away our bodings of its demerit. And indeed, on reading the first two chapters, we were almost confirmed in the unfavourable opinion that we should find in the story, little else than the horizon bounded waste and sterile soil of the prairie.

But in this expectation, we have been doomed to the real pleasure of a disappointment. Incidents and characters, mysteries and discoveries, mistakes, captures and rescues, are so agreeably distributed through the whole plot, that the reader feels his interest to advance faster than he can turn over its leaves; and he is in a short time so much engaged, as to almost believe himself a character in the work,—the hero of the tale.

The scene is laid at least one thousand miles west of Washington in a right line, on the borders of one of those amazing plains, which extend farther than the eye can reach, with scarcely an object to rest the wearied sight upon besides the sky, and the ocean-like wilderness of bleaching fog. A place like this, where no history but the traditions of the Indian warrior,—no monuments of civilization but the chopped trees of the hunter, are to be found, would be the last choice of an ordinary scribbler,

for the scene of a novel. One would think it impossible to furnish incident for a tale of five hundred pages from such a desert; but the fertility of the author's fancy has proved more than a requital for the natural and moral sterility of the soil.

He has here conjured up a Kentucky squatter with seven gigantic sons, who would as willingly let slip their rifles at a man as a bear, should he cross their inclinations; his wife, a strange compound of termagant and amazon, yet not wholly destitute of the true feelings of a mother; her brother, an experienced dealer in human flesh,—the blackest character—the very Diabolus of the plot, afterwards driven to the desperate necessity of hanging himself through policy; and, next to him in point of morality, the thievish Tetons, or Sioux Indians fill a conspicuous place in the story.

We do not intend to furnish our readers with the outlines of this truly interesting work, and indeed our limits forbid it if we would. And to introduce the reader prematurely to the most prominent features of the design, would detract from the interest of the whole. Suffice it to say, it embraces characters, drawn with all that high colouring of perfection, of which writers of fiction are so fond, and in this rank are found the hero and heroine of the tale.

The author has as usual succeeded to admiration, in his masterly manner of hitting off the humble marks of peasant breeding. Like the author of *Waverly*, his actors are numerous, but perfectly distinct in character; so much so that every sentence spoken carries the speaker's name home to the reader. This is the great secret of all kinds of dramatic composition, and in this our author is not excelled if equalled by any living writer.

There is a fine drawn description of a herd of bison; of a prairie on fire; of an indian sanhedrim, by whose judgement a Pawnee chief and two white prisoners are sentenced to the torture, and of a bloody indian battle.

Some of the specimens of Teton eloquence are not to be surpassed by any composition which has come under our inspection, and the dignified observations on "natur," from the lips of the trapper, are worthy the attention of a sage, and in some respects enough to put the best theory of moral philosophy to the blush. Woman too is drawn to the life. Whether in the brawling and oppugnant forms of Esther and her daughters, the coquetry of Ellen Wade, the enthusiastic piety of Inez, or the sensitive but magnanimous jealousy of Tachechana, it is woman that appears, in her true colours, and no caricature.

That the work is faultless we do not pretend to believe. Though our hasty perusal precluded the search for defects, we could not help noticing some, not however of an unpardonable nature. In our opinion, the pains taken to keep up the mystery, through the first volume, are too artificial. When the reader is momentarily expecting a relief to his overstrained curiosity, and is carried on from chapter to chapter, in apparent proximity to that relief, the causes of his suspense must appear rather in the will of fate, than the intention of the writer, if it does not create a kind of dissatisfaction in the mind of the reader.

We cannot overlook one instance of misapplied particularity which to us is inexplicable. Ishmael, and others, are made to pronounce the verb *are* by the orthography *ar*. What pronunciation Mr.

Cooper intended to have associated with this orthography, we can form no conjecture, unless it be made to rhyme with *far*. If this be the author's meaning, the *apostrophe* is totally useless, and the clownish Ishmael gives it the true English orthoepy.

On the whole, this tale bears a place among the works of Mr. Cooper, of no ordinary importance, as containing the catastrophe of two others. To illustrate this, we will introduce the following paragraph from the close of the *Prairie*, describing the last earthly scene of the venerable trapper.

"The old man then made a long, and apparently a musing pause. At times he raised his eyes wistfully, as if he would again address Middleton; but some innate feeling seemed always to repress his words. The other, who observed his hesitation, inquired in a way most likely to encourage him to proceed, whether there was aught else, that he could wish to have done.

"I am without kith or kin in the wide world!" the trapper answered; "when I am gone, there will be an end of my race. We have never been chiefs, but honest and useful in our way, I hope it cannot be denied, we have always proved ourselves. My father lies buried near the sea, and the bones of his son will whiten on the prairies—"

"Name the spot, and your remains shall be placed by the side of your father," interrupted Middleton.

"Not so, not so, Captain. Let me sleep, where I have lived, beyond the din of the settlements. Still I see no need, why the grave of an honest man should be hid, like a Red-skin in his ambushment. I paid a man in the settlements to make and put a graven stone at the head of my father's resting place. It was of the value of twelve beaver-skins, and cunningly and curiously was it carved! Then it told to all comers that the body of such a Christian lay beneath; and it spoke of his manner of life, of his years and of his honesty. When we had done with the Frenchers in the old war, I made a journey to the spot, in order to see that all was rightly performed, and glad I am to say the workman had not forgotten his faith."

"And such a stone you would have at your grave?"

"I! no, no, I have no son, but Hard-Heart, and it is little, that an Indian knows of White fashions and usages. Besides, I am his debtor, already, seeing it is so little I have done, since I have lived in his tribe. The rifle might bring the value of such a thing—but then I know, it will give the boy pleasure to hang the piece in his hall, for many is the deer and the bird that he has seen it destroy. No, no, the gun must be sent to him, whose name is graven on the lock!"

"But there is one, who would gladly prove his affection in the way you wish; he, who owes you not only his deliverance from so many dangers, but who inherits a heavy debt of gratitude from his ancestors. The stone shall be put at the head of your grave."

The old man extended his emaciated hand, and gave the other a squeeze of thanks.

"I thought you might be willing to do it, but I was backward in asking the favour," he said, "seeing that you are not of my kin. Put no boastful words on the same, but just the name, the age, and the time of the death, with something from the holy book; no more, no more. My name will then not be altogether lost on earth; I need no more."

Middleton intimated his assent, and then followed a pause, that was only broken by distant and broken sentences from the dying man. He appeared now to have closed his accounts with the world, and to wait merely for the final summons to quit it. Middleton and Hard-Heart placed themselves on the opposite sides of his seat, and watched with melancholy solicitude the variations of his countenance. For two hours there was no very sensible alteration. The expression of his faded and time-worn features was that of a calm and dignified repose. From time to time he spoke, uttering some brief sentence in the way of advice, or asking some simple questions concerning those in whose fortunes he still took a friendly interest. During the whole of that solemn and anxious period each individual of the tribe kept his place, in the most self-restrained pa-

tience. When the old man spoke, all bent their heads to listen; and when his words were uttered, they seemed to ponder on their wisdom and usefulness.

"As the flame drew nigher the socket, his voice was hushed, and there were moments, when his attendants doubted whether he still belonged to the living. Middleton, who watched each wavering expression of his weather-beaten visage, with the interest of a keen observer of human nature, softened by the tenderness of personal regard, fancied he could read the workings of the old man's soul in the strong lineaments of his countenance. Perhaps what the enlightened soldier took for the delusion of mistaken opinion did actually occur, for who has returned from that unknown world to explain by what forms, and in what manner he was introduced into its awful precincts! Without pretending to explain what must ever be a mystery to the quick, we shall simply relate facts as they occurred.

"The trapper had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes alone, had occasionally opened and shut. When opened, his gaze seemed fastened on the clouds, which hung around the western horizon, reflecting the bright colours, and giving form and loveliness to the glorious tints of an American sunset. The hour—the calm beauty of the season—the occasion—all conspired to fill the spectators with solemn awe. Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand which he held, grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on either side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a single moment he looked about him, as if to invite all in presence to listen, (the lingering remnant of human frailty,) and then, with a fine military elevation of his head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the emphatic word—

"Here!"

"A movement so entirely unexpected, and the air of grandeur and humility, which were so remarkably united in the mien of the trapper, together with the clear and uncommon force of his utterance, produced a short period of confusion in the faculties of all present. When Middleton and Hard-Heart, who had each involuntarily extended a hand to support the form of the old man, turned to him again, they found that the subject of their interest was removed forever beyond the necessity of care. They mournfully placed the body in its seat, and La Balafre arose to announce the termination of the scene to the tribe. The voice of the old Indian seemed a sort of echo from that invisible world, to which the meek spirit of the trapper had just departed.

"A valiant, a just, and a wise warrior, has gone on the path which will lead him to the blessed grounds of his people!" he said. "When the voice of the Wahcondah called him, he was ready to answer. Go, my children; remember the just chief of the Palefaces, and clear your own tracks from briars!"

"The grave was made beneath the shade of some noble oaks. It has been carefully watched to the present hour by the Pawnees of the Loup, and is often shown to the traveller and the trader, as a spot where a just White-man sleeps. In due time, the stone was placed at its head, with the simple inscription, which the trapper had himself requested. The only liberty taken by Middleton, was to add,—'*May no wanton hand ever disturb his remains.*'"

Thus calmly expires a man, over whose humble simplicity and interesting character, our author's friends have bent in all the luxury of fellow feeling for four years;—Hawkeye of the Last of the Mohicans—Leather-stocking of the Pioneers—and the Trapper of the Prairie. We earnestly invite our friends to examine tale the for themselves; with the assurance that, if rational amusement, and the exercise of a literary taste are their object, their time will not be spent in vain.

§ The work is for sale at the bookstore of O. Steele, No. 437, South Market street, in this city.

§ Since our last, we have received the first numbers of three new weekly papers, all published

in this city. If the multiplication of these vehicles of intelligence, is a proof of the increasing popular attention to the dissemination of knowledge, they may also be classed among other evidences of the growing importance of our city.

The *Albany Christian Register*, is edited by Mr. L. G. HOFFMAN, and handsomely printed, in the folio form, upon a large superroyal sheet, for \$2 50 per annum, in advance. We wish its editor much success in his enterprize; always believing that a religious paper, conducted on liberal principles, is capable of effectually advancing the cause of Christianity.

The *Antidote* is half an imperial sheet, very neatly printed by Webster and Wood, for \$2 00 per annum. The professed object of this publication is, in the language of the editor, to "maintain a rigid warfare with *The Correspondent*," a theological publication of a character somewhat enigmatical as well as heterogeneous, which makes its appearance once a week, in the city of New-York. We are pleased to see men take up the gauntlet in defence of revealed religion; but when their blows are aimed at an object whose insignificance and obscurity are its worst possible enemies, we apprehend that they are bringing into notice, and consequently circulation, the very work they oppose. Contention will raise the curiosity of men who do not otherwise feel interested; and the consequence will be, an extensive subscription in this city, and other places where the *Antidote* may circulate, for its opponent.

The *Standard* is a well conducted and amusing miscellany, edited by Mr. M. M. COLE, and printed by J. B. Van Steenberg, on half an imperial sheet. It is issued every Tuesday, at \$2 in advance, or \$2 50, quarterly. Mr. Cole is favourably known to the public as an editor, and it is hoped that his labours in the present instance may meet a suitable reward.

THE BOSTON LYCEUM. The May number of this work was issued on the 15th inst. Contents—The First Settler, No. 1; The Parting; The Man in the Moon; The Test of Love; The True English Grammar; Death of Virginia; Moorish Ballad; Byron and the North American Review; Stanzas: Sonnet, To Genevieve.

OBIT NOT.

The Duke Bernard, of Saxe Weimar, was in good health at Weimar, at the end of last February, and intended soon to publish an account of his interesting and extensive tour in these United States.—Dr. Chambers states, in the N. Y. Christian Advocate, that in more than 1500 cases where he has administered his medicine to the intemperate, only two or three instances of its failure have come to his knowledge.—A writer in the Lowell Journal suggests to the makers of patent medicines, the propriety of inventing a remedy for a disease with which he is much afflicted, viz: *drowsiness in meeting*. From the prevalence of the complaint, we should suppose such a medicine would meet with a rapid sale.—The Macon (Georgia) Telegraph, of the 30th ult. says,—"A novel exhibition was witnessed in our town last week. Two or three of the frail sisters had been arraigned before his honour, the Intendant, for certain things 'unbecoming a moral and religious people,' and being found guilty, it was ordered by his honour, that they be taken from the county jail, with one side of their faces blacked, and in that condition escorted through town by a sufficient guard, with drum fife, &c. playing the *Rogue's March*, at their heels, to the outskirts of the corporation, and there discharged. Which sentence was fully carried into execution.—An Alabama paper complains that the Baton Rouge (Louisiana) Gazette, of the 7th ult. 'was so literally covered with dead mosquitoes, as to prevent a perusal of it.' The pressmen must have had a comfortable time in working the sheet.—The Philadelphia Advertiser mentions the death in

tee-hms-house of Bucks county, of Joseph Force, at the Advanced age of 107 years. He was able to walk about the room on the afternoon of his death.—A foreign journal of January last, mentions the death, at Shropshire, in England, of Mr. Thomas Spear, aged one hundred and sixty-three years. He was married at the age of 30 and became a widow at 43. He had two children, a boy and girl, who lived more than a century and left numerous descendants. When 118 years of age, Spear was fined and publicly punished for having seduced a young girl. At his funeral 639 of his descendants were present.—The Milton Pa. paper of the 12th inst. states that a cow belonging to Mr. William Hull, near that place, brought forth a calf, having a head much resembling a bull dog without ears, and a hood, filled principally with water, on the top of the head, which would hold two gallons. The hood was white, the body of the calf red, and naturally formed. The skin will be dressed and preserved for the Philadelphia Museum.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREECE.

The following news from Greece will be read with much satisfaction by the greater portion of the American people.

Corfu, March 24.—Athens is at length delivered—there can no longer be a doubt of it—from the presence of the enemy: the Greeks have succeeded in chasing Redschid Pacha from the town. All the letters announce to us the complete victory which the defenders of their country have gained over the Turks. Colleti and Gen. Caratasso have already disembarked on the Athenian territory, 1400 palicari of Olympus. The corps of Macedonians, Thracians and Thessalians, confided to the care of E. Eaian, and Gregory Soutzo, were in advance at the camp of Eleusis. Towards the end of the past month, Mavromichaeli arrived in the same camp: he who, from the commencement of the Greek Revolution, has made so many sacrifices for the liberty of his country. He brought with him 15000 Mainotes. The number of the Greeks, at this time assembled in Attica, amounted to more than 6000 men, and Kiou tahi, Seraskier of the Turkish army, had nearly 8000 soldiers; but there was a remarkable difference in the two armies. The Turks who were beaten at the Piraeus on the 16th February, and who had returned to Athens on the 18th and 19th of the same month, had lost their courage; their provisions were also short, and they were compelled to act, in order to get out of the difficulties of their situation. The Greeks, who expected no farther reinforcements, wished for nothing else but a third decisive action, and a moment favourable to their wishes failed not to present itself. On the 2d of March, a part of the troops of Redschid Pacha directed their march towards Mount Pentelicus, in order to retreat into Boeotia; the Greeks had quitted their camp at Eleusis, and advanced as far as Cephusus. Having from that station noticed the retreat of the enemy, they fell on their rear; the Turkish cavalry, which the Seraskier commanded in person, rallied, and withstood the attack of the Greeks for three hours. Redschid Pacha showed in this affair great ability. A party from the Ionian Isles, commanded by Eumorphopoulo, and some Mainotes having recognized the Pacha, made two attempts to reach him, but were repulsed—at length the Turks retired towards the hill of Brillissos. During the night nothing was heard but the enemy's cannon, and musket shots from every quarter. On the 3d, very early, the Greeks hemmed in the enemy very closely; the Turks kept their position, until one in the afternoon; when favoured by the dense smoke which covered the country round, they directed their march northward, and succeeded in making their way. The number of the killed and wounded is not yet ascertained: a great many Greeks are wounded. As to the Turks, it is presumed, that one third of the army of Redschid remains on the field of battle.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

NIGHT.

Death has a sweetness of its own,
When calmly on the hollow cheek,
The blush of youth sits all alone—
An index to the meek
And humble quietness within,
Which heaven has license to begin,
Even on this side the bleak
And rugged barriers which the soul
Leaps, to escape from earth's controul.

And when a smile is on that brow,
And beauty lingers in that eye,
Where is the heart will not allow
The peace—the bliss, to die?
Count all your pains, and look beyond
Life's thorny limit, where the fond
Hopes of the faithful lie,
And who will falter to declare
The better state lies hidden there?

Even so the death of day is sweet,
When all its lights and all its mirth
Are fled, and night's grim shadows greet
Their grim compartner earth.
The same deep blushing beauties crowd
Together round day's latest cloud,
And young stars burst to birth,
Like angel's sent to waft away
The spirit of expiring day.

Day has her pleasures, but her toil
Is constant as the ills of life;
Man's waking hours were made to moid
In endless drudgery—rife
With disappointments and regrets;
But when the star of twilight sets,
His labour and his strife
Are ended—and the night is given
To rest—a miniature of Heaven.

Then come, sweet night, and on my head
Bestow once more thy wonted boon,—
Silence and solitude. They fled
The glaring eye of noon—
Not that the cheerful social hour
Has not its own enlivening power,
And palls the sense so soon—
But music's sweetest strain, I ween,
Would grate, but for the pause between.

Then come, sweet night, the meekest hour
To rest our heads, to muse, to sing,
While earth is one extended bower
Beneath thy spangled wing.
Season of liberty and love!
When hearts of pure desire may prove
Sweets that conceal no sting,
And souls for contemplation made,
May dwell on themes that ne'er upbraid.

May 28, 1827.

G.

FRENCH MELODY.

AIR—"La Belle Gabrielle," composed by Henri Quatre.

The evening before one of his most celebrated victories, Henri Quatre passed, disguised, through the enemy's camp, and paid a visit to La Belle Gabrielle, whose castle laid a few miles behind the hostile quarters. He returned without being discovered, and was in time, the next morning, to strike the first blow of the battle. The following sentiments are supposed to have been uttered by the chivalrous and poetical monarch, at the moment of his departure, when some of his nobles remonstrated against his incurring such unnecessary perils.

The battle storm is sleeping
In silence on the hill,
And dews of night are steeping
The flow'rs which blood must fill;
But in the western sky
Thy star I see,
And thou art free.

To-morrow, ere my banner
Rise gleaming in the sun,
Ere breath of war shall fan her,
Or deed of honor's done,
This sword my hand shall wave,
This voice shall call
The brave to meet the brave
In slaughter's hall.

To-morrow, ere at even
Yon star of beauty glows,
This heart, in battle riven,
May calm in death repose;
Then fame and empires call,
And war, farewell!
And dearer still than all,
Fair Gabrielle!

NEWENGLAND COUNTRY DANCE.

BY THOMAS G. FESSENDEN.

How funny 'tis, when pretty lads and lasses
Meet all together, just to have a caper,
And the black fiddler plays you such a tune as
Sets you a frisking.

High bucks and ladies, standing in a row all,
Make finer sh. w than troops of continentals.
Balance and foot it, rigadon and chasse,
Brimful of rapture.

Thus poets tell us how one Mister Orpheus
Led a rude forest to a country-dance, and
Played the brisk tune of Yankee Doodle on a
New-Holland fiddle.

Spruce are our gallants, essenced with pomatum,
Heads powdered white as Killington-Peak snow-storm:
Ladies, how brilliant, fascinating creatures,
All silk and muslin!

But now behold a sad reverse of fortune,
Life's brightest scenes are checkered with disaster,
Clumsy Charles Clumpfoot treads on Taby's gown, and
Tears all the tail off!

Stop, stop the fiddler, all away this racket—
Hartshorn and water! see the ladies fainting,
Paler than Primrose, fluttering about like
Pigeons affrighted!

Not such the turmoil, when the sturdy farmer
Sees turbid whirlwinds beat his oats and rye down,
And the rude hail-stones, big as pistol-bullets,
Dash in his windows!

Though 'twas unhappy, never seem to mind it,
Bid punch and sherry circulate the brisker;
Or, in a bumper flowing with Madeira,
Drown the misfortune.

Willy Wagnimble dancing with Flirtilla,
Almost as light as air-balloon inflated,
Rigadoons round her, till the lady's heart is
Forced to surrender.

Benny Bamboozle cuts the drollest capers,
Just like a camel, or a hippopot'mos,
Jolly Jack Jumble makes as big a rout as
Forty Dutch horses!

See Angelina lead the mazy dance down,
Never did fairy trip it so fantastic;
How my heart flutters while my tongue pronounces,
Sweet little seraph!

Such are the joys that flow from country-dancing,
Pure as the primal happiness of Eden,
Wine, mirth, and music, kindle in accordance
Raptures ecstasie.

TO LUCASTA.

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

By Col. Richard Lovelace, 1649.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

LACONICS.

BY JOHN GILLIES.

Expefience proves that lewd descriptions are a
poison rather than a remedy; and, instead of cor-
recting manners, only tend to corrupt them.

In free governments there are many latent resour-
ces which public calamities alone can bring to light;
adversity, which, to individuals endowed with
vigour of mind, is the great school of virtue
and heroism, furnishes also to the enthusiasm of
popular assemblies, the noblest field for the dis-
play of national honour and magnanimity.

To prefer the mind to the body, duty to interest
and virtue to pleasure, were the great lessons of An-
tisthenes.

Prosperity, that conceals the infamy of cowardice,
robs fortitude of half its glory. It is adversity alone
that can display the full lustre of a form and manly
character.

While human nature remains unchanged, and the
passions of men run in their ordinary channel, the
right to exercise power will be attended with
strong inclination to abuse it. Unless power, there-
fore, be counteracted by liberty; unless an imper-
vious line of separation be drawn between preroga-
tive and privilege, and that part of the constitution
which sustains its political life, be kept separate
and distinct from that which tends to corruption,
it is of little consequence whether a country be
governed by one tyrant or a thousand; in both cases
alike the condition of man is precarious, and force
prevails over law.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

No custom, however absurd it may be, if it has
subsisted long, or derives its force from the manners
and prejudices of the age in which it prevails, was
ever abolished by the bare promulgation of laws
and statutes. The sentiments of the people must
change, or some new power sufficient to counteract
it must be introduced.

The operations of the Intellect are more fixed and
uniform than those of the Fancy or Taste. Truth
makes an impression nearly the same in every place;
the ideas of what is beautiful, elegant or sublime,
vary in different climates.

In passing judgement upon the characters of men,
we ought to try them by the principles and maxims,
of their own age, not by those of another! For, al-
though virtue and vice are at all times the same,
manners and customs vary continually.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for be-
ing eminent.

When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth
the curate, I will make it rain.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1827.

[No. 18.]

MASONIC RECORD.

—Semitæ certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MASONIC CHRONOLOGY.

(Concluded.)

A lunar year is equal to twelve lunar revolutions from one conjunction of the moon with the sun, to the next conjunction. Each month consists of 29 days, 12 hours, 40 minutes, and 23 seconds: so that a lunar year is 10 days, 21 hours, and 18 seconds shorter than a solar year. On this account, two successive months were made to contain 30 days each. According to the rules of the synagogue, the month Tisri can never begin on the first, fourth, or sixth day of the week. This circumstance causes further variations, which only occur in the months Marchesvan and Kisleu; each of which consists sometimes of 29 and sometimes of 30 days, and sometimes the former consists of 29 days, and the latter of 30 days. There is this certain rule, however, with respect to the other months—Nisan, Livan, Ab, Tisri and Shevat consist always of 30 days each, and Teveth, Iyar, Tamuz and Elul of 29 days each, and in common years, Adar hath always 29 days.

As before observed, a strictly lunar year falls more than 10 days short of a solar year: so that every lunar year would begin more than 10 days sooner than the one preceding. This in the course of 30 years, would carry the beginning of the year back again to the same point. In order to keep the seasons in their respective months, sometimes the second, and sometimes the third year is made an "Embolismic" or "leap year," consisting of 13 months. The 13th month is called *Pe-Adar*, (or second Adar) and has always 29 days. It may be noted here that in embolismic years, Adar hath always 30 days.

Rabbi Hillel resorted also to a period of 13 cycles, containing 19 years each. Some cycles consist of one day more or less than others. By the aid of all these corrections, notwithstanding the restrictions imposed by the synagogue, the Hebrew years will be found not to vary materially from the Gregorian Calendar, through the course of many centuries.

The TABLES which follow, have been digested carefully from the standard tables published by Jewish and Christian writers. The tables in all the works we have seen, are very voluminous; rendered particularly so, from the circumstance of their reciting the days of observing the numerous Jewish feasts and fasts. These tables are accommodated to the "civil year," which the Jews of the present day still use, and keep the 1st day of the 1st month of that sort of year (viz: Tisri) as their *new year's* day. Our tables are the same in this respect. Because although the ecclesiastical year commences with the month Nisan, yet the year itself, is reckoned from the month Tisri, the world having been created on the first day of that month. Should it be deemed necessary to ascertain on what day in the Gregorian Calendar the 1st of Nisan commences in any given year, from the data furnished, this calculation can be easily made.

TABLE I.

Shows the names of the months, with their significations, and the number of days in each month in common and embolismic years.

Names of the Months.	Significations.	No. of days in each mo. in common years.	No. of days in each mo. in embolismic years.
1st. Keel-mo-called Nisan (or Abib)	Standard.	30	30
2d. " "	Wat. Meadow.	29	29
3d. " "	Anim. in past.	30	30
4th. " "	The Sun.	29	29
5th. " "	Fruit.	30	30
6th. " "	Vine-press.	29	29
7th. " "	Great Ram.	30	30
8th. " "	Stormy Weather.	29	29
9th. " "	Hope.	30	30
10th. " "	Repose.	29	29
11th. " "	Purifying Fire.	30	30
12th. " "	Adar.	29	29
13th. " "	Pe-Adar.	29	29

* This month is written "Marchesvan" by every author; but is not *מַרְחֶשְׁוָן* ("Chevan") the true word!

TABLE II.

Shows on what days in the Gregorian Calendar the Jewish New-Years happen, and the number of days in each year through three lunar cycles.

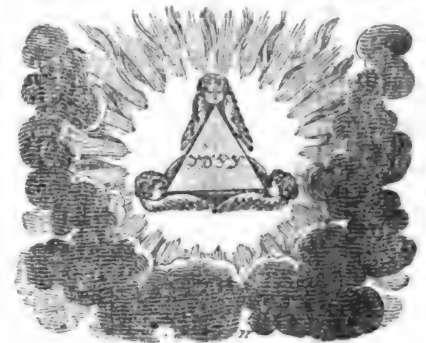
Years of the Lunar Cycle.	Jewish years of the world.	Days of the Gregorian Calendar on which Tisri commences.	Number of days in each year.
1	5587	October 2, 1826.	356
2	5588	September 22, 1827.	353
3	5589	9, 1828.	354
4	5590	28, 1829.	355
5	5591	18, 1830.	355
6	5592	8, 1831.	353
7	5593	25, 1832.	354
8	5594	14, 1833.	355
9	5595	4, 1834.	355
10	5596	September 24, 1835.	354
11	5597	12, 1836.	353
12	5598	30, 1837.	355
13	5599	20, 1838.	354
14	5600	9, 1839.	355
15	5601	28, 1840.	353
16	5602	16, 1841.	354
17	5603	5, 1842.	355
18	5604	25, 1843.	355
19	5605	14, 1844.	353
1	5606	October 2, 1845.	354
2	5607	September 21, 1846.	355
3	5608	11, 1847.	353
4	5609	29, 1848.	354
5	5610	17, 1849.	355
6	5611	7, 1850.	355
7	5612	27, 1851.	353
8	5613	14, 1852.	354
9	5614	3, 1853.	355
10	5615	September 23, 1854.	355
11	5616	13, 1855.	353
12	5617	30, 1856.	354
13	5618	19, 1857.	355
14	5619	9, 1858.	355
15	5620	29, 1859.	354
16	5621	17, 1860.	353
17	5622	5, 1861.	355
18	5623	25, 1862.	354
19	5624	14, 1863.	353
1	5625	October 1, 1864.	355
2	5626	September 21, 1865.	354
3	5627	10, 1866.	355
4	5628	30, 1867.	353
5	5629	17, 1868.	354
6	5630	6, 1869.	355
7	5631	26, 1870.	355
8	5632	16, 1871.	353
9	5633	October 3, 1872.	354

10	5634	September 22, 1873.	355
11	5635	12, 1874.	353
12	5636	30, 1875.	355
13	5637	19, 1876.	354
14	5638	8, 1877.	355
15	5639	28, 1878.	355
16	5640	18, 1879.	354
17	5641	6, 1880.	353
18	5642	24, 1881.	355
19	5643	14, 1882.	353

Rule.—Ascertain by Table II. the number of days in any year required, then look at the bottom of Table I. for the same number of days; and you will readily see whether the year is a common or embolismic year, and how many days appertain to each month.

CIRCULAR.

Univerti Terrarum Orbis Architectonis per gloriam Ingentis.



LUX EX TENEBRAIS.

To the Lodges and Councils under the jurisdiction of the Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem, established at the G. East of the City of Albany, N. Y. under the C. C. of the Z. which answers to the 42 deg. 39 min. N. L.

HEALTH, STABILITY, AND POWER.

That a uniform mode of "dating" may be observed by every Lodge and Council hailing under this G. Council, I have deemed it expedient to furnish you with a Calendar for the current year.

The present Jewish year is 5587, and will continue so till 22d September next; when the new Jewish year, 5588, will commence.

1 d. 1 mo. Nisan, 29 Mar. 1827.	9 Iyar,	6 May.
2	10	7
3	11	8
4	12	9
5	13	10
6	14	11
7	15	12
8	16	13
9	17	14
10	18	15
11	19	16
12	20	17
13	21	18
14	22	19
15	23	20
16	24	21
17	25	22
18	26	23
19	27	24
20	28	25
21	29	26
22	1 Sivan,	27
23	2	28
24	3	29
25	4	30
26	5	31
27	6	1 June.
28	7	2
29	8	3
30	9	4
1 Iyar,	10	5
2	11	6
3	12	7
4	13	8
5	14	9
6	15	10
7	16	11
8	17	12

18 Iyar,	13 June, 1827.	12 Tisri,	3 Oct. 1827.
19	14	13	4
20	15	14	5
21	16	15	6
22	17	16	7
23	18	17	8
24	19	18	9
25	20	19	10
26	21	20	11
27	22	21	12
28	23	22	13
29	24	23	14
30	25	24	15
1 Tamuz,	26	25	16
2	27	26	17
3	28	27	18
4	29	28	19
5	30	29	20
6	1 July,	30	21
7	2	1 Marchesvan,	22
8	3	2	23
9	4	3	24
10	5	4	25
11	6	5	26
12	7	6	27
13	8	7	28
14	9	8	29
15	10	9	30
16	11	10	31
17	12	11	1 Nov.
18	13	12	2
19	14	13	3
20	15	14	4
21	16	15	5
22	17	16	6
23	18	17	7
24	19	18	8
25	20	19	9
26	21	20	10
27	22	21	11
28	23	22	12
29	24	23	13
1 Ab,	25	24	14
2	26	25	15
3	27	26	16
4	28	27	17
5	29	28	18
6	30	29	19
7	31	30	20
8	1 Aug.	31	21
9	2	1	22
10	3	2	23
11	4	3	24
12	5	4	25
13	6	5	26
14	7	6	27
15	8	7	28
16	9	8	29
17	10	9	30
18	11	10	1 Dec.
19	12	11	2
20	13	12	3
21	14	13	4
22	15	14	5
23	16	15	6
24	17	16	7
25	18	17	8
26	19	18	9
27	20	19	10
28	21	20	11
29	22	21	12
30	23	22	13
1 Elul,	24	23	14
2	25	24	15
3	26	25	16
4	27	26	17
5	28	27	18
6	29	28	19
7	30	29	20
8	31	30	21
9	1 Sept.	31	22
10	2	1	23
11	3	2	24
12	4	3	25
13	5	4	26
14	6	5	27
15	7	6	28
16	8	7	29
17	9	8	30
18	10	9	31
19	11	10	1 Jan. 1828.
20	12	11	2
21	13	12	3
22	14	13	4
23	15	14	5
24	16	15	6
25	17	16	7
26	18	17	8
27	19	18	9
28	20	19	10
29	21	20	11
30	22	21	12
1 Tisri,	23	22	13
2	24	23	14
3	25	24	15
4	26	25	16
5	27	26	17
6	28	27	18
7	29	28	19
8	30	29	20
9	31	30	21
10	1 Oct.	31	22
11	2	1	23

7 Shevat,	23 Jan. 1828.	4 Adar,	19 Feb. 1828.
8	24	5	20
9	25	6	21
10	26	7	22
11	27	8	23
12	28	9	24
13	29	10	25
14	30	11	26
15	31	12	27
16	1 Feb.	13	28
17	2	14	29
18	3	15	1 March.
19	4	16	2
20	5	17	3
21	6	18	4
22	7	19	5
23	8	20	6
24	9	21	7
25	10	22	8
26	11	23	9
27	12	24	10
28	13	25	11
29	14	26	12
30	15	27	13
1 Adar,	16	28	14
2	17	29	15
3	18	1 Nisan, 5568,	16

Given under my hand and the G. Seal of the said G. Council, this nineteenth day of the second L. S. month, Iyar, 5567, Anno Lucis, 5831, and of the Christian era, the sixteenth day of May, 1827. G. F. YATES, G. C.

NOTE.—The first stone of the first temple was laid on the 1st day of the second month, Iyar; and the first stone of the second temple was laid on the first day of the same month. In commemoration of these events, this day is celebrated by sublime freemasons: also the 15th day of the 7th month, Tisri, in memory of the dedication of the first temple. On the days of the Equinoxes, lodges of perfection meet steadily. And under this jurisdiction, the meeting on the day of autumnal Equinox is the annual meeting for election of officers, &c. See Decrees, &c.

ELECTIONS.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter, of the State of Georgia.

Elected at the annual communication held in Louisville, Georgia, on the 7th May, 5827:—William Schley, of Louisville, Grand High Priest; Jon. Olmstead, of Savannah, Deputy Grand High Priest; P. T. Schley, of Sandersville, Grand King; William Duncan, of Augusta, Grand Scribe; Rev. Thomas Darley, of Macon, Grand Chaplain; B. D. Thompson, of Augusta, Grand Treasurer; D. Hook, of Louisville, Grand Secretary; W. B. Thomas, of Augusta, Grand Marshal; Samuel Clarke, of Louisville, Grand Tyler.

Grand Council of Royal, and Select Masters of the State of Georgia.

Elected at the annual communication held in Louisville, Georgia, on the 7th, May, 1827:—B. D. Thompson of Augusta, T. Ill. G. M.; James Kilvin, of Clinton, Ill. H. of T.; Alfred Brooks, of Forsyth, Ill. H. A. B.; Thomas Darley, of Macon, G. C.; Isaac T. Cushing, of Milledgeville, G. P. C.; Levi Eckley, of Macon, G. C. G.; P. T. Schley, of Sandersville, G. S.; W. T. Gould, of Augusta, G. T.; W. B. Thomas of Augusta, G. R.; Samuel Clarke of Louisville, G. C.

Grand Lodge of North Carolina.

Officers for the present year:—Hutchins G. Burton, G. Master; Francis L. Hawks, Deputy G. Master; George E. Spruill, S. G. Warden; Louis D. Wilson, J. G. Warden; Benjamin A. Banham, G. Treasurer; Alexander J. Lawrence, G. Secretary; John C. Stedham, D. G. Secretary; Joseph Caldwell, William Green, William J. Newborn, Robert T. Daniel, G. Chaplains; John E. Lewis, William H. Haywood, jr. Joseph R. Lloyd, Edmund B. Freeman, Jesse Speight, William Davidson, Gideon C. Merchant, and E. Arnold, G. Lecturers; Samuel F. Patteson, G. S. Deacon; William H. Hunter, G. J. Deacon; Edward Ward, G. Marshal; Richard D. Speight, G. S. B.; James G. Mahon, G. P.; John T. C. Wiatt, G. Steward and Tyler.

MASONIC ANNIVERSARY.

The approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by Zerubabel Lodge, No. 216, and Rensselaer Chapter, No. 114, at the house of Gideon Butts, at Sand Lake; when the Chapter room will be consecrated, and the officers installed. An address delivered by the Rev. Companion Howard, of Troy, and a dinner prepared.

The neighbouring Encampments, Chapters and Lodges, in their corporate capacities, are respectfully invited to attend.

CALVIN THOMSON, CALVIN SLITER,
GIDEON BUTTS, GEORGE HORTON,
CALEB FINCH, MARCUS PECK,
JOHN B. ADZIT,

Committee of Arrangements.

Sand Lake, Rensselaer co. May 28, 1827.

The Festival of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by Solomon's Lodge, No. 6, and Solomon's Chapter, No. 31, in the village of Poughkeepsie, on Monday the 25th of June next. The Lodge will open for business at ten o'clock A. M. At twelve o'clock a procession will be formed, which will proceed to the church, where an address will be delivered by the Rev. Br. A. Welton. A dinner will be provided at the Hotel. Neighbouring Lodges and Chapters, and the brethren and companions generally, are respectfully invited to join in the festivities of the day. R. A. masons will appear with the badges of their order.

JAMES TALLMADGE, THOS. J. OAKLEY,
CLAPP RAYMOND, A. G. STORM,
JOHN W. OAKLEY, JOHN BRUSH,
H. A. LIVINGSTON, THOS. L. DAVIES,
JOSIAH BURRITT, N. P. TALLMADGE,
E. K. DAKIN, MATTHEW VASSAR,
C. P. BARNUM,

Committee of Arrangements.

Poughkeepsie, May 27th, A. L. 5827.

Clinton Lodge, Plattsburgh Chapter, and Plattsburgh Encampment, agreeably to a vote of those bodies, will celebrate the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, on Monday, the 25th of June next. The undersigned, committee of arrangements have been directed to invite the Lodges at Chazy, Peru, Keesville, and Grand Isle, and all sojourning brethren in this vicinity, to unite with us on that day.

JOHN BLEECKER, S. EMERY,
W. H. MORGAN, W. C. WATSON,
F. P. ALLEN,

Committee of Arrangements.

Plattsburgh, May 2, 1827.

The Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by the Watertown Royal Arch Chapter, of Free Masons, in the village of Watertown Jefferson county, on Monday, the 25th of June next.

A general attendance of the members of the Fraternity is respectfully requested.

ANDREW NEWELL, D. W. BUCKLIN,
I. B. CRAWE, Z. H. ADAMS,
J. W. BAKER, WALTER WOODWARD,
I. H. BRONSON, *Committee of Arrangements.*
May 22, 1827.

REGISTER OF REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e. m.
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	2&4 Tue. e. m.
Masters' Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 M. e. w.
Friendship Chapter,	Durham,	Wed. a. f. m.
Friendship Lodge,	Durham,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Asylum Lodge,	Coeymans,	Tha. pr. f. m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Th. e. m.
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3 Tue. e. m.
Ineffable Lodge,	Bloomingsburgh,	Sat. pr. f. m.
Olive Branch Chapter,	Bloomingsburgh,	Mon. a. f. m.
Bloomingsburgh Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e. m.
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e. m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Greepbush,	1&3 M. e. m.
McDonough Lodge,	Troy,	2&4 Tue. e. m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	1st Th. e. m.
Apollo Lodge,	Schenectady,	1&3 M. e. m.
St. George's Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f. m.
Solon Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. a. f. m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f. m.
Ark Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. a. f. m.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. off. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Kingston Lodge,	Rome,	W. a. f. m.
Rome Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Dansville Lodge,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	1st W. e. m.
Orange Lodge,	Pen Yan,	Thurs. do.
Pen Yan Chapter,	Pen Yan,	Tues. do.
Vernon Lodge,		

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

AMERICAN MEDICINE.

It is highly gratifying to observe the high degree of perfection to which the invaluable profession of medicine is carried by some of our countrymen in various parts of the Union. Europeans have generally been in the habit of regarding our surgeons as mere copyists of foreign practice, and entirely secondary in the higher departments of the profession. The inaccuracy of this opinion may be very clearly shown by reference to the records of American Medicine; and if additional testimony be requisite, it is abundantly afforded by the May number of the Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal, which among various articles highly interesting and creditable to the Medical Profession, contains an account of some of the greatest and most successful surgical operations ever performed.

The first is a successful amputation of the Hip Joint, by Professor Mott, of New-York—the first operation for the removal of the whole lower inferior extremity ever performed in this country—and was followed by the perfect recovery of the patient. The second great operation was performed by Dr. John Rhea Barton, of Philadelphia; and, perhaps is altogether unprecedented in the annals of surgery. The patient operated upon, had suffered disease at the hip joint, stiffness and considerable distortion, depriving the patient of the use of his limb. Dr. Barton cut down upon the upper part of the thigh bone, sawed it through, and treated it in such a manner, during the cure, as to produce an artificial joint, by which the mobility of the limb was so far restored as to render it almost as serviceable as it ever had been. The planning of this operation, and its successful execution, entitles this enterprising surgeon to the thanks of the community, as it will no doubt lead to the relief of many who are supposed to labour under incurable maladies.

Another operation by Dr. Mott, is announced in the same work; and this triumph of Surgery would, of itself, be sufficient to inscribe indelibly the name of the distinguished individual who performed it, upon the pages of our medical history, were he not already enrolled among the most celebrated of his countrymen. This case was one of *false* (or suddenly occurring *aneurism*)—a rupture of the inner coats of the iliac artery, within the cavity of the belly. The injury was of but ten days standing, and had advanced with the greatest rapidity, producing a large tumour in the flank, accompanied by excruciating pain, and threatening speedy destruction to the patient. Dr. Mott made an incision eight inches in length, extending outwards, in the direction of the superior edge of the pelvis; he thence passed down behind the intestines, without injuring their enveloping and investing membrane, and peritoneum. The great common iliac artery was then separated from the vein, a ligature was passed around it, and it was securely tied, at its origin from the *aorta*, opposite to the junction of the spine and sacrum. As soon as the vessel was tied, the pulsation of the tumour and the excruciating pain of the patient ceased. The circulation was restored in an hour after the operation, and he regained his full health and activity in a few weeks.* Another interesting operation, by the same skilful hand, is also given in the Journal.

Among the original articles—of which this number of the Journal contains *thirteen*—there is a paper by Dr. Richard Lee Fearn, of North Carolina, which will unquestionably be regarded, both in this country and Europe, as of standard excellence. It reflects the highest credit upon its author, and promises the most beneficial results to the profession. It is an experimental inquiry relative to the nature of *tendons*, and the manner in which they are affected by various injuries, and their modes of healing, when divided. The whole research is conducted in a style of most accurate induction, and shows that

* Professor Gibson, of Philadelphia, once performed the operation of tying up the common iliac artery, in Baltimore, tho' under very different circumstances. The patient had been shot in the belly with a number of large slugs, by which the artery was divided. In this case, the artery was tied, as a matter of necessity, to arrest the bleeding; and as a large wound was made through the muscles and membrane of the belly, no operation, properly speaking, could be planned promising any thing more than temporary relief.

its author is deeply imbued with the principles of sound logic, so essential to the success of all philosophical inquiries.

MR. PERKINS' NEW ENGINE.

In a late number we promised our readers an early account of the improvements Mr. Perkins has recently made in his high pressure engine. Having in company with a few scientific gentlemen, had an opportunity of witnessing the operation of the engine a few days since, we shall now state what appears to us to be its leading advantages.

The principle (for which Mr. Perkins formerly procured a patent) of keeping water under a high state of pressure, forms the basis of his new engine; But instead of a generator, or boiler, a series of parallel pipes surround the fire, each pipe being capable of being detached or replaced without destroying the arrangement of the others. The pipes are about one inch and a half internal diameter, and four inches externally, with a view of preserving a certain degree of uniformity in the action of the fire.

The cylinder is about eight inches in diameter, with a twenty inch stroke; but the piston, instead of working in oil and packing, is furnished with an expanding double metal ring, highly polished on the edges, so as to reduce the amount of friction on the face of the cylinder (according to Mr. Perkins) to a mere fraction of what takes place in the ordinary mode of packing.

The improvement (and which we consider by far the most important) is that of effecting *nearly a perfect vacuum* at the termination of the stroke. It is not in our power, by words, to give a very accurate idea of the arrangement for this purpose, without a drawing for reference; but it is pretty nearly as follows:

Attached to the bottom of the working cylinder is an enlarged chamber which receives the foot of the piston, and communicates with a large reservoir or eduction pipe leading through the valves into the chimney flue. The steam having driven the piston down into this chamber, about seven-eighths of its elastic force escapes into the atmosphere, while the remaining seven-eighths (or probably one-tenth) is condensed in the ordinary way by a jet of water. By this arrangement Mr. Perkins considers that he obtains as perfect a degree of *vacuum* as in Bolton and Watt's condensing engine, with the advantage of saving the great consumption of water, and the friction of the air pump, in the latter engines. In order to economise the steam, it is also cut off at a quarter stroke, and allowed to operate on the principle of expansion.

The engine when exhibited to us was working under a pressure of about 360 lbs. on an inch, and was estimated by one or two gentlemen present as upwards of fifteen horse power; but the strength of the several parts of the engine is calculated to work with steam at eight hundred pounds per inch with perfect safety. In fact, the undue production of steam and consequent liability to accidental explosion, appears to us to be so effectually guarded against in this engine, as to excite no apprehension whatever on that head. If we have any doubt, it is that the wear and tear of certain parts of the engine must be very considerable. The ingenious inventor, however, states that the consumption of coals amounts to little more than one third of the usual quantity for a given quantity of labour; that the weight of the new engines will not exceed one third of that of many low pressure condensing engines; and the bulk will be also less than one third. If these calculations be well founded, (which of course can only be determined by experience) we apprehend the general introduction of this improved engine for steam navigation will follow as a matter of course. The great expense and tonnage of fuel forming the chief obstacles to the employment of steam vessels for long voyages.

[London Lit. Gaz.]

COLDS, COUGHS, AND HOARSENESS.

Quarter of pound of linseed, two ounces of stick liquorice, and a quarter of a pound of raisins, or Turkey figs: put these into two quarts of cold soft water; simmer over a slow fire until it is reduced nearly half; then add a quarter of a pound of brown

sugar candy, (pounded) one table spoonful of old rum, and two table spoonfuls of lemon juice: drink a teacup full going to bed, and take a little whenever the cough is troublesome. This recipe generally cures the worst of coughs (if taken in time) in two or three days—a week is almost infallible.

VARIETY.

THE TACITURN ACADEMY. There was at Amedan, in Persia, a celebrated Academy, the first statue of which was worded as follows: "The academicians must think much, write but little, and speak as little as possible." It was called the Taciturn Academy, and there was not a truly learned man in all Persia, who did not aspire to be one of its members. In his retirement, in a distant part of the country, Dr. Zeb, the author of a small but excellent volume, entitled "The Gag," learned that there was a place vacant in the Taciturn Academy. He set off immediately, arrived at Amedan, and presenting himself at the gate, requested the door-keeper to deliver this billet: "Dr. Zeb humbly requests the vacant place." The door-keeper executed his commission, but the doctor and his billet were too late; the place was already filled. The academy was much afflicted. It had, much against its will, been obliged to receive a young wit of the court. The president, to whose lot it fell to communicate this disagreeable news to the applicant, could hardly agree to undertake the task, and knew not how to set about it. After having meditated for a while upon the subject, he ordered a large cup to be filled with water, and so nicely filled, that the addition of a single drop would make the fluid run over. He then gave the sign to introduce the candidate. Dr. Zeb entered with that modest and unaffected manner, which almost always indicates true merit. The president rose, and, without saying a word, he pointed, with a sorrowful air, to the cup, the cup which was so completely full. The doctor immediately comprehended that no academical seat was vacant; but, far from losing courage, he endeavoured to make it obvious that no harm would arise from their admitting a supernumerary academician. He saw a rose leaf lying at his feet; he picked it up; and laid it so delicately on the surface of the water, that not a drop was spilled. This ingenious reply called forth a general clapping of hands; the regulations of the academy were allowed to be as taciturn as its members; and Dr. Zeb was received by acclamation. [From the French.]

BULL. A glorious bull is related in the "Sketch of Dr. Sims," of a countryman of his, for whom he prescribed an emetic, who said with great naïveté, "My dear Doctor, it is of no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach either time."

A friar once preaching to a convent of nuns, on Easter, assured them that our Saviour when he arose, appeared first to a woman, that the news of the resurrection might be sooner spread abroad.

The dress of a Lapland priest is very grotesque, wearing a long black cloak hanging to his heels—his long hair, or rather mane, uncombed—broad brimmed old flapped hat upon his head, a black stock about his neck, and buskins on his feet.

The following story rivals the law case of *Bullus vs. Boatum*. It occurred at Nismes, in Languedoc, 1763. A gardener's ass having brought some goods to market, while the master was away, went into an adjoining church, and satiated his thirst from a basin of holy water; he was detected, seized and formally tried for sacrilege. His counsel could not resist the weight of evidence, and judgment was pronounced against the wilful animal, that he should be hanged and then burnt, and the owner to pay costs.

Sir Geo. Collyer, describing the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone, says, that after a heavy fall of rain, and the sun striking on the ground with vertical power, the vapour from the vegetable matter overrunning the streets is so perceptible, that, in drawing breath, he could feel he was inhaling a vapour which he could but compare to gas from coal.

POPULAR TALES.

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

The following tale is extracted from a new collection of German fictions, by the translator of Wilhelm Meister. It is somewhat lengthy, but is, we trust, nevertheless, wonderful and pretty enough to please our readers.

By way of introduction, let me confess that I have not always so arranged my scheme of life as to be certain of the next period in it, or even of the next day. In my youth I was no first rate economist; and often found myself in manifold perplexity. At one time I undertook a journey, thinking to derive good profit in the course of it: but the scale I went upon was too liberal; and after having commenced my travel with extra-post, and then prosecuted it for a time in the Diligence, I at last found myself obliged to front the end of it on foot. Like a gay young blade, it had been from of old my custom, on entering any inn, to look round for the landlady, or even the cook, and wheedle myself into favour with her; whereby, for most part, my shot was somewhat reduced. One night at dusk, as I was entering the post-house of a little town, and purposing to set about my customary operations, there came a fair double-seated coach, with four horses, rattling up to the door behind me. I turned round; and observed in it a young lady, without maid, without servants. I hastened to open the carriage for her, and to ask if I could help her in any thing. On stepping out, a fair form displayed itself; and her lovely countenance, if you looked at it narrowly, was adorned with a slight shade of sorrow. I again asked if there was aught I could do for her. "O yes!" said she, "if you will lift that little box carefully, which you will find standing on the seat, and bring it in: but I beg very much of you to carry it with all steadiness, and not to move or shake it in the least." I took out the box with great care; she shut the coach door; we walked up stairs together; and she told the servants that she was to stay here for the night. We were now alone in the chamber; she desired me to put the box on the table which was standing at the wall; and as, by several of her movements, I observed that she wished to be alone, I took my leave, reverently but warmly kissing her hand. "Order supper for us two," said she then; and you may well conceive with what pleasure I executed the commission; scarcely deigning, in my pride of heart, to cast even a side-glance on landlady and menials. With impatience I expected the moment that was to lead me back to her. Supper was served: we took our seats opposite each other; I refreshed my heart, for the first time during a considerable while, with a good meal; and no less with so desirable a sight beside me; nay, it seemed as if she were growing fairer and fairer every moment. Her conversation was pleasant; yet she carefully waved whatever had reference to affection and love. The cloth was removed: I still lingered; I tried all sorts of manoeuvres to get near her; but in vain; she kept me at my distance, by a certain dignity which I could not withstand; nay, against my will, I had to part from her at a rather early hour. After a night passed in waking or unrestfully dreaming, I rose early; inquired whether she had ordered horses; and learning that she had not, I walked into the garden, saw her standing dressed at the window, and hastened up to her. Here, as she looked so fair, and fairer than ever, love, roguery, and audacity, all at once started into motion within me: I rushed towards her, and clasped her in my arms. "Angelic, interesting being," cried I, "pardon! but it is impossible!"—With incredible dexterity she whisked herself out of my arms, and I had not even time to imprint a kiss on her cheek. "Forbear such outbreaks of a sudden foolish passion," said she, "if you would not scare away a happiness which lies close beside you, but which cannot be laid hold of till after some trials." "Ask of me what thou pleasest, angelic spirit!" cried I, "but do not drive me to despair." She answered with a smile: "If you mean to devote yourself to my service, hear the terms. I am come hither to visit a lady of my friends, and with her I purpose to continue for a time: in the meanwhile, I could wish that my carriage and this box were taken forward. Will you

engage with it? You have nothing to do, but carefully to lift the box into the carriage and out: to sit down beside it, and punctually take charge that it receive no harm. When you enter an inn, it is put upon a table in a chamber by itself, in which you must neither sit nor sleep. You lock the chamber-door with this key, which will open and shut any lock, and has the peculiar property, that no lock shut by it can be opened in the interim." I looked at her; I felt strangely enough at heart: I promised to do all, if I might hope to see her soon, and if she would seal this hope to me with a kiss. She did so; and from that moment I had become entirely her bondman. I was now to order horses, she said. We settled the way I was to take; the places where I was to wait and expect her. She at last pressed a purse of gold into my hand, and I pressed my lips on the fair hand that gave it me. She seemed moved at parting; and for me, I no longer knew what I was doing or was to do. On my return from giving my orders, I found the room-door locked. I directly tried my master-key, and it performed its duty perfectly. The door flew up: I found the chamber empty; only the box standing on the table where I had laid it. The carriage drove up; I carried the box carefully down with me, and placed it by my side. The hostess asked, "Where is the lady, then?" A child answered, "She is gone into the town." I nodded to the people, and rolled off in triumph from the door which I had last night entered with dusty gaiters. That in my hours of leisure I diligently meditated on this adventure, counted my money, laid many schemes, and still now and then kept glancing at the box, you will readily imagine. I posted right forward; passed several stages without alighting; and rested not till I had reached a considerable town where my fair one had appointed me to wait. Her commands had been pointedly obeyed; the box always carried to a separate room, and two wax candles lighted beside it, for such also had been her order. I would then lock the chamber, establish myself in my own, and take such comfort as the place afforded. For a while I was able to employ myself with thinking of her; but by degrees the time began to hang heavy on my hands. I was not used to live without companions; these I soon found, at tables-d'hôte, in coffee houses, and public places altogether to my wish. In such a mode of living my money began to melt away; and one night it vanished entirely from my purse, in a fit of passionate gaming. Void of money; with the appearance of a rich man, expecting a heavy bill of charges; uncertain whether and when my fair one would again make her appearance, I felt myself in the deepest embarrassment. Doubly did I now long for her; and believe that without her and her gold, it would be impossible for me to live. After supper, which I had relished very little, being forced for this time to consume it in solitude, I took to walking violently up and down my room: I spoke aloud to myself, cursed my folly with horrid execrations, threw myself on the floor, tore my hair, and indeed behaved in the most outrageous fashion. Suddenly in the adjoining chamber where the box was, I heard a slight movement, and then a soft knocking at the well bolted door which entered from my apartment. I gather myself, grope for my master key; but the door leaves fly up of themselves; and in the splendour of those burning wax-lights, enters my beauty. I cast myself at her feet, kiss her robe, her hands; she raises me; I venture not to clasp her, scarcely to look at her; but candidly and repentantly confess to her my fault. "It is pardonable," said she, "only it postpones your happiness and mine. You must now make another tour into the world, before we can meet again. Here is more money," continued she, "sufficient if you husband it with any kind of reason. But as wine and play have brought you into this perplexity, be on your guard in future against wine and women, and let me hope for a glad meeting when the time comes." She retired over the threshold; the door leaves flew together: I knocked, I entreated; but nothing farther stirred. Next morning, while presenting his bill, the waiter smiled and said: "So we have found out at last, then, why you lock your door in so artful and incomprehensible a way that no master-key can open it. We supposed you must have much money and precious ware laid up by you: but now we have seen your treasure walking down stairs;

and in good truth it seemed worthy of being well kept." To this I answered nothing; but paid my reckoning, and mounted with my box into the carriage. I again rolled forth into the world, with the firmest resolution to be heedful in future of the warning given me by my fair and mysterious friend. Scarcely, however, had I once more reached a large town, when forthwith I got acquainted with certain interesting ladies, from whom I absolutely could not tear myself away. They seemed inclined to make me pay dear for their favour; for while they still kept me at a certain distance, they led me into one expense after another; and I being anxious only to promote their satisfaction, once more ceased to think of my purse, but paid and spent straight forward, as occasion needed. But how great was my astonishment and joy, when, after some weeks, I observed that the fulness of my store was not in the least diminished, that my purse was still as round and crammed as ever! Wishing to obtain more strict knowledge of this pretty quality, I set myself down to count; I accurately marked the sum; and again proceeded in my joyous life as before. We had no want of excursions by land, and excursions by water; of dancing, singing, and other recreations. But now it required small attention to observe that the purse was actually diminishing; as if by my cursed counting I had robbed it of being uncountable. However this gay mode of existence had been once entered on; I could not draw back; and yet my ready money soon verged to a close. I execrated my situation; upbraided my fair friend, for having so led me into temptation; took it as an offence that she did not again shew herself to me; renounced, in my spleen, all duties towards her; and resolved to break open the box, and see if peradventure any help might be found there. I was just about proceeding with my purpose; but I put it off till night, that I might go through the business with full composure; and, in the meantime, I hastened off to a banquet, for which this was the appointed hour. Here again we got into a high key; the wine and the trumpet-sounding, had flushed me not a little, when, by the most villainous luck, it chanced, that during the desert, a former friend of my dearest fair one, returning from a journey, entered unexpectedly, placed himself beside her, and, without much ceremony, set about asserting his old privileges. Hence, very soon arose ill-humour, quarrelling, and battle; we plucked out our spits; and I was carried home half-dead of several wounds. The surgeon had bandaged me and gone away; it was far in the night; my sick-nurse had fallen asleep; the door of the side-room went up, my fair mysterious friend came in, and sat down by me on the bed. She asked how I was: I answered not, for I was faint and sullen. She continued speaking with much sympathy; she rubbed my temples with a certain balsam, whereby I felt myself rapidly and decidedly strengthened, so strengthened that I could now get angry and upbraid her. In a violent speech, I threw all the blame of my misfortune on her; on the passion she had inspired me with; on her appearing and vanishing; and the tedium, the longing which in such case I could not but feel. I waxed more vehement, as if a fever had been coming on; and I swore to her at last, that if she would not be mine, and would not now abide with me and wed me, I had no wish to live any longer; to all which I required a peremptory answer. As she lingered and held back with her explanation, I got altogether beside myself, and tore off my double and triple bandages, in the firmest resolution to bleed to death. But what was my amazement, when I found all my wounds healed, my skin smooth and entire, and this fair friend in my arms! Henceforth we were the happiest pair in the world. We both begged pardon of each other, without either of us rightly knowing why. She now promised to travel on along with me: and soon we were sitting side by side in the carriage; the little box lying opposite us on the other seat. Of this I had never spoken to her, nor did I now think of speaking, though it lay there before our eyes; and both of us, by tacit agreement, took charge of it, as circumstances might require; I, however, still carrying it to and from the carriage, and busying myself, as formerly, with the locking of the doors. So long as aught remained in my purse, I had continued to pay: but when my cash went down, I signified the fact to her. "That is easily helped," said she,

pointing to a couple of little pouches fixed at the top, to the side of the carriage. These I had often observed before, but never turned to use. She put her hand into one, and pulled out some gold pieces, and from the other some coins of silver; thereby shewing me the possibility of meeting any scale of expenditure which we might chuse to adopt. And thus we journeyed on from town to town, from land to land, contented with each other and with the world; and I fancied not that she would again leave me; the less so, that for sometime she had evidently been as loving wives wish to be,—a circumstance by which our happiness and mutual affection was increased still farther. But one morning, alas! she could not be found; and as my actual residence, without her company, became displeasing, I again took the road with my box; tried the virtue of the two pouches and found it still unimpaired. My journey proceeded without accident. But if I had hitherto paid little heed to the mysteries of my adventure, expecting a natural solution of the whole, there now occurred something which threw me into astonishment, into anxiety, nay into fear. Being wont, in my impatience for change of place, to hurry forward day and night, it was often my hap to be travelling in the dark; and when the lamps, by any chance went out, to be left in utter obscurity. Once in the dead of such a night I had fallen asleep, and on awaking I observed the glimmer of a light on the covering of my carriage. I examined this more strictly, and found that it was issuing from the box, in which there seemed to be a chink, as if it had been chapped by the warm and dry weather of summer, which was now come on. My thoughts of jewels again came into my head; I supposed there must be some carbuncle lying in the box, and this point I forthwith set about investigating. I postured myself as well as might be, so that my eye was in immediate contact with the chink. but how great was my surprize, when a fair apartment, well lighted, and furnished with much taste and even costliness, met my inspection, just as if I had been looking down through the opening of a dome into a royal saloon! A fire was burning in the grate, and before it stood an arm chair. I held my breath, and continued to observe. And now there entered from the other side of the apartment a lady with a book in her hand, whom I at once recognised for my wife, though her figure was contracted into the extreme of diminution. She sat down in the chair by the fire to read; she trimmed the coals with the most dainty pair of tongs; and in the course of her movements, I could clearly perceive, that this fairest little creature was also in the family way. But now I was obliged to shift my constrained posture a little; and the next moment, when I bent down to look again, and convince myself that it was no dream, the light had vanished, and my eye rested on empty darkness. How amazed, nay, terrified I was, you may easily conceive. I started a thousand thoughts on this discovery, and in truth could think nothing. In the midst of this I fell asleep; and on awaking, I fancied that it must have been a mere dream: yet I felt myself in some degree estranged from my fair one; and though I watched over the box but so much the more carefully, I knew not whether the event of her reappearance in human size was a thing which I should wish or dread. After some time she did in fact reappear: one evening, in a white robe, she came gliding in; and as it was just then growing dusky in my room, she seemed to me taller than when I had seen her last; and I remembered having heard that all beings of the mermaid and gnome species increase in stature very perceptibly at the fall of night. She flew as usual to my arms; but I could not with right gladness press her to my obstructed breast. "My dearest," said she, "I now feel by thy reception of me, what, alas! I already knew too well. Thou hast seen me in the interim, thou art acquainted with the state in which, at certain times, I find myself; thy happiness and mine is interrupted, nay, it stands on the brink of being annihilated altogether. I must leave thee; and I know not whether I shall ever see thee again." Her presence, the grace with which she spoke, directly banished from my memory almost every trace of that vision, which indeed had already hovered before me as little more than a dream. I addressed her with kind vivacity, convinced her of my passion, assured her

that I was innocent, that my discovery was accidental; in short, I so managed it that she appeared composed, and endeavoured to compose me. "Try thyself strictly," said she, "whether this discovery has not hurt thy love, whether thou canst forget that I live in two forms beside thee, whether the diminution of my being will not also contract thy affection." I looked at her; she was fairer than ever; and I thought within myself: Is it so great a misfortune, after all, to have a wife who from time to time becomes a dwarf, so that one can carry her about with him in a casket? Were it not much worse if she become a giantess, and put her husband in the box? My gayety of heart had returned. I would not for the whole world have let her go. "Best heart," said I, "let us be and continue ever as we have been. Could either of us wish to be better? Enjoy thy convenience; and I promise thee to guard the box with so much the more faithfulness. Why should the prettiest sight I have ever seen in my life make a bad impression on me? How happy would lovers be, could they but procure such miniature pictures! And after all it was but a picture, a little sleight-of-hand deception. Thou art trying and teasing me; but thou shalt see how I will stand it." "The matter is more serious than thou thinkest," said the fair one; "however, I am truly glad to see thee take it so lightly; for much good may still be awaiting us both. I will trust in thee; and for my own part do my utmost: only promise me that thou wilt never mention this discovery by way of reproach. Another prayer, likewise, I most earnestly make to thee: be more than ever on thy guard against wine and anger." I promised what she required; I could have gone on promising to all lengths; but she herself turned aside the conversation; and thenceforth all proceeded in its former routine. We had no inducement to alter our place of residence; the town was large, the society various; and the fine season gave rise to many an excursion and garden-festival."

(Conclusion next week.)

MISCELLANY.

THE GHOST & CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

A TRUE STORY.

Mr. Samuel Fisher, the inventor of the golden snuff, was acquainted with a widow lady of excellent character, who resided in Cork. This lady was inconsolable for the death of her husband; the day was spent by her in sighs and lamentations, and her pillow at night was moistened with the tears of sorrow. Her husband, her dead husband, was the continual theme of her discourse, and she seemed to live for no other object but to recite his praises, and deplore his loss. One morning, her friend Fisher found her in a state of mental agitation bordering on distraction. Her departed love, she said, had appeared to her in the night, and most peremptorily ordered her to enter the vault where his remains were deposited, and have the coffin opened. Mr. Fisher remonstrated with her on the absurdity of the idea; he said that the intensity of her sorrow had impaired her intellect; that the phantom was the mere creature of her imagination; and begged of her at least to postpone to some future period her intended visit to the corpse of her husband. The lady acquiesced for that time in his request; but the two succeeding mornings, the angry spirit of her spouse stood at her bedside, and with loud menaces repeated his command. Fisher, therefore, sent to the sexton, and matters being arranged, the weeping widow and her friend attended in the dismal vault; the coffin was opened with much solemnity and the faithful matron stooped down and kissed the clay-cold lips of her adored husband. Having reluctantly parted from the beloved corpse, she spent the remainder of the day in silent anguish. On the succeeding morning, Fisher (who intended to sail for England on that day) called to bid his afflicted friend adieu. The maid-servant told him that the lady had not yet arisen. "Tell her to get up," said Fisher, "I wish to give her a few words of consolation and advice before my departure." "Ah sir!" said the smiling girl, "it would be a pity to disturb the new married couple so early in the morning!" "What new married couple?" "My mistress, sir, was married

last night." "Married! Impossible! What, the lady who adored her deceased husband, who was nightly visited by his ghost, and who yesterday so fervently kissed the corpse! Surely you jest." "O, sir," said the maid, "my late master, poor man, on his death-bed, made my mistress promise that she would never marry any man after his decease, till he and she should meet again, (which the good man no doubt thought would never happen till they met in heaven,) and you know, my dear sir, you kindly introduced them to each other, face to face, yesterday. My mistress, sir, sends you her compliments and thanks, together with this bride-cake, to distribute among your young friends."

COUNT VITELESCHI.

There was living in 1786, at Brescia, a Count Viteleschi, a most singular man, and whose energy seemed to belong to the middle ages. All that I have heard of him announced him to be a character similar to that of Castruccio Castracani. As he was only a private individual, his character showed itself in dissipating his fortune in the most extraordinary way, committing a thousand follies to please the woman that he loved, and killing his rivals. As he was one day walking with his mistress, a man happened to look at her: "Cast down your eyes," cried Viteleschi; the man continuing to look at her, Viteleschi shot him on the spot. Adventures of this kind were looked upon but as peccadillos in a rich patrician; but Viteleschi having killed a distant relation of the noble Venetian family of Bragadin, was arrested and thrown into the famous prison at Venice, near the *ponte dei sospiri*. Viteleschi, who was a very handsome man, and not devoid of eloquence, set about seducing the jailor's wife. The jailor suspecting the intrigue, loaded him with irons. Viteleschi, though in solitary confinement, in chains and without money, soon succeeded in interesting his persecutor, though a jailor and jealous. This man used to pass two hours every day with his prisoner. On one occasion Viteleschi said to him, "What torments me most, is, that while I am here rotting in chains, my enemy is strutting about Brescia. Oh, if I could but kill him and then die." These fine sentiments touched the jailor; who said to him, "I will give you your liberty for four days." The count fell upon his neck, and on the following Friday evening quitted the prison. A gondola passed him to Mestre, where a *sediola* with relays awaited him. He arrived at Brescia at three o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, and took his post near the church door. As his enemy came out from vespers, he stretched him dead with a shot from a carbine.

Not one of the bystanders thought of arresting Count Viteleschi; who calmly returned to his *sediola*, and was back in prison on Tuesday evening. The *Seigneurie* of Venice were soon informed of this murder, and Count Viteleschi was brought before them, so enfeebled was he by confinement. On the accusation being read—"How many witnesses have signed this new calumny?" asked Viteleschi, with a sepulchral voice. "More than two hundred," was the answer. "Your excellencies know, however, that on Sunday last, the day of the murder, I was in the cursed prison; you may now see how numerous are my enemies." This reasoning shook some of the old Judges, the young ones favoured Viteleschi on account of the singularity of his character, and in a short time, owing to this fresh murder, he was set at liberty. A year after, the jailor received, through the hands of a priest, one hundred and eighty thousand Venetian livres, (about 90,000 frs.) the price of the sole remaining unmortgaged property that Viteleschi possessed. This determined, impassioned, and extraordinary individual, whose life would make a most interesting volume, lived to a good old age, the terror of all his neighbourhood. A curious story is told of his having lived concealed for fifteen days in a chimney, for the purpose of watching his mistress, whom to his great joy he found faithful. She was in the habit of receiving the visits of a rich young man who was enamoured of her, but whom she was desirous of securing as a husband for her daughter. Viteleschi, convinced of her innocence, dropped suddenly from the chimney, and said to the astonished young man, "you have had a most fortunate

escape; see what it is to have to do with a man of probity. Another in my place would have killed you without verifying fact." He once, at the approach of Easter, made one of his retainers affect to be in articulo mortis, and send for the confessor of this same mistress; the holy man having partaken of some refreshment, in which opium had been mixed, fell asleep; when Viteleschi borrowed his clothes in which he disguised himself, and repaired to the church, whither he knew his mistress was to go that day to make her confession.

[Hendahl's "Rome, Naples, and Florence."]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1827.

§3-Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

JUNE. Pent up in the noisy city, we can form no fair estimate of the changes, which every month effects on the country scenery. But if we step on board a steamboat, into a stage coach, or any other conveyance, and wander some twenty or thirty miles from the city, we seem to be reinstated in the forfeited shades of Eden. Now the groves and orchards have put on their full suit of green. The meadows are showing their luxuriant burdens of grass, shortly to become the toil and sport of the jocund haymakers. The gardens and door yards toss up their snowballs, their pionies, their roses, and a host of other flowers, to tickle the olfactories of the swain, or hang in withering modesty from the bosom or tresses of the damsel. Now the sheep, lightened of their heavy fleeces run briskly over the hill sides, and the horned bullocks graze lazily along, or more lazily ruminate in the shade of the umbrageous elm. Now the young corn shows its green rows on the plain, and many a barefoot boy plies the hoe among it, regardless of the sun, or sweat, or dust, while the tall rye, and the wheat of richest green, undulate before the light breeze, like a billowy lake. And the cuckoo in the orchard and the blackbird in the swamp, and the bob-o'-lincoln in the meadow, add not a little to the interest of the scene, by their incessant loquacity. Go out, and hear for yourselves, the music which no science can imitate, and gaze on the scenery which no painter can fully describe. Go and breathe the sweet air of the hills, and then own that the idea of balmy gales and spicy groves, is not wholly fabulous. You, whose ears are wearied with the cry of sweeps and the clatter of carriages, you never caught the music of the country maiden's voice, accompanied by the strains of that best and sweetest instrument of music—the spinning wheel! keeping exact time to the spring of the shuttle and the beat of the loom. Such music when it strikes the passing ear, yields a pleasure, a kind of proud and pleasant sensation, which the skill of the ablest orchestra fails to produce. Our sidewalks are indeed loaded with the richest fruits that a tropical sun ever tepefied to maturity; but what are they to the pleasure of plucking the juicy and delicious pericarp of the strawberry from the stem where it germinated? And the first of flowering shrubs, the bilberry, is fast ripening a little fruit, that shall set at nought the flavour of the orange and pine apple. Every lover of rural rambles will find the present season more replete with all that makes the country delightful, than any other month, perhaps in the whole year. And those whom ennui or melancholy estranged

from romantic pleasures, can look for no more certain and present relief than to sally forth among the hills, to breathe the pure air, and rest their wearied senses on the calm scenes of JUNE.

INDUSTRY. No one disputes that the frequent exertion of the powers of the body strengthens them. We see proofs of it daily. We see it in all classes, from children of the greenest age, to the hoary headed veteran; and it requires no supernatural gift of sight to discern a man's habits of industry through the vigour of his constitution. The infant that is confined to a chair or cradle, and not suffered to stretch and exercise its little limbs to its whole desire, generally grows peevish, pale, and sickly; its limbs are emaciated, and its joints are relaxed, till disease and death release it from its sufferings. Follow him through riper years, and man's best regulator of health will be found a wholesome and seasonable exercise of his limbs. And those who have been favoured with the longest and healthiest lives, have been universally remarkable for an industrious application to some laborious occupation.

But this is not the object we are in pursuit of. The powers of the mind are, perhaps, more susceptible of improvement from exercise than even those of the body. Genius and invention are, it is true, essential to the strength of the mind; but we would like to see the man who can convince us by fair argument, that what is commonly called genius, is not more properly the result of an industrious attention to some pursuit, than the gratuitous gift of nature. A candid research will certainly convince the most skeptical, that nature is not half so partial in her gifts as she appears. When a man meets with uncommon success in any literary pursuit, we are ready to say that nature has done a great deal for him; but if we scan his character and habits of application, we are led to the conclusion that industry has done still more. It is often the case that a mere accident turns a man's faculties into some particular channel, as was the fact with Sir Isaac Newton; but without perseverance that channel very often runs dry, and what is the consequence? Why—the popular conclusion, that the man has not a proper genius for the undertaking. The fact is, these things are not called by their right names. The literal translation, then, of the word genius, in such cases, should be *industry*.

If we ask the question, why is Sir Walter Scott a better prose writer than a poet? Or, why is Thomas Moore a better poet than prosier? Their works carry the answer in their very names. What but the most indefatigable industry, could produce from one pen, in so short a time, such a series of finished works as the Waverley novels? On the contrary, every poetical emanation from his fancy, since the commencement of his prosaic career, has been marked by public neglect. His first poetical works were well received. But since the direction of his attention to another object, their spirit has depreciated to an astonishing degree, while that other pursuit has gradually and perceptibly improved under the force and application of unwearied industry.

The mind may be constantly and profitably employed in more ways than one. To find employment for the limbs, we are often obliged to engage in some otherwise useless amusement. Not so with the mind. It can be set to work at any time and in any place, where it is disposed to be itself.

Zimmerman, among many very interesting examples of the power of solitude on the mind, says of

Petrarch—"He perfectly understood the art of managing his time. 'I rise,' said he, 'before the sun, and on the approach of day, wander contemplatively along the fields, or retire to study. I read, I write, I think. I vanquish indolence, banish sleep, avoid luxury, and forget sensuality. From morning to night I climb the barren mountains, traverse the humid valleys seek the deepest curves, or walk, accompanied only by my thoughts, along the bank of my river. I have no society to distract my mind; and men daily become less annoying to me; for I place them either far before or far behind me. I recollect what is past, and contemplate what is to come. I have found an excellent expedient to detach my mind from the world. I cultivate a fondness for my place of residence, and I am persuaded that I could be happy any where except at Avignon. Here I enjoy all my friends; as well those with whom I have actually lived, as those who have long since entered the vale of death, and of whom I have no knowledge but what their works afford.'"

LITERARY. N. H. CARTER, esq. has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, *Letters from Europe*; comprising the narrative journal of a tour through Great Britain, France, Italy, and Switzerland. They will be published as soon as the amount of subscription will justify the expense, in two volumes 8vo. of 500 pages each, for \$2.00 a volume, bound in boards.

The public is already acquainted with the merits of Mr. Carter's Letters. Numerous and interesting extracts have been laid before them during the last two years, by almost every public print in the country. They are the productions of great classical research; and we hope an extensive and liberal subscription will evince a commendable taste in the American reader, and, at the same time, afford some compensation for the fatigue and labour which necessarily await him, who furnishes food for the classic gourmand.

MASONRY IN MEXICO, AGAIN. We learn that the Governor of Vera Cruz has issued a decree prohibiting all Masonic associations; dooming to banishment and imprisonment all persons concerned in them, or who furnish them a place to convene. We presume his excellency is a priest, and recommend to him the restoration of the Holy Inquisition in Vera Cruz; or at least, to invite the magnanimous Ferdinand to take again his once rebellious, but now returning subjects under his potent sceptre. Or we may be mistaken. It may be election time in Vera Cruz. If so, they probably have their Masonic ticket, and their——Inquisition ticket. *Dominetur vulgus*, is not unfrequently the motto of tyrants.

We do not imagine that the above information need to create any fears for the interests of Masonry, in the great Republic of Mexico. There have already been several attempts, by the priests, to clap on the shackles, in the general Congress of Mexico. We have before stated the result of a deliberation in the Mexican Senate which proved that liberal principles have taken too deep root to be eradicated at once. The inhabitants of the city and neighbouring provinces, are of a more enlightened character. Many Europeans and Americans by settling among them, have given a check to the proverbial jealousy of the Spanish character: and there are, at this day, several lodges of freemasons in successful operation in the city of Mexico, and its immediate vicinity, who hold their charters from the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York.

HORTICULTURAL PREMIUM. We understand that the "Banksian Medal" of the London Horticultural Society, has been awarded to **JESSE BUEL**, Esq. of this city, for a barrel of American apples, embracing twenty varieties, forwarded to the society last winter. Judge Buel has opened the way to many important improvements in the Horticultural science of our country, for which, we are happy to see, his services are properly estimated.

✂ The Grand Lodge of the State of New-York will convene in the city of New-York on Wednesday next.

✂ The Grand Encampment of Knights Templars, and the appendant orders, of the state of New-York, will commence its annual communication in the city of New-York on Friday next.

✂ By a reference to the notices for the celebration of the ensuing masonic anniversary, it will be perceived that a disposition is evinced to commemorate the day in a truly becoming manner. The committees appointed by the several bodies, are of the first respectability,—ornaments of the craft and of community. The malignancy of the enemies of masonry will only add to its lustre. We are firm in the opinion, that in the end, it will be productive of the best results to the fraternity throughout the country.

✂ Our friends throughout the state of New-York, and the other states in the Union, and likewise those in the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, are requested to furnish us with the proceedings of their several bodies at the ensuing anniversary, and with copies of the addresses that may be delivered on the occasion. We are desirous of keeping a faithful "Record," and must in some measure rely upon our friends for assistance.

CANAL REVENUE. The amount of toll received by the collector at Albany, from the commencement of canal navigation, on the 21st day of April, to the 1st day of June, is *Forty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-two dollars*. The number of boats that departed from Albany during the same time, is *Eleven hundred and sixty-four*.

This exceeds by *thousands*, any amount received heretofore, in the same space of time.

ALBANY DIRECTORY. This useful work, we have been informed, will be put to press during the ensuing week. It has been compiled at considerable expense of money, time and trouble, by Mr. Tobias V. Cuyler, the gentleman who, two years since, published a similar work, and the loss of whose services for the last publication were seriously felt. We hope he may meet with that liberality from the hands of our citizens, to which he is justly entitled for the able manner in which the present work has been compiled. We are assured it will present a greater quantity of valuable matter than any which has preceded it.

✂ Our readers will observe that we have given them no news this week, excepting only such as is connected with science and literature. The market is entirely destitute of foreign tidings and wonders—none having been imported the present week. As to home affairs, we hear of nothing but "murders," "melancholy accidents," "horrible catastrophes," hanging scrapes, and "the presidency;" and as we are sworn enemies to the whole of them, we shall not bring them into notice.

THE CIRCUS. This establishment, under the name of the "*North Pearl street Theatre*," will be opened for theatrical representations only, on Monday next. It will be under the management of Mr. Thompson, from the La Fayette Theatre in the city of New York.

There was at our poor house establishment, a poor wight, named Andrew Doyle, who seemed, until the period of our story, an object of almost any feeling beside that termed in usual parlance, the "tender." Our luckless hero, in addition to an impaired constitution, and fortune somewhat shattered, was as blind as the dimpled deity himself. But Doyle, like music, "had charms," and though after an acquaintance of several years they were unobserved by us, a certain female in that love-inspiring abode, saw things with better eyes. "She never told her love," but set about a plan for the delivery of Doyle from bondage, with a promptitude and secrecy, which love alone could incite, and determined (to use her own emphatic language,) to see him clear, "if she had to go through fire and water."—She was successful. In the dead silence of the night, unseen and unheard, a window was raised, and the loving pair made their escape to "*parts unknown*." They were afterwards seen making their way towards *Lewiston*; since which no tidings of their fate or place of abode have reached us. [Ontario Repository.]

[It is truly a melancholy case. We can however assure the public that if blustering and caterwauling can avail in these law-defying, these pauper-stealing times, their "*lives*" and their "*sacred liberties*," are held in very safe keeping by "the champions who stand sleepless upon the towers of freedom—watching over" abductions "with untired zeal," and the energetic and disinterested *Lewiston Convention*, whose "*able bodied*" qualities and supernatural sympathy are so well known and extensively admired.—*M. Record*.]

PROGRESS OF MUTUAL INSTRUCTION IN DENMARK. Mr. Abrahamson pursues, with indefatigable zeal, the enterprise which he began more than six years ago; that of introducing mutual and elementary instruction throughout the states of the king of Denmark. He has the satisfaction to see his efforts crowned with a far greater success than he had dared to promise himself. In his first report addressed to the king in the month of January, 1824, he announced, that at the end of the year 1823, there were in Denmark 244 schools, in which this mode of instruction was in full operation, and 263 others which had begun to be organized on this plan: so that the total number of schools which had adopted the method was 607. This number has since increased to such an extent, that at the end of the year 1824, there were 605 schools completely organized, and 312 others whose organization had commenced. There are, at present, therefore, in Denmark, 1017 communes which have frankly declared themselves in favour of mutual instruction; and it is more than probable that, in a few years, this method will be introduced into all the schools of the kingdom. Nevertheless, the introduction of the system is not decreed, but simply permitted and encouraged by the government. Among the causes of this success, Mr. Abrahamson cites, in the first place, the powerful protection of the king, who, not content with contributing to the progress of this instruction by his royal munificence, condescends also to visit in person the establishments in those towns and villages which he passes through. Mr. Abrahamson has the satisfaction to find the number of adversaries to this method considerably diminished. As a proof of the truth of this assertion, the following anecdote is given in his first reports. In a rural district, in the island of Zealand, many persons complained to the pastor of the new schools, alleging that their children learned rather to play and amuse themselves than to read and write. The pastor having asked for an explanation, the country people answered, that formerly they were obliged

to drive their children from home to compel them to go to school; whereas, now, on the contrary, they were pressing to have their breakfast more early, that they may get off. The pastor invited the parents to attend the school sometimes and hear the recital of the lessons. This they did, and became from that time the most ardent partizans of the schools.

[Silliman's Journal.]

EXTENSION OF EDUCATION.—Switzerland. The *Nouvelliste Vaudois*, (one of the best daily papers published in Switzerland,) of the 7th of October, states, that there has been organized, in the canton of Zurich, a numerous association for the amelioration of the condition of primary schools, and the improvement of teachers. The number of the primary schools, in the canton of Zurich exceeds 400; during the last twenty years, the government has devoted 17,000 francs to the instruction of teachers; 30,000 in the construction of new school houses; 27,000 in aid of the education of the poor. Independently of the moderate salaries allowed the primary teachers, there exists a fund of 49,500 francs, destined for the relief of those who have need of charitable aid.

In the prefecture of Alderfugen, in the same Canton, a society of teachers has existed for six years, who assemble periodically, with the view of communicating the experience mutually acquired in the practice of the honourable functions of instruction.

In the Canton of Basle, the teachers have formed a society of *mutual assurance*. By the payment of an admission fee, and annual assessment, every teacher may insure to his wife assistance after his death, and to his children a suitable education.

DECIPHERING OF HIEROGLYPHICS. Professor Seyffarth of Leipzig, who has been employed in deciphering the Egyptian Antiquities at Rome, states, that he has discovered all the dynasties of Egypt, from Menos to the times of the Romans; that he can show that Osiris was a real person; that he has found the picture of a Jew in bonds, and other allusions to the state of slavery to which the Jews were reduced. He adds, that he has found the Old and New Testaments in the Sefitic, and the Pentateuch in the Memphitic dialect; the acts of the councils of Nicosa in the Coptic language; Coptic glossaries and grammars in the Arabic language; and a Mexican manuscript in hieroglyphics, from which he infers, that the Mexicans and the Egyptians had intercourse with each other from the remotest antiquity, and that they had the same system of mythology.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES IN THE LIVERPOOL MUSEUM. In the last number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, we find the following interesting information, communicated to the editor by our scientific townsman, Dr. Trail:—We have in our museum many fine Egyptian antiquities; among these is a beautiful papyrus, found in the hand of a mummy. It is upwards of twenty feet long, the hieroglyphics beautifully executed, and interspersed with numerous pictures. One of these is a representation of the Egyptian Last Judgement, as described by Diodorus Siculus; in which the spirit of the deceased is ushered by a genius before the god *Thoth*, who sits with his tablets, writing down the result of a trial, then before him, in which the deceased are weighed in a balance, the vibrations of which are intently watched by *Cerberus*. In an upper compartment, the happy issue of the trial is announced by the introduction of the human spirit, under the guidance of the same genius *Osiris*. We have an unrolled head of a mummy, a young female, with high thin nose, and long auburn ringlets, confirming the opinion of Cuvier, Blumenbach, and others, that the Egyptians (of the era at least, of this mummy) were not negroes. We have also several mummies' shoes, and a beautiful sandal of plaited palm leaves, all which are made *right and left*, so that even this modern fashion has had an Egyptian origin. I have, in my possession, several Egyptian antiquities, among the rest, an exquisite bronze figure of Harpocrates, with his finger on his lips, and the sacred beetle on his head. The contour of the body, and the grace of the head are, quite Grecian.

POETRY.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

From the new edition of "Death's Doings."

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Ay, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief!
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell!

Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and chill!"

"Was the voice I heard thy voice, O Death?
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath
Mingle with Victory's cheer!

Banners shall float with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die!
And the palm tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall—
Death! Death! I fear thee not."

"Warrior! thou bearest a haughty heart,
But I can bend its pride!
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of Victory's tide?

It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine;
It may be lone on the desert-sands,
Where men for fountains pine!

It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold—
I have slow dull steps and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold!"

"Death! Death! I go to a doom unblest
If this indeed must be!
But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee!

Sound, clarion, sound!—for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine;
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
O Death! and not to thine!"

ON LEAVING KENTUCKY.

By Mrs. HOLLEY.

Farewell to the land in which broad rivers flow,
And vast prairies bloom as in Eden's young day!
Farewell to the land in which lofty trees grow
And the vine and the mistletoe's empire display!

Farewell to the land, at whose call I deserted
A dearly loved home and the place of my birth!
In sorrow I met thee, with eyes half-averted;
In sorrow I quit thee, thou bright spot of earth!

Thou land of my sojourn a brief term of years,
As a step-child I love thee for favors oft shown;
And as dim in the distance thy blue mist appears,
My heart's warm emotion thy power shall own,

With the wide world to rove as in life's early day,
But with spirits less buoyant as chastened by time,
Reflecting in sadness, I tread the lone way,
With no home in the vista on which to recline.

Farewell halls of science, where learning long strove
To maintain her dominion o'er minds wild and free!
May your seats still the science of intellect prove,
And your sons of the state the bright ornament be!

Shrubs and trees, which I've planted and nurtured with care
Geraniums, roses and myrtles, adieu!
Who your first fruits and flowers hereafter will share,
And who will o'er show such devotion to you?

Should the rude or the thoughtless invade your domain,
And ravage the scenes where my fancy will dwell,
Who then with new beauty will clothe you again,
And who will protect your young buds as they swell?

To the church, too, farewell, where in weekly devotion
My heart and my voice in full union were
With the organ's deep tones, as with lively emotion
I joined in the concert of praise and of prayer.

But how to the friends, who have cherished me ever,
Shall I utter the word, or but think we must part!
Let destiny rule as she chooses, O never
Shall their sacred remembrance be torn from my heart.

May they too forget not they once loved the stranger,
Whatever her mood was, grave, gay, or serene;
Though a pilgrim to be, in far countries a ranger,
She will still love to dwell on the days that have been.

In memory's page let her faults leave no trace,
Or be with the mantle of kindness veiled o'er,
If aught good and laudable find there a place,
Let partial affection still add to the store.

May peace round your dwellings her influence shed,
And happiness open new treasures for you,
Till at length from these mansions thy spirits have fled,
And we all to this world bid a final adieu!

Lexington, March 1827.

WOMAN.

BY FITZ-GREEN HALLACK.

[Written in the Album of an Unknown Lady.]

Lady, although we have not met
And may not meet beneath the sky;
And whether thine are eyes of jet,
Gray, or dark blue, or violet,
Or hazel—heaven knows, not I;

Whether around thy cheek of rose
A maiden's glowing locks are curled,
And to some thousand kneeling beaux,
Thy frown is cold as winter snows,
Thy smile is worth a world;

Or whether, past youth's joyous strife,
The calm of thought is on thy brow,
And thou art in thy noon of life,
Loving, and loved, a happy wife,
And happier mother now,

I know not—but whatever thou art,
Whoe'er thou art, were mine the spell,
To call Fate's joys, or blunt its dart,
There should not be one hand or heart
But served or wished thee well.

For thou art Woman—with that word
Life's dearest hopes and memory come,
Truth, Beauty, Love—in her adored,
And earth's Lost Paradise restored,
In the green bower of home.

What is man's love? His vows are broke
Even while his parting kiss is warm—
But woman's love all change will mock,
And, like the ivy round the oak,
Clings closest in the storm.

And well the poet at her shrine
May bend, and worship while he woos;
To him she is a thing divine,
The inspiration of his line,
His loved one and his muse.

If to his song the echo rings
Of Fame—'tis woman's voice he hears;
If even from his lyre's proud strings,
Flow sounds like rush of angel wings,
'Tis that she listens while he sings,
With blent smiles and tears.

Smiles,—tears,—whose blest and blessing power,
Like sun and dew o'er summer's tree,
Alone keeps green through Time's long hour,
That trifier thing than leaf or flower,
A Poet's immortality.

LONDON LYRICS.

THE LEES AND THE LAWSONS.

If you call on the Lees, north of Bloomsbury-square,
They welcome you blandly, they proffer a chair,
Decorously mild and well bred:
Intent on their music, their books, or their pen,
Employment absorbs their attention, and men
Seem totally out of their head.

If you call on the Lawsons, in Bloomsbury-place,
No fabric of order you seem to deface,
No sober arrangement to break,
They lounge on the sofa, their manners are odd,
Men drop in at luncheon, and give them a nod,
Then run to the Sherry and cake.

The house of the Lees has an orderly air,
It sets to its brethren of brick, in the square,
A model from attic to basement:
The knocker is polished, the name is japanned,
The step, unpolluted, is sprinkled with sand,
White blinds veil the drawing-room casement.

The house of the Lawsons is *tout-à-fait* chose,
It certainly proffers no air of repose,
For one of the girls always lingers
Athwart the veranda, alert as an ape,
To note to her sisters the forthcoming gape,
Be it monkeys, or Savoyard singers.

Whenever the Lees to the theatre stray,
The singers who sing, and the players who play,
Attentive, untalkative, find them:
With sound to allure them, or sense to attract,
They rarely turn round, till the end of the act,
To talk with the party behind 'em.

The Lawsons are bent on a different thing:
Miss Paton may warble, Miss Ayton may sing,
To listeners tier above tier:
They heed not song, character, pathos, or plot,
But turn their heads back, to converse with a knot
Of dandies who lounge in the rear.

In life's onward path it has happen'd to me
With many a Lawson, and many a Lee,
In parties to mix and to mingle:
And somehow, in spite of manures and plans,
I've found that the Lees get united in banus,
While most of the Lawsons keep single.

Goy Hymen is like the black maker of rum—
"De more mass call me de more I want come,"
He flies from the forward and bold:
He gives to the coy what it keeps from the kind;
The maidens who seek him, the maidens who find,
Are cast in an opposite mould.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

From T. Hood's Whims and Oddities.

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."
Shakspeare.

Said Nestor to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
"Why dearest will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified." "Ah, brute, be quiet, do;
I know I'm not so fortified, nor fiftyfold as you!"

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me, you swore, and I—took you at your word:
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made,
To live and die the wife of one, and widower by trade!"

"Come, come my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much, in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides you said you lik'd old men, though now at me you huff,"
"Why yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old enough."

"Come, come, my dear, lets make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I'll be the best of men, I mean, I'll be the best alive!
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core,"
"I thank ye, sir, for telling—for now I'll grieve thee more."

LACONICS.

ATTRIBUTED BY BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

Knowledge always desires increase: it is like fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself. Let it be remembered, that the efficacy of ignorance has been long tried, and has not produced the consequences expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn; and let the patrons of privation stand awhile aside, and admit the operation of positive principles.

Every man is dorn *cupidus*—desirous of getting: but not *avarus*—desirous of keeping.

All censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to shew how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood.

There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity, than *condecension*: when he seems to suppose his understanding too powerful for his company.

With an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1827.

[No. 19.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquille per virtutem patet unica vitz. [Juv. Sat.]

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MASONIC ODE.

BY BR. H. T. FARMER, M. D.

Set to music by Br. Wm. Nash, and sung at the celebration in the city of Charleston, S. C. December 27, 1826.

The world was darkness. No imperial flowers
Bloomed on her mounds, or blossomed in her bowers.
Fate strewed her curses on the murky wind,
And nought was left to cheer or soothe the mind.

Oh, Charity! thou harbinger of Light,
Thou sun by day, and polar star by night,
Haste to the orb which pale misfortune flies,
Where sorrow falters, and where misery dies.

Is there a hand which blunts the poisoned dart,
And turns its baleful influence from the heart?
Is there a talisman whose magic power
Can change the desert to the vermil bower?

Is there a shrine, where winter-woe is driven
To seek from tranquil climes the bliss of Heaven?
Yes! there is one, immutable, divine,
And sorrow greets it at the Mason's shrine.

A DISCOURSE,

ON THE PEACEFUL GENIUS OF FREEMASONRY.

Delivered at the Consecration of a Lodge.

BY THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

"Let us therefore, follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."—Romans xiv. 19.

The Apostle, perceiving that some dissensions had arisen between the Jewish and gentile converts with regard to the perpetuity of the Hebrew ritual and the observance of its ceremonies, in this chapter assumes the office of peace-maker. He attempts to allay the uncharitable spirit they discovered, and warmly recommends to the brethren the exercise of mutual forbearance, candour, charity and love. And to restrain their censoriousness, and show them the impropriety of judging and condemning each other, he reminds them that they all must stand before the judgement seat of Christ, to whom alone men are accountable for their religious principles and conduct.

The passage chosen for our text is one of his friendly cautions. It calls them away from emulations and strife, and solicits their utmost endeavours in the promotion of mutual peace and edification.

The recommendation is proper, not only for those to whom it was immediately addressed, but for Christians in all ages. Indeed, so long as men will think and act differently, and dislike and displease each other for doing so; so long as jarring interests and discordant passions divide and disturb them: so long will it be necessary to recal their attention to the duties of love, the advantages of union and charms of peace. And such is the humble object of the present discourse. In pursuing it, I shall attempt to explain the duty here recommended, in general terms; and then show how it belongs to us in our individual, social, christian, and masonic characters.

I. To pursue the things which make for peace and mutual advantage, is, in general terms, to endeavour so to demean ourselves, in the various stations and offices of life, as to promote a friendly understanding and correspondence among those with whom we converse; and to prevent, as much as possible, all mistakes and jealousies, all contentions and strife.

Such are the imperfections of our nature, such the diversities or prejudices of our education, and in such different lights do we see the same thing,

that it is not probable we ever should concur exactly in the same opinions. Yet that we should make allowances for these things, and exercise charity and candour for each other, is but reasonable and just: especially since the things in which we all agree, are vastly greater and of higher importance than those in which we differ. Therefore, to censure or condemn others, because they think differently from us in small or indifferent matters, is as unreasonable as to be dissatisfied with them because they have not our features or complexion.

But, to be more particular,

II. In order to promote the amicable and pacific disposition and conduct our text recommends, we ought, as individuals, to make it our habitual endeavour to cultivate and cherish all those mild and friendly dispositions which bring serenity into our own bosoms and diffuse it to all around us; and to suppress and restrict all those inclinations and passions which inflame our sense of injuries, or excite a spirit of resentment, unkindness or animosity. Every lust, passion, and inordinate affection, tends to create discord, and sow dissension. From pride cometh contention; from ambition, wars and fightings: and discontent, envy, anger, and malice, are those roots of bitterness which spring up, and are fruitful in all the disorders of private, social, and public life.

Whoever is not at peace with his own self, will never be at peace with his fellow creatures.

If the heart be full of rancour, the conduct will be full of malignity.

But he who is kindly affectioned, who hath the rule over his own spirit, will be under no temptation to disturb the peace of his neighbour. His carriage will be always inoffensive, his manners gentle, and his conduct obliging. And thus will he conciliate universal estimation and love, aid the cause of general harmony and peace, and edify all around him by his good disposition, example, and conduct.

III. In our social character and relations we ought, also, to pursue the plans of peace and mutual edification.

Men are born for society, and designed as helps and comforts to each other. Strifes and debates, resentment and wrath, are discordant with this original destination and intent. They unsocialize man. They are destructive of all union and harmony.

The very nature and situation, the interests and happiness of mankind, shew the importance and necessity of pursuing the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

The duty itself implies mutual love and charity. He who observes it will be kind and condescending. His heart will glow with benevolence. His arms will be extended to the large embrace of philanthropy, or the liberal bestowment of generosity. In his intercourse with his fellow men he will show the most obliging attention to their concerns, and the most active readiness to promote their welfare. He will not needlessly give, nor take offence. He will use great compliance in all matters of indifference, and rather suffer inconvenience than excite uneasiness. He is not easily provoked, but suffereth long and is kind. He expects to meet with little affronts, and to have to deal sometimes with disobedient tempers. But he is not apt quickly and upon every slight occasion to conceive a displeasure, or to take fire at every provocation or neglect. He will pacify the resentful by a soft answer, or disarm them by an obliging courtesy. In short, he is desirous and ready upon all occasions to make up differences, to rectify misunderstandings, to soften prejudices and to restore harmony and good will between any persons and in any cases which fall within the compass of his knowledge.

Such is the character of him who endeavours as much as lieth in him, to live peaceably with all men, and to promote their peace and welfare.

As members of civil society it becomes us, likewise,

to lead quiet and peaceable lives; to promote the public tranquility and prosperity; to pay a due regard to the laws of our country; to show a high respect to our rulers, and a generous confidence in their wise administration, to avoid a factious and party spirit; and, by proving ourselves at all times the friends of order and of peace, to build up and sustain our national security, liberty and independence.

IV. CHRISTIANS, more especially, should follow after the things which make for peace and tend to mutual edification. They owe this to the common cause of the gospel. They are by their profession all "members of one body," called "in one hope," servants of "one Lord," disciples of the same heavenly teacher, instructed in "one faith," introduced in "one baptism," and consecrated to the "one God and father of all;" partakers in the same promises, and fellow heirs to the same glorious inheritance. What bonds of union are these! What considerations can prevail to divide those thus connected together by the most sacred ties! Shall they not always love with "one heart and one soul," and "keep the unity of faith in the bonds of peace?" Convinced of the propriety of such a temper and conduct of love and charity, let us, my fellow christians, make it the fixed purpose of our hearts to avoid all strifes and contention; to sacrifice all little party distinctions for mutual edification, for advancing the common interest; to cultivate and cherish the kind affections; and to do all in our power to promote and preserve concord and unanimity, harmony and peace, that we may "excel to the edifying of the church," and in the "love of the brethren."† And be it remembered, that, while we follow after the things which make for peace, we adorn the holy religion we profess, as well as evidence to the world that we belong to that Jesus who is "the Prince of peace," and who has said that all men may know his disciples by the love they bear to one another. So that LOVE is the badge and mark of the true christian; PEACE is his disposition, and EDIFICATION his desire.

Acknowledged and accepted in this character as the "children of God," may we all hereafter share "the fruits of righteousness, which are sown in peace for them that make peace," in a world where goodness flourishes in bliss eternal!

V. Lastly. As MASONS let us never neglect to pursue the things which make for peace and mutual edification. The very genius and design of our institution assigns this duty: its credit and prosperity demand it of us. Recollect for one moment, my brethren, the peculiar spirit, the appropriate object of our association. Is it not to form us to the habits and the most liberal exercise of charity and candour, forbearance and placability, humanity and peace? Are we not instructed to wear "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and to retain "the law of kindness in our mouth?" Are we not instructed not only to "dwell together in unity," but to "follow peace with all men:" not only to "bear one another's burdens," but to "fulfil the whole law of love:" not only to make the kindest allowance for a brother's infirmities, but to condescend to the peculiarities of other men, excuse their imperfections, and apologize for their failings? Yes! We are taught to suppress private prejudices and party spirit; to forget animosities and to listen to the voice of reconciliation; to soften into gentleness and complaisance, sympathy and love; and to prepare for all the duties of universal benevolence. And must not the cultivation of such dis-

* "Donare inimicitias Reipublicæ"—to sacrifice all private animosities and discords to the public good, was the advice of the ancient Romans for the security of their civil state.

† Pope Alexander, in a letter recommending Peace between the kings of France and England, in 1162, has the following excellent remark: "Inter cetera bona, quæ hominem amabilem proximo, et placidum Deo reddunt, illud specialiter acceptum fore credimus, quod caritatem cordibus inserit, et animarum vinculum operatur." RYMER, Fœdera, tom. p. 21.

positions, and habits have the most happy influence on general society? Must not men thus instructed be the friends of social tranquility and public happiness? Certainly! And FREE MASONS have always proved so. For ages they have maintained this character and merited this praise. And we may be assured that all suspicions or declarations to the contrary, are unfounded, undeserved, and unjust. Be it your care, my beloved brethren, to show that they are so, by a conduct that will reflect honour upon the order. Shun whatever would fix a stigma on its character, or raise a doubt of its worth. "Walk in wisdom towards them that are without." Do not needlessly excite their jealousies, nor willingly provoke their displeasure. Convince the world, by an amiable deportment, a wise demeanour and good example, that while masonry discourages all imprudence and forbids all vice, it assists the progress and the perfection of human virtue and happiness.

The officers and brethren of the lodge this day consecrated will be pleased to accept my affectionate salutations.

I congratulate you on the auspicious occasion! May all joy and happiness ever attend you! May the beautiful edifice you are erecting, be the sanctuary of piety, the asylum of virtue, the delightful abode of love! There may wisdom exalt her throne: there "reign silence and peace!" And may you improve the instructive lectures of the craft to the best purposes, and with the happiest effect; till having passed the trials of this probationary state, you shall be raised to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where all is harmony, and love, and bliss, uninterrupted and eternal!

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace be with you!" Amen.

ELECTIONS.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter, of the State of Maryland.

Elected at the annual communication in the city of Baltimore, which closed on the 26th inst: Joseph K. Stapleton, of Baltimore, M. E. G. H. P.; Ephraim Barker, do. E. D. G. H. P.; Otho H. Williams, Hagerstown, E. G. K.; George Keyser, Baltimore, E. G. S.; Thomas Phenix, do. E. G. Treas.; C. S. Williams, do. Rev. G. Chaplain.

Grand Lodge of the State of Maryland.

Elected at the annual communication in the city of Baltimore, which closed on the 25th ult: Benjamin C. Howard, of Baltimore, M. W. G. M.; William Steuart, do. R. W. D. G. M.; Otho H. Williams, Hagerstown, R. W. S. G. W.; Dennis Claude, M. D. Annapolis, R. W. J. G. W.; Thomas Phenix, Baltimore, R. W. G. Sec.; E. G. Woodyear, R. W. G. Treas.; C. S. Williams, do. Rev. G. Chaplain.

MASONIC ANNIVERSARY.

The Nativity of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by Mount Zion Lodge, at Barre, Me. on Saturday, the 23d of June next. Neighbouring Lodges, Encampments, and Chapters, and the Brethren generally, particularly Clergymen, are respectfully invited to attend with appropriate clothing, and officers with their insignia. An Address may be expected from M. E. M. Laurence, Esq. of Belchertown. The procession will form at 10 o'clock, A. M. from the Hall of L. Sibley Esq. by whom, and Comp. D. A. Robinson, suitable accommodations and refreshments will be provided, at \$1, and tickets supplied. Suitable accommodations for ladies connected with Masons, will be found at the house of Comp. A. Black, at 50 cents. Horse keeping, by L. Sibley, Esq. EBENEZER PERRY, Secretary of Mount Zion Lodge.

Hardwick, May 30, 1827.

The Installation of WARREN LODGE, No. 84, will take place at Milford, Union co. Ohio, on the 26th of June next. A public celebration in honour of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, will also be held.

Members of the Masonic Institution generally, and especially those of the neighbouring Lodges are requested to attend.

May 15.

DAVID BURNHAM, Sec'y

CAUTION.

At a regular meeting of Freedom Lodge, No. 482, held in the town of Freedom, county of Cataraugus, and State of New-York on the 10th of May, 1827.

Resolved, That the conduct of BICKNEL COLE, who is a master mason, and a member of this Lodge, be taken into consideration and reported. Whereas said Bicknel Cole has left his wife, who has now seven small children in a destitute situation—seduced and clandestinely carried off a young girl, of

before unblemished character, gone to parts unknown: This is therefore, to warn all Lodges against being imposed upon by him, and to request any Lodge or any individual member who should recognise the said Bicknel Cole, to report to us the place of his retreat. Said Cole was 27 years of age, of a middling stature, well proportioned, black hair inclining to curl, black eyes, and fresh countenance, quick in his motions, and easy in his address. He followed the mercantile business while here, and carried away a load of dry goods, under the pretence of being absent several months to sell them out.

JOHN W. LEONARD, W. M.

BARBER LAWSON, Sec'y.

(To Editors of newspapers, particularly in the western states, are requested to insert the above, that justice may overtake the offender.)

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

WOODEN RAIL ROADS.

A correspondent of the Louisville (Ky.) Focus, expresses his gratification at the prevailing excitement in favour of railways, which he traces to the project originated in Baltimore, and proposes the construction of wooden ones. His plan is, to lay sawed timbers of five inches by twelve, and six feet long, with the edge upwards, on stone pillars a foot high, and six feet apart; the wheels to be made of the hardest wood, and of the same breadth as the rail on which they run. Between Louisville and Lexington, suitable timbers could be furnished at the rate of \$2 for a hundred feet in length, which would make the expense of timbers for every hundred feet of road, \$4, or \$212 a mile. The stone pillars, he thinks would not cost more than 5 cents a yard, or \$88 a mile. The whole expense of the work, exclusive of fastening the timbers, and planing the upper edge, would therefore be \$300 dollars a mile; and admitting that a road betwixt Louisville and Lexington would be a hundred miles in length, the whole cost would be \$40,000.

To meet the cost of renewal, and afford ten per cent, such a road must yield a profit of \$10,000 a year. As each good road-wagon costs the community, by the writer's estimate, \$1000 a year, the actual cost of keeping ten wagons, would sustain the road. If on the present road, they amount only to one hundred, the present expense of transportation would be reduced to one-tenth on the rail road. Again: one horse draws fifteen tons on an iron railway, thirty miles a day. Supposing the friction on wood so much greater, that he could draw only ten tons, still, as the expense of a man and horse at \$1 a day, for three and a half days, would be but \$3 50, the cost of transport would be one and three quarter cents per hundred, while the present cost is 70 cents per hundred.

With regard to the wear, the writer thinks that the breadth of the wooden wheels, and the use of a light carriage would obviate this difficulty; and that paint or some other composition, might prevent the rotting of the timbers, where they join, and rest on pillars. The first railways in England, he adds, were of wood, and the material was changed on account of its great cost in that country. The wood work of a road 100 miles long would not cost more than some steam boats; but the profits of such a road, in the same route, would be very much greater. What accuracy there may be in these calculations we do not pretend to know; but they show what interest is awakened on this subject, and even an erroneous estimate may have its use, by bringing out the truth from some other quarter.

JACOB PERKINS.

The London Journal of Arts and Sciences for April 1827, furnishes an interesting article on Mr. Perkins' improved steam engine. It appears from the Journal referred to, that Mr. Perkins has surmounted the many practical difficulties, with which he had to contend, in the construction of his engine, and that on the first of April, it had been several days in successful operation. The engineers who had attentively witnessed the performance, were unable to detect any fallacy, in the application of principles or in the operation of the engine. We may now safely conclude, as conjecture and speculation must always give way to experiment, that the long controversy respecting the actual power, perfect safety and great economy of this engine, is soon to be settled forever. Consequently the character of Mr. Perkins as a mechanic will either rise with the tremendous power of his engine or

descend enveloped in the high steam of his new generator. Should Mr Perkins' engine, however, possess only one of the qualifications alledged: that of absolute safety, it must then be considered one of the greatest discoveries, that has marked this or any other age. When we consider that a great proportion of the travelling in this country as well as in Europe is performed by steam-boat navigation, and that a large part of the machinery in different manufacturing establishments is also driven by steam; and that no form of the hitherto constructed, either high pressure or low pressure, has been exempt from those destructive explosions, by which too many valuable lives have already been destroyed, if Mr. Perkins has discovered the means of preventing the frequent occurrence of those awful and distressing scenes, resulting from the bursting of the boilers on board of steam boats or other works, it must be acknowledged that he will, by this valuable invention, render services to the world, of the very highest order, so far as the cause of humanity is concerned.

Mr. Perkins has taken several orders for his high pressure safety engine, and guarantees the saving of half the fuel, expended by the engines commonly in use, for any given power, the weight not to exceed one-third of the ordinary condensing engine, nor to occupy more than one third of the bulk, and always secure from the dangerous effects of explosion.

[Newburyport Herald.]

TOPOGRAPHY.

THE ARKANSAS,

ITS GRAPES AND CYPRESS SWAMPS.

We continued to float on through this deep and inundated forest, when at right angles to our course we discovered another opening. It was the Arkansas, moving on with a majestic current of waters of the colour of arnotto die. This is, next to the Missouri, the largest and most interesting tributary of the Mississippi, and from its mouth by its meanders to the mountains, is commonly computed about 2,000 miles. Its course has been traced in these mountains at least five hundred miles, and it is believed that the source or the Arkansas have not yet been explored by our people. One singularity distinguishes this river from any other of the United States. Where it winds along among the mountains, all agree that it is a broad and deep river, and carries a great volume of water. But no sooner does it emerge from the shelter of woods and mountains into a boundless and arid plain, composed to a great depth of quicksands, than it begins to disappear, and in a hundred miles from the very elevated mountain, near which it enters upon the plain, it is fordable during the summer. Still lower down it is a stream, according to the well known phrase of the country "sunk in the sand;" that is, it trickles amidst the banks of sand and pebbles, so as in many places to exhibit a dry channel of burning sand from bank to bank.

Here on these vast sandy plains, which will for ages be the Syrtes of America, the home of elks and buffaloes, are the wild fields of those rich native grapes, that all travellers in these regions have spoken of in terms of such admiration. They are said to be conical in shape, large, of a beautiful blue, and transparent. The driving sands rise round the stem, that advances still above the sand. This sand performs the best office of pruning, covering the superfluous growth and foliage, inflicting no wounds and affording a most admirable method of ripening the clusters in the highest perfection by the reflection of the sun from the sand. In the expedition of Major Long, the sweetness of these grapes is recorded, and other travellers have borne the same testimony. They speak of vast tracts covered with these rich clusters. I shall have occasion elsewhere to speak of the classes of this native grape, which are so much extolled in the internal provinces of Spain. They are common through the pine woods of Louisiana, and known by the name of the pine woods grape.

This grape ripens in June. It would probably be an admirable grape to cultivate. There are also varieties of autumnal grapes, and wonderful accounts are given of the immense quantities of grapes that ripen on the sand plains at the sources of Red

river. The hunters assert that they are richer than any cultivated grape.

At the distance of a mile or two from the river, there are first thick cane brakes, then a series of lakes, exactly resembling the river in their points and bends, and in the colour of their waters. These lakes are covered with the large leaves, and in the proper season, the flowers of the "nymphaea nelumbo," the largest and most splendid flower that I have ever seen; I have seen them of the size of the crown of a hat; the external leaves of the most brilliant white and the internal of a beautiful yellow. These lakes are so entirely covered with the large conical leaves, nearly of the size of a parasol, and a smaller class of aquatic plant, of the same form of leaves, but with a yellow flower, that a bird might walk from shore to shore, without dipping its feet in water; and these plants rise from all depths of water up to ten feet.

Beyond these lakes there are immense swamps of cypress, which swamps constitute a vast portion of the inundated lands of the Mississippi and its waters. No prospect on earth can be more gloomy. The pæcific Styx or Acheron had not a greater union of dismal circumstances. Well may the cypress have been esteemed a funeral and lugubrious tree. When the tree has shed its leaves, for it is deciduous, a cypress swamp, with its countless interlaced branches, of a hoary grey, has an aspect of desolation and death, that, often as I have been impressed with it, I cannot describe. In summer its fine, short, and deep green leaves invest these hoary branches with a drapery of crape. The water in which they grow is a vast dead level, two or three feet deep still leaving the innumerable cypress "knees as they are called, resembling circular beehives, throwing their points above the waters. This water is covered with a thick coat of green matter, resembling green buff velvet. The mosquitoes swarm above the water in countless millions. A very frequent adjunct to this horrible scenery, is the innocasin snake with his huge scaly body lying in folds upon the side of a cypress knee; and if you approach too near, lazy and reckless as he is, he throws the upper jaw of his huge mouth almost back to his neck, giving you ample warning of his ability and will to defend himself. I travelled forty miles along this river swamp, and a considerable part of the way in the edge of it; in which the horse sunk at every step half up to his knees. I was enveloped for the whole distance in a cloud of mosquitoes. Like the ancient Avernus, I do not remember to have seen a single bird in the whole distance, except the blue jay. Nothing interrupted the deathlike silence, but the hum of mosquitoes.

There cannot be well imagined another feature to the gloom of these vast and dismal forests, to finish this kind of landscape, more in keeping with the rest, than the long moss, or Spanish beard; and this funeral drapery attaches itself to the cypress in preference to any other tree. There is not that I know of an object in nature, which produces such a number of sepulchral images as the view of the cypress forests, all shagged, dark and enveloped in the hanging festoons of moss. If you would inspire an inhabitant of New England, possessed of the customary portion of feeling, with the degree of home-sickness, which would strike to the heart, transfer him instantly from the hill and dale, the bracing air and varied scenery of the north, to the cypress swamps of the south, that are covered with the long moss.

This curious appendage to the trees is first visible in the cypress swamps about thirty-three degrees, and is seen thence to the gulf. It is the constant accompaniment of the trees in deep bottoms and swampy lands, and seems to be an indication of the degree of humidity in the atmosphere. I have observed that in dry and hilly pine woods, far from streams and stagnant waters, it almost wholly disappears; but in the pine woods it reappears as you approach bottoms streams and swamps. I have remarked too, that where it so completely envelops the cypress, as to show nothing but the festoons of the dark grey moss, other trees are wholly free from it. It seems less inclined to attach itself to the cotton wood trees than to any other.

This moss is a plant of the parasitical species, being propagated by seed, which forms in a capsule that is preceded by a very minute but beautiful pur-

ple flower. Although when the trees that have cast their leaves are covered with it, they look as if they were dead, yet the moss will not live long on a dead tree. It is well known that this moss, when managed by a process like that of preparing hemp or flax, separates from its bark, and the black fibre that remains is not unlike horse hair, elastic, incorruptible, and an admirable and cheap article for mattresses, of which are formed most of the beds of the southern people of this region.

[*Flint's Valley of the Mississippi.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. CANNING.

Mr. Canning was born at Paddington, near London, in 1771. His paternal ancestors were originally seated at Foxcote, in Warwickshire, where a branch of the family, we believe still remains. Queen Elizabeth conferred the manor of Garvagh, in the county of Derry, in Ireland, on a younger son of the Foxcote family, who thereupon moved into the sister island, and up to the father of the Premier, his descendants continued to reside there. Stratford Canning, Esq. of Garvagh, the grandfather, had two sons, George and Paul, the elder of whom displeased his father by marrying a dowryless beauty, was exiled from the maternal roof with an allowance of £150 a year.

Under these circumstances, he came with his lady to London, and, determining to study the law, entered himself of the Middle Temple. He died poor on the 11th of April, 1771, a few days after the birth of his son George, and was interred in the new burial ground of St. Mary-le-bone, where his tomb, with the following inscription was placed by his widow.

"Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell,
Therefore, a little while, my George farewell;
For faith and love like ours Heaven has in store
Its last best gift—to meet and part no more."

His infant son, the subject of this memoir, was placed with a maternal uncle, a respectable wine merchant in the city, who, discovering strong marks of genius, at a very early age, sent him to Eton, where he speedily distinguished himself, and in 1786 became one of the senior scholars.

In 1788, on his removal from Eton, Mr. Canning was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated. He there formed a social connexion with several young men of rank, among whom was Mr. Jenkinson, now Lord Liverpool. Having obtained his bachelor's degree, he left the University, and entered himself of the Middle Temple, with intent to study the law. At the same time he obtained admission to a debating society, which met in Bond-street, and by his practice there, acquired that ease and facility in public speaking, which he now so eminently possesses. [*Lon. Free Press.*]

CHARACTER.

PETER PAUL SARPI.

He was honoured by the learned for his great abilities and erudition, and by the good for his integrity. He ably defended the cause of the senate of Venice, against the claims of the Pope to infallibility, and to a power paramount to all other human authority. Compelled by various conspiracies of the vindictive papists to confine himself to his convent in Venice, he wrote the History of the Council of Trent, esteemed a model of historical composition. Convinced of the corruption of the court of Rome, and the artifices of its emissaries, he said, "There is nothing more desirable than to abolish the institution of the Jesuits; the church of Rome will be involved in their ruin; and if Rome be ruined, religion will reform of itself."

In his last illness, which was caused by a wound from a stiletto, said to be inflicted by an emissary from the court of Rome, he received a visit from the doge and senate of Venice. He had merely strength enough to raise himself up in his bed, at their entrance into his apartment; and with his eyes lifted up towards heaven, he exclaimed with his expiring breath, alluding to his dear native city, "*Esto perpetua.*"

THE TRAVELLER.

CHINESE TEMPLE.

At eleven o'clock we went to visit the temple. It is built on the side of the mountain, and according to the rules of Tibetan architecture, with the front towards the south. At the foot of the declivity there is a well, near which flows a stream that rises in the neighbouring mountains. The temple is about 250 toises in circumference, and is surrounded with a wall, which, as well as the whole edifice, is built of brick painted red: the roofs are of pan tiles. At the main southern entrance, two high beams or masts are planted in the ground. Behind the wall on the east side, a wooden house contains the dining room of the lamas, at the time when their assemblies are held there, and on the west side are seven tents, the residence of the lamas attached to the service of the temple. Idam's nephew, who accompanied us, called the porter, who led us through the principle entrance into the vestibule. There were here four wooden idols of gigantic stature, representing warriors in full armour: the first had a red face, and held in his hands a twined serpent; the face of the second was white, he had in his right hand a parasol, which in china serves to distinguish ranks, and in his left hand a mouse; the third had a blue face, and carried a sword in his hand; the fourth, whose face was yellow, was playing on a lute. These bourkhans, or sacred persons, were named Ioulkoursoun, Patchibou, Tchemidzan, and Nontossere. They are tengri, or Mahu-ransakhan, who live two thousand five hundred years, and are a hundred and twenty fathoms in height. They preside over the temporal happiness of mortals, and dwell in four different regions of Mount Soumer, which is the centre of the universe and the abode of the guardian angels. This mountain has seven gilded summits, and extends a hundred thousand wersts towards each of the four yards of the world. Having crossed a court-yard, paved with bricks, we entered the principle temple, where the lamas generally assemble to pray. In winter, however, they do not meet on account of the cold. About the wooden pillars in the inside are standards, drums and kadals, the walls are hung with silk, upon which are representations of the most revered saints. Opposite to the door, on the north walls, are large copper idols; near them are places for the elder lamas, resembling arm-chairs, with cushions covered with yellow satin; carpets of felt are spread upon the floor, for the inferior priests. Every thing is kept very neat and clean. Behind this temple there is a small building, against the northern wall of which stands the gilt idol of Boudha. This temple like the first, is adorned with a great number of kadaks. A large table, with dishes full of butter and millet, stands before the idol. The Mongol, Hindoo, and Chinese priests are of opinion, that the blood of animals does not please the gods, because they abhor destruction. These tables, therefore, supply the place of the ensanguined altars, which among the heathens of the western world, were often stained with the blood even of human victims; a barbarity demonstrative of the ferocity of their priests. We saw upon the table several cups of gilt copper, filled with iced water and tea, a dish of millet, and near the table a fan made of peacock's feathers. In the third building, at the farther end of the court, they preserve in wooden repositories, the work called Ganjour, which contains the law of Boudha. It is composed of 108 volumes, of which 54 are ranged on the right side of the temple, and the other 54 on the left; each volume contains about 1000 pages. Near the copper idols is the Jom, a book in sixteen volumes. Both these works are in the Tibetan language, and are richly bound. On each side of the last building was a small empty house. These temples were erected by the ancestors of Demit, who have long resided in this country. The chief priest is a young koubiglan, who resides at Ourga for his education. [*Timkowski's Travels.*]

QUIN. Quin thought angling a very cruel diversion; and on being asked why, gave this reason: "Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a quinning; I should certainly bite, and what a figure I should make dangling in the air!"

POPULAR TALES.

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

(Continued.)

In all such amusements the presence of my wife was welcome, nay, eagerly desired, by women as well as men. A kind insinuating manner, joined with a certain dignity of bearing, secured to her on all hands praise and estimation. Besides, she could play beautifully on the lute, accompanying it with her voice; and no social night could be perfect, unless crowned by the graces of this talent. I will be free to confess that I have never got much good of music; on the contrary, it always rather had a disagreeable effect on me. My fair one soon noticed this, and accordingly, when by ourselves, she never tried to entertain me by such means: in return, however, she appeared to indemnify herself while in society, where indeed she always found a crowd of admirers. And now, why should I deny it, our late dialogue, in spite of my best intentions, had by no means sufficed to abolish the matter within me: on the contrary, my temper of mind had by degrees got into the strangest tune, almost without my being conscious of it. One night, in a large company, this hidden grudge broke loose, and by its consequences produced to myself the greatest damage. When I look back on it now, I in fact loved my beauty far less after that unlucky discovery: I was also growing jealous of her; a whim that had never struck me before. This night at table, I found myself placed very much to my mind beside my two neighbours, a couple of ladies, who for some time, had appeared to me very charming. Amid jesting and soft small talk, I was not sparing of my wine; while, on the other side, a pair of musical dilettanti had got hold of my wife, and at last contrived to lead the company into singing separately, and by way of chorus. This put me into ill-humour. The two amateurs appeared to me impertinent; the singing vexed me; and when, as my turn came, they even requested a solo-strophe from me, I grew truly indignant, I emptied my glass, and set it down again with no soft movement. The grace of my two fair neighbours soon pacified me, indeed; but there is an evil nature in wrath, when once it is set agoing. It went on fermenting within me, though all things were of a kind to induce joy and conviviality. On the contrary, I waxed more sullen than ever when a lute was produced, and my fair one began fingering it, and singing, to the admiration of all the rest. Unhappily, a general silence was requested. So then, I was not even to talk any more; and these tones were going through me like a toothache. Was it any wonder that, at last, the smallest spark should blow up the mine? The songstress had just ended a song amid the loudest applauses, when she looked over to me; and this truly with the most loving face in the world. Unluckily, its lovingness could not penetrate so far. She perceived that I had just gulped down a cup of wine, and was pouring out a fresh one. With her right forefinger, she beckoned to me in kind threatening. "Consider that it is wine!" said she, not louder than for myself to hear it. "Water is for mermaids!" cried I. "My ladies," said she to my neighbours, "crown the cup with all your gracefulness, that it be not too often emptied." "You will not let yourself be tutored?" "What ails the dwarf?" cried I, with a more violent gesture, in which I ever set the glass. "Ah, what have you spilt!" cried the paragon of women; at the same time, twanging her strings, as if to lead back the attention of the company from this disturbance, to herself. Her attempt succeeded; the more completely as she rose to her feet, seemingly that she might play with greater convenience, and in this attitude continued preluding. At sight of the red wine running over the table-cloth, I returned to myself. I perceived the great fault I had been guilty of; and it cut me through the very heart. Never till now had music spoken to me; the first verse she sang was a friendly good-night to the company, here as they were, as they might still feel themselves together. With the next verse they became as if scattered asunder; each felt himself solitary, separated, no one could fancy that he was present any longer. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was directed to me alone; the voice of injured love bidding farewell to moroseness and

caprice. In silence I conducted her home; foreboding no good. Scarcely, however, had we reached our chamber, when she began to show herself exceedingly kind and graceful, nay, even roguish; she made me the happiest of men. Next morning, in high spirits and full of love, I said to her: "Thou hast so often sung, when asked in company; as, for example, thy touching farewell song last night. Come, now, for my sake, and sing me a dainty gay welcome to this morning hour, that we may feel as if we were meeting for the first time." "That I may not do, my friend," said she seriously. "The song of last night referred to our parting, which must now forthwith take place: for I can only tell thee, the violation of thy promise and oath will have the worst consequences for us both; and thou hast scoffed away a great felicity, and I too must renounce my dearest wishes." As I now pressed and entreated her to explain herself more clearly, she answered: "That, alas, I can well do; for, at all events, my continuance with thee is over. Hear, then, what I would rather have concealed to the latest times. The form under which thou sawest me in the box, is my natural and proper form: for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the dread Sovereign of the Dwarfs, concerning whom authentic history has recorded so much. Our people are still as of old laborious and busy, and therefore easy to govern. Thou must not fancy that the dwarfs are behindhand in their manufacturing skill. Swords which followed the foe when you cast them after him; invisible and mysterious binding chains; impenetrable shields, and such like ware, in old times, formed their staple produce. But now they chiefly employ themselves with articles of convenience and ornament; in which truly they surpass all people of the earth. I may well say, it would astonish thee to walk through our workshops and warehouses. All this would be right and good, were it not that with the whole nation in general, but more particularly with the royal family, there is one peculiar circumstance connected." She paused for a moment; and I again begged further light on these wonderful secrets; which accordingly she forthwith proceeded to grant. "It is well known," said she, "that God, so soon as he had created the world, and the ground was dry, and the mountains were standing bright and glorious, that God, I say, thereupon, in the very first place, created the dwarfs; to the end, that there might be reasonable beings also, who, in their passages and chasms, might contemplate and adore his wonders in the inward parts of the earth. It is farther well known, that this little race by degrees became uplifted in heart, and attempted to acquire the dominion of the earth: for which reason God then created the dragons, in order to drive back the dwarfs into their mountains. Now, as the dragons themselves were wont to nestle in the large caverns and clefts, and dwell there; and many of them, too, were in the habit of spitting fire, and working much other mischief, the poor little dwarfs were by this means thrown into exceeding straits and distress, so that not knowing what in the world to do, they humbly and fervently turned to God, and called to him in prayer, that he would vouchsafe to abolish this unclean dragon generation. But though it consisted not with his wisdom to destroy his own creatures, yet the heavy sufferings of the poor dwarfs so moved his compassion, that anon he created the giants, ordaining them to fight these dragons, and if not root them out, at least lessen their numbers. Now, no sooner had the giants got moderately well through with the dragons, than their hearts also began to wax wanton; and, in their presumption, they practiced much tyranny, especially on the good little dwarfs, who then once more in their need turned to the Lord; and he, by the power of his hand, created the knights, who were to make war on the giants and dragons, and to live in concord with the dwarfs. Hereby was the work of creation completed on this side: and it is plain, that henceforth giants and dragons, as well as knights and dwarfs, have always maintained themselves in being. From this, my friend, it will be clear to thee, that we are of the oldest race on the earth; a circumstance which does us honour, but, at the same time, brings great disadvantage along with it. For as there is nothing in the world that can endure for ever, but all that has once been great must become little and fade, it is our lot, also, that

ever since the the creation of the world, we have been waning and growing smaller; especially the royal family, on whom, by reason of their pure blood, this destiny presses with the heaviest force. To remedy this evil, our wise teachers have many years ago devised the expedient of sending forth a princess of the royal house from time to time into the world, to wed some honourable knight, that so the dwarf progeny may be refected, and saved from entire decay." Though my fair one related these things with an air of the utmost sincerity, I looked at her hesitatingly; for it seemed as if she meant to palm some fable upon me. As to her own dainty lineage, I had not the smallest doubt: but that she should have laid hold of me in place of a knight, occasioned some mistrust; seeing I knew myself too well to suppose that my ancestors had come into the world by an immediate act of creation. I concealed my wonder and scepticism, and asked her kindly: "But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou attained this large and stately shape? For I know few women that in richness of form can compare with thee." "Thou shalt hear," replied she. "It is a settled maxim in the council of the dwarf kings, that this extraordinary step be forborne as long as it possibly can; which, indeed, I cannot but say is quite natural and proper. Perhaps they might have lingered still longer, had not my brother, born after me, come into the world so exceedingly small, that the nurses actually lost him out of his swaddling clothes, and no creature yet knows whither he is gone. On this occurrence, unexampled in the annals of dwarfdom, the sages were assembled; and without more ado, the resolution was taken, and I sent out in quest of a husband." "The resolution!" exclaimed I; "That is all extremely well. One can resolve, one can take his resolution; but to give a dwarf this heavenly shape, how did your sages manage that?" "It had been provided for already," said she, "by our ancestors. In the royal treasury lay a monstrous gold ring. I speak of it as it then appeared to me, when I saw it in my childhood; for it was this same ring which I have here on my finger. We now went to work as follows; I was informed of all that awaited me; and instructed what I had to do and what to forbear. A splendid palace, after the pattern of my father's favourite summer residence, was then got ready; a main edifice, wings, and whatever else you could think of. It stood at the entrance of a large rock cleft, which it decorated in the handsomest style. On the appointed day, our court moved thither, my parents also and myself. The army paraded; and four and twenty priests, not without difficulty, carried, on a costly litter, the mysterious ring. It was placed on the threshold of the building, just within the spot where you entered. Many ceremonies were observed; and after a pathetic farewell, I proceeded to my task. I stepped forward to the ring; laid my finger on it; and that instant, began perceptibly to wax in stature. In a few moments I had reached my present size; and then I put the ring on my finger. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the doors, windows, and gates flapped to; the wings drew up into the body of the edifice; instead of a palace, stood a little box beside me, which I forthwith lifted, and carried off with me, not without a pleasant feeling in being so tall and strong; still, indeed, a dwarf to trees and mountains, to streams and tracts of land, yet a giant to grass and herbs, and above all, to ants, from whom we dwarfs, not being always on the best terms with them, often suffer considerable annoyance. How it fared with me on my pilgrimage, I might tell thee at great length. Suffice it to say, I tried many, but no one save thee seemed worthy of being honoured to renovate and perpetuate the line of the glorious Eckwald." In the course of these narrations, my head had now and then kept wagging, without myself having absolutely shaken it. I put several questions; to which I received no very satisfactory answers; on the contrary, I learned to my great affliction, that after what had happened, she must needs return to her parents. She had hopes still, she said, of getting back to me; but for the present, it was indispensibly necessary to present herself at court; as otherwise, both for her and me, there was nothing but utter ruin.

[Conclusion next week.]

MISCELLANY.

CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

History, travellers, and romance, have said nothing of the beauty of Circassian women, which is not below the truth. Beauty has been considered an imaginary being, a thing of invention: and to justify this idea, it is alleged that what is beautiful to the eyes of one people is not to those of another; that a Chinese beauty would have no charms in France or England, and, in like manner, that the French or English beauty would have no attractions in the eyes of a Chinese. But the beauty of the Circassian women is a sufficient answer to this reasoning; since they are acknowledged to be beautiful, by all nations. They are every where sought after; and are the ornament of all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that pleasing union of features; that proportion of all the parts of the body; that splendour, those brilliant tints, that whole, that cannot be defined, but which exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty, since all men render it homage.

It is only in this point of view, that the inhabitants of Circassia (a country between the Caspian and Black seas), deserve the attention of the observing traveller. It will easily be conceived, that the nation which considers woman as merchandize, can never make her a companion, nor consider marriage a sacred and indissoluble union. We find, accordingly, that the Circassians have many wives, whom they change at pleasure; but the first wife always has a superiority over the others, which nothing can take away, and which she retains till death.

The first wife, who is usually married when extremely young, is purchased, like the rest, in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale, habited in the manner which is judged most likely to excite the desire of the buyer. No inquiry is made with respect to whence the woman was brought; and if the names of her parents are asked, is it only to ascertain whether she derives her birth from a stock of pure and acknowledged beauty.

The usual price of a beautiful Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piasters.

Women being the principal commerce in Circassia, every thing in their education and habitual life, has for its object to preserve their beauty, and facilitate its development. All domestic occupations are abandoned to the slaves—women are solely employed with the arts of the toilette and the means of pleasing. They make it a particular study to modulate their voice in soft and melodious tones, and to display grace and elegance in every motion. Their habitations are intermingled with gardens, and form small villages very near to each other, consisting of about twenty houses each. And in the middle of each of these villages is a strongly fortified tower, in which, in case of invasion, they shut the women and the riches of the country. These towers, as well as all the houses, are built of wood, decorated with great art, and finished with taste.

The dress of the Circassian men is a mixture of the Greek and Turkish habits. It consists of a pair of wide pantaloons, buskins, a close bodice fastened with a girdle, a kind of domino with open sleeves, and a cap or turban not very high, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom. They shave their beards, leaving very long mustachios.

The dress of the women is more simple and pleasing. It consists of pantaloons, a bodice, and a long robe in Armenian taste, or a large furred pelisse. From the cap or bonnet of the shape of a sugar loaf, hangs a veil. This bonnet is richly ornamented with pearls.

The dress is never sold with the woman unless agreed for separately. The Circassian women, however, like the European, wear under all a linen garment, which they change every day, and this garment the seller is obliged to give with the woman to the purchaser. In this state he delivers his merchandise.

ENORMOUS SPIDER.

We slept tolerably well, though we were frequently tormented by the fear of being attacked by *phalanges*, a species of enormous spider, common

enough in Georgia. The phalange has something disgusting, and even terrific, at first view. Its body, as large as a man's thumb, is mounted upon very short feet. The insect is very active; it has a long neck and a mouth armed with teeth, with which it seizes its prey with an appearance of the most extraordinary fury. Having put two of these phalanges into a glass jar, they immediately rushed at and seized each other by the mouth. In this position, which gave neither the advantage, the stronger dragging the other, from time to time, about. At length, tired of the struggle, the smaller one fled, and ran up, with great rapidity, the smooth side of the jar. We shook the glass and made it fall, when the large phalange pounced upon it and seized it by the throat, in such a manner that it could not make use of its teeth. In less than five minutes it detached its head from the body, and the insect expired in dreadful convulsions.

The conqueror then threw himself again upon his victim, and devoured it in an instant, all with the signs of the most intense voracity. People sometimes amuse themselves with making a scorpion and a phalange fight. The combat is a desperate one, but generally speaking, the phalange comes off victorious; however, the victory costs him dear if he happen to be wounded during the struggle; as death usually ensues in half an hour afterwards. The person on whom one of the phalanges falls, should have presence of mind enough to remain motionless, lest the insect, being irritated, should bite. However, the wound, though dangerous if no immediate remedy be applied, may be rendered harmless, by rubbing, within a quarter of hour, the part affected, with some unctuous substance, particularly oil, of which the Georgians always carry a vial full about them for the purpose.

PRUSSIAN MARRIAGES.

Perhaps nothing strikes the eye of a stranger at this metropolis, more than a MARRIAGE. If the parties are affluent or well known, their relations, friends and acquaintances, will assemble at the home of the bride, in carriages, each having a separate one, some with two and others with four horses, attached to which are two or three footmen, arrayed in the richest liveries. At these processions, it is not unusual to muster from two to three hundred carriages, of all sizes, and of all colors; the bride and bridegroom, taking the lead in the most magnificent vehicle, and in the most splendid attire. The ceremony over, they return to the house, and partake of a dinner ("ye gods, what a dinner!") consisting of the richest things the markets, nay, the whole country can produce. The sun goes down upon their feasting, and rises upon their dancing—always saving and excepting the bride and bridegroom. In the country, their feasting and smoking, drinking and waltzing, is continued for three days, and if, at this time, there should be found anything in the eatable line undemolished, they carry it off with them at their departure. It is customary for the guests to make the bride a present of a few dollars on the wedding day; and were it not for this *douceur*, many of them would literally be eaten out of house and home.

VARIETY.

MOLE.—*President of the Parliament of Paris.* De Ketz says, that no ancient Roman ever possessed the virtues of courage and of public spirit in a degree superior to this great magistrate. At the time of the Fronde at Paris, a man presented a dagger to his heart, threatening him with instant death if he would not consent to some decree, proposed in the Parliament, which M. Mole thought prejudicial to his country: "Know, my friend," said he looking sternly at him, "that the distance is infinite from the dagger of an assassin to the heart of an honest man."

A PAINTER'S NICETY. Gerard Dow ground his own colours upon a crystal, cemented into a wooden frame; and all his pencils were made by his own hands. His pallets, paints and pencils were carefully locked up in a small cabinet, where no dust could penetrate. When he placed himself upon his chair to begin his work, he sat motionless for a con-

siderable time, that every particle of dust around him might subside. He then turned gently to the cabinet near him, and cautiously took out his instruments, mixed his colours, and painted without venturing to breathe over the work. His room faced the north. The windows were very large, and a sloop or pond immediately under, which was some security against the rising of the dusty enemy from that quarter. Two gentlemen paid him a visit. The painting of a broomstick, about a finger in length excited their surprise; which appeared very highly finished; But Dow informed them it would require three days' assiduous attention before he should consider it complete.

It is told of Henry Martin, that, "making an invective speech one time against old Sir Harry Vane, when he had done with him he said, '*But for young Sir Harry Vane,*' and so sat him down. Several cried out, 'What have you to say to young Harry?' He rises up: '*Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, he will be old Sir Harry!*' and so sat down, and sat the whole House a laughing."

A. PATIENT COMPANION. A gentleman who once introduced his brother to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend him to the doctor's attention, which he did by saying, "Doctor, when we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother very entertaining." "Sir," said Johnson, "*I cannot wait.*"

ANECDOTE. The following anecdote affords a curious picture of the manners of the times in which it occurred. In the year 1386, a sow devoured the child of an artificer of Falaise, in Normandy, called Janet. The circumstance having come to the knowledge of the Judge, he condemned the animal to suffer publicly the *lex talionis*. The child had had its face and arm torn; the sow was mutilated in the same manner, and then hung up by the common hangman. The execution took place in the public square in the presence of all the people. The Judge presided on horseback, in the full dress of his office. The father of the victim was compelled to be present, as a punishment for not having more carefully guarded his child. When the animal was brought out, it was habited in a man's dress, with a cloak, breeches, and gloves; and a mask on its face representing a human countenance. The remembrance of this absurd farce was preserved by a fresco painting, which, within the last six years was still visible in the church of the Holy Trinity at Falaise.

The celebrated physician Malouin, at Paris, had such a veneration for his profession, that he declared himself convinced that Molier's death was a just judgment on him for his want of respect to the science of Medicine. Being once a witness of the anxious punctuality with which a patient took a most nauseous medicine, he said to him with great solemnity, "Sir you are worthy to be sick!"

At the London Bow street office, a man named Jumper was charged with robbing a Mr. Trotter. Trotter being too drunk to walk, Jumper was accused of trotting off with his watch. They were both ordered to stand still till the justice decided.

EXCOMMUNICATION. In the year 1749, the episcopal palace of Benedict de Monterrand, bishop of Lausanne, was the theatre of as amusing a judicial process as is on record. During this year the diocese was very much infested with caterpillars which spoiled all the fruits of the season; the bishop issued against them a solemn citation to appear in his court to answer for the waste which they had occasioned. The process was carried on in regular form, and that it might be altogether complete, an advocate was assigned for the caterpillars, and he pleaded their cause. When the pleadings were heard, the bishop sitting on his tribunal, gravely pronounced the sentence of anathema and excommunication against these insects.

CLEAN HANDS. Mr. C—L—, playing at whist the other evening, with an intimate friend who seemed (as far as his hands were concerned) to hold the Mahometan doctrine of ablution in supreme contempt, said to him, with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger," "My good fellow, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

READING. If "*words are things*," he who reads little or none, can scarcely be said to raise his wisdom above the intellectual powers of brutes; for it is by reading, alone, that the meaning and proper use of words are acquired; and there is little difference between the man who can use words, yet knows not their utility, and the animal that is totally incapable of their use. If reading, then, be of such utility, who shall select for us from the immense Babel of subjects which crowd the catalogues of modern libraries?

The Pharisaical sectarian will advise you to read nothing but the Bible, with some few sermons and catechisms of his favourite sect. We have known a respectable divine, who laboured hard to dissuade a young lady from the perusal of Hervey's *Meditations*, because they were too much the flights of imagination,—too romantic. Then a person of the opposite character, a minister of pleasure, will recommend something like *Tristram Shandy*, and very likely denounce *Don Quixote* as too dull,—too full of old saws and proverbs. Our friend Mr. Stanza will entertain you an hour, by setting forth the advantages of reading poetry; while his cousin, Mr. Dilemma, is always chaunting the praises of Practical Philosophy. Miss Narcissa Mendax can read nothing but tales of fiction, without being devoured by the spleen; and she once carried home a set of the *Waverly Novels*, telling the generous lender, she did not wish to read them,—they bore too much resemblance to narratives of fact. Her uncle, old Mr. Historicus, is of a diametrically opposite turn, and no one is secure in his friendship, who insinuates that *Plutarch's Lives* are not works of fiction. Old Dr. Nostrum will allow his children to read nothing but *Natural History*; while *Natural Philosophy* is the only kind of knowledge spoken well of by Professor Moonstarer. We might go on, and carry the catalogue of opinions through, but it would swell this article to a mammoth size; for the different shades of mental colouring may, for aught we know, outnumber the stars. Sufficient has been said already to prove that there is enough to read; and whether it be well received or not, we will, also, throw in our mite of good counsel—that is, *read the Newspapers*.

PESTALOZZIAN PRIMER. It is some months since we received a little work entitled, the "*Pestalozzian Primer*, or first step in teaching children the art of reading and thinking;" by JOHN M. KEAGY, M. D. of Harrisburgh, Pa.; but owing to press of business, we have deferred the perusal of it till the present time. In indulging ourselves with a few remarks we may differ from many who have the task of teaching always before them; but to such we shall only recommend a perusal for themselves, as we do not claim that supremacy of opinion, which would make our bare *ipse dixit* a law.

We believe that much valuable time is lost in the outset, by the present mode of teaching the rudiments of literature; to say nothing of the disgust, and consequent barrenness of ambition, produced by dragging the tyro along from *a* to *abs*, and

from one syllable to six, without giving him any idea of the use of his labour. From time immemorial, it has been the custom in our schools, first to learn the alphabet in order; next to spell, or rather commit to memory, the page familiarly termed *abs*; then to plod through words of three, four, five and six letters, arranged promiscuously, without any regard to system or sound; and finally, to con over tables of two, three, four, five, and six syllables, for some three or six months, without a single exercise in the most important branch of the rudiments, to wit—reading at sight. It does not require an extraordinary perception to see that the inevitable consequence of this is, to repress all curiosity in the pupil, and make him resort to his task, rather for fear of punishment than with a desire to learn. And yet there are teachers whose heads have grown grey in their laudable avocation, who have, either from indifference or choice, persisted in this absurd custom, and given their preference to those antiquated and puerile spelling books, which their better sense if exercised must persuade them to abandon.

In the little work before us, this obstacle is thrown aside; and no sooner is the tyro made acquainted with letters enough to form a sentence, however short, than the sentence is formed. Here then, he is made acquainted with the great end of his labours, and will of course pursue it with some interest. It is a wrong opinion, that the utility of a labour has no weight with a child. Show him clearly the advantages of any acquirement, and give him an example of its accessibility, and no adult will be half so sanguine in the pursuit of it; and if his resolution ever falters, the defection is not chargeable to the child, but to the mismanagement of those who dictate to him.

There is also an agreeable and easy progression through the whole whole work. This is a material article of recommendation to those who have the guidance of the young mind. So far as reading is an art, the two qualifications named ought to weigh much with those who are interested in the advancement of it. But these are not its whole merits. A child may be taught to read, to use the words of Dr. Franklin, "as parrots speak; knowing little or nothing of the meaning." To this position no one will raise an objection; experience being a more powerful demonstrator than words. To obviate this danger, the author has interwoven a series of dianoetic lessons, in which words are given, and questions subjoined, leading to all ideas connected with them. This plan of associating sight, sound, and thought, on the threshold of his labour, must be of incalculable advantage to the future habits of the young reader.

The work "is designed to be the first of a series of elementary school books, which the author intends to publish, should the present effort meet with suitable patronage." But we cannot advise him to be too hasty in multiplying his works. Few who succeed as well as he has in this first step, are so well qualified to compile matter for maturer classes; and we would recommend to him to fulfil the promise contained in the first paragraph of his conclusion, before he attempt the second.

DISCRETION. *Knowledge is power*—a hacknied saying,—but one we think rather unqualified. If it were made to read *discreet knowledge*, or *discretion*, we would give our assent to the maxim without reserve. We have no confidence in the potency of that science, however profound, which the possess-

or scatters from him as a prodigal does his cash. He may acquire a transcendent fame among clowns and old women; but it is of all characters the most despicable, that of a *monstrous learned scholar*. We have been frequently introduced to men, as capable of giving us great assistance in our literary pursuits, and we have ever found the fact, that he whom every body extolled to the skies as a profound scholar, has been of all others the weakest in literary judgment. The very fact of his renown is the greatest proof of his weakness. The discreet scholar has a better way of publishing his talents than by speaking of them himself; they are discoverable only to those who have some knowledge themselves; and consequently as blank to the vulgar eye as the sheet that is written with sympathetic ink.

The reputed linguist has two or three of the first lines of the *Æneid*, or a few words from the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, always ready, and will never fail to deal out his ban against the English language, to the great credit of Latin and Greek. He will taper off his eulogy on his own powers, by giving his *how d'ye do* in French; and if he does not give you a word or two in Oneida, you may be thankful for the escape.

The rustic mathematician will tell you the never-to-be-forgotten problem of winding a hopvine around a pole of such and such dimensions, which he claims the honour of answering for some of the greatest scientific men in the country.

But these are mere caricatures. Let us look at those who are truly learned. Do we find the real power of knowledge with him who chatters more than he reads; who can be quizzed and set to boasting at the rate of ten knots an hour by the veriest child? Or, with him who shows no other proof in his every day communications, than a verification of the old maxim, that "a wise head keeps a close mouth?" The latter character you will generally find devoting his private hours to some useful purpose, while the former, if he spend year after year in the acquisition of scientific knowledge, does it only to gratify the vanity of being called wise by sycophants and ideots.

The truth is, knowledge is like money; power, when discreetly spent; but if acquired and used more for ostentation than to meliorate or enlighten the condition of mankind, it is worse than useless, and the humble swain may truly say "Blessed be ignorance."

It is not the polish but the weight of gold that determines its value. The bird, too, which boasts no other merit than the hue and gloss of its plumage, is generally found destitute of every other good quality. Is it not so with the mind? If you are bent on making a show of your education, as how is enough. What is the use of toiling over lamps and octavos for years, only to appear wise, when seven eighths of those whose fetid adulations you desire can be so easily cheated by the counterfeit? Let those then who study for usefulness, banish all pedantic airs; but he whose greatest ambition is to be flattered, may rest assured that the shadow, for his purpose, is better than the substance.

We are sorry that the lay-gentlemen of THE ANTIDOTE have thought proper to quibble so extensively upon our reception of their first number. We assure them that our "fears" are not a "second edition of Mr. Silliman's," or any other man's "sorrow;" nor were they dictated by an unfriendly or illiberal feeling towards The Antidote: but were this the case, we do not know that it would destroy their

justness. So long as "fears" or opinions are well founded and correct, their origin is a matter of indifferent importance. *Ipsa dixit* are grown unfashionable.

We regret that the aforesaid lay-gentlemen have also considered it necessary to dabble in sundry old-fashioned and illiberal insinuations. We are not disposed to be exceedingly fastidious, as to the reputation of our piety; believing that the opinions of men can not change the destiny which is provided for us in the world that is to come: but we think that, if meant to be applied to ourselves, the unmeaning stuff about "the candles of the Lord," and the impotent allusion to the parable of the good Samaritan, might as well have been left for the toil of meaner intellects. If the priest and the Levite *must* have counterparts, it would be rational to seek them among those who deal more largely in cant and hypocrisy than ourselves; and the unostentatious charity of the good Samaritan will probably find a similitude in the benevolence which relieves without reference to creeds, and boasts not of superior claims to the smiles of Omnipotence. Our anti-christianity, we imagine, lies in the fact that we have not boasted of our own piety, nor puffed The Antidote. But these are sins of omission, and not of commission; and we do not think that in the one we have compromised our veneration for the Scriptures, or in the other, our respect for christianity and good order in society. The truth is, as far as relates to religion, we are as much in love with the practice as we are with the profession. We are unqualifiedly opposed to a union of church and state; and we do not think that the prosperity of Great Britain is to be passed to the credit of her goading hierarchy. We entertain no ill feeling towards The Antidote: on the contrary, we are friendly to a liberal discussion of all subjects of public interest; and especially those in which every one is so deeply interested as in the idea of a resurrection and submission to ecclesiastical establishments. Yet we may doubt the issue of this religious warfare, and that honestly, too. We have looked enough into these matters to see where the tangible evidence rests, and to discover the boldness and temerity of those, whose hearts are imbued with infidelity.

☞ The Grand Lodge of the State of Delaware will meet at Wilmington, on Wednesday, the 27th inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M.

☞ We have received the first Number of the "North American, or Weekly Journal of Politics, Science, and Literature," published at Baltimore, Md. by Samuel Sands. It is the *Saturday Herald* in a new dress, printed on a super royal sheet, quarto form, at \$4 per annum in advance. Its general appearance is respectable, and its selections judicious, and we have a confidence in the success of the work.

☞ The "National Enquirer," Columbus, Ohio, has also been received, published by Horton Howard. From the phraseology, as well as its sentiments of philanthropy, we presume that the Editor is a member of the society of Friends, though not primarily devoted to the tenets of any particular society. He certainly discovers a fair specimen of editorial prudence, and we cordially wish him success. The National Enquirer is printed on a royal sheet, quarto form, for \$1 50 per annum in advance, or \$2 00 annually.

LEISURE HOURS. We have read Moore's *Lalla Rookh* twice, and found, on our second reading, redoubled reasons for admiring the work. It is true reviewers have praised it much less than it deserves, but there are many and weighty reasons for their silence, or asperity. We are not among those who attach a mystical meaning to all a man writes, but we can clearly detect the bearing of Moore's thoughts in the poem of the *Fire Worshipers*. A parallel is so closely drawn between the persecuted Ghebres, and the oppressed Irish Catholics, that it is impossible to avoid noticing it. We think too that we can glean out his moral from *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*. It is at any rate a faithful drawing of that phrenzy which, under the name of religion, has alienated many a bright mind from the sweets of life, and rendered the world a gehenna of hypocrisy. The proud sentiments of Moore respecting Civil and Religious Freedom, which run through the whole work, and the hypercritical spirit of the reviewers, so much like his own Fadladeen, have doubtless been the reason of the neglect, and ungenerous conduct of the British public towards Mr. Moore. Yet we venture to predict that none of the last productions of Southey, Wordsworth, or Scott, will outlive the honest fame of *Lalla Rookh*.

☞ THE CASKET, or *Flowers of Wit, Literature and Sentiment*, is an excellent monthly publication, issued from the press of Atkinson and Alexander, proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 112 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, at \$2,50 per annum, payable in advance. Each number contains forty closely printed octavo pages, embellished with elegant engravings on copper and wood. The June number was published last week, and is ornamented with a view of the Cottage of St. Leonard's in Scotland; a view of Quebec, taken from the Chaudiere; four Nos of the School of Flora; and "Yes, in the glance of thine azure eye," an original song, by Selim, set to music.

☞ When a worried scribbler, for want of argument, impudently boasts of having taken four degrees in masonry at the "beardless age of nineteen," every one, in the the least familiar with the usages of the Ancient Fraternity, knows that the said braggart is either at present an imposter; or that, at the "beardless age of nineteen," he *must* have been guilty of practices, which should render him a suspicious person, in the estimation of all honourable men. We think that the braggart's word is not worth much; but if the seeds of iniquity were really deliberately planted when the soil was so rich and young, it is not wonderful that they have flourished, and that the autumn has ripened and brought forth their fruits in abundance.

The National Intelligencer of Monday says—"We have learnt, with satisfaction, that after frequent conferences and the interchange of several official notes between Mr. Clay and Mr. Rabello, the charge des affaires of the emperor of Brazil, such explanations and assurances have been made, as will prevent a late occurrence at Rio de Janeiro endangering the peace or harmony of the two countries.

NEW INVENTION. A Spaniard, at Old Castile, has just invented a musket of large calibre, which discharges 100 times in a minute. This little gannon, of a new form, borne on a lofty carriage, and supported by two wheels, is worked by steam. The king of Spain has ordered it to be examined by two generals of artillery, whose report is favourable to the new invention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the packet ship *Canada*, capt. Rogers, arrived at New-York, from Liverpool, the editor of the National Advocate has received his files of English Journals to the 1st of May inclusive.

The ministerial arrangements had at length been completed. It is estimated in the Liverpool Albion that the total number of persons who have emigrated to the United States from Liverpool in one month is nearly 1300.

The shipping interest of Great Britain is represented to be in a state of great depression, and the attention of mercantile men was drawn to the consideration of the practicability of exploring new channels of commerce, and measures for employment of their mercantile marine.

The arrival of Lord Cochrane in Greece, has renovated the spirits of the Greeks; he has been received with enthusiasm wherever he has appeared.

The London Morning Herald of the 30th contains accounts from Paris of the evening of the 27th, and Constantinople to 25th March. The Greek patriarch has exiled the Metropolitan, of Ephesus, Heraclea, Demotia, and Janina.—Terms have been sent to Redshid Pacha, to enlist 10,000 Albanians, The Greek Gazette of Egeria, Nos. 27 and 28, says the army of Omar Pacha was surprised at Distomo by Karaiskaki, and put to flight. At the same time the Turkish garrison of Salona abandoned the fortress, which fell into the hands of the Greeks, under Panora. All Western Greece is now free.

Under the Madrid head of the 16th April, it is stated, that the army of old Castile has put itself in motion. General Morret is at Ciudad Rodrigo.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

[From the Courier.]

We are at length enabled to lay before our readers, an official list of the ministerial arrangements, which have been so long an object of anxious expectation on the part of the public.

LIST OF THE ADMINISTRATION.
THE CABINET.

PEERS.

Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst.
Lord President, Earl of Harrowby.
Lord Privy Seal, Duke of Portland.
Lord Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Bexley.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Dudley.
Secretary of State for the Colonies, Viscount Goderish.

COMMONERS.

Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Right Hon. William Sturges Bourne.
President of the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. Wm. Huskisson.
President of the Board of Control, the Right Hon. Charles Wm. Womh.
Secretary at War, Viscount Palmerston.
First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. George Canning.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord High Admiral, His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.
Master General of the Ordnance, Marquiss of Anglesea.
Lord Chamberlain of the Household, Duke of Devonshire.
Master of the Horse, Duke of Leeds.
Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieut. of Ireland, the Hon. W. Lamb.

LAW APPOINTMENTS.

Master of the Rolls, Sir John Leach.
Vice Chancellor, Mr. Hart.
Attorney General, Mr. Scarlett.
Solicitor General, Sir N. C. Tindal.
The name of the Marquis of Lansdown does not appear in the above list; but we have the satisfaction of being able to state, that the noble Marquis has consented to give the support of himself, and that of his political friends, to the government of Mr. Canning; though, for the present, at least, he declines taking office. The acceptance indeed, of the post of Lord Chamberlain, by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, is the best proof of the intended concurrence of the noble Marquiss, and that of those moderate friends.

His Majesty will hold a council on Monday, at two o'clock, to receive these noblemen and gentlemen, when the ministers who have retired will deliver to the King the seals of their respective offices, who will immediately transfer them to the hands of their several successors. Some members of the new Cabinet will afterwards be sworn in of his Majesty's Privy Council, and take their seats accordingly.

[From the London Gazette, April 27.]

WHITEHALL, April 27.

The King has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, constituting and appointing the Right Honourable George Canning; Francis Nathaniel Conyngham, esq. (commonly called Earl of Mount Charles); Francis Leveson Gower, esq. (commonly called Lord Francis Leveson Gower); and Edward Granville Elliot, esq. (commonly called Lord Elliot); and also Edmund Alexander McNaghten, esq. to be Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland.

The King has also been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, granting to the Right Honourable George Canning the offices of Chancellor and under Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer.

Viscount Dudley and Ward's appointment to the Foreign Department is understood to be only temporary, and it is considered probable that, at no distant period, Mr. Canning will resume the seals of the Foreign Department, and be succeeded, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, by Mr. Huskisson.

POETRY.

THE LYE.

[This poem, written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, while under sentence of death, we extract from *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It contains ideas of a loftier flight than most poetry of that age—sentiments which do honour even to the well known talents of their author—and a contempt of life, perfectly in character with a man of his mind, in such a situation; and the whole expressed in language, of which any poet of the present day might well be proud.—*Ed. M. Record*.]

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thanklesse arrant;
Feare not to touch the best,—
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it shoves
What's good,—and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not loved unless they give,—
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they once reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love, it is but lust;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell, age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favour, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisdom, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physick of her boldnesse;
Tell skill, it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pittie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth:
And, if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb,
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless Martyrs rest!
Ten thousands, that uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;

For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,
Resigned, the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known,
The still sad glory of their name,
Hallows no mountain unto Fame,
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude;
It may be that we each day tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow,
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many rustling leaves
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be stilled
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self sacrifice?
—But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent as those humble graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim love and awe repair!
So let it be!—like Him, whose clay
Deepburied by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret, but their sod,
Unknown to man, is marked of God.

[The following *petit morceau* is said to be from the pen of Sir WALTER SCOTT. It is so true to nature, that its beauties are palpable to the most ordinary intellect. The compliment to the bravery of the Scotch Highlanders is very fine, and introduced, apparently so much by accident, that one does not perceive any flattery in it.]

NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said—
"The Erlic's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I;
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the lands both, far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Erlic's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made and lightly broke:
The heather on the mountain's height,
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost wind soon shall sweep away
The lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Erlic's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn;
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilburn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Erlic's son."

Still in the water-lilie's shade,
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever;
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highladd brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She's wedded to the Erlic's son.

ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

Beautiful island of the sea!
Star of the hero's memory!
The light that thou shed'st on days of yore,
And the blaze of thy glory is long since o'er;
The bark of the ocean robber has passed
O'er the sea where thy ancient splendour was cast,
And the crimson banner of war is o'er thee,
And the flash of swords on the wave before thee,
Beautiful Isle! thy sparkling streams,
That come dancing to meet the sun's bright beams.

The trees that waved o'er thee in brightest of green,
And thy vine-covered groves, no longer are seen;
And amid that ocean's richest flood,
Is mingled the crimson tide of blood,
And above thy rocks is the vulture's lone brood—
Isle of the beautiful and brave!
Gem of the dark Egean wave!

Thy wreath of glory indeed is faded,
And the beams of thy splendour have long been shaded,
Yet he who sails by the sea-beat shore,
Will remember the tale of classic lore,
That fired his youthful soul to brave
The dangers of the stormy wave,
To find a grave where thy waters were streaming
O'er the home where the sword of the hero was gleaming,
And the star of the soldier above it was beaming.
Sweetest isle of the ocean wave!
Home of the generous and brave!

Still from the past will memory bring
Her richest and purest offering,
To deck the shrine of future story
With wreaths, though faded, of former glory,
And the wretched tale of fame shall still
The youthful hero's life-blood thrill.

LACONICS.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Resolve, and keep your resolution: chuse, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted: but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavour to avoid the seducements that prevailed over you before.

Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure, which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle, of his wife, or his wife's maid; but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle.

That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity but a calm interchange of sentiments.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1827.

[No. 26.]

MASONIC RECORD.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

The following ode may be found in No. 5, of the Masonic Record. We republish it at the request of the author, made in consequence of several errors, which the legibility of the manuscript did not enable us to discover at the time of its former insertion. The author observes, that, "If it is worthy of publication at all, it ought at least to appear before the public as it passed from the pen of the author." We think so, too; and ask the indulgence of our readers for twice occupying a column with the same matter.

SONG.

Composed for the Installation of Syracuse Lodge, Syracuse, Onondaga co.

BY BR. L. S. BURR.

TUNE—Indian Philosopher.—Quick Time.

Hail! Masonry, thou craft divine,
Where nature's beauteous arts combine—
With science to unfold:
The glories and the bliss of heaven,
T' man whose image God has given—
A form of finest mould.

Atheists may seek the wond'rous cause,
Why craftsmen urg'd by craftsmen's laws—
Oppose all arts in vain;
An architect has form'd a plan,
That reason govern godlike man,
On nature's glorious scene.

Our lodge shall ride on reason's laws,
And reason tell the wond'rous cause—
Why man by God forgiven:
Here various sects as one combine,
Lead captive love in chains divine—
On earth a mason's heaven.

Thus spake the trumpet of the Lord,
And angels with attention heard—
Through heaven's ethereal spheres:
The architecte wand for earth
First gave to masonry a birth—
To dry the orphan's tears.

The widow shall not sigh unheard,
But as by oil on Aaron's beard—
Choice blessings were bestow'd:
A mason's love shall soothe her grief,
A mason's hand bestow relief—
The holiest gift of God.

There Eden's blooming garden bow'd,
While in the East the Master stood.
* Euphrates ceas'd to flow:
Havila's precious bdellium shone,
Her sons brought forth the onyx stone—
As gift of richest glow.

Gihon the land where Moses stood,
Proclaim'd the power of Israel's God—
A mason's rod beheld:
Hidekel spread her eastern charms,
Chose the embrace of masons arms—
And three in one revealed.

Join masons join in sign and word.
The East is guarded by the sword—
Of flames and cherubims:
Science, her joyous lights reveal,
The cordial every wound shall heal—
We praise the King of kings.

* Euphrates, Havila, Gihon and Hidekel, are rivers flowing from the garden of Eden. See Gen. chap. ii. &c. for a description.

Selected for the American Masonic Record.

AN ORATION,

Delivered at the Dedication of Free Mason's Hall, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London, on the 23d of May, 1776.

BY WILLIAM DODD, LL. D. G. C.

Most Worshipful Grand Master, and Brethren all, There never was a stranger paradox advanced than that, which the gloomy *Philosopher of Malmesbury* hath laboured to support, against the sociability of man. Every feeling of the human heart,—every trait of the human character,—every line in the history of civilized nature, serves to explode the idea; and to convince us, "That man is a being formed for society, and deriving from thence his highest felicity and glory." Nay, indeed the history of mankind might well be considered as "the history of social life; perpetually and invariably tending more and more to perfection."

It is not to be doubted that the mighty master-hand, which with so much facility created from the dust of the earth the two first inhabitants of it, could with equal ease, have created thousands of the same species, and have given them all the means and advantages of perfect civilization. But he thought good to create two only, with an evident purpose to a gradual population of the earth which he had formed; and to a gradual advancement of those improvements for which he wisely fitted the human mind; and in which he as wisely determined to keep that mind continually occupied.

Hence, we perceive, that from this fertile and unexhausted storehouse of human intelligence and invention, arts, sciences, and culture of every kind have proceeded with gradual progress; and MAN,—peculiarly distinguished as he is from the whole animal creation, by his boundless capability of invention and improvement—MAN hath still gone on to cultivate and adorn social life: and to beautify and bless that life with all which utility could ask; which reason could approve; nay, or even the luxuriance of fancy itself, with charmed eyes could delight in and admire!

Immortality and glory crown the men—those truly great and distinguished worthies, who have nobly added to the advancement of human happiness, by the advancement of civilization!—who, by the invention or improvement of arts and sciences,—of religion and laws,—by human or civil culture,—have been instrumental to exalt the dignity, and to enlarge the comforts of their species!

Kings of the earth!—who have furled with exulting triumph your standards, crimsoned in fellow-creatures' blood!—mighty conquerors!—who have proudly built your fame, on wide spread ruin, and fearful devastation!—how doth your false honour fade, and sink into darkness and obscurity, before the everlasting lustre of their genuine glory—those fathers, friends and benefactors of Mankind—those true heroes, who, like their just emblem, the sun, have perpetually diffused life, blessing, beneficence, have existed only to instruct, improve, and humanize the world!

These—illustrious hearers! are the men whom we exult to call BRETHREN: and of this truly honourable fraternity it is, that MASONRY, throughout all ages, hath been composed: an institution—not, as the ignorant and uninstructed vainly suppose, founded on unmeaning mystery, and supported by mere good-fellowship:—but "an institution founded on eternal reason and truth; whose deep basis is the civilization of mankind; and whose everlasting glory it is, to have the immoveable support of those two mighty pillars, science and morality!"

In proof of what I advance, permit me just to touch with a passing pencil,—as the time,—not as the unlimited nature of my subject, will admit;—just to touch upon—1st, the ANTIQUITY;—2d, the EXTENT;—3d, the COMPREHENSIVENESS;—4th, the EXCELLENCE and UTILITY of our royal art, of whose daily-advancing progress, highly-flourishing

state, and unquestionable merit, who can doubt a moment—that beholds this splendid EDIFICE; that considers this lovely, honourable, and illustrious assemblage!

I. And permit me to observe, that the brightest titles suffer no diminution of lustre; nay, that nobility itself derives distinction, from the support and countenance of an institution so venerable. For, if ANTIQUITY merits our attention, and demands our reverence,—where will the society be found, that hath an equal claim?—masons are well informed from their own private and interior records, that the building of Solomon's Temple is an important era, from whence they derive many mysteries of their art. Now be it remembered, that this great event took place above a thousand years before the Christian Era; and consequently more than a century before Homer, the first of the Grecian poets, wrote; and above five centuries before Pythagoras brought from the east his sublime system of truly masonic instruction, to illuminate our western world.

(Conclusion next week.)

ELECTIONS.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of free and accepted Masons, of the State of New-York, held at Tammany Hall, in the city of New-York, on the evening of Thursday, June 7, 1827, M. W. Elisha King, Esq. in the chair, the following brethren were unanimously elected officers for the ensuing year, viz:—

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, of Albany, Grand Master.

RICHARD HATFIELD, of New-York, Deputy Grand Master.

EZRA S. COZIER, of Utica, Senior Grand Warden.

WELCOME ESLEECK, of Albany, Junior Grand Warden.

OLIVER M. LOWNDS, Grand Secretary.

GEORGE W. HYER, Grand Treasurer.

Rev. Dr. READ, of Poughkeepsie, and Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, of New-York, Grand Chaplains.

JOSEPH JACOBS, Grand Pursuivant.

GERRIT LANSING, Assistant Grand Pursuivant.

ROBERT YOUNG, Grand Tyler.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Encampment, of the State of New York, held at St. John's Hall, in the city of New-York, on Friday evening last, the following officers were chosen:—

M. E. His Excellency, DE WITT CLINTON, of Albany, Grand Master.

M. E. WM. F. PIATT,* M. D. of New-York, Deputy Grand Master.

M. E. JONATHAN EIGHTS, M. D. of Albany, Grand Generalissimo.

M. E. EZRA S. COZIER, of Utica, Grand Captain General.

M. E. Rev. F. H. CUMING, of Rochester, Grand Prelate.

M. E. Rev. PETER A. OVERPAUGH, of Hudson Assistant Grand Prelate.

M. E. Rev. F. C. SCHAEFFER, of New-York, do.

M. E. Rev. W. B. LACY, of Albany, do.

M. E. ORVILLE HUNGERFORD, of Watertown, Jefferson co. Senior Grand Warden.

M. E. LEVI BEARDSLEY, of Cherry Valley, Junior Grand Warden.

M. E. LIBBEUS CHAPMAN, of New-York, Grand Recorder.

M. E. EDWARD HIGGINS, of New-York, Grand Treasurer.

M. E. L. U. LAWRENCE, of Hudson, Grand Warden.

M. E. FREDERICK FITCH, of Genesee county, Grand Standard Bearer.

* In the room of M. E. OLIVER M. LOWNDS, who declined re-election.

M. E. SAMUEL EMERY, of Plattsburgh, Grand Sword Bearer.

M. E. GERRIT LANSING, of New-York, Grand Sentinel.

MASONIC ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by the members of Friendship Lodge, in the village of Owego, N. Y. on Monday, the 25th of June next. The Lodge will open at the Court House, precisely at 10 A. M. Neighbouring lodges, and sojourning brethren, are respectfully invited to unite with them in the festivities of the day.

The citizens of the village and its vicinity are also invited to attend the public services and partake of refreshments with the fraternity.

J. RIPLEY, H. M'CORMICK,
L. REEVES, Committee of Arrangements.

The Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by the members of Sullivan Lodge, No 272, in the village of Monticello, New York, on Monday the 25th inst. Members of neighbouring lodges and sojourning brethren, are respectfully invited to attend. The brethren are requested to meet at 10 o'clock, A. M.

J. E. RUSSELL, H. WHEELER,
I. BARNUM, Committee of Arrangements.

INSTALLATION.

The Installation of Westport Chapter will take place at Westport Village, Essex county, N. Y. on Friday, the 22d day of June next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Companions and Brethren are invited to attend. By order of the Chapter,

O. PIER, D. HOLCOMB,
B. MYRICK, Committee of Arrangements.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

INCREASE OF HEAT

IN DESCENDING INTO THE EARTH.

The increase of temperature in coal mines in proportion to their depth, is a fact familiar to every person who has had occasion to frequent them. The cause of this has been the subject of much speculation; one class of writers ascribing it to the existence of some great source of heat in the interior of the earth; and another to the decomposition of pyrites, which abounds in coal and the accompanying strata, and which is known to produce, when decomposed, actual combustion. The following explanation of the phenomenon, given by Mr. Matthew Millar in his *Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History*, appears to us, however, a great deal more simple and satisfactory.

"In every mine, with the exception of a few, which are level free, the ventilation is carried on by causing the air at the surface to descend, and traverse the works, and then ascend. Now, it is evident, that if a portion of air from the surface be carried down to the bottom of the mine, it will be condensed in proportion to the depth of the mine, in consequence of this condensation, it will become heated, and the degree of heat will of course be in proportion to the depth of the mine. The air thus heated traverses the works, and imparts its heat to the strata; it then ascends, and is succeeded by a fresh portion of air from the surface, which in the same way becomes heated, and imparts its heat to the strata, and they, in turn, communicate it all around. Thus, in a long course of working in a deep mine, the air at the bottom is heated, and also the rocks to a considerable depth; and when the work ceases, the mine takes a long while to lose its temperature; and this is found to be the case particularly when the mine becomes full of water, the water being found at first of a high temperature, and gradually to lose its heat, which is in consequence of the strata imparting theirs to the water; and as soon as they have given out all their heat, the water indicates the mean temperature nearly of the place.

"The reverse takes place in an old mine when re-worked; in that case, the temperature rises gradually as the working continues; and in those mines which are not worked, but in which the ventilation still goes on, I believe it will be found that they do not lose more of their temperature than can be placed to the abstraction of the other causes of heat in working mines, such as that produced by the men and the lights.

"The exact quantity of heat given out by air in proportion to its condensation, it is difficult to ascertain; but every day's experience proves it to be very considerable; and, I believe, this added to the

other obvious sources of heat in mines in a state of working, will be found sufficient to account for their high temperature." [Lond. Mec. Mag.]

FRESH WATER FOUND AT SEA.

The following is an extract of a letter from D. Buchanan, esq. to professor Jamieson, of Edinburgh.

"In the beginning of September, 1824, I embarked with the officers of our regiment, in a country ship, (having most of the officers of his Majesty's 54th regiment on board,) for Chittagong. We sailed out of the Madras roads with a fair wind which continued for four days; but, on the fifth, we were becalmed, and continued so for fourteen days, having had only once or twice a very slight breeze, which never lasted longer than a few hours. It was towards the end of this calm that I observed a very strange appearance on the surface of the glassy ocean. It seemed to be furrowed in several directions. On the night of the fourteenth a breeze sprung up. Owing to our unexpected tedious passage, we ran short of provisions, particularly water. You may suppose what was our joy and astonishment the next morning, in taking up the water alongside to wash our decks, to find that it was fresh and much more palatable than that which remained in our casks, which were immediately replenished with it. By this day's observation, we were 125 miles from Chittagong, and about 100 miles from the nearest part of the Juncerbuns. The water was of a more yellow tinge than in most parts of the bay, and those who drank a great deal of it, suffered from it afterwards."

[By the remarks of some editors, it would seem that the above phenomenon is not easily accounted for. If we understand the geography of the Bay of Bengal, the writer could not be so far from the mouth of the great rivers, the Ganges and the Burrampootre, which flow into the head of the bay, as to preclude the possibility of its proceeding from their currents. The Rhone, during a flood, carries its freshness many miles out to sea; the waters of the Amazon remain fresh 240 miles from the coast; and it is said of Columbus, that he found his vessel in the fresh waters of the river Orinoco, before he saw the land near its mouth; a circumstance which sooner led to the discovery of the continent of South America.—Ed. M. Record.]

TOKAY GRAPE AND WINE.

The vine is cultivated to the greatest extent in Hungary. The well known Tokay is raised on the last chain of the Carpathian hills, in the neighbourhood of the town of Tokay. The district extends over a space of about twenty English miles. "Throughout the whole of this country it is the custom to collect the grapes which have become dry and sweet, like raisins, hanging on the trees. They are gathered one by one; and it is from them alone that the prime Tokay, or as it is termed, *Tokay Ausbruch*, is prepared; which, in 1807, sold for 100 florins the cask of 180 halbes, on the spot. They are first put together in a cask, in the bottom of which holes are bored to let that portion of the juice escape which will run from them without any pressure. This which is called Tokay essence, is generally in small quantities, and very highly prized. The grapes are then put into a vat, and trampled with the bare feet, no greater pressure being permitted. To the squeezed mass, is added an equal quantity of good wine, which is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, and it is then strained. This juice, without Tokay, is difficult to be obtained, and sells in Vienna at the rate of £12 sterling per dozen.

The greater part of these vineyards is the property of the Emperor; several, however, are in the hands of the nobles.—Bright's Travels.

Another species of Hungarian wine, called Mineser, is said to be equal to Tokay; next to that in value, comes the wines of Edinburg, Rush, St. Gyorgy, and Ofen, followed by a great variety whose names are as various as the hills that produce them. The grape which is preferred for making the Tokay and other Hungarian wines of that character, is a

small black or blue grape, figured and described by Sickler in his *Garden Magazine* of 1804, as the Hungarian blue." [Enc. Ag.]

AEROLITES.

A Nashville (Tenn.) paper notices a shower of metallic stones which fell about eighteen miles from that place on the 7th ult. The following letter to the editor of the Nashville Banner, from the Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick upon whose farm the stones fell, is interesting, and from its source may be presumed accurate. The description which he gives of the appearance of the stones corresponds with that of all which we have seen; viz: glazed with a thin black crust, and bearing the marks of having passed through a body of fire and smoke. The paper from which this account is taken, mentions that the noise of the explosion resembled that of thunder or heavy cannon, and was distinctly heard ten or twelve miles from the spot where the stones fell, and by some probably at a still greater distance.

[N. Y. Times.]

I will now give you a statement, as correct as is in my power, respecting a phenomenon which has taken place in my neighbourhood. In doing this I will confine myself to facts, and submit them to philosophers to explain.

On Wednesday the 9th inst. about 4 o'clock, P. M. the day being as clear as usual, my son and servant were planting corn in the field, they heard suddenly a report similar to a cannon, which was continued in the air, resembling that of a battle, the firing of cannon, or muskets by platoons, and the beating of drums. Some small clouds made a terrific appearance with a trail of black smoke, from which came (no doubt) a number of stones, with a loud whizzing noise, which struck on the earth like that of a ponderous body. One of these stones my son heard fall about fifty yards from whence he was. In its descent to the ground, it struck a pawpaw tree about the size of a small handspike, and tore it to pieces like lightning, by which means he immediately found the spot, and there saw the stone about eight or ten inches under ground, which weighed five pounds and a quarter; Mr. James Dugger was present. They state that the stone was cold, but had the scent of sulphur. On the same day, and about the same time, my son-in-law, Mr. Peter Ketring, with his hands, was in a field about one mile distant, when a stone fell which weighed eleven pounds and a half. This took place near him, his wife, and three other women. A number of respectable men were present when it was found and taken up, it was 12 inches under ground. I have seen one that fell at Mr. David Garret's, on Station Camp, and part of one that fell at Mr. John Bones'. I have also heard of one more that has been found. These stones are perfectly similar, glazed with a thin black crust, and bear the marks of having passed through a body of fire and black smoke. Many gentlemen have been excited within a few days to come to my house and see them, and say they never saw such before. At the request of some gentlemen I took them to Galatin, on Monday last, which was the first day of our county court, where they were shown publicly. I design to send the largest of them to Nashville in a few days. Yours respectfully,

HUGH KIRKPATRICK.

Drake's Creek, Sumner co. May 16th, 1827.

TOPOGRAPHY.

GEORGIA, IN ASIA.

The last number of the Quarterly Review contains an interesting article under the general title of "*Travels in Southern Russia and Georgia*." This article is founded on a work recently published by Mr. Henderson, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and another by the Chevalier Gamba, the French Consul at Tiflis. The regions described by these gentlemen being in a great measure new to us, we have examined the article in the Review with more than ordinary gratification. The descriptions of the countries, the character of the various governments, and of the inhabitants, are interesting in an uncommon degree, particularly from their novelty. The regions over which the travellers passed, are generally within the immense

limits of the Russian empire, and furnish a striking and in the opinion of the Reviewers, a favourable exhibition of the influence and controul of that vastly extended and energetic government. "We cannot conclude," say they, "without saying that the perusal of these two works, from the pens of two apparently impartial and dispassionate men,—must, we think, leave on the mind of the dispassionate reader an impression highly favourable to the Russian government. So little does there appear of what Englishmen think of when they hear the mention of *despotic* power, jealousy, and unnecessary interference in private concerns—that on the contrary, a spirit of forbearance, of kindness and consideration, is every where manifested towards those who have sought protection under the imperial crown."

The following passage from the Review, contains a fine description of a very delightful country.—

"The whole country of Georgia is so beautifully diversified with grand mountain scenery, gradually spreading out into hill and dale, that some of the old travellers thought they had discovered in it the garden of Eden. The climate is equally favourable to the growth of fruits, grain, and esculent plants, and to the human constitution. The sky is almost always clear and serene, the rain being chiefly confined to thirty or forty days in the year. In summer, on the plains, the thermometer usually stands about 78 to 84 degrees, rising occasionally to 90. The winter there scarcely continues two months, during which the thermometer seldom descends below forty; however, every possible degree of temperature, down to perpetual frost may be had on the sloping spurs of the Caucasus. The hills and the ravines are covered with the finest forests of oak, beach, elm, chestnut, walnut, ash and lime trees; many of them entwined by vines growing perfectly wild, and loaded with vast quantities of the finest grapes. Most of the cultivated fruits of Europe, such as apples, pears, peaches, plums and cherries, are found growing in the forests in a state of nature. The black and white mulberry grow without culture; and Iberia was famed for its silk, long before this valuable article was brought into Italy by the two Persian monks, in the reign of Justinian. Cotton and flax grow spontaneously on the plains near the Caspian; and rice, wheat, barley, millet, sesamum and madder, are raised with very little culture. The pasturage of the valleys is excellent, and the rivers are full of fish, but being mostly mountain-torrents, are unfit for internal navigation. Honey of the finest kind is collected from bees' nests in the crevices of rocks and hollow trees, and their wax supplies no inconsiderable article of trade. In short, nature seems to have lavished on this favoured country all that can contribute to the comfort and happiness of a peaceable and industrious population."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

From the Massachusetts Journal.

BERLIN, IN PRUSSIA.

DER SCHINDER. Under this title there is a class of men in this city, and indeed throughout Prussia as well as a greater part of Germany, who gain a livelihood by the execution of criminals, whether by breaking on the wheel or beheading them. These Schinders are composed of men who have been sentenced to death for crimes against the state, and have been reprieved to fill up vacancies in the honourable corps of Jack Ketches. They employ their leisure hours in cutting up dead beasts, horses, cows, dogs, cats, &c. the flesh of which they boil for the fat, and afterwards sell for dog's food. If a horse, or ox, or swine, or any animal of a Prussian, die, he is obliged to send for the Schinder to remove it, and to pay him for such removal, if a horse, \$2; and \$1 for an ox, cow, hog, dog, cat, or any other kind of animal of the smaller class. No person is allowed the privilege of interring a beast, even if it be his own property, but Herr'n Schinder.

If a man commit ever so atrocious a murder in Prussia, he can by paying the sum of \$20,000 to the government, obtain a free pardon, on condition of wearing a small black band around his neck, to

denote his commission of crime. It is the duty of the Schinder to visit these forgiven assassins, at least once a year, to shift their bands. He presents himself before the murderer with a large knife or cutlass, which he thrusts in the ground before him; he then takes the band from his neck, and replaces it with another, and exacts ten dollars for his "most infernal politeness." The Schinder will sometimes pop unawares upon a person who has temporarily laid aside his band, in which case, he demands \$50 for such contempt of the laws of the land. In truth, the Schinders are so lynx-eyed, that the bands are seldom removed by those who are doomed to wear them, and who are liable to be visited by day or night in their own dwelling, or those of others, if suspected by the Schinder.

There is a merchant now resident in Berlin who has been found guilty of the deaths of four of his fellow creatures; yet, having paid \$80,000 to the government, and wearing four black bands around his neck, he is enabled to roam at large, suffering occasional visits from his friend the Schinder. There are several persons now residing in Berlin, among whom are three females, who have committed brutal murders, escape from the penalties of which has been purchased with gold.

It is needless to add that all classes of the citizens of Prussia look upon the Schinder with unqualified disgust and abhorrence. It is ruinous to the character of any man to be found speaking to him. The street pedestrian shuns him as he would a foul and noxious weed. If he enters a wine house to drink, he has no sooner finished, than the glass is smashed on the floor before his face. The finger of scorn is forever pointed at him, and "like a foul and ugly witch," he drags his man-executing, dog-interring and band-exchanging life along.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

From Brooke's Winter in Lapland.

LAPLAND.

The Laplander is a wanderer both from nature and necessity. His subsistence depending upon his deer, which are left free and unconstrained, his own movements may be said to be guided by theirs, and by them also his habits of life are in a great measure formed. The number of deer belonging to a herd is from 300 to 500; with these a Laplander can do well, and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption; and during the winter season can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with venison. With 200 deer, a man, if his family be but small, can manage to get on. If he have but 100, his subsistence is very precarious, and he cannot rely entirely upon them for support. Should he have but fifty, he is no longer independent, or able to keep a separate establishment, but generally joins his small herd with that of some richer Laplander, being then considered more in the light of a menial, undertaking the laborious office of attending upon and watching the herd, bringing them home to be milked, and other similar offices, in return for the subsistence afforded him. It happens, however, very frequently, that when, either from sickness or accident, the herd of a Laplander is reduced to this small number, he will give in charge to another what he has remaining, and will repair to the sea-coast; where he will either endeavour to get work from the Norwegian settlers, and in this manner to support himself; or else, which is more frequently the case, he settles himself on the shores of some of the neighbouring fiords, of the coast, follows the fishery for his livelihood, and from a mountain is transformed into a coast Laplander. Thus his habits are totally changed, and in time he becomes as expert at the fishery, and as undaunted in braving the dangers of the ocean, as he was before firm in bearing the numerous hardships of his former roving life. Still the charms of the liberty he enjoyed are never obliterated from his mind; he regards the Shore Laplander as an inferior being, inasmuch as he is less free; and his only thoughts are of returning to his mountains. Should he be successful he is enabled to do so, and, repairing the losses of his herd, again com-

mences his former manner of life. It more generally happens, however, that, having once become a Shore Laplander, he remains so, being too careless and too thoughtless a being to carry his views beyond the exigencies of the present moment. A Laplander who is the master of a herd of 1000 deer, is considered a rich man; though instances are not rare of their possessing 1500, or even 2000.

The household economy of the Laplander, it may readily be imagined, is extremely simple. His food during the period of his summer wanderings is spare and frugal; he no longer indulges himself in his favourite food, rein-deer venison, which forms the luxury of the winter season. In summer he is intent only upon increasing his herd, and providing against his future wants. He contents himself then generally with milk, and the remains of the curd and whey after making his cheese. In the first he indulges himself sparingly, on account of the very small quantity each deer affords, as well as of the great importance it is to him to secure a good quantity of cheese for his winter stock, and to guard against any disaster that might suddenly befall his herd, and reduce him to want. As his herd is milked during the summer season only, when this is drawing to a close, he generally sets by some milk for the purpose of being frozen. This serves not only for his own individual use during the winter, but is prized so much for its exquisite delicacy in this state, that it forms an article of trade; and the merchants with whom he deals, and who repair then to the interior, gladly purchase it at any price. From the naturally churlish temper of the Mountain Lap, and the value he justly sets upon his milk, it is extremely difficult during the summer to prevail upon him to part with even a very small quantity; and whenever I visited the tent, I saw with what reluctance these people offered it. By degrees, however, I ingratiated myself so much into their favour, partly from the circumstance of my being an Englishman, and partly by a few well-timed presents, that for some time during their stay near Fuglenæs, I had the luxury of drinking it in a morning for my breakfast; and I must confess I found it so delicious, that I think the time of any idle epicure would not be ill bestowed in making a trip to Finmark, were it solely for the pleasure of tasting this exquisite beverage. The flavour of the milk is highly aromatic, which, it is probable, is chiefly owing to the kind of herbage the animal browses upon in summer. In colour and consistency it resembles very rich cream: and its nature is such, that, however gratifying to the taste, it is difficult and even unwholesome to drink more than a small quantity of it. Rich as the quality of the rein-deer milk is, it is singular that the cheese which is made from it is extremely bad, being hard, white in colour, of a disagreeable taste, and eatable only by a Laplander. I am ignorant of the cause of it though inclined to think it arises more from its peculiar nature, than from any defect in the making. This is effected simply by placing the milk in a large iron pot over the fire, which with the addition of rennet, made from the stomach of the deer, quickly turns it. The curd is then pressed, and the whey being separated from it, is put into small shallow moulds. The general size of the cheese is that of a small plate, and it is little more than half an inch in thickness. Possibly its being made so thin may have an effect upon the goodness of it, as, when cut, the hard rind composes the larger portion. Bad as it is, it is highly prized by the Laplanders, who eat it both raw and toasted: in the latter state it appears at the tables of the merchants, and is rather more palatable. Notwithstanding its previous hard and dry appearance, when applied to the fire, a rich pure oil distils from it, which is found extremely serviceable in removing the effects arising from being frost bitten; for, being rubbed on the frozen part it prevents mortification from ensuing. This is used when the common remedy of snow-rubbing has been neglected, I was induced, from curiosity, to bring with me to England several rein-deer cheeses; some of which were, until lately, in my possession. I did not find that age at all improved their flavour; not having in any degree softened them, or produced any other effect than creating a singular quantity of mites, which accumulate again almost immediately after the former have been removed.

POPULAR TALES.

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

(Concluded.)

The purses would soon cease to pay; and who knew what would be the consequences? On hearing that our money would run short, I inquired no farther into consequences: I shrugged my shoulders; I was silent, and she seemed to understand me. We now packed up, and got into our carriage, the box standing opposite to us; in which, however, I could still see no symptoms of a palace. In this way we proceeded several stages. Post-money and drink-money were readily and richly paid from the pouches to the right and left; till at last we reached a mountainous district; and no sooner had we alighted here, than my fair one walked forward, directing me to follow her with the box. She led me by rather steep paths to a parrow plot of green ground, thro' which a clear brook now gushed in little falls, now ran in quiet windings. She pointed to a little knoll; bade me set the box down there, then said: "Farewell! Thou wilt easily find the way back; remember me: I hope to see thee again." At this moment, I felt as if I could not leave her. She was just now in one of her fine days, or if you will, her fine hours. Alone with so fair a being, on the green sward, among grass and flowers, girt in by rocks, waters murmuring round you, what heart could have remained insensible! I came forward to seize her hand, to clasp her in my arms: but she motioned me back; threatening me, though still kindly enough, with great danger, if I did not instantly withdraw. "Is there no possibility, then," exclaimed I, "of my staying with thee; of thy keeping me beside thee?" These words I uttered with such rueful tones and gestures, that she seemed touched by them, and after some thought, confessed to me that a continuance of our union was not entirely impossible. Who happier than I! My opportunity, which increased every moment, compelled her at last to come out with her scheme, and inform me that if I too could resolve on becoming as little as I had once seen her, I might still remain with her, be admitted to her house, her kingdom her family. The proposal was not altogether to my mind: yet at this moment, I positively could not tear myself away; so, having already for a good while been accustomed to the marvellous, and being at all times prone to bold enterprises, I closed with her offer, and said she might do with me as she pleased. I was thereupon directed to hold out the little finger of my right hand; she placed her own against it; then with her left hand she quite softly pulled the ring from her finger, and let it run along mine. That instant, I felt a violent twinge on my finger: the ring shrunk together, and tortured me horribly. I gave a loud cry and caught round me for my fair one, but she had disappeared. What state of mind I was in during this moment, I find no words to express; so I have nothing more to say, but that I very soon, in my miniature size, found myself beside my fair one in a wood of grass-stalks. The joy of meeting after this short yet most strange separation, or if you will, of this re-union without separation, exceeds all conception. I fell on her neck; she replied to my caresses, and the little pair was as happy as the large one. With some difficulty we now mounted a hill; I say difficulty, because the sward had become for us an almost impenetrable forest. Yet at length we reached a bare space; and how surprised was I at perceiving there a large bolted mass; which, ere long I could not but recognise for the box, in the same state as when I set it down. "Go up to it, my friend," said she, "and do but knock with the ring: thou shalt see wonders." I went up, accordingly, and no sooner had I rapped, than I did, in fact, witness the greatest wonder. Two wings came jutting out; and at the same time there fell, like scales and chips, various pieces this way and that; while doors, windows, and colonnades, and all that belongs to a complete palace, at once came into view. If ever you have seen one of Rontchen's desks: how, at one pull, a multitude of springs and latches get in motion, and writing board and writing materials, letter and money compartments, all at once, or in quick succession, start forward, you will partly conceive how this palace unfolded itself, into which my sweet attendant now

introduced me. In the large saloon, I directly recognised the fire-place which I had formerly seen from above, and the chair in which she had then been sitting. And on looking up, I actually fancied I could still see something of the chink in the dome, through which I had peeped in. I spare you the description of the rest: in a word, all was spacious, splendid and tasteful. Scarcely had I recovered from my astonishment, when I heard afar off a sound of military music. My better half sprung up; and with rapture announced to me the approach of his majesty her father. We stepped out to the threshold, and here beheld a magnificent procession moving towards us, from a considerable cleft in the rock. Soldiers, servants, officers of state, and glittering courtiers, followed in order. At last you observe a golden throng, and in the midst of it the king himself. So soon as the whole procession had drawn up before the palace, the king, with his nearest retinue, stepped forward. His loving daughter hastened out to him, pulling me along with her. We threw ourselves at his feet; he raised me very graciously: and on coming to stand before him, I perceived, that in this little world I was still the most considerable figure. We proceeded together to the palace; where his majesty, in presence of his whole court, was pleased to welcome me with a well-studied oration, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here; acknowledged me as his son-in-law, and appointed the nuptial ceremony to take place on the morrow. A cold sweat went over me as I heard him speak of marriage; for I dreaded this even more than music, which otherwise appeared to me the most hateful thing on earth. Your music-makers, I used to say, enjoy at least the conceit of being in unison with each other, and working in concord; for when they have tweaked and tuned long enough, grating our ears with all manner of screeches, they believe in their hearts that the matter is now adjusted, and one instrument accurately suited to the other. The band master himself is in this happy delusion; and so they set forth joyfully, though still tearing our nerves to pieces. In the marriage state, even this is not the case: for altho' it is but a duet, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom; for while the man gives out one tone, the wife directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch, and farther and farther, till at last wind instruments themselves cannot reach it. And now, as harmonical music itself is an offence to me, it will not be surprising that disharmonical should be a thing which I cannot endure. Of the festivities in which the day was spent, I shall and can say nothing; for I paid small heed to any of them. The sumptuous victuals, the generous wine, the royal amusements I could not relish. I kept thinking and considering what I was to do. Here, however, there was but little to be considered. I determined, once for all, to take myself away and hide somewhere. Accordingly, I succeeded in reaching the chink of a stone, where I entrenched and concealed myself as well as might be. My first care after this was to get the unhappy ring off my finger; an enterprise, however which would by no means prosper, for on the contrary, I felt that every pull I gave, the metal grew straiter, and cramped me with violent pains, which again abated so soon as I desisted from my purpose. Early in the morning I awoke (for my little person had slept, and very soundly); and was just stepping out to look farther about me, when I felt a kind of rain coming on. Through the grass, flowers and leaves, there fell, as it were, something like sand and grit in large quantities; but what was my horror when the whole of it became alive, and an innumerable host of ants rushed down on me! No sooner did they observe me, than they made an attack on all sides; and though I defended myself stoutly and gallantly enough, they at last so hemmed me in, so nipped and pinched me, that I was glad to hear them calling to surrender. I surrendered instantly and wholly; whereupon an ant of respectable stature approached me with courtesy, nay, with reverence, and even recommended itself to my good graces. I learned that the ants had now become allies of my father-in-law, and by him been called out in the present emergency, and commissioned to fetch me back. Here then was little I in the hands

of creatures still less. I had nothing for it but looking forward to the marriage; nay, I must now thank Heaven, if my father-in-law were not wroth, if my fair one had not taken the sullen. Let me skip over the whole train of ceremonies; in a word, we were wedded. Gaily and joyously as matters went, there were, nevertheless, solitary hours, in which you were led astray into reflection; and now there happened to me something which had never happened before: what, and how, you shall learn. Everything about me was completely adapted to my present form and wants; the bottles and glasses were in a fit ratio, to a little toper, nay, if you will, better measure, in proportion than with us. In my tiny palate, the dainty tid-bits tasted excellently; a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was still the most charming thing in nature; and I will not deny that novelty made all these circumstances highly agreeable. Unhappily, however, I had not forgotten my former situation. I felt within me a scale of by-gone greatness; and it rendered me restless and cheerless. Now, for the first time did I understand what the philosophers might mean by their ideal, which they say so plagues the mind of man. I had an ideal of myself; and often in dreams I appeared as a giant. In short, my wife, my ring, my dwarf figure, and so many other bonds and restrictions, made me utterly unhappy, so that I began to think seriously about obtaining my deliverance. Being persuaded that the whole magic lay in the ring, I resolved on filing this asunder. From the court jeweller, accordingly, I borrowed some files. By good luck, I was left-handed, as, indeed, throughout my whole life, I had never done aught in the right-handed way. I stood tightly to the work: it was not small; for the golden hoop, so thin as it appeared, had grown proportionably thicker in contracting from its former length. All vacant hours I privately applied to this task: and at last, the metal being nearly through, I was provident enough to step out of doors. This was a wise measure; for all at once the golden hoop started sharply from my finger, and my frame shot aloft with such violence, that I actually fancied I should dash against the sky; and at all events, I must have bolted through the dome of our palace; nay, perhaps, in my new awkwardness, have destroyed this summer residence altogether. Here then was I standing again; in truth, so much the larger, but also, as it seemed to me, so much the more foolish and helpless. On recovering, from my stupefaction, I observed the royal strong-box lying near me, which I found to be moderately heavy, as I lifted it, and carried it down the foot-path to the next stage; where I directly ordered horses and set forth. By the road, I soon made trial of the two side pouches. Instead of money, which appeared to be run out, I found a little key; it belonged to the strong-box, in which I got some moderate compensation. So long as this held out, I made use of the carriage: by and by I sold it, and proceeded by the diligence. The strong-box, too, I at length cast from me, having no hope of its filling again. And thus in the end, though after a considerable circuit, I again returned to the kitchen-hearth, to the landlady, and the cook, where you were first introduced to me.

MISCELLANY.

SWIFT.

The first promotion in the church which Dean Swift obtained was "the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a year. To this he retired, and assumed the character of a country clergyman." Previous to his obtaining this living he had resided with Sir William Temple, his munificent patron, and tasted the seductive influence of the society of the great and learned. Hence it is not to be wondered at, that Swift did not relish the seclusive mode of life which falls to the lot of country parsons. He, therefore, soon wished to resume his old station at Sir William Temple's, and the latter, "who had learned by the loss of Swift, his real value, became solicitous that he should return to Moorpark. While Swift hesitated between relinquishing the mode of life which he had chosen, and returning to that which he had relinquished, his resolution appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly

characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman, with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this clergyman's black mare, having no horse of his own,—rode to Dublin, resigned the prebendary of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for his new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which, at first, only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time, on a horse of his own, with four score pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moorpark, as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary.

While we are speaking of the Dean of St. Patrick's, we may as well insert another trait of his character, from the same source. After the death of Sir William, Swift resided for some time in the family of Lord Berkeley, as resident chaplain. In the year 1700, he obtained the living of Laracor, and resumed the habits of a country clergyman. He is said to have walked down, *incognito*, to the place of his future residence; and tradition has recorded various anecdotes of his journey. He walked straight to the curate's house, demanded his name, and announced himself bluntly as his master. All was bustle to receive a person of such consequence, and who, apparently, was determined to make his importance felt. The curate's wife was ordered to lay aside the doctor's only clean shirt and stockings, which he carried in his pocket; nor did Swift relax his airs of domination until he had excited much alarm, which his subsequent kind and friendly conduct to the worthy couple, turned into respectful attachment. This was the ruling trait of Swift's conduct to others; his praise assumed the appearance and language of complaint; his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature; his most grave themes were blended with ironical pleasantry, and, in those of a lighter nature, deep and bitter satire is often couched under the most trifling levity.

[Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.]

INTEMPERANCE.

To show the dangers of inebriety, the catholic legends tell us of some of their hermits to whom the devil gave the choice of three crimes; two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other, to be drunk. The poor saint chose the last, as the least of the three; but when drunk, committed the other two.

The baneful effects of this pernicious vice upon the body, are described by Dr. Darwin, in his *Zoonomia*, under an allegory which would not have disgraced the splendid imagination of Lord Bacon himself.

"Prometheus," says the Doctor, "was painted as stealing fire from heaven, that might well represent the inflammable spirit produced by fermentation, which may be said to animate or enliven the man of clay; whence the conquests of Bacchus, as well as the temporary mirth and noise of his devotees. But the after punishment of those who steal this accursed fire, is a vulture gnawing the liver, and well allegorizes the poor inebriate lingering for years under painful diseases."

And that the graces and energies of poetry may come in aid of the figure so strongly depicted in prose, the same great physiologist, in his 'Botanical Garden,' has composed a picture which should be painted and hung up in every chamber dedicated to Bacchanalian festivity.

Dr. Darwin personifies the goddess of wine under the name of Vitis, who thus addresses her votaries:

"Drink deep, sweet youth," seductive Vitis cries,
The maudlin tear-drop glistening in her eyes;
Green leaves and purple clusters crown her head,
And the tall thyrsus stays her tottering tread.
"Drink deep," she carols as she waves in air
The mantling goblet, "and forget your care."
O'er the dread least malignant Chymia sallows,
And mingles poison in the nectared bowls.
Fell gout peeps grinning through the flimsy scene,
And bloated dropsy keeps behind unseen—
Wrapped in her robe, while Lepra hides her stains,
And silent Frenzy, writhing bites his chains.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

SUPERSTITIOUS NOTIONS.

NO. II.

Ye would be dupes and victims, and ye are! [Moore.]

There are few, even among the most bigotted lovers of the marvellous, who will confess their faith in the doctrine of Witchcraft. How many there are who believe it in their hearts, is not for me to say; but there are many who place this absurd system of diabolical agency, on a par with the divine power of working miracles, and suppose it to have passed away with the age of miracles itself. Now, what more dangerous doctrine, both to religion and morality, than this! Does it look becoming the Author of all good, whatever spiritual power he may suffer the infernal beings to exercise;—does it look probable, that he allows their depredations on human happiness, or creates sub-agents to counteract all His gracious purposes, and to encounter His ministers of revelation, miracle to miracle? One would think, if such a belief could be fully substantiated, that the unlettered Indian, who makes no difference of power between the Good and Evil Spirits, has more cogent reasons for his belief than otherwise. Had this been true; how would the age of miracles have rendered earth a field of spiritual warfare, between the ministers of Satan, and the inspired prophets of God? If so, then, indeed, might the devil be changed into an angel of light; and not even the ministers of the Most High could prove their mission by their works.

The advocates of the theory of ancient witchcraft, are now called upon to support their faith, by Scripture or reason. Right glad of an opportunity, they fly forthwith to their strong hold of necromancy—the story of the witch of Endor. Well, what are your questions; let us hear. When the hag commenced her sybiline incantation, how did she discover that it was Saul to whom she spoke? for it is recorded that she addressed him thus, "Thou hast deceived me: thou art Saul." Again, how could she show Samuel to Saul, and cause him to repeat the curse of God on him for his disobedience, stating that the kingdom was passed from him to David, the son of Jesse? And lastly, what but a supernatural agency could prophesy so exactly the result, in this case, as also in the fulfilment of the sentence, that "to-morrow thou shalt be with us?" There are many sensible and well meaning people who cannot see through the foolery of such questions. They carry their own answer nearer to them than many are aware of. What old woman is there in the United States, so stupid as not to recognise any man at first sight, after having repeatedly heard it asserted that he was taller, "by the head and shoulders," than any other man in the nation? Again, Saul had so displeased Samuel while living, and Samuel had warned him of his alienation from God;—and had he not also annointed David? Who then would not know the reason of his being cast out from the participation of the favour of God, when without doubt it was made as public among the Israelites, for years before, as it would be, by preaching from the pulpits of all our modern churches? If Samuel had witnessed the truth in his life, what credit to any one to repeat his prophecy after his death? Concerning this augury, "to-morrow thou shalt be with us,"—the old imposter committed a most grievous error. If we look through the succeeding chapters of the book, we will find that the armies of David and Saul were wonderfully active, or that it must have been several days before Saul's death that he sought this interview. If you carry your argument further, and say the word *to-morrow* is figuratively used, and does not strictly signify the next day, as well might the maniac, who strolls about the

streets, lay claim to the gifts of prophecy, by saying, "to-morrow thou shalt die!" for if we ever die, his augury, by this rule, must come to pass.

In the midst of this transition, I have passed over one remark which is of importance here; I mean the general belief of the superficial reader, that Samuel did actually and visibly appear to the ocular powers of Saul. Nothing can be farther from the truth than this. We read that he asked the witch, "What dost thou see?" and hearing her answer, he said, "it is Samuel," and fell on his face for fear. Then a dialogue passed between the supposed Samuel and the king, and its import and veracity I have noticed above. Considering the antiquity of the art of ventriloquism, and the profound credulity of Saul, and all the Jewish nation, I do not think it is speaking any thing derogatory to the authenticity of the Scriptures, to say that with a smattering of this art, and some fumes of sulphur,—some groaning, and distortions of countenance, it was possible—nay, probable, that the king of Israel was completely gulled. If so, what becomes of the antiquity of witchcraft? If not, I shall be happy to learn of such as have clearer views of the mysteries of revelation.

The beam pounce in; for time and skill will couch the blind.

G.

THE REPOSITORY.

JOINING A REGIMENT. The next day I may consider to have been my first appearance in public as a properly authenticated officer in the army. I stood upon the parade fully equipped, with my regiment. During all the time, I might as well have been in the pillory; nothing relieved me but pulling off my gloves, fixing my cravat and playing with my sword knot. I formed one of those whom the admiring crowd gazed at. I was saluted every where by passing soldiers, and I gratified my vanity in this point, by repeatedly walking past the sentries on duty at the palace, to hear them slap the butt ends of their muskets, as they carried arms to compliment me. I was gazed at on the Steyne by the most captivating eyes; I was smiled at in the library by the most fascinating faces; lovely lights gleamed on from balconies, barouches, and donkeys' backs; pelisses flounced, and feathers waved for me; I was somebody, I was everybody; there was nobody in the world but me—myself! at least I saw no one else worth a moment's consideration, except as far as their admiration of me was concerned. I never ate so many ices and jellies in my life; not for the love my appetite bore to such confections, but the lounge—the halo which the discussion of an ice throws round the military figure in a pastry cook's shop is everything:—it was delightful! [Military Sketch Book.]

PHYSIOGNOMY. I have been a great physiognomist in my life. I have learnt more from the "human face divine" than ever I did from books. The face is the index to the book of human nature. It bodies out by imperceptible lines and evanescent hues the strong points of character, and the most secret emotions of the soul. Of all countenances I love the melancholy one the most, because when it does become gay, its gayety is so bewitching. I cannot bear the constant smile. It is too much like the gilded sign, which is but rotten wood at heart. The deepest fancy, the most fascinating gayety, and the most interesting cast of thought are most generally associated with your melancholy Madona face. I have nine times out of ten found such to be the case. Why it is so I never inquired. But the same character may be discovered in the silent portions of nature. How beautiful the afternoon sun appears when he breaks out from a cloudy or a rainy morning! The fragrance of the fields is agitated—the songsters of the wood begin to chaunt—the rivulets roll over the pebbly bottoms with joy—the big ocean heaves itself against its shores with exultation—and the whole face of heaven sparkles with a new brightness that serves but as an anticipation of a glorious hereafter.

WHY A MAN IS NOT MADE OF DUST. A black servant, not an hundred miles from St. Andrew's Holborn, being examined in the church catechism was asked, "what are you made of Jack?" he said,

"of mud, massa;" on being told he should say, of dust, he replied, "no massa, it no do, no stick to-gedder."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

H. MARSH, esq. of St. John's Hall, in the city of New-York, will receive subscriptions and payments for the American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine, in that city and its vicinity.

INDEPENDENCE.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate;
See how the mighty shrink into a song! [*Childe Harold*.]

The season is fast approaching, when it will be, not only the duty, but the privilege, of the true lover of liberty, to pay some tribute to the noblest monuments of ancient worth—our civil liberty and our enlightened constitution, by a decent and cordial observance of the FOURTH OF JULY. It is a theme,

So often and so coldly sung,

that it seems almost impossible to speak of it with the reverence due to the sublime images it crowds upon the memory. The rise, the progress, and the prosperity of our country, are certainly interesting; but there are ideas connected with it, which take to themselves wings and fly away from the monotonous pages of history. They carry the glance of our mind, first, into the hearts of the liberty-inspired founders of this first of western realms. We imagine we can see that magnanimous prudence which bound their hearts into one, mixed with the disinterested pride of a father over the first spark of genius in his son, which he knows shall eclipse his own. Grand as was their station, and potent as were the virtues of the talisman they wielded, and by which they led a whole nation like a child, fond prophetic reason told them that nation was indeed a child; strong, indeed, to enforce its rational purposes, yet in strength a mere infant, which not an age, but ages, must raise to the full stature, strength, and wisdom of manhood. Theirs was a task of mind as well as arms, and well did the result prove the fitness of mind to its task. How different, indeed from the boasted worshippers of reason, who aspired to the liberation of France!

And vile ambition that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
Has grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst his second fall.

It was not selfish ambition that led the soldier of the American revolution to encounter cold and nakedness, poverty and want. It was for children yet unborn. Fetters were forging for their tender hands. The unballowed tread of the taskmaster was to press the soil they had husbanded. Their souls shuddered at the thought, and in generous indignation, they rose at once, and resolved to crush the reptile of oppression in the egg. Then did the blood, the free-born blood of youth, rush through heart and brain, with a heat that nought but the

air of liberty could cool. Then, too, did woman forget her native timidity,

And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owl's larum filled with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar,
The falchion flash,—and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

Shall we, who are beginning to reap the first fruits of their labours, forget them? Filial affection forbid! If we had no motive to celebrate this day, but the bare exercise of this duty,—to comfort the tottering steps of the remnant of that band who dared and achieved this brightest of boons, our relation as sons of such sires, would be an incontrovertible argument. To meet with them around the festive board, and listen to their unoffending boasting; to bid the fire of patriotic youth shine once more in their waning orbs; to quicken the sluggish pace of superannuated blood, into the throbbing of youth; and to flatter their excusable vanity, if not by the applause of words, at least by the attention of the ear and the eye,—who can describe the pleasure such scenes may impart to them? They forget their toils and cares, their debility and their mortality, in the gust of joy; and he who will not administer to that joy, is unworthy of the birthright.

In the glory of that festive moment, where will not the mind run? The ocean on the one hand, and the wilderness on the other, shall be no limits to its flight. The sentiments of sympathetic grief for those who are doomed to "grind in the prison houses" of legitimate tyrants, shorn of their strength by sinecures, and deprived of their eyes by the bigotted creatures of priestcraft, can not fail to be upon our souls,

With a power and with a sign:—

Nor shall our hearts refuse to throb in unison with the young Samson, who is waking from his ignominious enthrallment, with a strength that shall shake the pillars of their temple of legitimacy, though he perish in the ruins of its fall.

Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers from thy shore?

* * * * *
Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels like lovers o'er the dust they loved—

Italy, too, once emphatically the "commonwealth of kings," groaning beneath the triple yoke of civil despotism, bigotry, and abject poverty, can not but come over our thoughts; and we must mingle a tear with our wine for her, who was once the arbitress of nations,—now a degraded dependant on the strangers sword for the nominal peace she enjoys. The eloquence of all her orators never told so much, nor so ominously, the transmuting strength of Time, as the dumb relics of her ancient glory;—the wisdom of all her sages is nothing to the example she holds up to the nations, of the slavery which luxury is sure to bring. In vain we look forward into the labyrinths of fate. Not even hope sheds a ray of light on her dark lot. And why? Is there no more virtue in the blood that is fanned by her salutiferous gales? Is there no more inspiration shed from her sunny skies, and her celestial bowers?

Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled
On infant Washington?

She is not the only land whose subjects hug their chains, and bow the head, and bend the knee, to the idol of their own degradation. The fatal frenzy of the French revolutionists seems to have wrought a

charm on the destinies of Europe, which reason and intellectual light shall be long in breaking.

Still, Liberty! thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind!

Still, Liberty! the seed which we have sown shall spring up and bring forth its fruit; not one particle shall die in the ground, though for ages it seem to be rotten and forgot. Still, Liberty! while at thy pure shrine we pour the libation of Joy, unrestrained by the edicts of legitimate apes, and unawed by the flames of persecution, thou hast thy votaries who do not look on our feast with apathy, in every realm of Europe. The generous son of Erin would gladly join in the song and bowl, but his birthright is yet to be wrested from the clutches of an overfed hierarchy. The Gaul, could we read his heart, would sigh for the unrestrained exercise of his noble thoughts; but a power, imposed by foreign bayonets, is upon him; and as yesterday, he bowed to the nod of Napoleon, so to day he cringes to the sceptre of the Bourbon. The genius of the Iberian, too, is quelled; and no longer does the Guerilla leap "like a stream from the rock," to avenge the injuries of his country, on the emissaries of France, and the more wanton, bigotted creatures of the Spanish church. Still, beneath the dark glance of the Andalusian eye, there is a spark which floods of foreigners can never quench; and when the monster of oppression is least on the alert, that spark is ready to burst into a flame.

The phlegmatic Russ, like the fettered bear after a desperate spring to the length of its chain, falls back calmly to silence, but not to repose; let another season of such promise offer, and his fetters are broken.

—Still the seed we find

Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

The day is not less worth observing, for the extraordinary festivity of the last anniversary; on the contrary, an additional motive for veneration was attached to it by the exit of two whose hands had contributed to its primal institution; as if Heaven had resolved, by special providence to approve and consecrate what man had done. Americans must from this year forward, not only look on this day as the natal day of their political existence, but, as the ancient Roman esteemed an object doubly consecrated, that had been touched by the lightning, so shall our children's children be taught the lessons of liberty by the association of the patriot's dying hour, with the already glorious memorials of the FOURTH OF JULY.

The Grand Lodge of the state of New-York commenced its annual communication in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, the 6th inst. and adjourned on Tuesday, the 12th. During this meeting, the differences which heretofore existed between the city and country lodges, and which, for three or four years previous, had caused the existence of two bodies, each claiming to be the Grand Lodge, were settled in the most amicable manner. The officers [for which see first page] were elected unanimously, not a vote being given against either of the brethren chosen. Much business was transacted, and thirteen charters for new lodges granted; among which were grants for two additional lodges in the city of New-York. The proceedings of the two bodies, in separate capacities, previous to the consolidation, are, by this arrangement, made valid.

We congratulate the fraternity on this reunion,

which, if it caused no bitterness of feeling between the brethren of the country and city, was a too fruitful source of embarrassment to both. It is a bad principle among any class of men, to set up a kind of independent reserve, and look upon each other as not worth notice. Contention, if not carried too far, is much better than contempt, and is more likely to reconcile all rivalships, than a sullen silence and selfish reserve. We are happy to reflect, that during the whole separation, each party has conducted toward the other with a becoming complaisance, and have rather studied to carry their contested point by good will, than by harsh words. On the whole, they have acted as if resolved to unite, from the separation, to the last. We trust that the particularly awkward situation in which they have been placed by this mutual revolt, will bear on the memory of the leading brethren, with a monition that shall prevent its recurrence for the future.

LEISURE HOURS. There is a peculiar luxury in the enjoyment of silent reflection. When the body is wearied by labour, or the mind confused with noise and hurry, to recruit the exhausted functions by a cup or two of good tea, and then to throw yourself into an easy chair, where no officious meddler can intrude, and interrupt the chain of your cogitations. What can equal it? Head ache and heart ache,—hunger and thirst,—church and state,—freshet and drought,—constables and duns,—broken heads and blue devils,—are all swept away in one overwhelming current of thoughts. What need a man to care for wind or rain, fevers or chills, markets or famine, peace or war, if he can drive them all from his mind without any extraordinary effort, and tumble head and heels into an ocean of waking dreams, which he will neither realize nor remember over ten minutes? At that season of the day too, when "*Hesperus*, who bringeth all good things," throws over his gifts, a silence that may be felt. O, it is worth all the toil, and sweat, and noise, and dust, and every hard thing that the day offers, to sit for one short half-hour in such a mood; and you who wish to enjoy it can form no idea of its sweet influences, until fatigue, and confusion, and finally the oblivious beverage, have fitted your mind and body for its fruition.

If our readers are particularly anxious to peruse a capital specimen of Mr. Solomon Southwick esq.'s most eloquent style of "*ganging back agen*," we beg leave to refer them to an article in yesterday's National Observer, entitled "*Explanation*." The article to which the reader is referred, contains all the pith, and some of the excrescence, of the intellectual portion of its immaculate author's constituent whole; and very forcibly illustrates the decency, good nature, and classic attainments of the reservoir from whence it proceeds. The original vein of bathotic acuteness, too, whose flowing commences with the head and winds off with the tail, combined with the sarcastic introduction of sundry masonic titles and various manly & witty nicknames, beget in it a spirit which renders the Observer astonishingly interesting. We really hope the modest and patriotic editor has obtained another opportunity to sell "two hundred and fifty papers at a shilling a-piece." How excessively agreeable and disinterested such an occurrence would be!

Seriously, however, as far as we are connected with the tirade of abuse here alluded to, it does not exceed our expectations. If a man speak truth in the teeth of a fanatic, he must prepare himself for the

receipt of fourfold its bulk in billingsgate. We spoke truth of Mr. Southwick, we have received the billingsgate, and are content. We said that if Mr. Southwick's word was true, he was, either in his youth or in his age, an *impostor*. To free himself from this charge, he has acknowledged that he spoke falsely; and as this was the confession we aimed at extorting from him, we have accomplished our object. The worth of his word, *under any circumstances*, may now easily be guessed at. He has repeatedly alleged as an excuse for his errors, that he writes in a "*hurry*;" but we humbly conceive, that if he is in too much of a "*hurry*" to speak the truth, a close mouth would do him more honour than a slippery tongue. Private character is not a fit bauble for the sport of fools and bedlamites; nor should the tongue of a disappointed politician be considered as licensed to defame it. Solomon Southwick is not wholly unacquainted with bounties and bonuses; and so long as his history presents positive proof that he is as open to corruption as other men are, we shall not encourage his apparent iniquity in the hope of basking in his adulation. We look upon him as a quack in morality—an experimenter upon the bad passions of the day; and one who, if snugly taken upon the hip, will lie in one instance to preserve his credit in another.

The *Philadelphia Album* has been enlarged, and much improved in appearance, and placed under the editorial direction of Dr. M'Henry and Mrs. Muzzy.

CHIT CHAT.

S. Phillips, of Geneva, advertises his appointment as an *Auctioneer*, and adds "having been appointed 2d *Corporal*, no auctioneering can be done on parade days."—The Sag Harbour *Corrector* mentions that there is a white-wood tree at Lloyd's Harbour, of such dimensions that the passengers of a vessel, *eleven* in number, who had gone on shore to amuse themselves, were comfortably and commodiously sheltered in the trunk, which is hollow, during a heavy shower.—A car loaded with coal got loose lately on the Mauch Chunk railway, and went *nine miles in ten minutes*. Fortunately it encountered nothing in its course, and did no injury.—The *Tontine*, the ship which sailed from Philadelphia with provisions for the Greeks, arrived at Gibraltar in twenty four days—all well.—A. D. 1299, Liverpool was a village belonging to the parish of Walton, to which it was attached till the year 1699, when the burgesses paid the king ten marks for a charter, which declared their town a free burgh forever. A merchant guild was then granted them, together with some other liberties. Antwerp was first enclosed by a wall in 1261.—The London papers state that a gentleman in Devonshire has invented a snuff pistol. It has two barrels, and being applied to the nose, and touching a spring underneath with the fore finger, both nostrils are filled instantly, and a sufficient quantity is driven into the head to last the whole day. The after dinner call at a tavern will hereafter be—*pistols* for two.—A satirical poem has been published in Boston, entitled "*Our Chronicle*, or '26."—A new novel, by the author of *Redwood*, is in the press, and will be published in a few days. It is entitled *Hope Leslie*.—A Rev. gentleman, who has stately preached in Providence, R. I. to a large congregation, for the last thirty-six years, has during that period, united sixteen hundred persons.—The Boston Greek Committee have obtained a vessel to transport a cargo of provisions to Greece. The loading is to commence next week.—One dollar notes of the Hartford Bank, Conn. altered to tens, are in circulation, dated 1st Nov. 1826, payable to H. Hendricks, or bearer, the No. 1483, and signed by H. Burr, cashier and N. Terry, president. The deception is very complete, and we understand that even some of the brokers have been deceived.—A party of gentlemen, belonging to Bristol Vermont, recently went on a squirrel hunt, and on counting the game the evening of the second day, they numbered 4,000 squirrels, and a congregation of crows and other ravenous birds.—The whole tax, state, county, and town, paid by the town of Barrington, N. H. last year, was \$17 16, being the cost of supporting one pauper, at 33 cents per week. Some rich people, proud of their riches, but grumblers about taxes, think of moving to Barrington.—The Rochester Daily Advertiser says that upwards of \$26,000 was

received at the collector's office in Rochester from the opening of canal navigation the present season to the 31st of May, and 636 boats have taken original clearances from the same office.—The Lockport Observatory gives an account of a Mineral Spring recently discovered near Niagara Falls. It contains lime, magnesia, and sulphurous acid, and is said to have afforded relief in some cases of disease.—Mr. Poinsett our minister to Mexico, has sent to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Charleston three cases of minerals, comprising a collection of beautiful specimens, particularly from the mountains and mines of Tlalpujahua.—The U. S. ship *Hornet*, capt. Claxton, sailed from Pensacola on the 14th ult. on a cruise.—The U. S. frigate *Constitution* was at Milo, April 16, bound to Smyrna, to relieve the *Ontario*, capt. Nicholson.—The *lead mine* in Eaton, N. H. turns out to be uncommonly rich, and, as is believed, inexhaustible. It is equal to the best Missouri ore. This, with the iron ore in Gunstock Mountain, will no doubt facilitate the completion of the intended canal.—The Hon. Daniel Webster has been elected, by the legislature of Massachusetts, to the senate of the United States.—A New-Orleans paper mentions a radish which measures in its upper part, *two feet four and a quarter inches* in circumference; the length not ascertained, but, if correspondent to its rotundity, very probably sufficient to reach capt. Symmes' concavity.

EMIGRATING INDIANS. The public will look, with a good deal of solicitude, to see what is the result of the removal of the emigrating Creeks. Colonel Brearley, who acts as their agent, has reached Arkansas, in company with four or five chiefs, and is going on with them to the country west of that territory, which has been offered them by the U. States government, in exchange for the land they have relinquished to Georgia. Colonel Brearley expects to establish an agency about one hundred miles above Cantonment Gibson, and there to await the first emigrating party, which, if the chiefs should be pleased with the country, will probably amount to several thousands this year. The second party, who might be expected to follow within a few months after, will probably be as numerous as 8,000 or 10,000. This nation includes 21,000 persons; and it is supposed that nearly the whole will emigrate in a few years. [N. Y. Daily Adc.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the ship Hudson, capt. Champlin, arrived at New-York on Thursday, London papers to the evening of the 6th of May, have been received.

The new members of the administration received from the King the seals of their respective offices on the 30th April.

Parliament re-assembled on Tuesday, the 1st of May, and the public curiosity was at the highest pitch on the occasion. The avenues to the house were crowded to such a degree, that it was only with great difficulty that Mr. Canning and Mr. Peel could enter.

The debate was opened by the late Mr. Secretary Peel, on a motion to issue a writ for the election of a member to supply the place of Mr. Sturges Bourne, who has taken Mr. Peel's place in the ministry. Mr. P. took this opportunity to explain the reasons which had prompted him to leave the administration. He quoted often from a speech of Mr. Canning's when he resigned his seat in the cabinet, in 1807, to show that he (Mr. Peel) had been governed by similar considerations in the step he had now taken. Mr. Peel's speech was distinguished by a display of much talent.

Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Brougham made eloquent speeches, explanatory of their views, and avowing their determination to support the new administration—if they can.

Sir Thomas Lethbridge and Mr. Dawson, who have gone to the opposition benches, assailed the new ministry. They expressed much chagrin, and stigmatised the union of the Whigs with Mr. Canning, as one of the basest coalitions which the country had ever witnessed; and attacked the Press as being "corrupted to the very heart's core."

Mr. Canning made a most triumphant speech. It is not only a piece of eloquence, but contains the true views of all the sincere friends of catholic emancipation. He has not made it a cabinet question, but, as he informed the house, the very fact of his being in office must promote its ultimate success. Nothing says the editor of the Sun, can now injure it but treachery on the part of its professed friends. The Right Hon. gentleman entered into a history of his political life as connected with the Catholic Question, and proved the consistency of his conduct in the most unanswerable manner.

The sitting of the House of Commons on the evening of the 3d of May, was one of the most stormy that has been witnessed for a number of years. Party spirit seems again to have reached no inconsiderable height, and in the words of Mr. Canning, "the standard of opposition has been now fairly unfurled."

In the House of Lords, on the evening of the 2d of May, the ex-ministers entered on their defence, and proved such a total want of concert on their parts, that the editor of the Sun doubts whether Mr. Canning was authorised in calling their simultaneous secession a "strange coincidence." The principal speakers were, the Earl of Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Mansfield, Viscount Goderich, Earl Bathurst, Lord Melville, the Marquis of Lansdown, and Lord Ellenborough.

It is rumoured that Parliament will be dissolved at the close of the present session, in order to give the new ministry the advantage of a new election.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO THE HUDSON.

When morning leads the infant day
To look upon thy glassy face,
True, thou art fair,—and every ray
Bestows its wonted grace.
Then art thou, in thy thoughtless glee,
All smiles and volatility;
Spurning the warm embrace
And gaze of day,—like the coy fair
Who finds unwelcome gazers there.

Or when the tempest throws its might
Among the dimples of thy cheek,
And crowns thy little waves with white,
And bids thy margins speak
Their loud complaints against the wind.
How like the persecuted mind,
Tost by the waves of bleak
Adversity. A spell is there,
That is not rapture—nor despair

But evening has a charm, that none
Of every changing season brings;
When all that day can do is done,
And sable silence flings
A curtain o'er the purple sky,
And fancy turns her azure eye
Away from earthly things,
Or brings some spirit from above,
To meet the eager look of Love.

Around, beyond thy looming shore,
The hum of labour dies away;
And lights of evening, twinkling o'er
Thy mirror, drop away,
And yield to darkness, one by one,
As time and glory aye have run
Their sparkling sands away;
And left destruction stalking where
Life, light, and beauty, shone so fair.

Hence, ye self-loving ones, and leave
Night and its silence all to me.
Here I can smile, or muse, or grieve,
Or rest my head—and be,
In fancy's favour, all ye deem
Your dearest selves, or fain would seem,
By blank hypocrisy—
One whose whole soul is nightly given
To love, to thoughtfulness, and heaven.

June 11, 1827.

G.

MY GENTLE HARP.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

My gentle harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears thy last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hangest upon the willow still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
When many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes that now are turned to shame.
Yet even then, while peace was singing
Her balcyon song o'er earth and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp, from chords like thine?
Alas! the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains.
When e'en the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mixed—half flowers half chains!

But come, if yet thy fame can borrow
One breath of joy—O, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, e'en mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill;
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
Mid desolation—tuneful still!

[The following beautiful lines are extracted from an embryo volume, entitled *Peter Cornelips, a Tale, with Songs, and other Poems*, by a Scottish peasant, named Rodger. It is said,

the author has a wife and nine children, whom he has supported for the last ten years, upon wages which have not, on an average, exceeded twelve shillings sterling a week.]

"DINNA FORGET."

AIR—"When Adam at first was created."

Here put on thy finger this ring, love;
And, when thou art far o'er the sea,
Perhaps to thy mind it will bring, love,
Some thought—some remembrance—of me:
Our moments of rapture and bliss, love,
The haunts where so oft we have met,
These tears, and this last parting kiss, love,
It tells thee—O, "dinna forget!"

We might look on yonder fair moon, love,
Oft gazed on by us with delight,
And think of each other alone, love,
At one sacred hour every night:
But ah! ere she'd rise to thy view, love,
To me she long, long would be set;
Then look to this token more true, love,
On thy finger—and "dinna forget!"

Thou mayest meet faces more fair, love,
And charms more attractive than mine;
Be moved by a more winning air, love,
Or struck by a figure more fine:
But, should'st thou a brighter eye see, love,
Or ringlets of more glossy jet,
Let this still thy talisman be, love,
Look on it, and "dinna forget!"

And, oh! when thou writest to me, love,
The seal impress with this ring;
And that a sweet earnest will be, love,
To which, with fond hope I will cling:
That thou to thy vows wilt be true, love—
That happiness waiteth us yet:
One parting embrace—now adieu, love—
This moment I'll never forget!

TO A RECRUIT.

By the present writer of *Letters from Cockney Lands*.

Gaily you march to the rolling drum—
But heavier peals, hereafter,
And shriller notes, to thine ear shall come,
Than the fife's, or thy reckless laughter.

And is this enough to drown the kiss,
And the prayer, and the tear at parting—
To call out the spirit of waking bliss,
In the light of thine eye-beam darting?

But on! let each pulse of the heart beat high,
The banner of hope dance o'er thee!
A soldier's joys are always high—
Nor flee when the foe's before thee.

Then march away merrily, reckless part!
No care on a soldier's morrow;
To his foe his arm, to his friend his heart—
Then what has he left for sorrow?

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sky, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

VARIETY.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE PAVIOR. Dr. Radcliff "told Mr. Mead one day, 'Mead, I love you; and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune—use all mankind ill.' He was avaricious, and would never pay his bills without much importunity. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury square, and set upon him—'Why, you rascal,' said the doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.' 'Doctor,' said the pavior, 'mine is not the only bad work the earth hides.' 'You dog, you,' said the doctor, 'are you a wit? you must be poor: come in and be paid.'

ANECDOTE—founded on fact. In a small village in the state of Georgia, a quarrel recently occurred between two Frenchmen; one a meagre little phy-

sician, who looked as if he lived on his own drugs—the other, a sturdy grocer, who, as a cannibal, could have taken the little M. D. at a meal. In the progress of the dispute, the doctor, wrought up to the sticking point, and as warm as a cataplasm, exclaimed, "I will be dam if I no kill you"—to which the grocer replied, with non-chalance of the most ludicrous contrast, "No Doctaire, I be dam if you do, for I shall not employ you."

At a late race in the North, among other horses, one called *Bother'em* started for the plate. An Hibernian taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite was unluckily in the rear, on which he exclaimed, 'Ah! by Jasus, there he is: *Bother'em* for ever! see how he drives all before him!'

Get as much force of mind as you can. Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong. [Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.]

Life is but short; no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us neither throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled, [Ibid.]

Every faculty in one man is the measure by which he judges of the like faculty in another. I judge of your sight by my sight, of your ear by my ear, of your reason by my reason, of your resentment by my resentment, of your love by my love. I neither have, nor can have, any other way of judging about them. [Adam Smith.]

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1827.

[No. 21.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

Selected for the American Masonic Record.

AN ORATION,

Delivered at the Dedication of Free Mason's Hall,
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London, on the 23d of May,
1776.

BY WILLIAM DODD, LL. D. G. C.
(Concluded.)

But, remote as is *this period*, we date not from thence the commencement of our art. For though it might owe to the wise and glorious king of Israel some of its many mystic forms and hieroglyphic ceremonies, yet certainly the art itself is coeval with man, the great subject of it. Nay, it may be well stiled coeval with *creation*; when the sovereign ARCHITECT raised on masonic principles this beautiful globe;—and commanded that *master-science*, *geometry* to lay the rule to the planetary world, and to regulate by its laws the whole stupendous System, in just unerring proportions rolling round the central sun!

II. And as *masonry* is of this remote antiquity, so is it, as might reasonably be imagined, of boundless extent. We trace its footsteps in the most distant, the most remote ages and nations of the world. We find it amongst the first and most celebrated *civilizers of the east*: We deduce it regularly, from the first astronomers on the plains of *Chaldea*, to the wise and mystic kings and priests of *Egypt*; the sages of *Greece*, the philosophers of *Rome*:—Nay, and even to the rude and *Gothic builders* of a dark and degenerate age: whose vast temples still remain amongst us, as monuments of their attachment to the *masonic arts*, and as high proofs of taste, which, however irregular, must always be esteemed awful and venerable.

In truth, in no *civilized* age or country hath *masonry* been neglected: The most illustrious characters,—kings and nobles,—sages and legislators,—authors and artists, have thought it their glory to protect and honour it. And at the present hour, while we find the *brotherhood* successfully established in every kingdom of the earth, we are happy to rank in that list many names, which do honour to their own,—would have done honour to any age. To *enumerate* them would be a task abundantly pleasing; but the time allows me not. It would, however, be inexcusable to omit particularising that *hero-king*, that bright and northern star, whom the admiring world allows to be one of the greatest princes, and of whom we may justly boast as one of the first and most distinguished friends and lovers of our art!—that ancient, honourable art, for whose promotion and dignity LODGES are opened in every quarter of the globe. For I cannot but remark with peculiar pleasure, that in whatsoever else men may dispute and disagree, yet they are all unanimous to respect and to support a singularly amiable institu-

tion; which annihilates all parties; conciliates all private opinions; and renders those who by their Almighty Father were *made of one blood*, to be also of one heart and one mind; brethren, firmly bound together by that indissoluble tie—"the love of their God, and the love of their kind."

This alone might well be judged a sufficient reason for the *extent*, and, if we may so say, *universality* of the craft. But, when to this we further add, the COMPREHENSIVENESS of the institution, and the vast circle of arts and sciences which it takes in, we shall no longer wonder at the *extent*; but be satisfied, "That masonry must and will always keep pace, and run parallel with the culture and civilization of mankind. Nay, we may pronounce, with strict truth, that where *masonry* is not, *civilization* will never be found. And so in fact it appears: for, in *savage* countries, and barbarous climes, where operative *masonry* never lays the line, nor stretches the compass; where skillful *architecture* never plans the dome, nor rears the well ordered column; on these benighted realms, liberal science never smiles, nor does ingenuous art exalt, refine, embellish, and soften the mind!"

But, give masonry once to exert her heaven-descended talents, even in realms like these;—let her rear the dwelling, and teach the lofty temple to emulate the clouds,—see what a train of arts immediately enter and join in ample suite, to give their patron *architecture* completion and glory! Lo! at their head, *sculpture* with his animating chisel bids the forming marble breathe!—See *painting* with his vivid pencil steal nature's fairest tints, while the glowing canvass starts beneath his touch into beauty and life! See the long labours of the loom; the storied tapestry, and the rich wrought silk, employed to decorate the habitation which every art and every exertion of the manufacturer and mechanic are busied to complete.

But not the *manual arts* alone attend: Hark!—through the finished dome divine *music* pours her soul-commanding sounds; with her artful hand and finely-varied tones, sweetly enforcing the lofty and instructive lessons of heaven-born *poesy*!—which, while it wraps the delighted mind in deep contemplation, gives birth and being to those sage, those civil, those legislative and moral plans;—or, in one word, to all that round of *speculative masonry* which secures, adorns, and dignifies society; and represents in strong contrast the *savage*, and the *civilized* man!

Thus *comprehensive* is the noble art we boast; and such are the triumphs of *architecture* alone, in whose ample grasp are contained such numberless benefits to human nature, and which may justly be deemed the peculiar and favourite child of civilization, as well as the unerring mark and criterion of that civilization, and of the progress of the fine arts in every state. Were I to proceed—or had I assumed for my proof that wonderful, all-informing science on which *masonry* is built; nay, and which,—*proud mistress of the arts*!—issues forth her commanding laws not only to those arts, but even to *nature*—even to nature's amplest round—the *solar system* itself. Had geometry been my theme—the time would have failed me to have recounted even a part of that comprehensive extent and reach of instruction; that inexhausted fund of information and knowledge, of improvement and advantage, which it imparts to its studious votaries. Happy votaries,—adepts in true *masonry*, ever the zealous and most ardent admirers of natural and moral beauty! for they are especially sensible of the *beauties* of that world, which amongst the intelligent Greeks, knew no other name. And well indeed might it be stiled *beauty*, for it excels, at once, in all the regularity of order, the exactness of proportion, the glow of colouring, the force of expression, and the strength of design.

IV. But future and more extensive discussions of this high and entertaining theme may one day, perhaps, through your honourable sanction; happily engage my pen. For the *present*,—after what hath

already been advanced, can any man doubt a moment of "the EXCELLENCE and UTILITY of *MAJ* SONY," thus deep in antiquity, boundless in extent, and universal in its comprehension of science, operative and speculative: Thus in its wide bosom, embracing at once the whole circle of arts and morals?

To attempt its encomium would be "wasteful and superfluous excess;" would be in the fine language of our first and sublimest of bards,

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet;
To smooth the ice; to add another hue
Unto the rainbow; or, with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish."

For who, in this polished, this improving age, is insensible of the attraction, the excellence, the utility of the fine arts, the liberal sciences? Who in this peculiarly humane and philanthropic era is cold to the call of benevolence,—that never failing attendant on the ingenuous arts;—that all-pervading, all-performing virtue, which in one short and easy word, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*, comprises all duty, and consummates the round of moral perfection.

Indeed, the celebrated eulogy which Cicero passeth on philosophy, may with equal propriety be applied to *masonry*, duly practised and rightly understood. For in that view, it will be found eminently "the improvement of youth and the delight of old age. The ornament of prosperity, the refuge and solace of adverse hours: it pleases at home; is no incumbrance abroad; it lodges with us; travels with us; and adds amusement and pleasure to our rural retirement."

With heart-felt zeal and sincerity, allow me then, right noble and worthy brethren, to congratulate you on the advancement, the progress and present state of our useful, excellent, antique, and mystic lore! more particularly, allow me to congratulate you on this great and festive day; on this solemn *dedication* with high pomp and song, of an *edifice*, which does equal credit to its architect, and to the craft; and which promises a long line of stability and glory to *masonry*, in this its favourite land!

And while by our sincere *good will* and *friendly regard* each for the other;—while by our liberal and merciful *relief* of the brethren in distress,—while by the establishment of an universal language and communication, for the attainment of those two important purposes throughout the earth, under the seal of the most sacred and inviolable *secrecy*;—while thus, we seem to have amply provided for the interests of *benevolence*; so let us, by every method, and by every encouragement in our power, court the LIBERAL ARTS to come and dwell amongst us: Let the means of their cultivation and improvement be the frequent subject of our best and most serious disquisitions: Let us endeavour to hold forth every engaging allurements, that they may approach and apply their elegant and wonder-working fingers, to finish the beauties of this well-ordered dome; and to make it, what we wish, the distinguished residence of immortal MASONRY!

An era, which cannot be far distant: for the magnificence of our building, in so short a period, thus wonderfully grown up before us, speaks in emphatic language, at once the zeal and the ability of its friends; and stimulates,—with a force far beyond the eloquence of the most persuasive orator;—stimulates every noble heart to a gallant emulation, and must inspire a wish to contribute towards the perfection of so beautiful and elegant a design.

Nor can the brilliant and generous example of that illustrious NOBLEMAN, who so honourably presides over us, want its due effect;—a nobleman,—you, my brethren, all agree with me—not more distinguished as a *mason* than as a *man*! whose love of liberal arts, and whose regard for moral virtue, are not confined to the lodge, but accompany and adorn

* I cannot withhold from my reader the following eulogium on the king of Prussia, by the historian so often quoted, and whose work alone would confer immortality. "The king of Prussia alone hath invented a new method of disciplining armies, of heading battles, and of gaining victories. This prince who would have been better served by another nation, and certainly better commended than he could possibly be by his own; who hath not had, since Alexander, his equal in history, for extent and variety of talents, who, without having been formed by Greeks, hath been able to form Lacedæmonians; he, in a word, who hath deserved, beyond all others, that his name should be recorded in his age, as a distinction vying in greatness with those of the finest ages of the world; this same king of Prussia hath totally changed the principles of war, by giving, in some measure to the legs an advantage over the arms; that is to say, that by the rapidity of his evolutions, and the celerity of his marches, he hath always excelled his enemies, even when he hath not conquered them. All the nations of Europe have been obliged to imitate his example, in order not to be obliged to submit to him. He will enjoy the glory, since it is one, of having raised the art of war to a degree of perfection, from which, fortunately, it cannot but degenerate."

him in all the walks of life! Under such auspices may the craft rest happy and secure, and flourish for ever as the palm! and may this HALL, awfully dedicated to masonry, to virtue, to benevolence, still and for ever behold each ennobling science, each ingenious art; smile and triumph, soften and civilize beneath its roof! May private friendship and public virtue dignify and distinguish the heart and character of every mason, who here shall form and fill the mystic lodge!

And when the sacred solemn rites are done, when festive hilarity assumes his social seat, may decent politeness, and sweetly smiling innocence, for ever wreath the chaplet for his brow, crown his bowl, and command his song!

And while, amidst the scientific labours of the lodge, elevated schemes of improving art engage and enrapture our minds; while holy and ancient mysteries warm the imagination with improvement's kindred glow: while in the mournful investigation of a brother's wants pleading pity melts our eye, and generous compassion swells the feeling breast: while amidst the cheerful exertions of inoffensive mirth, of heart enlarging, friendly communication,—reflection should be enabled to look back with pleasure, and impartial conscience shall find nothing to disapprove: then, my brethren, may we, with comfort and with confidence, lift up our adoring hearts:—

AND WE DO LIFT THEM UP TO Thee, great nature's adorable and wondrous Geometrician! Almighty Parent of the world! wise Former of man! imploring on this, and all our other laudable undertakings, thy favour, thy blessing, thy aid, without which, vain and fruitless are all the efforts of feeble men!—'Tis from thee, beneficent Founder of our frame, that we have received the heart to feel; the hand to labour; the eye to behold; the ear to hear; the tongue to proclaim; and all the faculties which make us susceptible of moral, partakers of natural good! Teach us, then, to delight in them, to improve them as thy blessing; and through the beauty, order, and excellence of created things, to view, contemplate, and adore, thy uncreated excellence and beauty!

Formed as thy temple, and enriched with the ornaments of thy creative wisdom,—consummate architect of thy master building, man!—we look up to thee, to inspire us with understanding, with science, with virtue, with all which can dignify, refine, and exalt our nature, and render the temple at least not wholly unworthy of its sacred inhabitant!—To this end, direct us, make the blessed volume of thy instructive wisdom, the never erring square to regulate our conduct; the compass within whose circle we shall ever walk with safety and with peace; the infallible plumb-line and criterion of rectitude and truth! Enable us to fill up every sphere of duty with exactness and honour; and by our amiable attention to all the sweet and blessed offices, the endearing charities of social life in particular, teach us to win the love of those who unite in those tender offices with us; and as fathers, husbands, friends,—as worthy men and worthy masons,—to distinguish and exalt the profession which we boast!

And, while through thy bounty—rich dispenser of every blessing!—our cups overflow with plenteousness, and wine, and corn, and oil, delight and cheer our boards; Oh! may our full hearts never be wanting in gratitude, and in the voice of thanksgiving to thee; in liberal sentiments and succour towards every laudable undertaking; in the quickest sensibility, and readiest relief we can give to the woes and distresses of our fellow creatures—of all mankind;—of every being, universal lord! who bears thy image, and looks up to thy providence; who is fed by thy hand, hopes for thy future and all comprehending mercy, and can and will triumphantly unite with us, with the general voice of masons and of men,—earnestly and emphatically saying,

"Father of All! in every age,
In every clime ador'd;
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, our Lord;

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise!"

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

On annealing Cast Steel so as to make it as soft as Iron.—By JACOB PERKINS, Esq.

We were lately shown by an American friend, some slips of thin cast-steel, which were as soft and pliant, and as easily bent into any required shape, as though they had been tinned sheet iron. They were of a light grey colour, perfectly free from oxidation or scales, and were still capable of hardening, on being heated and quenched in water.

On mentioning this fact to Mr. Perkins, he stated that it was known to him, he having practised it in America with great advantage; and he had even communicated the process to one intelligent engineer in this country, who had since constantly employed it.

The secret consists in inclosing the cast-steel in close cast iron vessels, which completely exclude the external air; and in keeping them at a moderate red heat, in a proper annealing furnace, a sufficient length of time, according to the thickness of the steel; and, lastly, letting them cool very slowly.

This process is superior to the usual practice of decarbonating cast-steel, and reducing it to a state of iron; which renders it necessary to restore its steely nature again, by case-hardening it, before it can be hardened as usual.

On the proper Method of casting the Rims or Fellies and the Naves of Wheels in cast-iron; and affixing wrought-iron spokes in them.—By JACOB PERKINS, Esq.

In the ordinary method of doing this, the wrought iron spokes are laid in their places in the sand moulds, and the melted cast iron is poured in at the same time, both to form the rim and the nave. The consequence of this evil practice is, that the rim in cooling, shrinks; and as the spokes are fixed immovably in the nave, they cannot move with it as they ought to do, and the rim, of course, breaks.

Now, in order to avoid this misfortune, we have only to cast the rim first, and allow it to become quite cold, whilst the spokes are at liberty to move in the mould, during the time the rim is casting; the nave may then be cast, and the wheel will remain perfectly sound.

*On an improved Mode of forming cast-iron Wheels. By Mr. I. LUKENS, of Philadelphia, United States Engineer.**

It is found, that either the rims or spokes of cast-iron wheels are frequently breaking, when the spokes are made straight, or in radii lines around the nave as usual; owing to the irregular shrinking of the rim and spokes in cooling, after the casting, as mentioned in the last article.

If, however, the spokes are bent or curved in the form of arcs of circles for instance, then they will bend or yield in cooling sufficiently to prevent the above evil; and the appearance of the wheels is rather improved than otherwise, by the change made in the form of the spokes.

We have seen a cast-iron band wheel for a foot-lathe with its spokes so formed, and the rim of which ran with great truth and accuracy. This wheel and lathe was made by Mr. L. in the United States, and brought over to this country by him.

On improvements in the Construction of Lathes.—By Mr. I. LUKENS, Engineer.

Mr. Lukens has formed his carriage for the mandrel of his foot-lathe, and the two bars, in one solid mass of cast-iron, thus greatly lessening the jarring, or tremor which cast-iron lathes are subject to, as well as effectually preventing all derangement of position to the mandrel, in respect to the bars, which might take place, were the carriage or support of the mandrel to be made in a separate piece, as is commonly the case.

The two bars of his lathe are each made of a triangular shape, their tops being dressed truly flat, their insides made vertical, and parallel to each other, to serve as a guide to the sliding puppet; and their outsides are left rough from the casting, and

*And an English patentee for improved lithotomy instruments.

slope away underneath towards the centre, their lower edges being also dressed parallel to their tops. By this judicious form, the greatest strength is produced from the least quantity of materials, so that the lathe is sufficiently portable. The outer ends of the bars are united across into one solid mass.

The mode of acting upon the crank of his band-wheel is also peculiar. Instead of the usual hook, which connects it with the treadle, the treadle, which is formed of wood turning upon two pivots or centres at the back of the lathe, has affixed upon the middle of it an upright iron standard, about two feet high, near to the centres of the treadle, and strengthened by a diagonal stay at its foot. This standard is thus fixed at right angles to the treadle, and it has a slit in its upper end, with holes through it, in which a pin is affixed, which is passed through another slit, made near the end of an iron bar, which is passed through the slit on the top of the standard, and has a round cleft hole at its other end, which is fitted upon the cylindrical neck of the crank, and secured from opening by a slide ring. By this arrangement, the pin in the slit of the standard thrusts against the bottom of the slit in the bar, and when the foot of the operator is pressed upon the front rail of the treadle, the bar is urged against the neck of the crank, and drives it before it, so as to put the wheel into motion; the action upon the crank being continued during nearly three-fourths of each revolution of the wheel. The slit in the bar allows the treadle to remain at rest, in case the front rail should happen to catch or press upon a tool, &c. which may have fallen down underneath it, and thus avoid breaking the tool.

POWER OF STEAM ENGINES.

All the world is more or less acquainted with those immense masses, the pyramids of Egypt, which were considered among the wonders of antiquity. The materials of which the largest of them is constructed, were dug out of the earth at a considerable distance from their present situation. They cover more than eleven English acres; and are piled up to the height of about 600 feet. According to M. Dupin's calculation, their volume is equal to about 4,000,000 of cubic metres, their weight is 10,400,000 tons; which raised to the height of eleven metres from the bottom of the quarries to the surface of the earth, and of forty nine more as their mean elevation above the basis; in all sixty metres above their original level; give 624,000,000 tons raised to the height of one metre. Now the steam-engines employed in England are equal to the force of 320,000 horses, (1820) and can raise 826,800,000 to the height of one metre in twenty-four hours. But 624,000,000 being less than three-fourths of this quantity, it follows that the steam engines of England could have raised the materials of which the greatest pyramid is constructed out of the quarries, could have conveyed them to their present place, and heaped them up in their present form in less than three-fourths of one day, that is to say, in less than eighteen hours. According to Diodorus Siculus, this building employed 860,000 workmen—according to Herodotus, 100,000 workmen, during twenty years. Whichever of these estimates be nearest the truth, it is certain that one of the most powerful monarchies of remote antiquity applied its whole disposable resources in the construction. Therefore, the mechanical power of British steam-engines was, in 1820—and it has much increased since that time—to that of the Egyptian monarch, Cheops, inversely as the times necessary to each to perform the same task; that is to say, as twenty years to eighteen hours, or about 10,000 times as great. Neither would it be unfair to deduce from this single fact, that the general power of the two monarchies, including that which is the source of power, knowledge, was, if not exactly in this ratio, at least in a proportion which could not widely differ from it—let us, with great moderation say, one-fourth as great; that is, more than probable that the power of England is, at this moment, 2500 times as great as was that of Egypt, at the period when this pyramid was constructed. when we consider the reach of intellect which is necessary, to devise the steam-engine, in its present state; together with its general influence upon civilization, and the part it acts in national prosperity, it would be impossible for a nation which it has made many times as powerful as another by its direct ef-

fect, to be less than one fourth of that in every branch where its action is only indirect.

By the power of steam every machine to which it is applied receives, not an addition, but a multiplication of force. The power thus produced, in 1820, was computed to be equal to 320,000 horses, or about 2,240,000 men. At this moment, steam, on account of its many new applications, and the improvements made in the manner of employing it, may perform the work of near three millions of men in the United Kingdom.

[London Quarterly Review.]

THE REPOSITORY.

BURNING OF A SHIP AT SEA.

The following description of a fire at sea, as related by one of the passengers in the lost ship, is extracted from the last Scottish novel of William Galt, author of *Sir Andrew Wylie*, who has recently received an appointment by the British king, in Upper Canada. The title of this book is the *Last of the Lairds*, but though last, it is not the least of this author's productions—

"It happened said he, on a Saturday night, we had been all merry, according to the custom at sea, and had retired to our respective cabins and births, in the hope of making the Cape in a day or two. I had just fallen asleep, when a sudden and strange noise roused me from my pillow. I listened, and a wild cry of fire was instantly echoed by many voices. I started up, and ran on deck; I could see nothing, but only a steamy white smoke issuing from the fore-hatchway. In a moment every soul on board was around me.

The captain with undismayed coolness ordered all to prepare for the worst, and the other officers with their trumpets were immediately at their posts, directing the crew in the attempt to extinguish the flames. The night was calm, the heavens above were all serene; and the sea lay so still around, that the ship appeared to hang in the centre of the starry sphere, so beautiful and bright was the reflection of the skies in the unbounded ocean.

I may not describe the dreadful contrast which the scene on board presented to that holy tranquility. There were distraction, and horror, and cries, and fearful screams, and hideous bursts of delirious laughter. Then there was a crash below and silence for a moment, and then the busy troubled sound of the consuming destruction, felt as well as heard, gnawing and devouring the inward frame and beams of the ship, still growing louder and fiercer.

In the meantime the boats were lowering; the first that floated was instantly overloaded, and sunk with a horrible startling cry; every soul who had so wildly leaped on board, perished.

The rage of the burning still increased, it was no longer possible to go below, without the risk of suffocation.

Another boat was launched; one of the officers leaped on board, and sword in hand, shoving her from the ship's side, suffered none to follow until water and provisions were handed in; but notwithstanding his prudent endeavours, she was soon filled both with the sailors and the passengers. The mother of this orphan was standing on the gang-way with her three children, she looked as if she too would have leapt into the boat, but the babies clung to her, and so hung upon her arms, that she could not disentangle herself from their fond and frantic embraces.

I tore this poor boy from off her; she cried, O save him if you can!—the third boat was by this time in the water. I flung him to a sailor on board; she snatched up the other two beneath her arms, and with a shrill dismal shuddering shriek, which made every one that hung clustering about the shrouds and gang-way look round, she rushed into the smouldering cabin, and shut the door.

Her madness infected all who witnessed it; the boat was pushing off, there was no other chance for me; I leapt into the water and was taken on board; many followed me, but the officer with a terrible compassion for those who might be saved, hewed off their hands with his cutlass, as they laid hold of the gunwale. Row, he cried to the sailors who had seized the oars, the fire is making towards the magazine; Row off, or we shall be blown to pieces.

The sailors rowed with their utmost vigour. As we left the ship, a cry arose from all the unfortunate wretches who were abandoned to their doom, so frantic, so full of woe and despair, that it made even the firm minded officer exclaim, Good God, what is that?

I covered my ears with my hands, and bent my forehead to my knees, that I might neither hear nor see.

When we had rowed to some distance, the men at the oars paused; I uncovered my ears and looked up; a deep, low, hoarse murmuring and crackling noise, came from the ship, and now and then a human cry. As yet the flames had not appeared, but all around us, save where those dread and dismal sounds arose, was stillness and solemnity, and the smoke from the devoted vessel appeared like the shrouded form of some incomprehensible and tremendous phantasma, ascending from the sepulchres of the ocean to the dominions of omens and powers.

We looked at the spectral sight with terror and in silence. The orphan was clinging to my knees; at last the fire began to break out. The flames just showed themselves at the cabin windows; in a moment they whirled up the rigging; the sails blazed, and the ship was for a minute like some unblest apparitional creation of sorcery. It is all over said the officer, and his voice sounded hollowly over the mute and echoless ocean. The fire is in the gun room!

At that instant, a vast sheet of flame filled the whole air, and like an angry demon unfurling his wings, scattered meteors and malignant fires against the stars. The black forms of many things hovered like motes in the sunbeam for a moment in the blaze. I distinctly saw an anchor, and many like men with outspread arms.

That momentary and indescribable vision of fires and fragments, was succeeded by a booming roar, as if an earthquake had raised his voice from the abysses of the silent waters, and then there was a numerous splashing noise of many things falling around us into the sea, but that too soon passed, and then there was darkness and silence.

At that moment a cold wet hand caught hold of mine, which was hanging over the boat's side, and a man from the sea cried in a homely Aberdonian voice, "for Christianity, will ye take me up?" The officer heard him, and relenting from his firm and merciful purpose, ordered him to be taken on board, "Na, na," cried the Scotchman, "take my bag first," and he held up to me a small haversack which I grasped and lifted in; but in the same instant, an undulation from the sea came rolling from the whirlpool where the ship had sunk; the boat rose on the swell, the fated wretch lost his hold and sank beneath forever!"

THE HUMOURIST.

From "More Mornings in Bow-street," just published in London.

MICHAEL IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE.

Messrs. Michael Brien and Callaghan M'Carty presented themselves before the magistrate, begging that he would be pleased to settle matters between them; they having battered and bruised each other until they were tired, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

"An plaze your honour, said Mr. Callaghan M'Carty, "this one alongside o' me is Mykle Brien, the father-in-law of me, becaze I married the daughter of him, Norah Brien that was, but Mrs. M'Carty that is—now she's me own lawful wife, long life to her! for she isn't the likes of him at all, nor like to be, plaze God, but paccable an quiet—barrin a shmall dthrop onst in the twelve months, in regard to St. Pathrick, or a thrifte that away, and the very pathern of her ould mother, plaze your honour. An last night, plaze your honour, Mykle Brien wallop'd the ould woman, and she run'd out of his place and cum'd into mine, and we tuck her into't, and giv'd her a dthrink o' beer to wet her sorrow, for she's ould and hardly dealt by, the cratur! an a bet after comes Mykle Brien hisself, wi' th' dthrink in his head and the vingeance in his heart agin her; an 'Where is the ould devil?' says he to me through the keyhole, for meself had the door fast as he shouldn't come into't. An 'Get

along wid ye paccably, Mykle Brien,' says I; 'sorrow a bit I'll let ye into it this night at all!' says I. 'Divel burn ye to keep me out of it, and me own lawful wife in it this blessed time!' says he. 'Be aisy, Mykle,' says I; but plaze your honour he wouldn't, for he cum'd in at the windy the wrong ind foremost—savin' your honour's prisince; for sure he cum'd in wid his behind before, mighty ondasint, in regard of the throwers wantin mendin; and I tuck the blow-bellis out o' th' corner and fitch'd him a clane slap wi' the broad of 'em upon his wrong ind; to knock him out of the windy agin, into th' sthreet; but he rould innert instid—right across the table; an the beer, an the backy, an the little bits o' tay-tackle, was all upset—an 'Where is the ould devil?' says Mykle. But he couldn't see her at all, in regard to the big taty-kittle she clapp'd over his head to shut up his eyes, for fear he'd be after wallopin' her agin. 'Be aisy, Mykle,' says I, but he wouldn't, for he blasphem'd desperit bad inside the taty-kittle, though Corny Keogh, his wife's sister's second cousin, larrup'd the top of it wid a sawall he had to make him aisy, an meself wattling him wid the blow-bellis at the t'other ind; but he wouldn't be aisy at all for, plaze your honour, like a world's rogue as he is! Thinn the neighbours cum'd in to keep the pace, an divil a bit of pace there was in it, but a great skrimage; and at last Mykle twisted his faytures out o' the taty-kittle, an tuck the blow-bellis clane away from myself; an, by the Powers! he gives me a mighty swate clout on me head wid 'em. Och! but me own placespinn'd round me like a windy-mill wid stunnin of the clout I got from him!"

"Then the fact is, he broke your head?" said the impatient magistrate.

"Nat altogether, your honour," replied Mr. Callaghan M'Carty, "or meself wouldn't be here spakin' may be; but he left his mark upon me." This "mark," a lump about the size of half a cricket ball, on the very top of his head, he pointed out to his worship's notice; and then he concluded his case by stating, that before he had time to "return the complement," the watchmen came in and "broke up the skrimmage," by driving Mykle and the neighbours home to bed; and therefore he and Mykle met, next morning, "cool and comfortable," and agreed to "take the law upon each other;"—in furtherance of which agreement they had now waited upon his worship.

It was now Mykle's turn to spake. Poor Mykle seemed to have come off second best in the skrimmage; for, over and above the wattling inflicted upon his wrong end, his whole countenance was so bruised and swollen that it looked more like a ripe melon than any thing else. "And bad luck to yur blow-bellis, and yur taty-kittle!" he began, at the same time looking any thing but cool and comfortable towards Mr. Callaghan M'Carty; "bad luck to yur blow-bellis, and yur taty-kittle, for it's meself that won't be able to sit in pace this fortnight by reason of the wattling I got from ye on my sate; but I never seen betther of ye than just a great big blaggard! Your wurchip, the ould woman's a bad ould woman, and dthinks more than she harns; though she takes a bushel o' fruit into the sthreet every day, and brings none of it back to spake of; and it's becase I loves the ould cratur above all the world that I larrups her now and then, and can't bear to see the mother of thirteen childer taking dthrops in a gin shop when she's got a good husband at home in her own place; so if I didn't love her, I wouldn't be after larruping her at all, but let her roul about in the kennel like a dthrunken baste instead; and what for is it that 'Carty locks her up from me? Sure I'd all the right in the world to go in after her, and I did; and I was smashed all to pieces among 'em, with bellises and taty-kittles, plaze yur wurchip, as yur wurchip may persave; for Corny Keogh clouted the taty-kittle not half so much as he clouted my shoulders; and when—"

"I will hear no more of this stupid nonsense!" said the magistrate; "go along about your business, and if you dare to break the peace again I will hold the hold gang of you to bail."

"That's jest what we want!" cried Mr Callighan M'Carty. "Indeed an it is, yur wurchip!" cried Mr. Mykle Brien; but the officers showed them the door, and "the devil a bit of law" they got to bless themselves with!

POPULAR TALES.

THE PRIEST AND THE BRIGAND.

At a small barber's shop in the *Strada dei Fiori* at Velletri, lived a light-hearted and honest young fellow as any in the world. He was not rich, nor ever likely to be so; for, although shaving and trimming beards and mustachios was an occupation which ensured him plenty of practice, the gains were small, and he laboured under the disadvantage, in this respect, which is common to all ingenious persons, whose means of subsistence depend upon the exertions of their own hands. But there is no word which has a more peculiarly relative meaning than "rich." If the man who has enough for his wants and a trifle of superfluous may be called rich, then Masetto was not poor. There was only one thing he wanted—a wife—and that he was not like to be long without; for Lissa, the daughter of a vine-dresser, who lived half a league out of the town, had promised to marry him at the festival of Santa Veronica, which was now within three weeks. Masetto had set his house in order, and made all becoming preparations for receiving his bride; and waited with the impatience natural to a man who is going to be married, for the happy day!

Lissa was about sixteen, the marriageable age for girls in this part of Italy. She was a good-tempered, innocent country girl. Elsewhere she would have been considered a prodigy of beauty; and, even in a place where the beauty of the peasantry is its most striking feature, she was considered above the ordinary run of pretty *contadine*. She loved the barber, and was looking forward to the fete of Santa Veronica with no less impatience than her Masetto.

It was a holiday; and thanks to the comfortable religion of Rome, there are many of them in the year;—Masetto had dressed himself in his best clothes; and was just setting off to pay a visit to Lissa, when he was stopped by the Father Brignoli, a canon of the church of San Giovanni, who came in all haste to be shaved. The canon was unluckily in the habit of putting off every thing he had to do until it was too late to do it; and he had now been loitering in his garden so long that he was obliged to take the barber's shop in his way, in order to reach the church in time for the offices. He was a stout, tall man, of between fifty and sixty, who, having passed the earlier part of his life in the army had sought a refuge in the bosom of the church from the cares of a world which he thought had treated him ungratefully. Perhaps he was right; but the story is too long to tell in this place. It will be enough for the intelligent reader to know that there was a woman at the bottom of it; and that the Cavalier Brignoli became the Canon Brigolini, because he was jilted—an example which, if universally followed, would fill the world with religious men. Masetto liked him, because he condescended to talk to him, and to let him talk in return. He was, besides, of great use to the barber, because he would tell him the tales of his exploits, and the wonders he had seen, which Masetto translated to his gaping customers, with such additions and explanations as he thought suited to their several tastes and understandings, and by this means made himself the favourite barber of the town. Perhaps the innamorato would not have stayed to shave any one else, but he could not refuse to wait upon the canon; so, taking off his best coat, and adjusting his apron, he began to operate on the canon's round chin.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." Masetto had just finished one half of the superficies of the lower part of the priest's broad face, when the mother of Lissa rushed into the shop, crying and sobbing, invoking all the saints whose names she could recollect, to save her child. The razor dropped from Masetto's hand, and he left the canon holding the basin under his chin, half shaved, and half lathered, and withal so infolded in the shaving-cloth that he could not readily rise from his seat. Masetto besought his intended mother-in-law to tell him what dreadful calamity had befallen his mistress, and had thrown her into the ecstasy of grief and passion in which he saw her. At first it was impossible to make her give any intelligible relation of the affair; but at length Masetto learned that Lissa had gone, before daybreak that morning, with some other girls of the neighbourhood, to draw wa-

ter from a spring, half a mile from the road, which was reputed to have great efficacy in preserving maidens' complexions. It was a sort of frolic which they had undertaken, without the knowledge of their friends, and had intended to be back before the sun was up. They had reached the spring, had filled their pitchers, and were about to return, when a man, of gigantic stature and most forbidding aspect, appeared among them. The girls shrieked with terror at the sight of him, and some of them made off; when, upon a whistle which the stranger blew, eight or ten fellows, as ill-looking, and armed with carbines and sabres, appeared from behind the rocks. The frightened girls knew at once that these were the Brigand Garbone and his comrades, whose atrocious deeds filled the neighbourhood with terror. Garbone, without speaking, seized Lissa, who clung to some of her companions; but her feeble resistance was of course in vain. The chief took her in his arms, and, motioning to some of his followers to assist him, bore her off. She shrieked, and implored the help of the other girls, who offered to follow her, but the remainder of the brigands presented their pieces at them, and threatened to shoot them on the spot. The poor girls fell on their knees, and with tears and supplications implored the monsters not to take away the wretched Lissa, but they might as well have implored the rocks. Garbone and the others, who carried away the devoted maiden, bore her swiftly towards the forest, and were soon lost sight of; while the others, staying till their comrades had got clearly off, slowly followed them, still looking back, and threatening the horror-stricken girls who remained at the fountain.

This was the substance of the account which they had given when they came home; and, although their terror had exaggerated the horror of the appearance, and perhaps the numbers of the brigands, there could remain no doubt that they consisted of Garbone and his troop. The mother of Lissa now recollected that a tall singular looking man had been seen at various times, and always in different garbs, hovering about their house, and was apparently struck with admiration of Lissa; a circumstance which had flattered her mother, but had never alarmed her.

Poor Masetto was beside himself at this intelligence; he tore his hair, wept, threw himself upon the ground, and played all the extravagant tricks which violent passion urges a man to. The canon in the mean time having extricated himself, wiped his face, and made himself decent, with the calm gravity of a man who has lived long enough in the world to see the nullity of every thing like violent emotion. Not that he was indifferent to Masetto's grief, and the cause of it. He had seen and admired the beautiful and innocent Lissa; and, while he was rubbing his face, he resolved to save her, or at least to make an attempt. He had, besides, as great a hatred as a churchman could have against this Garbone; and he felt some of his old military feeling rise, accompanied with an inclination to try if his arm yet possessed its strength and skill. These were of course improper notions for a priest, but they came unbidden across him. He consoled Masetto as well as he could; then, when he had made him listen, he represented that he had better be attempting something for his mistress's deliverance than weep over her loss. The poor barber thought this would be sheer madness; "for how," he said, could he hope that his Lissa was not already murdered, or worse."

"You show neither so much fortitude nor reason as I expected from you, my son," said the canon; "and you know nothing of the character of this Garbone. Murder is not his object; and I have a strong belief that he will not attempt any outrage against Lissa. But we waste time; tell me only this—dare you risk your life to save your mistress?"

"Ay, willingly!" replied Masetto, in whose heart the priest's words had revived something like hope, though he was afraid to trust it; "for what is existence to me without Lissa?"

"Why, then, let this be the last tear you shed; but give me a pen and ink, and, while I write, do you run and fetch Felippo, the lay-brother, who attends my mule; and, as for the offices, unless the Padre Geronimo has performed them, they must go undone, for the hour is now past."

Masetto had obeyed the canon. The letter was written, and dispatched by Felippo to the Cavalier Novi, who commanded a detachment of the pope's troops, a few leagues distant. First, however, Felippo was ordered to prepare his master's mule and his own, and to lend the better of his two frocks to Masetto, who, having put it on, followed the canon to his own house. A short preparation sufficed to make them ready for the journey which the canon meditated; and giving it out that he was going to the monastery of Santa Maria della Salute upon business with the abbot, he mounted his mule, and, followed by Masetto, in the dress of the lay-brother, rode gently towards the mountains.

As they journeyed on, the father explained to Masetto his plan, which was to throw themselves in the way of the brigands, and thus discover in the first place where Lissa was kept. They would think Padre a rich prize; and he knew them too well to apprehend any violence from them, because they would expect to get a large sum from him in the way of a ransom, and would willingly release his follower, that he might fetch them the money. This being done, the rest of the enterprise must depend greatly on Masetto's intelligence and skill in bringing up the troops of the Cavalier Novi, whom the Padre's letter had apprised of his design, to the robber's retreat.

It was noon, and the travellers dismounted under a spreading tree to repose themselves and their mules. The canon, who never travelled without a due portion of creature comforts, which he had a strong liking for, directed Masetto to display a cold capon, and to put a flask of very drinkable wine into a cold mountain brook which ran bubbling by the forest path. The meal was not ended, when it fell out, according to the good father's expectations, that some of Garbone's gang discovered them. The first intimation they received of the presence of their visitors, was the muzzle of a gun being poked through the boughs of a thicket on the rock opposite them, and a hoarse voice crying out with a thousand imprecations for their money. Masetto thought it was all over with them; but the priest called out without the least emotion, "We are poor travellers, a priest and his servant; what we have is at your service; but spare our lives for the sake of the blessed Mother of Heaven, and all the Saints."

The muzzle of the gun was withdrawn; and the gentleman to whom it belonged, accompanied by four others of his fraternity, made their appearance. They were fine-looking, able-bodied ragamuffins; but their long hair and mustachios, and the expression of their countenances, gave them a disagreeable and fierce look. They were dressed in a coarse but fantastic manner, every man having in his garb some attempt at finery, which ill accorded with the dirtiness and poverty of the rest of his clothing. They wore long daggers, and pistols stuck in their belts; some of them had, besides, swords; all were armed with carbines, and not a man, but a rosary, or a relic, or some other outward and visible token of his religion stuck about him. They surrounded the canon and his man, and, having searched for their weapons, and found none but the knives with which they were eating, they bound their arms behind them, and bade them prepare to go before their chief, who they said was within a short distance. While this ceremony was being performed by some of the rogues, the others finished the flask and the capon which the canon and Masetto had been employed upon when they were interrupted.

The canon offered nothing like resistance; but gave the thieves now and then a ghostly exhortation, or a slight recommendation to pursue the paths of virtue and piety, and not to bind his arms too tightly; managing to apply his texts so as to make a favourable impression on the banditti, whose superstition he was perfectly well acquainted with.

All being ready, the prisoners were marched off, followed by three of the brigands, the others staying behind to pursue their lawful vocation of robbing passengers. After half an hour's walk through circuitous paths, they arrived at a rock, which they began to ascend. From the top of this rock the robber's retreat was discernible. A small dell, shut in by high rocks, and which, from its position, was inaccessible to all but those who knew the country, had been pitched upon by Garbone for his headquarters. A range of low buildings at the further

end appeared to be the dwellings of the troop, and a great portion of the green was planted with olive trees and vines. A shrill whistle from one of the robbers was answered by some one from the dell, and the party began to descend with the caution which the steep path rendered necessary. The captives were conducted to the building, and entered a long room which appeared to be a sort of common hall. At the fire-place, some men of a similar appearance to those by whom the travellers had been taken, were employed in cooking; others were playing with cards and dice in different parts of the chamber; and at the upper end, with a moody look, and apart from the rest, sat one, who, from his stature and appearance, the canon had no doubt was the chief—the redoubted Garbone. To him they were soon led; when the canon, in answer to his enquiries, told him that he and his follower were upon a journey to the abbot of the monastery of Santa Maria della Salute, to receive some money due to his own church, when he had been stopped by the good gentlemen who had now done him the honour of introducing him. Garbone, although he looked extremely ill-tempered, happened to be in one of his most gracious moods. He welcomed the canon with great politeness for a robber, and said he was glad to see him for several especial reasons; the first, because his troop was mainly in want of a priest, for, although they were thieves, yet they had consciences, and it was so long since they confessed (having killed their last confessor in a brawl), that half of them were ready to desert, that they might unburden their bosoms, and obtain absolution; secondly, because he himself was going to be married (Masetto was ready to fly at the brigand's throat, but the canon trod upon his toe, and restrained him); and thirdly, because he should have a good round ransom for his captive.

The canon had seen a good deal of the world, and was more than a match for a more cunning man than Garbone, even in his own way. He took his bantering quietly, offered his ghostly services with a good grace, and said he was ready to send for the ransom if his servant might be permitted to fetch it; and, in short, so won upon the robber, that after a quarter of an hour's talk he had learnt from him the fact of his having carried off Lissa, who was then unharmed in one of the inner chambers, and that he meant to be married to her on the morrow in the forest chapel.

"A pious intention, for marriage is a holy ordinance," said the priest, and right gladly shall I perform the ceremony; but I beseech ye, good captain, to let me depart as soon as it is done, for I have much to do; and as it is only reasonable that you should be paid for my night's entertainment, name the ransom, and let Niccolo, my attendant here, away and fetch it for thee. By sparing not his beast," he said, looking significantly at Masetto, "he may reach the monastery by midnight; and the abbot, as he loves me, will send what I require; and tomorrow, by the time the lark has chaunted his matin song, my good follower may be back with the means of rescuing his master from this place."

Masetto understood what this meant, and expressed his readiness to travel all night on such an errand. Garbone mused for a few minutes, and then said, "All that you say, father, seems fair enough; but I have so often been taken in by men of your profession, that I trust none of them willingly. However, for this once I will run some risk. Thy man shall go; but look, varlet, as thou valuest thy master's head, look that thou bring back the coin by day-break to the forest chapel."

Garbone then fixed as a ransom for the canon four thousand scudi; and, ordering Masetto's beast to be made ready, directed one of his gang to mount the canon's horse, and accompany the messenger to the last outpost, and there await his return. Masetto bade the canon farewell, who pressed his hand significantly as they parted.

The barber and the brigand rode onwards, and in the course of his progress found his companion was a great simpleton. He left him at a stone cross in the road to await his return.

The canon had requested his friend, the cavalier, to have his troop at a little village called the Three Bridges; and hither it was that Masetto hastened, instead of to the monastery.

He found the cavalier, whom a desire to serve his old friend, and a wish to come to blows with Garbone, had brought immediately on the receipt of the letter. He had five and thirty horsemen with him, whom, on learning from Masetto how things stood, he dismounted; and having waited until the night had fallen, they set out on foot, conducted by the barber on his mule. Having arrived within a short distance of the place at which he had left the brigand, Masetto went on alone, and found that the rogue, tired of waiting for him, had gone to sleep. Having removed his carbine and his poniard, Masetto passed his own belt so firmly about the fellow's legs, he could not move; and then, giving the signal, the cavalier's troop came up. With threats of instant death they compelled the terrified robber, who was now awake, to show them the road to the forest chapel.

The chapel had been part of a religious establishment, which being deserted by the fraternity to whom it belonged, had fallen into decay, and all but the chapel was in ruins. In one of the lower vaults they deposited the captive robber, securely bound; and left a soldier with directions to stab him to the heart, if he attempted to escape, or to cry out. The cavalier then looked about for a convenient spot in which to post his men. At the end of the chapel, and about two yards behind the altar, was a gothic screen, formed of clusters of small pillars, with openings at every yard. Behind these, the soldiers might stand, not only effectually concealed, but well disposed for an attack upon any persons who might be entering the chapel. By the time all these arrangements were made, the day began to appear. The cavalier, who knew his old friend the canon, and who was aware of his intelligence, fixed a piece of the red feather from his military hat between the broken stones of the arch by which he must enter the chapel, and through this he was sure the canon would know they had arrived. He then bade Masetto stand behind him; and fearing that the poor fellow's impatience might lead him into some imprudence, insisted, with threats as well as persuasions, that he should not stir a finger until the canon gave some indication that the time for attack had arrived. Masetto promised to obey; for, however difficult it might be, he saw the wisdom of the cavalier's injunctions.

The minutes passed heavily, until at length the feet of the horses and mules were heard through the forest, and the voices of the brigands at intervals, shouting to each other, as they hurried along to visit their captain's nuptials. The sounds became more distinct, and at length it was clear that the company had arrived. The cavalier had provided for himself a loop-hole, by which he could see the canon enter; and, to his great delight, he saw him pluck the feather carlessly from the wall and toss it to the wind, at the same time that his eye shot an inquiring glance round the chapel. In many an hour of peril, and on many a dangerous enterprise, the cavalier had seen that eye flash with a similar expression from under a steel morion, and it had lost none of its old accustomed fire.

The gaunt Garbone, dressed with awkward splendour, came first: the weeping Lissa, leaning upon the Padre, followed; and, notwithstanding the exhortations and promises of the good canon that all would be well, could not overcome her fears. The canon had by no means explained to her the errand on which Masetto was gone; for he had made it a rule for several years past never to trust a woman, good or bad, with a secret. Behind came the whole of Garbone's gang, in number about forty, with their carbines over their shoulders, and ranged in as fair order as they could accomplish. As the canon came on towards the altar he was reconnoitring the place, and had already determined that his old comrade would post himself and his forces behind the screen. When, however, he mounted the three steps of the altar, which raised him a full yard above every one else in the chapel, his doubts were removed; for he saw the soldiers. One look was exchanged between him and the cavalier. He proceeded with the ceremony, as his hearers thought; but he was too faithful a member of the church to profane its ordinances; and instead of reading the service of marriage, he addressed an exhortation to Garbone on the subject of his enormities, which might have touched his heart if it had not been in

Latin—a language with which he happened to have no acquaintance.

When he had ended this mock service, and as he held his hands extended over Garbone and Lissa, the whole gang shouted *Viva!* and discharged their carbines to testify their rejoicing. The vaulted arches of the roof rang with the report, and the smoke which filled the building enabled the canon to draw Lissa from the altar to a place of security behind the screen. Before the vapoury cloud had rolled away, a sharp and well directed fire from Novi's troops had brought down one half of the bandits, and the others were seized and bound before they had recovered from their surprise at the suddenness of the attack. At the first shot Garbone had drawn his pistol, and levelled it at the canon, whom he must have killed, but that Masetto, who had his eye particularly upon the ruffian, threw up his arm, and at the same moment plunged his stilet into the chieftain's throat. It is not necessary to describe his joy at clasping his Lissa in his arms; or the pleasure which the canon had in meeting his old friend and comrade, the cavalier. A very short time sufficed to tie the robbers who remained alive on the mules and horses; and the whole party proceeded to Velletri, where the canon married Masetto to Lissa, without waiting for the feast of Santa Veronica.

The robbers were soon afterwards executed; and Garbone's head had the honour of decorating a post in the cross-roads.

MISCELLANY.

SWIFT AND POPE.

Among the friends of Swift, Pope, although not by any means the earliest, appears gradually to have become the most intimate. The Dean resided chiefly in his house at Twickenham, and an acquaintance which had begun in Queen Anne's reign between the protected poet and the patron, gradually ripened into intimate and equal friendship. Their characters were in some respects opposite, but these very points of opposition were such as removed the possibility of rivalry.

Pope's character and habits were exclusively literary, with all the hopes, fears and failings, which are attached to that feverish occupation,—a restless pursuit of poetical fame. Without domestic society, or near relations; separated by weak health and personal disadvantages from the gay; by fineness of mind and lettered indolence, from the busy part of mankind; surrounded only by a few friends, who value these gifts in which he excelled, Pope's whole hopes, wishes, and fears were centred in his literary reputation. To extend his fame, he laboured, indirectly, as well as directly; and to defend it from the slightest attack, was his daily and nightly anxiety. Hence the restless impatience which that distinguished author displayed under the libels of dunces, whom he ought to have despised, and hence too the venomous severity with which he retorted their puny attacks. Swift was also irritable and satirical, but from different causes. He never assumed, and probably disdained the character of a mere man of letters, whose sufferings or enjoyments depended upon the public reception of his works. His writings he only valued in so far as they accomplished the purpose for which they were written, and so far from seeking the reputation they might have attracted to the author, that he almost in every instance sent them into the world without his name. Hence he felt no jealousy of contemporary authors, and was indifferent to the criticism with which his treatises were assailed, unless in so far as it affected the argument which they were designed to support. Bred under Temple, the favourite of Oxford, and now the patriotic champion of Ireland, his hopes and fears were for the political interests which he espoused; his love was for party-friends, and his hatred and vengeance for political opponents. His feelings were those of a statesman, not of an author, and had been exalted from the cause of a party, to be fixed upon the liberties of the nation. The pecuniary emoluments of literature Swift seems never to have coveted, and therefore readily abandoned to Pope the care of selecting and arranging their fugitive pieces into three volumes of Miscellanies, as well as the profit which might

arise from the publication. He himself was engaged in matters of more momentous importance.
[*Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.*]

CHINESE AGRICULTURAL FETE.

The national agricultural fete of the Chinese deserves to be noticed. Every year, on the fifteenth day of the first moon, which generally corresponds to some day in the beginning of March, the Emperor in person goes through the ceremony of opening the ground. He repairs in great state to the field appointed for this ceremony. The princes of the Imperial family, the presidents of the five great tribunals, and an immense number of mandarines, attend him. Two sides of the field are lined with the officers of the emperor's house, the third is occupied by different mandarines, the fourth is reserved for all the labourers of the province, who proceed thither to see their art honoured and practised by the head of the empire. The Emperor enters the field alone, prostrates himself and touches the ground nine times with his head in adoration of Tien the God of heaven: he next pronounces with a loud voice a prayer prepared by the court of ceremonies, in which he invokes the Great Being on his labour, and on that of his whole people; then, in the capacity of chief priest of the empire, he sacrifices an ox, in homage to heaven as the fountain of all good. While the victim is offered on the altar, a plough is brought to the Emperor, to which is yoked a pair of oxen, ornamented in a most magnificent style. The Emperor, laying aside his imperial robes, takes hold of the handle of the plough with the right hand, and opens several furrows in the direction of north and south; he then gives the plough into the hands of the chief mandarines, who labouring in succession, display their comparative dexterity. The ceremony concludes with a distribution of money and pieces of cloth, as presents, among the labourers, the ablest of whom executes the rest of the work in the presence of the Emperor. After the field has received all the necessary work and manure, the Emperor returns to commence the sowing, with similar ceremony, and in the presence of the labourers. These ceremonies are performed on the same day by the viceroys of all the provinces.

[*N. E. Farmer.*]

BRICK TEA.

The Mongols, and most of the nomades of Middle Asia, make use of this tea; it serves them both for drink and food. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese government of Fokien, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside, they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick tea. Mongols, the Bourjats, the inhabitants of Siberia, beyond lake Baikal, and a Kalmucks, take the piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire; adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or broth, is known by the name of Satouran. I have drunk brick tea prepared both ways, and found it palatable enough; at least very nourishing; all depends on the skill and cleanliness of the cook. This brick tea serves also instead of money in the dealings of these people, as well as in Daouria.

The discovery which the world owes, as is generally believed, to Van Eyck, of painting with oil colours, soon led to a most cruel murder. Domenico Beccafumi had been taught this great secret by Antonio of Messina, who had gained it not very fairly, from Van Eyck. Beccafumi imparted it to Andrea del Castagno, who, eager to be the sole possessor of a treasure, assassinated his friend and benefactor. Andrea, now fearless of a rival in his heart, flourished without suspicion, and lived long loaded with riches and honours. On his death-bed, however, the horrors of guilt overtook him: he made a confession of his crimes, and died detested and execrated by his fellow-citizens.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

H. MARSH, esq. of St. John's Hall, in the city of New-York, will receive subscriptions and payments for the American Masonic Record, and Albany Saturday Magazine, in that city and its vicinity.

We have received, and shall continue to receive, from London, regular files of several literary periodicals of high and established reputation, which will enable us to present our readers with miscellaneous matter which cannot fail to interest them.

A friend to whom we have been frequently indebted for similar favours, has kindly loaned us the May number of the Technical Repository, edited by Thomas Gill, esq. and published at London; from which we have liberally extracted for our department of Science and the Arts, and we hope to continue our extracts next week.

We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Snowden, of the New-York National Advocate, for London and Liverpool papers to a late date; from which we shall glean much valuable reading.

Our masonic friends are informed that we have recently come into the possession of many excellent discourses, as well as other scarce articles, which we intend to introduce to them with as much speed as our columns will permit. And, in the mean time, we again respectfully request of brethren, to furnish us, as soon as convenient, with a history of their anniversary proceedings.

EMANCIPATION. By a law of the state, the most odious trait in the character of our civil rights, ceases on the fourth of July 1827, and slavery is forever abolished. All who are aware of the extreme difficulty, if not danger which attends the removal of evils of long and popular standing, must acknowledge, that in the present instance, the legislators of New York have done honour to the enlightened policy of the State. By the gradual and sure emancipation of these unfortunate children of another hemisphere, they have averted the inevitable evils of a sudden act of enfranchisement, and marked out a fair line between the horrors of slavery and the evils of pauperism. It has been opposed by many, on the grounds of the danger of letting such a flood of black population loose upon society. But we can see no reasonable cause of alarm, either for the peace or the morality of society. Where there is no fair understanding between master and slave, we have noticed for years past, that his bonds were easily broken, and he made no scruple to leave the service of his master whenever a fair opportunity offered. And in such cases, the owner, fully convinced of the unprofitableness of compulsory measures, has generally allowed his legal authority to rest, without taking any measures to reclaim the fugitive.

It is to be expected that many on becoming free will leave their homes, and embark in the visionary hope of living independent of their former owners; but this will seldom happen except with those who are bad servants, or have bad masters; and in such cases, a mutual dissolution of interests is advisable. But in cases, where a long and peaceable service

has made the master's house more than a home to the faithful slave, if he has any prudence remaining, he will enforce the principle that "he who has had the flesh shall keep the bones."

From our coloured population, of an opposite character, as well as from the abandoned vagrants of our own colour, good society must and will experience great annoyance; but we do not apprehend any increase of the complaint from this new era. Those who can find no employ (and none but the most dissolute can fail), will be introduced to it in the penitentiary or the state prison. This is the common fate of vagabonds of all colours. But it is our opinion, formed upon reflection, that the idea of liberty, will have an influence on these unfortunate beings, highly encouraging to habits of industry and sobriety.

We congratulate the people of the state on the peaceable removal of this great mark for the satirical weapons of those who call in question the privileges of republicanism; on the glory of setting an example worthy the imitation of every slave-holding state in the Union; on the boast they can now truly make, that the principles of liberty and equality are now preached and practised in all her civil institutions. We do not think, however, that it would be prudent for every slave-holding state to copy this example, without much caution and due preparation; but we do hope that every state in whose constitution this odious feature yet exists, will keep a steady eye on a consummation so desirable, and never rest from its efforts till the way is paved for the introduction of a principle so philanthropic as UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

LANGUAGES. In the absence of more important subjects, we have recapitulated from several authorities, the following facts in relation to the languages and tongues spoken by the different nations and tribes which inhabit the globe.

It is a matter of wonder to him who recoils at the idea of learning a new language, to be told that nearly four thousand are spoken in the world. He is ready to enquire their origin; and is full of doubt as to the veracity of such an assertion. It sounds to him like the hyperboles of a boasting traveller, and he will perhaps sound some argument against the truth of the declaration, on the inability of any single man to acquire them all, *ergo* no single man knows it to be true.

It is certain that many of these tongues are radically the same. Many others from the similarity of construction may have originated in one, though writers believe that they may all be traced, by a strict examination to a few hundred distinct languages. They are commonly classed by linguists into families, according to their analogy or geographical location.

The singular class termed the *Monosyllabic* is spoken in the eastern part of India, Tibet, China, and Japan. Next to this is the class which contains the Sanscrit and its dialects, and is called the *Indo-European* family. It comprises the most ancient languages known, the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, of Asia, and those languages of Europe which originated from them, or their dependants, the Greek, Moorish and Persian. The other languages of Europe are chiefly formed from the Teutonic or High Dutch. The Celtic or ancient British, the Latin, and the Slavonic or Sarmatian. From the Teutonic have arisen the Dutch, Danish, Swe-

dish, and Icelandic of the present day. The English is partly derived from the Celtic and Saxon, and very materially mixed with the ancient dialect of Normandy. There is perhaps no language spoken in Europe which owes its being to so many fathers as the English, and with all that may be said of the Dutch of New-York and Pennsylvania, and the French of Canada, and every other foreign mixture, there is no kingdom in the civilized world in which an English traveller would meet with more embarrassment from the diversity of dialects, than he would find by travelling three days in the interior of Britain. The Latin is the father of an extensive family in Europe, and its offspring are too well known to need comment. And the Slavonic must fill up the rest of the European territory, being spread through Hungary, most parts of the Austrian empire, and Russia.

The wandering tribes of Africa, as well as America, have tongues which contain some common sounds and similar words, but almost every tribe has a distinct dialect, materially if not radically different, which varies from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, until it loses itself in tongues which appear to be totally void of analogy to each other.

The languages of the aboriginal North Americans, as far as inquiry has been made, seem to be derived from three or four different branches. The Seminole or Florida language—the Delaware which prevailed in some of its dialects through New England; and is still spoken by most of the nations in the United States Territory from the lakes to the Rocky Mountains,—the Iroquois, and the Esquimaux, which has no doubt originated in the northern part of Asia, as the Samoeid Tartars, and the American Esquimaux are evidently the same race of people and speak the same language.

Those of South America, have several families, the principal of which are the Caribean, the Amazonian, and the language spoken by the Incas of Peru. Whether it is possible that these have all originated from one, or that they are the effects of the confusion of tongues, which some believe to be only a temporary brawl, or an obstinate misunderstanding among the workmen, it is not for us to say. We are contented to understand plain English, and if necessary to become acquainted with any other languages, we shall enter on such first, as will be most conducive to our present thirst for knowledge and at the same time, give us the best ideas of the strength and beauty of our own. And such, the best linguists tell us, are the Latin, Greek, German, French and Arabic.

Through the politeness of a friend we have received the first number of the *Student's Album*, a new periodical, to be published once a fortnight at Schenectady, and devoted, chiefly, to the productions of the students of Union College. Its appearance is learned and laboured; and, as might naturally be expected, it wears rather a pedantic air. Each number contains sixteen neatly printed octavo pages; and the price is \$2 per annum payable in advance.

A new religious paper has been established in the city of New-York, by the Universalist Book Society, printed on a medium sheet, quarto, at \$2 50 per ann. to city subscribers, and \$2 00 to mail subscribers payable in advance.

The design of the publication is of a religious kind,

and in that particular we shall not interfere with its concerns. But it advocates the singularly visionary plan of the Rev. Mr. Kneeland to improve the orthography of the English language by a new system of characters. We would remind the ingenious inventor of these elegant hieroglyphics, that two things are wanting in order to the success of his plan, one is public opinion, and the other, any possible utility to be derived from the adoption of it. Improvements in our orthography must be made gradually, and with the unanimous consent of the literati, and cannot be effected by the visionary schemes of one, whose ignorance has introduced sounds which the language never acknowledged.

Those who make the sound of a in *pair, fare*, and *e in there*, distinct from a as heard in *face, fate*, &c. are not aware that the sound is an inelegant Americanism, never heard, in the pure English language, unless in the word *baa!* See *Walker's principles*, 202 to 211, and 77.

Within the last year a Grand Lodge has been organized in the territory of Michigan, of which Governor Cass has been elected first Grand Master. The Grand Lodge of this State, was requested at its late meeting to take such measures as might be deemed proper for the installation of its officers. May the interchange of good-fellowship ever exist between the two bodies.

UTICA. We are informed that a gentleman of this city, has formed a very respectable theatrical corps which will proceed immediately to Utica, to pass the summer season. This beautiful village, attracting so much the attention of travellers, will command the first talent of the drama.

[N. Y. Courier.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet ship *Britannia* arrived at New-York, from Liverpool, on Wednesday, bringing files to the 15th ult.

Of the general European intelligence (says the American), the chief items are the death of the King of Saxony, the insurrectionary movements at Elvas, and the continued hostilities in Portugal.

All England was occupied still with discussions relative to the new ministry. In the Commons, certainly the Gaericilla opposition, as it is felicitously called by the Courier, is melting away. Not so in the Lords; and the expressed determination of Earl Grey to retain the seat which, for twenty years, he had filled on the opposition benches, indicates that in the upper house, the new cabinet will have much to contend with. Some of the papers, too—the Morning Post among them—which at first were neutral, or even friendly to the new order of things, have come out in support of the ultra Tory opposition. The John Bull of the 13th has several columns of extracts from country papers, adverse to Mr. Canning, which it thus prefaces—"It is necessary to do this for London readers, at a moment when the London press, with a very few exceptions, is devoted to the cause of the heterogeneous mixture which Mr. Canning is endeavouring to force down our throats. That the country is against it, no man can doubt." Bcl's Weekly Messenger (a paper discreet and moderate in its general tone), says, under the same date, "Mr. Canning's cabinet seems as yet scarcely composed or settled, either to his own mind, or to the satisfaction of the country. He appears to have almost as much trouble with his new allies, the whigs, as with his new opponents the ex-tories; and his government cannot be pronounced, even at this period, to be any more than provisional."

The act of abdication of the Emperor Don Pedro, is published in the London papers, in which he transfers the kingdom of Portugal to his dear daughter Maria de Gloria, "it being incompatible with the interests of the empire of Brazil, and with those of the kingdom of Portugal, that he should continue to be king of Portugal."

A Royal Ordinance has dissolved the National Guards of Paris. The Paris papers state that in the Chamber of Deputies great agitation had been manifested at the disbanding of the National Guards, and it was proposed to impeach the ministers.

It is intimated in the French papers, that there has been some extensive arrangements with other powers upon the subject of disbanding the Guards, as a similar measure has been adopted in the Two Sicilies, as appears by a decree of the 23d of April, just received, which declares the whole of the civic national guards of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, organized by the provisional government on the 25th of April, 1821, disbanded.

The two Wakefields (brothers), have received their sentences,—the one who was the principal in this nefarious and mercenary transaction, to three years close confinement in

Newgate, and the other to the same term of imprisonment in Lancaster jail.

A great public meeting has been held at Liverpool, and an address voted to the King, congratulating him upon the issue of the late ministerial struggle.

PORTUGAL.—A letter from Lisbon dated May 2d, gives information of a mutiny that had taken place in the fortress of Elvas, on the 30th April. The influence of the priests is said to have been exerted in favour of the revolt. There were three regiments of infantry in the fortress at the time of the revolt; a detachment of only five hundred remained faithful to their standard; the rest, to the number of sixteen hundred, cried "to arms," and mutinied. None of the officers joined the mutineers. The flags of the different regiments were retained and did not suffer the disgrace of being in the possession of the rebels. The regiment of Caadores, and the artillery, refused to take any part in the revolt; the former went out of the town and blockaded it, along with the faithful corps of the officers. The revolt being thus deserted, barricaded themselves in a barrack; the slaughter of them in this situation was dreadful; but the despatch did not mention the number. The whole were either killed or taken prisoners.

The mutiny began on Sunday, and was extinguished in the blood or the capture of the revolted on Monday morning at 9 o'clock. It continued all Sunday and Sunday night, the rebels being barricaded all that time, and kept without food and drink.

Frankfort, May 8.—His majesty the King of Saxony, who died on the 5th, at the age of 76 years, was the Nestor of the European sovereigns. Being called to the government in 1763, under the guardianship of his uncle Prince Xavier, of Saxony and Poland, he assumed the reins of government, as Elector, in 1768. He attained the dignity of King in 1806. He is succeeded by Prince Antony Clement, who is 72 years of age.

GREEKS AND TURKS. The Austrian Observer of May 3d, mentions, under date of Constantinople, April 10th, that the first division of the Turkish fleet had sailed, and that the second division was about to follow. At the end of the preceding month, three Servian deputies had arrived at Constantinople, bringing news that the Bishop of Belgrade was dead, and requesting the Porte to appoint his successor. The operations by land were continued against the Greeks, and it is denied that those of Karaissaki's had been crowned with any decisive success.

SCIENTIFIC & LITERARY VARIETIES.

Magnetism.—By the aid of the very sensitive magnetic needle invented by M. Lebaillif, a singular property has been discovered in bismuth and antimony. On bringing these metals near the poles of the needle, they exercise on one pole as well as on the other a very evident repulsive power. After numerous experiments, they appear to be the only metals which exhibit this phenomenon.

Genoa.—A magnificent theatre has just been finished at Genoa. It is much larger than the Scala at Milan, and the stage wider than that of San Carlos at Naples. It was to be opened the present month.

The *Nurghes of Sardania*.—M. Petit-Radel, a member of the French Institute, in a little treatise which he has published on these extraordinary remains of antiquity, considers them as the ruins of Cyclopean or Pelagian edifices. His work is accompanied by some lithographic plates, which convey a very faithful idea of the appearance of these strange works of the most ancient tribes by which the world was peopled.

Aerolite.—A fragment of the meteoric stone which fell near Ferrara, 15th January, 1824, has been analysed at Paris; and the result is stated to be, 1. that it is physically different from ordinary aerolites; 2 that its constituent parts are also different, and differently combined; and 3. that its examination confirms the opinion of these remarkable bodies being consolidated before they enter the atmosphere.

Ancient Arms.—On the side of the new road from Lyons to Bordeaux, between Terrasson and Azerac, there has been lately discovered the remains of one of those workshops in which the ancients polished arms and instruments with flint. A quantity of fragments of flint, and a number of rough-wrought javelins, are among these antiquities.

Promotion.—Mr. Margat, who has ascended thirty-two times in a balloon, has been rewarded by the appointment of *aeronaut* to the king! Who will doubt, after this, that the prerogatives of kings have increased? Heretofore they were content to give places on earth,—now they carry them into the air.

Altitudes of the highest mountains in England and Wales, computed from the observations made in course of a thermometrical survey.

	Feet above the level of the sea.
Snowdon, Caernarvonshire, Wales,	3577
Carnedd, Llewellyn, Caernarvonshire,	3469
Helvellyn, Cumberland, England,	3055
Iccle Fell, do.	3166
Skiddaw, do.	3052
Cader Idris, Merionethshire, Wales,	2914
Beacons of Brecknock, do.	2862
Bow Fell, Cumberland,	2911
Cheviot Hills, Northumberland, England,	2658
Grassmere Fell, Cumberland,	2757
Inglesborough Hill, Yorkshire, England,	2361
Wharfedale, Yorkshire,	2354
Wrekyn, Shropshire,	1830
Water Cragg, Yorkshire,	2186

[Annals of Philosophy.]

LEMAN,

Military Standard, Faney, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 332 North Market-st. Albany.
June 23.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

She was brilliant as the dew
That reflects the morning ray,
Or the unpolluted blue
Of the sky at early day;
But the clouds of death did lower,
And it was a mournful hour
That beheld so bright a flower
Torn away.

But I came not here to weep
At the changeless will of fate,
For the infant's gentle sleep
Is no sorrow seeking state.
We may hold this dust thrice dear,
For the babe that slumbers here
Shall not shed the bitter tear
When too late.

Here the fairest flowers shall flourish,
When the vernal breezes come;
And sisters' hands shall nourish
Buds to strew in autumn's gloom;
And where impious mourners weep,
Do the little song birds leap,
Singing, beauteous is the sleep
Of the tomb.

June 20, 1827.

From the Philadelphia Album.

CONFESSIONS OF A STUDENT.

My heart is like a sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,
Yet only feels its surface break,
When birds of passage wander by;
Who dip their wings and upwards soar,
And leave it quiet as before.

Thus change comes on me. If the light
Of the gay sun is drunk by clouds,
And dulness sleeps upon the bright,
Clear garniture whose greenness shrouds
The naked nature—if the creep
Of lazy rain-clouds, tells alone,
Earth does not on its axle sleep,
And winds go waver with a moan,
Like bird's wing, broken—if the sea,
Looks like an agitated pall,
And sullen foam swells heavily,
And pitches from the dull green wall
Of waters—if the wild fowls rise
From the cold ocean, with a plash,
And steadily wheel up the skies,
As if they would forget the dash
Of billows, and could pass away
From earthly sorrows as from earth—
If not one shorn, but sunny ray
Leaps out, like a stray thought of mirth—
If heaven looks sad, and seas look dull,
And nature's beauty is a blank,—
I feel as if my heart was full
Of waters from oblivion drank;
For I forget, like flowers, the hue
Of beauty, without sun and dew.

But a bright morning, when the lark
Is painted on the light blue sky
And vapours rest upon the dark,
Deep pools of ebony, that lie
In the hill shadows—when the leaves
Are stirring with the scented air,
And the bright drops that evening weaves,
Like diamonds in the wavy hair
Of nature, glisten—when the wing
Of the light wind is like a shrine,
On which the lowliest flower may sing
Its gift of odours—when the vine
Hath lifted its coarse leaf, to show
The azure clusters to the sun,
And quickened by the amorous glow,
The curling shoots stir one by one—
When every fibre, blade, and stem,
Which pointeth to the arch of blue,
Is jewelled with its droplet gem,
And every bathed and dainty hue
Hath a clear April freshness—when
The birds go carolling, like streams
O'er pebbly courses, and the glen
Re-echoes patiently the themes,
A thousand summers and their birds
Have given in those very words—
When every nerve is nobly strung,
And leaping pulses swiftly pass,
And care is from the spirit flung,
Like rain-drops, from the swaying grass—
I drink a depth of holy thought,
Like heaven's own fountains, and I feel
As in my spirit I had caught

The power of angels, when they kneel,
And know they realize how broad
Is the benevolence of God.

ROY.

From the new edition of "Death's Doings."

THE VOLUNTEER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in that memorable year
France threatened to put off in
Flat-bottomed boats, intending each
To be a British coffin,—
To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orphan.

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
And heads were dredged with flour,—
I listed in the Tailor's Corps
Against the battle hour;
A perfect volunteer, for why?
I brought my "will and power."

One dreary day, a day of dread,
Like Cato's, overcast,—
About the hour of six (the morn
And I were breaking fast),—
There came a loud and sudden sound
That struck me all aghast!

A dismal sort of morning roll
That was not to be eaten;
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattooed through all my flesh
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed
The morsel I was munching,
And terror looked them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the teapot fast,
Stiffened, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were marked with tea,
As they were marked already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot,
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed I wot,
For like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye
From my snug upper story,
I saw our melancholy corps
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seemed very loath
To axe the way to glory.

The captain marched as mourners march,
The ensign too, seemed lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging;
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watched, the thought of Death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, "Since Fate ordains it so,
Our coast the foe must land on;"
I felt warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon;
And homes and hearths are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one;
Let those who have no homes at all
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With rufures for his cronies,
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—Ah, me! it felt
Like any falcon's cap!

My plume seemed borrowed from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epanettes like coffin plates;
My belt so heavy pressed,
Four pipedelay cross-roads seemed to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breastplate only lacked
A little heap of salt
To make me like a corpse full dressed,
Preparing for the vault,
To set up what the poet calls
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclined me quite
To peace:—and here I am!
Whilst better Lions go to war,
Enjoying with the Lamb
A lengthened life that might have been
A Martial epigram.

WHY SO PALE.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prethee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prethee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her.

From Serbian Popular Poetry, translated by John Bourring.

CURSE.

The maiden cursed her raven eyes,
She cursed them for their treacheries.
"Be blinded now, to you if heaven
All that is visible has given!
If ye see all, ye traitors, say
Why saw ye not my love to-day;
He passed my door,—but, traitors, ye
Gave not the gentlest hint to me.
He had a nosegay in his hand;
He wore a gold-embroidered band,—
'Twas made for other hands than mine!
Upon it wreathing branches twine:
May every branch embroidered there
A miserable heart-wound bear;
Upon each branch, may every leaf
Bring and betoken toil and grief."

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BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1827.

[No. 22.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

Extract from the travels of Alexander Drummond, Esq. Consul at Aleppo; written at Smyrna in 1745, and published at London, in folio, 1754—

"As I have mentioned the Lodge of Free Masons, I cannot help congratulating myself upon the opportunity I had of making so many worthy brethren in this place, and of forming the only Lodge that is in the Levant.

"For ages past a savage race
O'erspread these Asian plains,
All nature wore a gloomy face,
And pensive mov'd the swains.

But now Britannia's generous sons
A glorious Lodge have rais'd,
Near the fam'd banks where Mæles runs,
And Homer's cattle graz'd.

The briery wilds to groves are chang'd
With orange trees around,
And fragrant lemons, fairly rang'd,
O'er shade the blissful ground.

Approving Phœbus shines more bright,
The flowers appear more gay,
New objects rise to cheer the sight
With each revolving day.

While safe within the sacred walls
Where heavenly friendship reigns,
The jovial Masons hear the calls
Of all the needy swains.

Their generous aid, with cheerful soul,
They grant to those who sue:
And while the sparkling glasses roll,
Their smiling joys renew."

Selected for the American Masonic Record.

A GENERAL CHARGE TO MASONS,

Delivered at Christ-church in Boston, on the 27th of December, 1749.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BROCKWELL, A. M.

The principal intention in forming societies is undoubtedly the uniting men in the stricter bands of love; for men, considered as social creatures, must derive their happiness from each other: every man being designed by providence to promote the good of others, as he tends his own advantage: and by that intercourse to secure their good offices, by being, as occasion may offer, serviceable unto them.

Christianity in general (for I now enter not upon the melancholy divisions so rife among us) never circumscribes our benevolence within the narrow confines of nature, fortune, profit, or personal obligation. What I would advance is this: That we restrain not our love to our next neighbour only, this being merely a point of convenience,—nor to our acquaintance solely, this being the effect of inclination purely to gratify ourselves. We are not to care for our friends only, because gratitude and common justice require even that at our hands. Nor yet those especially from whom we expect to receive benefit, for this interest and policy will prompt us—nor our relations only, for this the ties of blood and mere nature dictate. Nor is our love and charity limited to them particularly who are of the same church or opinion with us: for by the very same reason that we are induced to believe ourselves in the right, they may imagine themselves so too: and what we may judge to be a perfection among ourselves, they may condemn as a blemish. Be it so then, that in some points, or rather modes of worship, we may differ or dissent from each other, yet still the LODGE reconciles even these. There we all meet amicably, and converse sociably together. There we harmonize in principles, though we vary in punctilios. There we join in conversation, and intermingle interests. There we discover no estrangement of behaviour, nor alienation of affection. We serve one another most readily in all the offices of a cordial friendship. Thus are we united, though distinguished, united in the same grand Christian fundamentals, though distinguished by

some *circumstantial*s; united in one important band of *brotherly love*, though distinguished by some *peculiarities of sentiment*.

Freedom of opinion thus indulged, but its points never discussed, is the happy influence under which the unity of this truly *ancient and honourable society* has been preserved from time immemorial. And who ever is an *upright mason*, can neither be an Atheist, Deist, or Libertine. For he is under the strictest obligation, to be a good man, a true christian, and to act with honour and honour and honesty, however distinguished by different opinions in the *circumstantial*s of religion. Upon which account MASONRY, is become the centre of union, and the means of conciliating friendship among men, that might have otherwise remained at perpetual distance: causing them to love as brethren, as heirs of the same hope, partakers of the same promises, children of the same God, and candidates of the same heaven.

We read, that when Tertullus pleaded against St. Paul, the chief accusation whereon he founded his plea; was *his being a leader of the sect of the Nazarenes*—and this sect (said the Jews) *we know that everywhere it is spoken against*. And wherefore was this sect so spoken against? Was it from any evil they knew of its professors? Or from mere ignorance or blind prejudice? We find nothing of the former, but undoubted proof of the latter. And this I take to be pretty much our case, in respect to masonry—as flowing from the same corrupted principles. I have had the honour of being a member of this ancient and honourable SOCIETY many years, have sustained many of its offices, and can, and do aver, in this *sacred place*, and before the grand ARCHITECT of the world, that I never could observe ought therein, but what was justifiable and commendable according to the strictest rules of society; this being founded on the rules of the gospel, the doing the will of God, and the *subduing the passions*, and highly conducing to every sacred and social virtue. But not to insist on my own experience, the very *antiquity* of our constitution furnishes a sufficient argument to confute all gainsayers. For no combination of wicked men, for a wicked purpose, ever lasted long. The want of virtue, on which mutual trust and confidence is founded, soon divides and breaks them to pieces. Nor would men of unquestionable wisdom, known integrity, strict honour, undoubted veracity, and good sense, (though they might be trepanned into a foolish or ridiculous society, which could pretend to nothing valuable) ever continue in it, (as all the world may see they have done, and now do) or contribute toward supporting and propagating it to posterity.

As to any objections that have been raised against this society, they are as ridiculous as they are groundless:—for what can discover more egregious folly in any man, than to attempt to vilify what he knows nothing of? At that rate, he may with equal justice abuse or calumniate any thing else that he is unacquainted with—but there are some peculiar customs among us; surely these can be liable to no censure: hath not every society some *peculiarities* which are not to be revealed to men of different communities? But some among us behave not so well as might be expected: We fear this to be too true, and are heartily sorry for it; let us therefore every one try to mend one another. But even this objection is of no weight with a man of ingenuity and candour. For if the unworthiness of a professor casts a reflection upon the profession, it may be inferred, by parity of reason, that the misconduct of a christian is an argument against Christianity. But this is a conclusion which I presume no man will allow; and yet is no more than what he must subscribe to, who is so unreasonable as to insist on the other.

Upon the whole, then, it appears, that the rules of this society have a direct tendency to render conversation agreeable, as well as innocent; and so to influence our practice, as to be useful to others, and profitable to ourselves; for to continue in amity,

and maintain a fair correspondence, to be disposed reciprocally to all offices of humanity, and to act upon mutual terms of benevolence, which are the characteristics of christianity, are likewise the cement of this society. And how good it is to assist, comfort, and relieve the oppressed, I need not now observe. Nor is it less obvious, how pleasant it is to contribute to the innocent delight, and promote the lawful advantage of one another; and always to converse with security without any, the least suspicion of fraudulent, injurious, or malicious practices.

Now, in order to cherish and promote this harmony within doors and without, let us first lay hold on the surest means to stop the mouth of detraction, by endeavouring to lead a pure and unblemished life. Let us consider, my brethren, that not the reputation of one only, but that of the whole society is affected by a brother's misbehaviour. Invested as we are with that distinguishing BADGE, which at this day is the glory of the greatest potentates upon earth, we should scorn to act beneath the dignity of our profession. Let us then *walk worthy of our vocation*, and do honour to our profession.

Let us rejoice in every opportunity of serving and obliging each other; for then, and only then, are we answering the great end of our institution. *Brotherly love, relief, and truth*, oblige us not only to be compassionate and benevolent, but to administer that relief and comfort which the condition of any member requires, and we can bestow, without manifest inconvenience to ourselves. No artful dissimulation of affection can ever be allowed among those who are upon a level; nor can persons who live *within compass*, act otherwise than *upon the square*, consistently with the golden rule of *doing as they would be done by*. For among us, every one is, or should be, another self: so that he that hates another, must necessarily abhor himself also; he that prejudices another, injures his own nature; and he that doth not relieve a distressed brother, starves a member of his own body. But then this relief is not to be bestowed upon the idle, indolent, and extravagant; but upon the unfortunate, industrious, successful brother.

Let us next remember the regulations of this society are calculated, not only for the prevention of enmity, wrath, and dissension, but for the promotion of love, peace and friendship; then here surely conversation must be attended with mutual confidence, freedom and complacency. He who neither contrives mischief himself against others, nor suspects any against himself, has his mind always serene, and his affections composed. All the human faculties rejoice in *order, harmony, and proportion*; by this our society subsists, and upon this depends its *wisdom, strength, and beauty*. Let therefore no narrow distinctions discompose this goodly frame, or disturb its *symetry*; but when good and worthy men offer themselves, let them ever have the first place in our esteem; but as for the abettors of Atheism, irreligion, libertinism, infidelity, let us, in the words of the prophet, *shake our hands from them*, just as a person would do, who happens to have burning coals or some venomous creature fastening upon his flesh. In such a case none would stand a moment to consider; none would debate with himself the expediency of the thing; but instantly fling off the pernicious incumbrance; instantly endeavour to disengage himself from the clinging mischief: so should every *upright mason* from such perilous *false brethren*.

There is one essential property which belongs to our craft, which had liked to have slipped me, and which, however condemned, is highly worthy of all applause; and that is *secrecy*. All that should be disclosed of a lodge is this, that in our meetings, we are all good-natured, loving, and cheerful one with another. But what are these secrets? Why, if a brother in necessity seeks relief, it is an inviolable secret, because true *charity vaunteth not itself*. If an overtaken brother be admonished, it is in secret; be-

False charity is kind. If possibly little differences, feuds, or animosities should invade our peaceful walls, they are still kept secret; for *charity suffereth long, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.* These and many more (would time permit) which I could name, are the embellishments which emblazon the mason's escutcheon. And as a further ornament, let us add that aromatic *sprig of cassia*, of letting our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works; and that whereas they speak against us as evil-doers, they may, by our good works, which they shall behold, glorify God.

ELECTIONS.

Grand Council of the State of New-York.

At a meeting of the Grand Council of Royal Master Masons of the state of New-York, held at St. John's Hall, in the city of New-York on Thursday evening, June 21, the following officers were duly elected:—William F. Piatt, M. Ill. R. G. M.; Henry Marsh, Ill. Dep. R. G. M.; Ferdinand L. Wiley, Ill. R. G. M.; Cyrus Curtis, of Hudson, R. G. M.; Robert B. Aterbury, R. Sen. G. M.; Silas Butler, jr. R. Jun. G. M.; Lebbeus Chapman, G. R. Treasurer; Thomas Slade, G. R. Recorder; Richard Ellis, G. R. Herald; Gerrit Lansing, G. Sentinel.

Columbian Council of the city of New-York.

At a meeting of Columbian Council, No 1. of Royal Master Masons, held at St. John's Hall, on Thursday evening, June 21, the following officers were elected:—Silas Butler, jr. Th. Ill. G. R. M.; Richard Ellis, D. G. R. M.; Frederick W. Leeds, G. R. W.; Charles Colgate, G. R. M.; George F. Peterson, G. S. M.; Sylvester Spencer, G. J. M.; Henry Marsh, Treasurer; Thomas Slade, Recorder; John Conklin, Herald; Gerrit Lansing, Sentinel.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

From Gill's Technical Repository.

On an excellent mode of coating small articles of Metal with Tin.—By the EDITOR.

The editor once witnessed the following superior mode of tinning small articles, such as tacks, nails, &c. for instance, with great economy and convenience.

The workman having previously made the surfaces of the articles clean from rust or other oxide, by pickling them, or putting them into sulphuric, muriatic, or nitric acid, diluted with water, as usual, and washing them well afterwards in water, he put them into a stone-ware gallon bottle, having an oval body, a narrow neck, and a handle to lift it by, together with a proportionate quantity of bar or grain tin, and of sal-ammoniac. He then placed the vessel, lying upon its side, over a charcoal fire, made upon a forge hearth, and heated it; continually turning it round, all the while, and frequently shaking it, to distribute the tin uniformly over the surfaces of the articles to be tinned. They were then thrown into water, to wash away all remains of the sal-ammoniac, and finally dried in saw-dust made warm.

The great merit of this process consists in the employment of the *stone-ware vessel*, which not only prevents the dissipation of the sal-ammoniac in fumes; but also gives up the whole of the tin to the articles to be tinned, which would not be the case were a *metallic vessel* to be used.

On taking impressions from plants.—By the EDITOR.

In our first volume, for the year 1822, page 539, we gave an article "On a Portable Press, for Copying Letters, Taking Impressions from Plants, Printing in Lithography, Typography, &c." being, indeed, the application, in a particular manner, there described, of the common hard-wood cylindrical ruler, to all those and other useful purposes. We indeed fear that few persons will give us credit for the practicability of so simple a means, effecting the above important objects. The editor having however, since then, had the pleasure of frequently gratifying his friends with a sight of the very numerous, beautiful and delicate impressions from plants, taken in the manner there described; and, indeed of enabling several of them to take impressions themselves equally beautiful; he thinks it right to recall that article to recollection. He has

found no occasion to vary the instructions there fully given, only, that instead of *damping* the paper, previous to taking the impressions, he finds it better to use it in a *dry state*; the powerful pressure given, being fully sufficient to produce the effect; aided by the moisture naturally contained in the plants.

As spring has now commenced, and plants may be procured in abundance; so he recommends that portable apparatuses be fitted up according to the directions formerly given, by all persons who feel desirous of availing themselves of so exceedingly facile a mode of copying the beautiful works of nature, in the vegetable creation. He also recommends the application of the press, to the *quickly removing the juices of the plants*, as also formerly indicated, in order to fit them for preservation in the *hortus siccus*.

On the Comparative Nutritive Properties of different kinds of Food.

A very interesting report on this subject, was formerly presented to the French Minister of the Interior, by M. M. Percy and Vauquelin, two members of the institute, the accuracy of which may be depended on. It may, at this period of public distress, be valuable in those families where the best mode of supporting nature, should be adopted at the least expense.

The result of their experiments is as follows:—In bread, every hundred pounds weight are found to contain eighty pounds of nutritious matter. Butcher's meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only thirty-five pounds in one hundred. French beans, (not the green pods, but the seeds), ninety-two in one hundred. Broad beans, eighty-nine. Pease, ninety-three. Lentils, (a kind of half pea, but little known in England), ninety-four pounds in one hundred. Greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only eight pounds of solid nutritious substance in one hundred. Carrots fourteen pounds. And, what is remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, one hundred pounds of potatoes only yield twenty-five pounds of substance, valuable as nutrition.

One pound of good bread is equal to two pounds and a half, or three pounds, of the best potatoes; and seventy-five pounds of bread, and thirty pounds of meat, are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes. Or to go more into detail, three quarters of a pound of bread, and five ounces of meat, are equal to three pounds of potatoes; one pound of potatoes is equal to four pounds of cabbage, and three of turnips; but one pound of rice, broad beans, or French beans, is equal to three pounds of potatoes.

On the Method of striking Medallions, termed by the French, "En Cliche."—By the EDITOR.

Our readers must have frequently seen the beautiful impressions, or medallions, struck from the Revolutionary Napoleon, and other medals during the late war with France, and which were usually bronzed, mounted into the lids of snuff-boxes, and defended from injury by being covered with convex glasses.

The Editor was lately highly gratified by being permitted to witness the fabrication of these medallions; and from the information he then received, and particulars derived from other sources of intelligence, he trusts to be able to furnish such an account thereof, as will enable others to imitate them likewise.

It is a fact, that either from a medal struck in any of the usual metals; from a soft steel die, or even from one of these medallions themselves, dies may be readily made, each of which will be capable of striking a considerable number of such medallions, and each of these in its turn be capable of producing a multitude of other dies, likewise fit to become the origin of as many successive medallions and dies; so that by this means, the original medal may be copied almost *ad infinitum*! Each remove from the original, however, losing, of course, something of its sharpness and accuracy of finish, although much less than might be supposed, and greatly less than by the usual methods of copying medals, by moulding and casting them.

We cannot but be surprised that so valuable an art should hitherto, in this country, have remained in so few hands; as, from the succeeding details, it

will be found to be abundantly simple and easy to execute.

Of the Metal used in forming the Dies and the Medallions.—This metal is composed of the ordinary type metal, which is an alloy of lead and regulus of antimony, to which is added more and more lead, until on trial, by repeatedly breaking a plate cast from the mixture, it is found to bend a little before breaking. This is one of the best criterions to judge by, as from the variety of proportions of lead and regulus employed by different type founders, no certain proportions can be ascertained in the composition of the broken types, which are purchased for this use.

This compound metal is made and melted in a cast-iron pot, such as is used in cooking, and which is suspended over the fire by its bail or handle. The alloy, when a small quantity, of it is taken up in an iron ladle, and kept in continual motion by shaking the ladle round and round whilst it is cooling, at length assumes a *pasty consistence*, or a commencement of crystallization: This is the proper moment for employing it either to form a die or a medallion, by striking the original medal or medallion, or a die upon it, in the manner to be hereafter described; when, from its *pasty coherence*, it cannot slip away from the blow, and is yet sufficiently plastic to receive the impression of the medal or die.

The compound metal at the above period does not retain heat enough to singe, or even to discolour the paper upon which it is laid to receive the impression; and this again forms another valuable criterion to judge by, whether the alloy is rightly proportioned or not.

It would hardly be thought that this alloy or composition should be capable both of forming the die or mould, and of yielding also numerous impressions from it, and yet such is the fact; a most remarkable discovery, and one, indeed, upon which the great merit of the art chiefly rests.

Type metal may consist of about five parts of lead and one of regulus antimony. The lead being melted in an iron vessel, the regulus must be stirred in it continually, and be kept immersed in the lead, until it is at length dissolved or melted in it; this, however, is a work of time, and very much depends upon the *due heat* given to the lead, which ought to be above its melting point, though not much, lest it greatly oxidate it. The surface of the lead ought also to be covered with rosin, pitch or grease, to prevent such oxidation as much as possible. Very much of the goodness of the type metal depends upon the quality of the regulus which enters its composition. As, for instance, it contains more or less iron or tin (the clippings of tinned iron plates being generally preferred in this country for making the regulus from the oris of antimony), or copper, which is particularly recommended for making a *whiter pewter*, than the regulus made with iron, or being nearly free from any admixture with either of those metals, and which is the case with a very superior kind of regulus we have seen recently; so that the nature of the type metal, as we have before said, is infinitely various.

These impressions are also taken by the French in what they term "*Darcet's alloy*," but which we know under the name of *Sir Isaac Newton's infusible metal*, being a compound of three parts of tin, five of lead, and eight of bismuth, and capable of melting in boiling water. This metal, although more expensive, is harder than that above described, and is capable of giving exceedingly sharp impressions. A still better metal would, however, be, *G. Smith's solder for tin*, as it is not so liable to crystallize in cooling as the fusible metal. This is composed of one part of each of lead and tin, and two parts of bismuth.

(Conclusion next week.)

Singular Fish.—In the Mississippi and its tributaries, several fishes of the snout species, called Spoon-bill Sturgeon or Paddle Fish, have been caught. One taken in the Ohio had a nose or snout 13 inches in length. Of what use this long nose can be, it is not easy to determine, but it is conjectured that it is used for digging up the soft mud in the bottom of the river, in search of food.

[Silliman's Journal.]

CHARACTER.

From Conversations of Lord Byron.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was removed from a private school at thirteen, and sent to Eton. He there showed a character of great eccentricity, mixed in none of the amusements natural to his age, was of a melancholy and reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. Neither did he distinguish himself at Eton, for he had a great contempt for modern Latin verses, and his studies were directed to any thing rather than the exercises of his class. It was from an early acquaintance with German writers that he probably imbibed a romantic turn of mind; at least, we find him before fifteen publishing two *Rosa-Matilda*-like novels, called "*Justrozzi*," and "*The Rosicrucian*," that bore no marks of being the productions of a boy, and were much talked of, and reprobated as immoral by the journalists of the day. He also made great progress in chemistry. He used to say, that nothing ever delighted him so much as the discovery that there were no elements of earth, fire, or water; but before he left school, he nearly lost his life by being blown up in one of his experiments, and gave up the pursuit. He now turned his mind to metaphysics, and became infected by the materialism of the French school. Even before he was sent to University College, Oxford, he had entered into an epistolary theological controversy, with a dignity of the church, under the feigned name of a woman; and, after the second term, he printed a pamphlet with a most extravagant title, "*The Necessity of Atheism*." This silly work, which was only a recapitulation of some of the arguments of Voltaire and the philosophers of the day, he had the madness to circulate among the bench of Bishops, not even disguising his name. The consequence was an obvious one—he was summoned before the heads of the College, and, refusing to retract his opinions, on the contrary preparing to argue them with the examining Masters, was expelled the university. This disgrace in itself affected Shelley but little at the time, but was fatal to all his hopes of happiness and prospects in life; for it deprived him of his first love, and was the eventual means of alienating him forever from his family. For some weeks after this expulsion his father refused to receive him under his roof; and when he did, treated him with such marked coldness, that he soon quitted what he no longer considered his home, went to London privately, and thence eloped to Gretna Green with a Miss Westbrook,—their united ages amounting to thirty-three. This last act exasperated his father to such a degree, that he broke off all communication with Shelley. After some stay in Edinburgh, we trace him into Ireland; and, that country being in a disturbed state, find him publishing a pamphlet, which had a great sale, and the object of which was to soothe the minds of the people, telling them that moderate firmness, and not open rebellion would most tend to conciliate, and to give them their liberties.

He also spoke at some of their public meetings with great fluency and eloquence. Returning to England the latter end of 1812, and being at that time an admirer of Mr. Southey's poems, he paid a visit to the Lakes, where himself and his wife, passed several days, at Keswick. He now became devoted to poetry, and after imbuing himself with "*The Age of Reason*," "*Spinoza*," and "*The Political Justice*," composed his "*Queen Mab*," and presented it to most of the literary characters of the day—among the rest to Lord Byron, who speaks of it in his note to "*The Two Foscari*" thus:—"I showed it to Mr. Sotheby as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the Notes, nor ever saw them except in their published form. No one knows better than the real author, that his opinions and mine differ materially upon the metaphysical portion of that work; though, in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other productions." It is to be remarked here, that, "*Queen Mab*," eight or ten years afterwards fell into the hands of a knavish bookseller, who published it on his own account; and on its publication and subsequent prosecution, Shelley disclaimed the

opinions contained in that work, as being the crude notions of his youth.

His marriage, by which he had two children, soon turned out (as might have been expected) an unhappy one, and a separation ensuing in 1816, he went abroad and passed the summer of that year in Switzerland, where the scenery of that romantic country tended to make nature a passion and an enjoyment; and at Geneva he formed a friendship for Lord Byron, which was destined to last for life. It has been said that the perfection of every thing that Lord Byron wrote at Diodati, (his third Canto of "*Childe Harold*," his "*Manfred*," and "*Prisoner of Chillon*,") owed something to the critical judgement which Shelley exercised over those works, and to his dosing him, as he used to say, with Wordsworth. In the autumn of this year we find the subject of this memoir, at Como, where he wrote "*Rosalind and Helen*," an eclogue, and a note to the Euganean Hills, marked with great pathos and beauty. His first visit to Italy was short, for he was soon called to England by his wife's melancholy fate, which ever after threw a cloud over his own. The year subsequent to this event, he married Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, daughter of the celebrated Mary Wolstonecraft and Godwin; and shortly before this period, heir to an income of many thousands a-year and a baronetage, he was in such pecuniary distress that he was nearly dying of hunger in the streets! Finding, soon after coming of age, that he was entitled to some reversionary property in fee, he sold it to his father for an annuity of £1000 a-year and, took a house at Marlow, where he persevered more than ever in his poetical and classical studies. It was during his residence in Buckinghamshire that he wrote his *Alastor*; or the Spirit of Solitude; perhaps one of the most perfect specimens of harmony in blank verse that our language possesses, and full of the wild scenes which his imagination had treasured up in his Alpine excursions. In this poem he defies nature much in the same way that Wordsworth did in his early productions.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE TRAVELLER.

CHIMBORAZO.

Chimborazo, the most elevated summit of the Andes, is situated about 100 miles S. by W. of Quito. It rises to the height of 21,440 feet, a little upwards of four miles above the level of the ocean. It is in form of a dome, and detaches itself from the neighbouring summits, towering with a commanding majesty over the whole chain of the Andes. The summit of the mountain, for nearly 5,000 feet from the top, is covered with perpetual snow.

Chimborazo presents a most magnificent spectacle when seen from the shores of the Pacific ocean, after the long rains of winter, when the transparency of the air is suddenly increased, and when its enormous circular summit is seen projecting upon the deep azure of an equatorial sky. The extreme rarity of the strata of air, through which the tops of the Andes are seen, greatly adds to the splendour of the snow, and aids the magical effect of its reflection. Under the tropics, at the height of 16,400 feet, upwards of three miles, the azure vault of the heavens appears of an indigo tint; while the pure and transparent atmosphere, the outlines of the mountains detach themselves from the sky, and produce an effect at once sublime, awful, and profoundly impressive.

Condamine ascended this mountain, in 1745, to the height of 15,815 feet. In 1802 it was ascended by Humbolt and Bompland to the elevation of 19,300 feet and within 2,140 feet of the top, a greater elevation than was ever before attained by man. They were prevented from advancing further by a deep chasm 500 feet wide, which they were unable to cross. They encountered great hardships from the severity of climate. The air was intensely cold and piercing, and owing to its extreme rarity, respiration was difficult. The blood oozed from the eyes, lips, and gums. One of the party fainted, and all of them felt extreme weakness.

Long before they had reached the above surprising height their Indian guides, having taken alarm and fearful for their lives, abandoned them. "The short stay," says Humbolt, "which we made at this enor-

mous height, was dismal and melancholy; we were enveloped by a thick fog, which only suffered us, from time to time, to have a glimpse of the horrid abysses by which we were surrounded. No living creature, not even the condor, which hovered over our heads on Antisana, was to be seen. Small kinds of moss were the only organized beings which reminded us that we were still in the neighbourhood of the earth."

[Worcester's Sketches.]

COTOPAXI.

Cotopaxi, the most remarkable volcano of the Andes, is situated on the NNE. of Chimborazo, thirty-five miles SSE. of Quito. It is the most elevated volcano now in action in the known world. Its height above the level of the ocean is 18,898 feet. The form of this mountain is the most beautiful of the colossal summits of the Andes. It is a perfect cone, which, being covered with an enormous layer of snow, shines with the most dazzling splendour at the setting of the sun, and detaches itself in the most picturesque manner from the azure vault of heaven. This covering of snow conceals from the eye of the observer even the smallest inequalities of the ground: no point of rock, no stony mass, penetrates this coating of ice, or breaks the exact regularity of the conical figure. The crater is surrounded by a small circular wall of black rock, which, when examined by a good telescope, looks like a parapet.

Near its brink, ledges of rock are to be seen, that are covered with snow, and look at a distance like stripes of the darkest hue. The great steepness of this part of the cone, and the heated air issuing in currents through the deep crevices which surround the cone, and melting the snow, are considered to be the causes of this phenomenon. From these crevices also are thrown out at the moment of eruptions, scoriz, pumice stone, water and blocks of ice, which are borne down with destructive rapidity to the Rio Noto, and the other streams issuing from the mountain. Humbolt made an excursion to Cotopaxi in 1802, when he found it extremely difficult to scale the volcano even to the boundary of perpetual snow, and he pronounces it impossible by any human art to reach the summit.

The volcano is subject to eruptions the most tremendous and disastrous. At these times it spouts out cataracts of fire, spreading destruction over the surrounding plains. The mass of scoriz, and the huge pieces of rock thrown out, which are spread over the neighbouring valleys, covering a surface of several leagues, would form, were they heaped together, a colossal mountain.

In 1783, the flames of the volcano rose nearly 3,000 feet above the brink of the crater. In 1744, the roarings were heard as far as Honda, on the borders of the Magdalena, a distance of 600 miles. In 1758, the quantity of ashes ejected was so great, that in the towns of Hambato and Tacunga, the darkness was such till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that the inhabitants were obliged to use lanterns in walking the streets. In 1803, was an explosion, with regard to which Humbolt observes, "at the port of Guayquil, 52 leagues distant in a straight line from the crater, we heard, day and night, the noise of this volcano, like continued discharges of a battery; and we distinguished these tremendous sounds even in the Pacific ocean."

In viewing this volcano every thing conspires to afford the most majestic and awful scene that can be imagined; the pyramidal summits of Illinissa, the snowy ridges of the other mountains, the singular regularity of the inferior line of snow, and luxuriance of the great plains, offer an unparalleled assemblage of the grand and picturesque features of nature.

[Ib.]

LIFE. How fearful is the very life which we hold! We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water, our researches weaken as they extend, and vanish at last into the immeasurable & unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies! Life is our real night, and the first gleam of the morning, which brings us certainty, is death.

POPULAR TALES.

THE LADY'S TEST.

During the times of chivalry, when young paladins presented themselves in crowds as candidates for the honour and advantage of obtaining rich ladies in marriage, and were never disheartened at any test, however severe, which might be required of them by their mistresses—in these same times, which happily for suitors, are now no more, there lived a young lady of rank, who was alike renowned for the antiquity of her family, her enormous wealth, and her enchanting beauty. She was courted by three brave knights at once, but neither of them was to her taste; and what made matters more distressing, was, that their assiduities deprived her of the moments which she would willingly have consecrated to the sole object of her affection. Hildevert, the man of her heart, was inferior to her in rank, and she naturally presumed that innumerable obstacles would be raised as soon as she should communicate to her proud parents the name of her lover; but she was firmly resolved rather to renounce all matrimonial engagements than wed any one but him. Hildevert was a handsome young man, who filled, in the castle of her father, the office of secretary. The young lady had grown up by his side, and he had, probably without being aware of it, planted in her heart the seeds of the tender sentiments which had afterwards taken so deep a root there: nor could she, at the same time, forget that when her father, conformably to the pious custom of the age, had quitted his domains to fight beneath the christian standard in Palestine, Hildevert had, by his bravery, saved her paternal roof from the rage of banditti who had attacked it.

During a certain winter season, when the three knights came regularly to woo this lady, she resolved to get rid of these importunate suitors at once, and forever.

She announced, according to the custom of the time, that a test should decide to which of the three the preference was due—a declaration which satisfied at once her parents and her lovers. The lady reserved to herself exclusively, as was customary in such cases, the right of naming what the test should be, of preparing it if necessary, and of being present when it was executed. Tradition is silent as to whether she consulted her favoured lover upon this subject—whether it was he who invented the project which she executed—whether she was indebted to some ancient romance for the idea or whether it was altogether an invention of her own. Tradition, however, has not concealed from us the fact that she was assisted in the execution of her design by Hildevert, and by an old faithful servant.

When all the preparations were completed, she desired the first of her suitors to be called, and addressed him thus:

"My father has for some time past had his coffin prepared, in order to remind him that his term of life is drawing to a close. To-night I will order the coffin to be placed in the hall. Put yourself into it, like a dead man, and do not stir at all, whatever you may behold. These commands obeyed, I shall know that you really love me."

"Charming lady," replied the knight, "can it be difficult for him to act the part of a dead man, who is at every instant ready to expose himself to death for those bright eyes? Command what you please, you will find your lover unshaken to his latest breath."

The young lady afterwards spoke in these terms to the second of her suitors:

"We have a dead man in the castle; the corpse will be laid in the hall to-night; do me the favour to watch by its side, in order to prevent the occurrence of any accident. It is absolutely necessary that you should conduct yourself with resolution, and maintain your post by the side of the coffin whatever may chance to happen. By a strict fulfilment of these conditions, I shall be enabled to judge of the sincerity of your love for me."

"What command has issued from that lovely mouth!" replied the knight. "This slender test my very squire would willingly undergo for a breakfast; and wherein can it possibly offer any difficulty to one who is ready to brave death that he may find favour in your sight?"

The lady then took the remaining one of her three suitors aside:

"I intend," said she, "to amuse myself at the expense of a man who has undertaken to watch a corpse to-night, and who boasts and piques himself prodigiously upon his courage. Disguise yourself as a devil; I have a dress prepared for you. At the hour when spectres are said to visit the earth, go and terrify this guardian of the dead, and endeavour to make him quit his post. But remember to maintain yourself resolutely in your own, whatever may happen; for by this I shall form my judgment of the ardour of your passion for me."

"What! adorable lady, is such infant sport as this all that you require as a proof of my bravery and love? No matter, your pleasure is my law; and, since it has taken this turn, should Lucifer himself guard the coffin, I would make him yield his post to me."

As soon as night set in, a large coffin, covered with black, was brought into the castle hall. Wax tapers, and all the appointments of death, were placed around. The knight to whom the part had been assigned, arrayed in a linen shroud, placed himself in the coffin in the presence of the lady, and clasped his hands firmly together; a crucifix was laid upon his breast, and his head, which rested on a pillow, was crowned with flowers. The livid tint of death disguised his countenance; and the lady, after considering him in this position, and feigning to shudder with horror at the spectacle, gave him strict injunctions not to open his eyes, or to give the slightest signs of animation.

The second knight began by doing ample honour to the splendid supper to which he had been invited. He was full of gayety and spirits, and laughed heartily with the rest of the guests at all the current tales of sorcerers and spirits, swearing that from his very youth he had scoffed at the idea of ghosts. When the appointed hour arrived, he walked courageously towards the hall, where the lady was awaiting his arrival with the old warder of the castle. She indicated to him his post, giving, however, at the same time, full liberty to walk or sit still—to read—in a word, to employ himself in any way he thought proper, providing only that he should not lose sight of the corpse, and that he should defend it from whoever might approach the coffin.

When the lady and the warder had retired, the most profound silence reigned throughout the hall. The knight began to scrutinize it in every part, and at last exclaimed "What will not love render a man capable of!" then, throwing himself into a chair near the coffin, he fixed his eyes upon the corpse. The sight of this object caused an involuntary shudder to pervade his whole frame; for his brother suitor, who counterfeited the dead man, played his part so well, and his pale and livid countenance resembled so exactly that of one in whom life had become extinct, that the most distrustful eye would have been deceived. His head, too, half raised, appeared as though it would advance towards the rash man who stared so fixedly upon him, and drag him with him to the tomb which already gaped for all that death had left him of mortality. The knight withdrew his gaze from the hideous object before him, snuffed the lights, and began to read an ancient family chronicle, and in this occupation he became so busied in the relation of a siege of some town in Italy, that he forgot the dead man in the coffin; and, sharing the heroic sentiments of the brave knights whose deeds rivetted his attention, he became, like the first knight, prepared to push the adventure to its close.

The lady, who, with her lover and the old warder, was observing, from a neighbouring apartment, what passed in the hall, began to entertain some misgivings respecting the success of her stratagem, when the hour of one struck loudly on her ear. Instantly the third knight was heard to approach the hall.

He struck a tremendous blow upon the door of the hall at the very moment when the knight who was poring over the chronicle was engaged, in his imagination, in cutting his way through a breach by the side of his gallant ancestors. The noise made him leap instantly from his chair as though the hand of him who struck had caught him up suddenly by the hair. "Who goes there!" he exclaimed. No answer was returned; and the silence which had prevailed since the blow was struck was only inter-

rupted by the echo of his voice. The guardian knight seized a taper, and drew near the door with a design of opening it; but, changing his purpose, he stopped, listened attentively, and was about to repeat his question, when a second blow, louder than the first, was heard. "Come in, I tell you," exclaimed the guardian knight; and then stepped back a few paces, in order that he might keep his eye upon the corpse, which remained tranquil and motionless.

The guardian knight placed his taper on the floor, drew his sword, and marched with lengthened strides towards the door. A third blow, compared with which the other two were really gentle, shook the door. At the same instant the two sides flew open, and the devil entered.

It is well known that, in ages of ignorance such as that in which this adventure took place, the devil was firmly believed in by the inhabitants of Europe. The people, the knights, and even the princes themselves, believed that he assumed all sorts of forms for the purpose of tormenting mankind. Upon this occasion he appeared in the guise of a tall and robust man, whose firm steps shook the flooring of the hall. His powerful arm brandished a heavy lance; he cast a look full of fury upon the guardian knight, and another upon the corpse; and, spite of the glittering sword of the former, walked firmly towards the coffin. The guardian knight defended his post valiantly, and the issue of the contest began to be doubtful, when the dead man forgot the part he had to play. The danger to which he found himself exposed from the sturdy blows which rattled by his coffin, and his curiosity to behold the fray, induced him to raise himself in his coffin, and open his eyes; but no sooner did he behold the frightful figure of the enemy of souls, than he leaped from the coffin and prepared to flee.

At the sight of a corpse in flight the two combatants lost all courage; the devil made for the door, and the guardian knight took refuge in a neighbouring chamber.

The young lady, accompanied by the witnesses of her success, entered the hall, which rung with bursts of laughter, and, recalling the three knights, who dared hardly raise their eyes for shame, she reminded them of their compact, and bade them recollect that both the laws of gallantry and knightly forbade them again to press their suit.

The knights took a hasty departure from the castle; and Hildevert was shortly afterwards united to the object of his affections.

MISCELLANY.

PUNISHMENTS IN CHINA.

From *Timkovski's Mission to China*, just published.

The emperor of China, as high priest of all the religions publicly professed within his empire, offers to-day, [9th of December, or winter solstice] in the temple of Heaven, expiatory sacrifices for the punishment of the criminals who have been condemned to death during the preceding year. At this time the criminals are executed throughout the empire: they are either beheaded, hung, or strangled. State criminals, such as rebels, &c. are executed immediately after sentence is pronounced. A list is presented to the emperor, of all those who have been condemned by the supreme tribunal of Peking, with their crimes specified at length. He marks with his own hand those who are to suffer death; the others are likewise conducted to the place of execution, and then taken back to prison till their fate is determined. The day previous to execution, the condemned have an entertainment at the expense of government. Sometimes, though very rarely, the names of several criminals recur three times on the list presented to the emperor, because their sentence has been delayed, to punish others more criminal; these cannot remain any longer in prison; they are either employed as jailors or exiled. During the reign of Kien Long, these exceptions were of rare occurrence. During that of Kia King, on the contrary, of fifty criminals taken to the place of execution, only twenty suffered punishment. The most rigorous punishments are inflicted on those who make an attempt on the life of the emperor; rebels, traitors, who go over to

another sovereign; those who murder their grandfather or grandmother, their father or mother, uncle, aunt, brother or sister; those that steal things belonging to the priests or the crown; and especially those who steal the seal of the empire; whoever does not perform his duty to his parents, whoever marries without wearing mourning as long as the law prescribes; those who, during the life of their parents, leave them without permission, or soon after their death, give balls, parties, &c.; he who has killed or invidiously betrayed a relation; a calumnious informer; a murderer of his teacher or superior; he who has illicit commerce with the concubines of his grandfather or his father is punished with the greatest severity. An unjust judge is beheaded. He who in time of war is guilty of embezzlement, or of malpractices with respect to the supply of the troops, is strangled. Whoever embezzles a considerable sum belonging to the government, is beheaded, whatever may be his rank. Whoever commits a robbery to the amount of more than three hundred rubles, is strangled; the stealing of a smaller sum is punished by a severe bastinado, and the criminal is obliged besides to make restitution; if he has not the means, he is condemned, with his wife and children, to hard labour for the government. Mandarins of a superior rank, convicted of neglect of their duty, are degraded two degrees, and lose one year's salary. All sums of money stolen from the public coffers must be made good by the chiefs of the tribunals where the robbery was committed, and by those who are employed to discover the thieves, if their search is fruitless. Whoever fells trees, mows hay, sows corn or feeds his cattle, in places where the emperor, princes, or other distinguished persons, are buried, receives eighty blows with a stick. All persons belonging to convents or temples, who suffer females to enter for the purpose of prayer; military persons who sell effects belonging to the government, such as arms, clothing, &c., are condemned to a hundred blows. A deserter from the army in the field, if an officer, receives a hundred blows; a private suffers death. He who voluntarily takes the place of another, when the army is on its march, which is pretty common in China, is beaten without mercy. Whoever seeks the protection of a great personage, the latter, if he recommends his protégé in his reports to the emperor, are called to account. If it appears that there has been a collusion between them, the protégé is beheaded, his property confiscated, and his family sold as slaves; and the protector punished with a hundred blows and banishment. At the end of every year the chiefs are obliged to examine those under them, any one of the latter who has not improved his knowledge in the affairs of his own department, is punished; if he has an office, with the loss of a month's salary; and if he has none, with forty blows. A dismissed mandarin, who meddles with the affairs of government, has eighty blows and pays a fine of two pounds of silver. Superiors who recommend the promotion of a man without merit, in preference to one more worthy, receive eighty blows. A chief who, contrary to law, goes in person to the place where a crime has been committed, instead of sending a person to investigate it, suffers a hundred blows. Delays in executing the business of government are punished ten blows every day, up to eighty blows. A physician who prescribes improperly, gets a hundred blows. A servant who makes a noise in the imperial palace, and does not behave with decorum, is punished with a hundred blows, and his master with fifty. If a woman buys or sells salt clandestinely, her husband or her son are beaten; salt being a public monopoly; if the husband is at a distance, or the son a minor, she receives the hundred blows, and pays a fine in money. A peasant who does not observe the distinction of ranks when sitting down to table, is punished with five blows. An officer guilty of corruption or licentious conduct, is degraded. The Chinese use for the infliction of corporeal punishments, bamboo canes, at least four or five feet long, and about two inches thick. Less serious transgressions are punished by boxes on the ear, the number of which is prescribed by law; but it depends on the executioner to render this strange punishment more or less painful, according as he is bribed. Prisoners have fastened to their necks a piece of wood, three feet square, and weighing

above twenty pounds; this weight is increased according to the degree of the crime. This kind of punishment is chiefly inflicted on swindlers or insolvent debtors; these boats then weigh from fifty to a hundred pounds; and the head of the criminal alone being visible, looks as if placed in a large dish; he cannot possibly raise his hand to his mouth, and must be fed by others. Torture is in frequent use in China; but the law exempts from it, princes, members of illustrious families, distinguished literati, citizens of the first class, and such persons as have rendered important services to the empire. A great defect in the Chinese legislation, is the facility which it affords to compound for corporeal punishment by money; for instance, a person condemned to receive from sixty to a hundred blows, pays from four to seven ounces of silver, and from nine to fifteen tchetwerts of wheat; one year's hard labour, and sixty blows, may be bought off for about fourteen ounces of silver, and about thirty tchetwerts of wheat. Very old persons, minors, and cripples, pay about the value of sixpence for ten blows. The wife of a person in office may be excused from ten blows, on payment of about tenpence, &c. Whoever kills a man by accident, is exempt from punishment if he pays a pound of silver. Old people, ninety years of age, or children under seven years, do not undergo corporeal punishment, except in cases of treason and conspiracy. Females guilty of prostitution are not allowed to compound for a sum of money, but must suffer the infliction of their punishment. It is also a custom permitted among the Chinese, for a condemned person to pay another to suffer the punishment in his stead; this extends even to the penalty of death.

BATTLE ANECDOTES.

We need hardly particularize where the following battle anecdotes (extracted from the *Military Sketch Book*) occur, as they stand very well by themselves to fit any engagement. A soldier says, "there was nothing done for half an hour but banging away with the musketry and a few of the French guns; but while this was going on, our men were getting up the hill, and forming in our rear as fast as possible. Men were dropping, both French and English, quick enough, I assure you; and we were longing for another charge, to put an end to the peppering. This we were soon indulged with, 'steady, my lads,' was the cry from the officers, 'another taste of the bayonet.'

The French formed a strong first line, and their battalions in the rear were forming into a second. 'Now men,' says a general who rode behind our first line, 'keep steady and do your duty.' 'Charge!' was the word: in a moment we were not forty yards from the enemy. 'Hurrah!' Oh, such a shout as we gave! But it was answered by the French every bit as loud; and they did not flinch. At them we went, like devils again; and down they went like twigs. They found it was no use trying it,—they were knocked about; and although they did as much as men could do, they were obliged to start about (those that were not down) and made the best of their way off. We halted and loaded, as steady as rocks—most of our gun barrels were streaming with blood, which wetted the powder as it went in. I'm sure that was my case; for when we gave them a volley, I know my musket did not go off, so I threw it away, and took up another from one of our poor fellows, who lay on his face behind us, with his head knocked all to pieces. I am certain it was Jem Ellis, by a ring on his finger; but you didn't know Jem, poor fellow! that ring was given to him by a sweet little girl the day we embarked, and he intended to marry her if God spared his life." "In going through the hospital, I saw not less than thirty Hussars—of the 10th and 15th, I think—all wounded by lances; and one of them had nineteen wounds in his body; the surgeon had already amputated his left arm. One of them described the way in which so many of their brigade became wounded. He said, that in charging the rear of the enemy as they were retreating, the horses had to leap up a bank, nearly breast high, to make good the level above. At this moment, a body of Polish Lancers, headed by a general, dashed in upon them, the general crying out, in broken English, 'Come on! I care not for your fine Hussar brigade!' They fought

for a considerable time, and although, ultimately, the Lancers retired and left the ground to the Hussars, yet the latter lost many killed and wounded. 'That man,' said the Hussar, 'who lies there with the loss of his arm and so dreadfully wounded, fought a dozen Lancers, all at him at once, and settled some of them; at last he fell, and the Lancers were about to kill him, when the general cried out, take him to the rear, for he was a brave fellow. The skirmish continued, and the general cut that man there across the nose, in fighting singly with him, but he killed the general after all.' I turned and saw the young Hussar, with a gash across his nose, and he confirmed what his comrade said. The man who had the nineteen wounds, I have since heard recovered; he seemed much to regret the fate of the general who saved his life. I saw the brave officers' body buried the next day in the principal church in Vittoria."

THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

The Prussian soldiers are certainly magnificent young men; if they have a fault, as soldiers, it is, that, as a body, they are far too young; but they are handsome, very erect, and clean limbed, their clothing (blue) is admirably made, and most becoming. They are clean and smart under arms, and steady as a wall. Still, it is my opinion, and I attentively watched their system of drill in many places, that we in England have just struck upon the happy medium. The laxness of field discipline in France makes the French soldier unsteady on parade, and placing no habitual check upon the eager restlessness of his character, causes him often to be dangerously self-willed and insubordinate, in the field of battle. The severity, on the contrary, of the German discipline, makes the soldier a mere machine, to advance or retreat, charge, fire, stand, or even fly, unhesitatingly, when ordered, and only when ordered. I saw not such a thing on the continent of Europe as what we call, and my military readers will understand me, a saucy English light company, or any thing resembling those true old English grenadiers who could sing the good old song; with its noisy tow-row-rows, in harsh and happy chorus. These be the men, and this was the free spirit and feeling which, controlled and guided by a firm judicious hand, that knew when to check the rein, and when to give the lead, won for England her renown. Often I saw on the continent troops of the most warlike and martial appearance—but I always felt the truth of our ambassador's reply to Frederick: "Do you think an equal number of English soldiers could be found to beat those men?" said the King, pointing to the elite of his famous guard, an elite composed of men of all nations, remarkable for their fine size, their discipline and their prowess. "Sir I cannot tell; but I know that half the number would try." This was, and I hope will ever be, the character of British soldiers in the field. "Dare greatly, do greatly," is a glorious motto.

[Rambles in Germany.]

THE HIGHLAND PIPER.

A highland piper having a pupil to teach disdain to rack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here Donald lad, gie's a blast! so, so—vera weel blawn mun, but what's sound, Donald lad, without sense? Ye may blaw, and blaw for aye, without maken a tune o't gin I dinna tell ye how thea queer things on the paper maun help ye. Ye see that big fallow wi' a round open face?" pointing to a semibreve, between the two lines of a bar—"He moves slowly frae that line to this whiles ye beat ane wi' yere fit, and gie a lang loud blast. Gin ye's pit a fit till him, ye made twa o' him, he'll muve twice as fast. Gin ye black his face he'll rin four times faster than the fallow wi' the white knee, or tie his legs, he'll hope eight times faster than yon chap I showed ye first. Now whene'er ye blaw yere pipes, Donald mind ye this, that the faster ye tie these fallows' legs the quicker they maun daunce and the faster they'll be shure to rin!"

"Have you dined?" said a loungee to his friend. "I have, upon my honour," replied the other. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honour, I fear you have made a scanty meal."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

TASTE. There is no word in our language which qualification is more necessary than to the term *taste*. It may be defined, that faculty of the mind by which we judge of the beauty or deformity of any object presented through the *media*, by which sensations are communicated to the mind; to wit: *seeing, smelling, tasting, hearing, and touch*. The extent of this faculty must of course vary, from many causes; as from want of objects of general exercise, or from the attention being more particularly directed to one channel; or, in some cases, from total inattention to objects which ought to exercise this judgement. From this it would seem that every man has a portion of this intellectual discernment; even a child is not destitute of it; and we know not whether it can be denied to the brute creation,—as we frequently observe the exercise of a judgement in matters of cleanliness, if in nothing else, that would give them a fair title to the appellation of brutes of taste. The faculty with them is, however, destitute of one advantage, of which man alone is possessed; that is, the power of improvement.

To delineate a man of universal and refined taste, is no easy task. It is however not a difficult thing to judge of his negative qualities, and to discover when a man is not so. This is what may be called the art of criticism, synonymous to the art of finding fault, which is generally allowed to be easier than the labour of finding beauties; a task to which the minds of many are naturally averse. This propensity of faultfinding has not, however, prevented many odious and disgusting habits, and many fashions, wholly repugnant to common sense, common decency, and common comfort, from being palmed upon society under the mighty sanction of taste. It has not prevented men, with heads either empty, or loaded to overflowing, with glaring absurdities and false philosophy, from rising to the very zenith of fame, as arbiters of taste, and dictators to the world of literature and science. But this, like all corruptions of principles, whether in religion, philosophy, or taste, is to be expected, and like them, is only to be corrected by the better judgement, which the miseries of excess are sure to elicit.

The *criteria* of taste are not so numerous as the degrees of intellectual maturity in those who undertake to judge from them. Yet very few bring them all into action; some have each a single criterion, which they apply like the old woman's "*pint to the pound*," to all they examine; and some, throwing all the labour of investigation aside, pin their opinion on the sleeve of divers usurping smatterers in criticism, contented to side with them, right or wrong.

Reputed men of taste may be classed under three heads, to wit—those who strive to please some body else, those who study to please themselves, and those who scrutinize with a predetermination neither to please themselves, nor any body else. The first comprehends every class of sycophants, from the poet laureate down to the clown on the stage; and a more abject slavery cannot be imagined than is

his, who dare not be wise lest he should lose his dignity.

The next class comprises the only odious, independent part of the literary and scientific community, and the only happy among those who make no pretension either. He is the only one who completely fills the sphere in which he is placed, and he alone improves the bounties of nature, by appropriating them to the use they were designed for—his own rational happiness. He will conform his taste to that of others, so far as affability requires, for in so doing he is sure to be pleased himself; and whether his vocation prompt him to the exercise of his taste in one way, or many, he is sure to blend every study with his accustomed labours, that can contribute to widen its scope, and give it as nearly as possible an unlimited exercise.

In the third class we may rank all those who are really and constitutionally unhappy, and wreak their invention to make others so. These two last classes are very happily illustrated in the story of "the handsome and deformed leg," by Dr. Franklin. And to that we shall refer all such as exercise that austere, morose, faultfinding disposition, which ruins more noble minds, and produces more misery in the world, than all the attendants on disease, intemperance and madness.

PERSECUTION OF MASONS. Bigotry is the same every where; whether discoverable in the infatuated despotism of the Holy Alliance, or the would-be despotism of more infatuated holy alliances nearer home. Did we not know that neither light nor knowledge avail any thing if presented to the wilfully blind; and that depravity, like the Lernean monster, doubles its hideous heads beneath every blow of reason; we would think that the present persecutions of mason in Spain, Mexico, and elsewhere, were but its dying struggles. But not so. The principles of liberty and equality, which the order embraces, will never cease to haunt the qualmish imaginations of tyrants, so long as tyrants exist; and as they have been persecuted in every region of sanctified tyranny, they will continue to be by every advocate of such tyranny, as long as such creatures of baseness are to be found. A Spanish nobleman, the Marquis de Cabrinana, was lately arrested, placed upon an ass, with a cannon ball tied to each foot, and paraded from prison to prison, like the lowest malefactor. The Count de Caraya, was treated in the same manner about eighteen months before, and is still in prison, broken down by age and misfortunes. Others have been sentenced to the galleys, for from six to ten years each. The aged Count de Caraya, just mentioned, has been sentenced to ten years in the galleys, and the Marquis de Cabrinana, choosing death rather than the ignominy of such a service, put an end to his life with his own hands. What deed of darkness—what treason—what damning crimes, were these noble, and no doubt illustrious citizens of a Christian kingdom guilty of, to merit a punishment of so degrading a nature?—They were suspected of being *Freemasons*!! Is not this a beautiful picture of clemency? Spain is calling home her refugees, with the specious allurements of pardon and toleration, and this is a specimen with a vengeance. American citizens! is not this an edifying theme? Does it not furnish some sublime lessons in the doctrine of civil government? Every generous trait in the human character recoils at the hideous picture; and yet there are men, and men who

boast of it too—who are earnestly praying for the introduction of such principles and such measures in our own country.

MASONRY IN ENGLAND. England forms a peculiar contrast to the confused and crippled councils of Spain, not only in her means of general knowledge, but her toleration. To look upon the change that has taken place barely on the score of liberal feeling, within a few years, while some of the other European nations have gone back as many degrees on the scale of charity, will excite a conscious pride in the descendant from her soil, however he may deprecate her politics, and her union of church and state. But masonry has always found supporters of the most stable character, both in her yeomen and her nobility. It is true that about four hundred years ago, masonic assemblies were prohibited by act of parliament; but the prohibition must have been of short duration; for only twenty five years after, the reigning king Henry VI. was initiated into the fraternity. No less than five or six monarchs have been numbered with the mystic order, whose reigns have been distinguished for the cultivation of useful and ornamental knowledge. It is said that Elizabeth, at the commencement of her reign, was not altogether friendly to the craft; she was a woman, and that alone is a sufficient explanation. She did however ultimately fall in with the views of her enlightened and loyal masonic subjects, and become a firm friend and patron of the order. It is looked upon in that country, divided as it is by religious and political tenets, as almost sacrilege to allow political questions to be agitated among the brethren when met as masons. In a speech of his R. H. the Duke of Sussex, M. W. G. M. in England, at a dinner given him on the anniversary of his birthday, by his masonic brethren, he averts to the suspicious eye, with which the ministry viewed secret societies some thirty years since, and informs them that their present king, then prince of Wales, "conceived it his duty to assure his royal father, that masonic institutions were founded on the laws of *friendship, charity, and moral rectitude*—that nothing contrary to the *established religion and civil laws* of the kingdom could, or ever would, spring from masonry. To this assurance on the part of your sovereign," he adds, "you are at this moment indebted for the security and protection you enjoy. Let me therefore conjure you to adhere to the excellent principles of your order. Be faithful to your *king and country*, obedient to the *laws*, and live in *charity* with *all men*."

In a letter replying to an address of condolence, on the death of his brother, from the officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge for the Western Division of the county of Lancaster, the same nobleman writes; "The principles which I have imbibed from the earliest period that I became connected with the masonic body have greatly supported me in the hour of affliction; and the assurance of your sympathy on the late melancholy occurrence, at the same time that it has conveyed comfort to my wounded spirit, has excited in my breast an additional admiration for a body of men, with whom, under all circumstances, I am anxious to be most closely connected."

From these and more recent proofs of growing liberality, we may infer that the time is far distant when England will become so tremblingly alive to

the danger of secret associations, as to denounce and proscribe freemasonry.

THE FESTIVAL. We have received no official reports from the several meetings of the brethren, but as soon as received they will be laid before our readers in order. From many places we have read brief notices in the newspapers; and some verbal information from other places in our vicinity, give evidence that they were well attended, and that the respectable character of the institution was sustained throughout.

The Oneida Observer, speaking of the Utica celebration, says, "that their appearance was striking and interesting; and the intelligence and respectability of those who were assembled, afforded the best evidence of the groundlessness of the charges which are so frequently heard against this ancient institution, by ignorant, prejudiced, or revengeful men. The discourse by the Rev. Br. S. C. Aikin, was worthy the reputation of its author—it was not a commonplace eulogium on Masonry—it bore testimony to the *pure principles* of the order, but rebuked, with unsparing severity, their violators; and was received with approbation by the *uninitiated* as well as the initiated."

The Little Falls People's Friend says, that the anniversary was attended at Herkimer, by about eighty companions and brethren, many of whom were accompanied by their female friends with a goodly number of other ladies and gentlemen from the adjacent country.

In our next we hope to have further information from the several places of celebration, and shall expect, as soon as may be, to be able to furnish our readers with some of the addresses delivered on the occasion.

§ The genius of improvement was never more actively engaged than at present, in administering to the ease and comfort of the traveller. The new and superb steam packet *INDEPENDENCE*, has commenced her regular trips between this city and New-York. For beauty of workmanship, and richness of furniture, she is second to none we have ever seen; and we have no doubts that her accommodations and speed will be equal, in every respect, to the most sanguine expectations of the public.

§ We have received several numbers of a periodical recently commenced at Pittsburgh, Penn. under the title of *The Amaranth and Ladies' Miscellany*. It is neatly printed upon a medium sheet, in the quarto form, and displays a liberal portion of talent.

On 23d ult. died, at the Palace of Bardo, Her Highness Lilla Fatima, sole consort of the Bashaw Bey of Tunis. At her funeral sixteen hundred slaves received their freedom.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1827.

From mountain peak to forest glade,
From glade to river, lake, and sea,—
Our country in her strength has made,
Like forest birds, her children free.
The fluttering stripes and stars are fraught
With Liberty,—but, goddess, say,
The hands that gave, the hands that bought
For us a birthright—where are they?

The eagle soars o'er Bunker's height,
As daring as she did of yore,
When mid the stars she urged the fight,
And frowned upon the invaded shore.

And eyes of blue, and eyes of jet
Look keenly o'er that war-famed bay,—
But those who on that summit met,
And struck the invader—where are they?

The banners hang high in the hall
Where *INDEPENDENCE* first was spoke,
And words which thrilled the blood of all,
Spurned at the oppressors proffered yoke;—
The creed is graven on many a soul,
That time and toil wear not away,—
'Twas like the thunder,—and its roll
Has rent a realm—but where are they?

And round this board of rapturous cheer,
Though silvery hairs are thin and few,
And eyes bedimmed by many a tear,
Which once were like the eagle's true,
There are, whose tears of virtuous pride,
In torrents, find a furrowed way
O'er quivering cheeks—but by their side,
Their fellow conquerors—where are they?

We pledge a cup in freedom's name,—
We con the creed of liberty,
Which to the latest reign of fame,
Shall be retaught till earth is free.
In vain we seek their ancient halls,
Where glory brightens in decay;
For, oft as filial duty calls,
The echoes answer—where are they?

June 29, 1827.

G.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet-ship *Silas Richards*, capt. Holdredge, arrived at New York, on Tuesday evening from Liverpool, having sailed on the 26th ult. and brought papers and letters of that date, with London dates to the 26th inclusive.

The revenue of the customs at Liverpool, was greater the last quarter than ever before known.

ENGLAND.—The Courier of the 17th announces the final arrangements of the ministry as it will henceforth be constituted, as follows:—The Marquis of Lansdowne has a seat in the cabinet, but takes no office. The Earl of Carlisle accepts the situation of first commissioner of his Majesty's woods and forests, with a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Tierney is appointed master of the mint, also with a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Abercomby takes the office of judge advocate general; and Sir J. Macdonald that of one of his Majesty's commissioners for the affairs of India. The two last appointments were announced in the Courier of Friday, the 21st ult. Mr. Calcraft is talked of for some situation, but we have not heard any particular one named, at present, as likely to be offered to the honourable gentleman. New writs will be moved for this evening, for such of the above individuals as are members of the house of commons. Thus, the whole of the vacancies occasioned by the secessions from the cabinet are filled up. The ministry is now complete. The cabinet will consist of the same number of members (fourteen) as before.

FRANCE.—The Paris papers of the 22d mention that the French capital remains tranquil, but that the spirit of dissatisfaction is spreading rapidly among the citizens and also over the other departments.

GREECE.—The accounts from Constantinople are to the 10th of April. Lord Cochrane had arrived in Greece, with a brig and a large schooner, and 700,000 francs, remitted by the French Philhellenes. He had been appointed, after some objection on the score of his being a foreigner, high admiral of the Greek fleet. A squadron had been equipped, consisting of the *Hellas*, steamboat *Perserverance*, four chosen Hydriot ships, and his own two vessels, in all eight sail, and had gone on a secret expedition. It was thought that he would go to Negropont and Zeitoni, or towards the Mediterranean. The Porte was said to be much alarmed at his arrival, and was despatching a fleet under the command of Soleimar, an Alexandrian, who has resolved to measure his strength with the English admiral. Eight men of war, two frigates, four corvettes, and two brigs, had already sailed from the Dardanelles, to be followed by 36 men of war and as many transports.

A report that Jerusalem had been pillaged and the holy sepulchre profaned by the Pacha of St. Jean d'Acre, had proved fictitious.

The Liverpool Commercial Chronicle of the 26th ult. gives the following proclamation of Lord Cochrane, addressed to the Greek nation:—

"Greeks!—Your most dangerous enemy, discord, is overcome; what remains to perform is now rendered easy. The people on every side rush to arms—the fate of the Acropolis is no longer doubtful—the besiegers in their turn are besieged—the transport of provisions is intercepted—the passages are guarded, and retreat is impossible. The liberty of the classic soil of Athens is ensured—once more will its arts flourish there;

"Oh Greeks! having attained this object, lay not aside your arms so long as the ferocious Mussulman treads the sacred land of your fathers. Let a noble emulation for glory animate your young seamen and the heroes of the continent—let them hasten in a mass to take their stations in the national fleet. Then, if independence and the possession of all your rights are sufficient to enable you to stop the passage of the Hellespont, and carry the war into the states of the enemy, the haughty Sultan—the sanguinary destroyer of your countrymen—will become the victim of his own subjects. The

Mahomedan power will destroy itself! The banner of the cross will again float on the walls of St. Sophia—Greece will again have laws—her cities will rise once more from their ruins—and her future glory will be equal to that of ages past. But think not, oh Greeks, that your country will be free, unless each of you hastens to her assistance and defence.

From on board the Greek vessel *Hellas*. The first Admiral Commander of the marine forces of Greece.

(Signed)

COCHRANE"

"14th April, 1827."

VARIETIES.

Fossil Trees.—Near Gallipolis, on the Ohio, are several petrified trees, imbedded in a precipice of sand stone. They are deposited in the rock, with their tops or branches in different directions, and some of them look like elm. They are darker and harder than the rock in which they are imbedded, and sparkle briskly when struck with a hammer. The bark is separated from the wood, and resembles iron rust, or black sand. [Silliman's Journal.]

Mammoth. The remains of the mastodon (a species of huge animals now extinct) were discovered some months since in a marsh in Genesee, Livingston county, N. Y. The tusks were four feet two inches in length, and three inches in diameter at five inches from the point. The largest tooth was 6 1-4 inches long. [Ib.]

Magnolia. Near Fish Creek in Virginia, 10 or 12 miles from the Ohio, there is a grove of the lofty magnolia, and in the season of flowering they fill the wilderness with delicious fragrance for several miles around. The leaves are more than three feet in length, and of proportionate width. There are no other trees of this kind within 500 miles. It has been stated that the flowers of the magnolia in Florida, have been smelt at the distance of sixty miles. [Ib.]

False Nose. A French surgeon has lately restored to a person his nose, which had been frost-bitten during a campaign in Russia. The usual mode was adopted of turning down a portion of the skin of the forehead for the purpose. The result is very satisfactory. The deformity is scarcely observable, and the scar in the forehead, concealed also in some degree by the hair, has almost entirely disappeared. What is very extraordinary, is, that the person on whom the operation has been performed, refers to his forehead all the sensations of his false nose; the nerves of which are in fact furnished by the nervous branches intended for the forehead.

A singular circumstance.—A late scientific journal states, that while workmen were employed in constructing some submarine works off Plymouth, Eng. the rays of the sun passing through the convex glasses of the diving bell, which was sunk twenty-five feet below the surface of the water, actually set fire to a hat belonging to one of the workmen.

Prophecy. A celebrated physician of Hartford, it is said, prophecies that there will be no old maids in the country a few years hence, and that all the young ladies who do not get married soon, will kill themselves by close lacing and girding.

A pious eulogy, in a Georgia paper, of some young man begins—"He was born and raised near Rockingham." What other words could the writer have used if he had been speaking of a pumpkin?

Wisdom in a monarch, and in a subject. James I. in one of his addresses to his parliament, curiously observes "That wisdom in a subject is as inferior to wisdom in a monarch as the glitter of a nail in a horse's shoe, is to the splendour of a star in the firmament!" This brilliant speech was, no doubt, a proof of his Majesty's modesty.

JOB PRINTING.

IS NEATLY, ACCURATELY, AND PROMPTLY DONE,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

American Masonic Record,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE:

Corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, 3d-up stairs.

LEMAN,

Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany.
June 29.

POETRY.

CONCETTI.

BY HENRY NEELE.

I said, "My heart, how is't you still
Speak truth when'er you speak of sorrow;
But when a song of joy you trill,
You're forced a fair false smile to borrow?"
"Because, when you for heart's-ease long,"
It said, "you steep the heart in lies;
As boys, to hear the linnet's song,
Put out the linnet's eyes!"

I said to Pleasure, "Changeful fay,
Who can put hope or trust in you,
Scarce known before you flee away,
Scarce seen before you fade from view?"
"Praise the Gods, praise them," Pleasure said,
"For that, ye foolish mortal elves;
If they had me more constant made,
They would have kept me for themselves."

I said to Cupid, "Little boy,
You've stol'n my heart, so don't deny it;
Give it me back, or I'll employ
Some harsher method to come by it."
"Alas," he said, "I gave it to
A lady, who's a sad deceiver;
I stole it—I'm the thief, 'tis true,
But black-eyed Myra's the receiver."

I said to Beauty, "Flee, oh! flee
The cup that sweets with poison tips;
Nor let each trifle, like the bee,
Steal honey from those rosy lips."
"Nay, nay," said Beauty, "all that bliss
I gave it not, I but repaid it;
The bee that doth the flow'et kiss,
Deserves the honey, for he made it."

From the new edition of "Death's Doings."

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

BY L. D. RICHARDSON.

The warrior's soul is kindling now
With wildly-blending fires,
He fondly breathes each raptured vow
That faithful love inspires;
But not those whispered words alone
Arrest the maiden's ear,
A prouder strain—a loftier tone
Awakes a throb of fear!

They hear the war-notes on the gale,
Before the tent they stand,
His form is clad in glittering mail,
The sword is in his hand;
Her scarf around his arm is twined,
For love's remembering spell—
Ah! would that kindred skill could bind
The links of life as well!

The battle steed is waiting nigh,
Nor brooks his lord's delay;
And eager troops are trampling by,
And wave their banners gay.
No boding dream nor bitter care,
In that proud host are found,
While echoing through the startled air
The cheerful trumpets sound.

The maid, with mingled pride and grief,
Faint hopes and withering fears,
Still gazes on the gallant chief
Through dim impassioned tears.
He sees but Victory's golden wreath
And Love's unfading flame,
Nor thinks how soon the form of Death
May cross the path of fame!

"A last farewell—a last embrace,
And now for glory's plain!"
Those parting accents left a trace
Of frenzy on her brain.
And when the warrior's helm was brought
To crown his forehead fair,
Alas! the shuddering maiden thought
'Twas Death that placed it there!

THE ISLAND MAID.

From the Portuguese.

Alone, alone, when the sun was set
On the cliff, by the murmuring deep we met;
We met, alone, on the midnight hill,
When the winds were hushed, and the waves were still.
And we looked on the ocean before us spread,
Like a slumbering babe on its breathless bed;
And the moon, through a cloud, on that ocean smiled,
Like a mother that weeps o'er her sleeping child;
And that ocean seemed her love to bless,
Gazing, as 'twere, in consciousness,
At the lovely eye that was looking down
From an heaven that seemed as it could not frown,
And was shedding its light upon island and bay,
And rocks 'neath the sleeping wave that lay,
And floated above their imaged steep,
And reflected afar from the fathomless deep;
As if they were things of immortal life,
And rested their strength from the ocean strife.
I have seen those billows that crept beneath
Our feet, and were slumbering still as death;

When they came in their gathered might afar,
And the gale of the west was proclaiming the war
With his hoarse wild voice, as in close array
The Atlantic waves with dreadful sway
Burst on the eternal rocks, and then
Retired; and charging again, and again
Came heavily on the echoing shore,
With the lightning's speed and the thunder's roar;—
And the death-cry came on the raving gale,
That had shattered the mast and had torn the sail;
And was kissing the brow of the rugged wave
That was rolling its pride o'er a navy's grave.
But there, when we met it was silence all;
You might hear the gentle ripple fall
On the silvery beach, as in liquid light—
They rose and they fell to the lovely night;
Or the snowy sea-bird wandering,
Broke that lone silence with her wing;
That ocean shone, like love's melting eye,
Rolling, and trembling, eternally;
And the gentle air, that you scarce might feel,
Came low and deep, like the sighs that steal
So timorously from the maiden's breast,
To the bosom of one that loves her, prest!
And the moon that in heaven above was seen,
Pacing her way like a virgin queen;
Was shedding her beams on thy forehead's brow,
And was kissing thy soft cheek's rosy glow;
The beam played on thy round white arms, and fell
As if to repose on thy bosom's swell;
As it rose and sunk with a milder motion,
Than the gentle pulse of that waveless ocean.
There was not a word on thy trembling tongue,
But more closely thine arm around me clung,
As a soft, and a sweet, and a fearful sigh,
Came from thy soul betrayingly.
From the ocean's bosom the bright sun came,
Kissing the rocks with his golden flame;
And he chased in a moment the twilight grey,
Far, far from the brightening east away:
The sun rolled high from the blushing wave,
And their glances at parting they sweetly gave,
As they knew at night they should meet again—
That glorious sun, and that wanton main.
But we felt not so when we bade adieu,
And each from that lonely cliff withdrew
With an aching heart, and many a sigh,
And a drooping head, and a downcast eye;
For that sun was shedding his morning smile,
The last I might view in thine ocean-isle;
And his young ray shone on my fluttering sails
That were hoisted to fill with the morning gales;
I sighed as I looked on the laughing sea,
That so soon was to bear me away from thee;
And I sighed again, as I felt that ne'er
My island maid had been half so dear
As when I knew that I thus should part
From her snowy arms and her innocent heart.
It is o'er, but yet, till such nights shall cease
To tell my soul their tale of peace;
Till, kissed by the moon, the ocean stream
Refuse to return her loving beam;
Till that wandering wave shall cease to rove;
Till my wild heart shall cease to love;
Till that perishable heart in dust be laid;
I will never forget my island maid.

[Poets have done infinite mischief by giving a false colouring to pernicious pleasures, casting an air of grandeur and sublimity around the worst passions, and concealing the deformities of vice under the flowers of their own imagination. But when these things are described, as in the example below, in their real characters and colours, the poet not only exercises a favourable influence upon society, but makes his own fame to rest upon the sure and permanent basis of truth.]

BY PRIOR.

I drank; I liked it not; 'twas rage; 'twas noise;
An airy scene of transitory joys;
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel and protracted feast
Wild dreams succeeded, and disordered rest;
And as at dawn of morn, fair reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I asked my soul, what done?
Perhaps the jest, that charmed the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion owed its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics which good nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
—Add yet unnumbered ills that lie unseen
In the pernicious jest; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which, once elated, must ever fly,
Irrevocable! the too prompt reply,
Seed of severest distrust and fierce debate,
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate:
—Add, too, the blood impoverished, and the course
Of health oppressed by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage,
To different ills alternately engage:
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees
That melancholy, sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught,
And in the flowers that wreath the flowing bowl,
Fell adders hiss, poisonous serpents roll.

LACONICS.

Orators and stagecoachmen, when the one wants argument and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cause and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.

One would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started into discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straightened and confined as in numerous assemblies.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties, than by printing them.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Like dogs in a wheel, birds in a cage, or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labour and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.

Love is exactly like war, in this: that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night, may, nevertheless, be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.

None dare use the maxims of Shakspeare, without giving credit: for, like anchors, they are secure from thieves, by reason of their weight.

Affections can withstand very severe storms of rigour, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference.

In a small circle we find the epitome of our world.

THIS PAPER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1827.

[No. 25.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

ADDRESS,

Of GEO. HOSMER, Esq., delivered at the Celebration of the Anniversary of St. John, the Baptist, at Batavia, June 25, 1827.

My much respected Brethren and Friends:

Assembled upon this interesting occasion of commemorating the nativity of a saint, dear to the memory, as well of all those who hail with rejoicing the rising and meridian beams of the sun of righteousness, of which he was the precursor, as of a craft claiming him as their patron, friend and guide; a few moments will not be unprofitably spent in reflecting upon the character, condition and uses of our society.

At a period when thick darkness rested on the human mind; when society was imperfectly organized; when violence took the place of right; when the weak were borne down by the strong;—when the calm voice of reason was drowned in the din of conflicting passions—good men, seeking peace, and loving truth, united to form a society which should secure the enjoyment of the blessings emanating from those heaven-born principles which influenced and controlled their conduct. They came out from the world, and were separate; they founded our society upon the basis of eternal truth, conceived in the bosom of philanthropy: The golden chain of love depending from the throne of infinite benevolence and goodness, uniting them together; and in the eye of the Eternal they carried up the walls of our temple. The human heart was their Libanus and Zeredatha, whence they obtained the materials; which, with the cement of brotherly love, they built up into a mansion, where peace fixed its abode; where order reigned: and the fraternity found happiness and repose. It was here that the earliest gems of science were nursed—that the philosophy of mind was studied; that brutal force and passions were rebuked by the voice of reason, and owned the sway of morality. Its influence was felt throughout the civilized world, and manifested itself in the improved condition of society. It gave stability to government, strength to the arm of authority, and security to social rights and civil liberty.

Our tradition refers us to the time of the building of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, as the period when the scattered and dispersed members of the craft were collected into separate lodges, received their organization, and were subjected to the salutary discipline of wholesome bye-laws. In what manner they were favoured during their labours on the Temple, the oracles of divine truth have informed us: And that institution, thus formed and organized, hath been transmitted through all successive ages to the craftsmen of this day; unchanged in any of its essential forms or principles; pioneering the way through the darkness and gloom of the moral world, it hath been instrumental in bringing in the more glorious light of the gospel; a light which shines beyond the tomb, and reveals the treasures of eternity. And like religion, in its course it hath had to contend with ignorance and superstition; with malice, hate, and revenge: But, as it ever hath, so it ever will triumph over all its opposers and enemies.

Literary men, in different countries, and at different periods, have endeavoured to trace our institution to its origin; and while some have contended that it arose during the crusades—others that it originated with the institution of Pythagoras—some that it was an invention of English Jesuits; and others that it was a mere continuation of the Knights Templars;—yet, all have agreed that the institution was ancient and respectable, “containing individuals of all ranks and countries, and binding them to acts of mutual benevolence.” If, then,

is the nature and object of our institution, of what moment is it, whence it had its origin, or who was its founder? Discussions of this question may flatter the antiquarian pride of some; but can subserve no other useful purpose, than to establish its claim to the concurrent testimony of ages in its favour: so far, it is important, and no further. Time is the most valuable test of sound doctrine, and salutary regulations: with the aid of science it hath detected the errors of a false philosophy, which hath long since ceased to embarrass reason, and bewilder the understanding; the errors of paganism have been dissipated by the beams of gospel truth;—the societies which have had their rise in political excitements, and religious phrenzy, have only flitted across the historic page, and sunk into speedy forgetfulness; but the institution to, which it is our boast to belong, and which we are this day permitted to honour, hath abided the shock of time, and the scrutiny of science—hath survived the persecutions of Tyranny, Bigotry and Ignorance—and risen with renovated strength and vigour from every blow of its oppressors. In vain doth the jealous tyrant of Russia assail it; equally vain is the hostility of the incubus King of Spain, and the impotent thunder of the Vatican, to crush or destroy it: Liberty hath fixed her footing firm in the earth, and laughs to scorn the tyrants who would desolate it. And wherever liberty is, there ever hath been, and will be found, our venerated institution.

The spouting cataract of ill-disguised hate and malignity, which of late (and in this section of the country, more especially) hath burst upon the institution, is only a repetition of that phrenzy and madness, which at different periods hath assailed, not only this society, but every other, having the well being of morality or religion in view. Our enemies are few,—the deceived are many; the opposition springs from that fountain of wickedness and deceit, the human heart; where error holds contested sway with truth, and the tempter plots for his victims. The sectarian bigot, under pretence of zeal for the honour of religion and his God, seeks to gratify his private hate by persecuting his neighbour of another faith. The unprincipled political aspirant enters warmly into the contest, hoping to cleave down his adversary, to hide his own imperfections beneath the mists of error and prejudice, and attain to power by riding upon the whirlwinds and tornadoes of the maddened and phrenzied passions of an abused public. The worthless and undeserving, whom the stern rules of our order have rejected, seek in these times of public excitement to gratify their diabolical passion for revenge: while every mind is moved upon by that instinctive curiosity which prompts us all to raise the veil and pry into a knowledge of things hidden and concealed. At the bottom, like bile irritating the human stomach, lies cold, calculating fraud, treachery, hypocrisy, and avarice; counting their gain, by the extent of their deceptions, the depth of their villany, and the sum of mischief and disquiet they can produce. From the combined operations of these agents and causes, a temporary delusion has been produced, and a well meaning and honest public, with a commendable zeal for their social rights and civil liberty, have been blinded to a proper view of our institution, the evidences recommending it to their favour, and to the character of its members. For a time we must patiently yield to its fury, and submit to misrepresentation and persecution; for the principles of our order teach us, and the honour of it requires, that we “remain quiet and peaceable citizens in the state, obedient to its government and laws.” Popular error, springing as it does from good intentions, and honest minds, where truth is a cherished guest, will sooner or later redeem itself and make an adequate atonement to its injured virtues.

When we reflect upon the ill advised conduct of some individuals of the fraternity which hath of late transpired; with hearts pained at this view of human frailty and weakness, we must admit that there

are many extenuating circumstances and much to excuse the present excitement against us. In the fury of the mind, distinctions have been overlooked; and an institution, next to religion only in purity, hath been slandered; and men of the finest and most unblemished characters, have been assailed; and in the groupings of the mind, been identified with transactions which no good man can think of without horror, nor see exposed without rejoicing: but this error cannot be of long continuance; the spirit of truth will arrest its progress.

Whatever may have been the fate of that man whom so many deplore, we know that the institution is guiltless; that not less than the oracles of divine truth, its principles condemn bloodshed and violence; but that sooner or later, that charity, which “thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth,” will acquit it of the foul charges preferred against it. The public will see, that while the fashion of the world hath changed and passed away, while governments, empires and nations have rose and fell; that while the treasures of human wisdom have been diffused and lost, and the monuments of art have crumbled and decayed, the institution which now so many condemn, like religion, (to which it is a handmaid) hath survived every shock, and gathered lustre from the collision of time. They will see that science hath enrolled in its archives the names of her most favoured sons—that religion, also, while searching for the names of her children, and of the meek and pious of the earth, hath found them there enrolled, from the titled Arch-bishop, to the most humble suppliant at the footstool of mercy. That kings, princes, and nobles have been proud to meet their subjects on the level within its walls, and been liberal patrons of an institution affording to them the sweet guaranty of peace and stable government. That liberty, also, hath inscribed on its columns the names of her most favoured sons, of such as in every age have dignified and adorned human nature by acts of beneficence to man; and a disinterested sacrifice of ease and temporal enjoyment to secure the happiness and safety of their country. The wit and ingenuity of man have been taxed for weapons of argument with which to assail us. It is charged upon our institution, that it consists in a round of frivolous and unmeaning forms and ceremonies. That it hath forms and ceremonies is true, which are essential, as means of preserving our social organization—as all societies, civil, political, and religious, of necessity must have to preserve their existence. These are to organized society, what the veins and arteries are to the human body; the conduits through which life is distributed, and the means by which the machinery of the social system is kept in operation. Who would decide as to the effective use of our army, from the uniform of its officers and soldiers, and the ceremonials of a parade review? Of the utility of the tribunals of justice from the bag and gown of the judge, and the ceremonial organization of the court? Of the functions, duties, and uses of a legislature, from the speaker's chair, and the mace of authority? Equally erroneous must be all conclusions as to the object, motives and uses of masonry, deduced from our distinctive badges and signs of recognition. As the formal organization of the army tends to order, the concentration and effective use of animal strength and courage, and to the national safety—as the formalities of the court tend to the equal distribution of justice, and the preservation of civil rights—as the regulations of the legislative hall secure to deliberation caution, and to decision prudence—in like manner, the forms and ceremonials of masonry subserve the effective objects of their creation, which are, briefly these: of affording mutual aid and relief in the chequered scenes of life; the elevation of the moral sense, by the practice of benevolence; and by cherishing a feeling of good will towards our fellow man; by a proper government and control over all the irregular desires and aberrations of the heart; teaching the practice of charity, and forgiveness of

injuries, the cultivation of friendship and brotherly love, and the ennobling charities of the heart.
(Conclusion next week.)

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

IN WINCHESTER, VA.

The festival of St. John the Baptist was celebrated in Winchester, by Hiram and Union Lodges (Winchester) and Triluminar Lodge (Brucetown.) The procession was the most numerous we have ever seen in this part of the country. Among the visitors were the presiding officers of Charity Lodge (Harper's Ferry), and Equality Lodge (Martinsburg), with many of the members of each. At 11 o'clock the procession repaired to the new Presbyterian church, which had been politely loaned for the occasion, preceded by the Winchester band, who had kindly volunteered their services for the day. The exercises were conducted throughout by the Rev. J. E. Jackson, rector of Christ church, Winchester, and P. G. High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland; introductory to which the Harmonic Society of Winchester, consisting of about 90 ladies and gentlemen, under the instruction of Mr. Hunt, from Pennsylvania, sung a highly appropriate ode in a superior style. After a prayer composed for the occasion, and another hymn by the same society, the reverend speaker commenced his address with a brief biography of St. John the Baptist; then defended the order from the charges which ignorance and prejudice had cast against it; portrayed its merits and inspired origin; and concluded with an eloquent appeal to his auditory to imitate the example of the patron saint whose birth the brethren had that day met to commemorate. The address was received with the most marked attention, and added, if any thing can add, to the high estimation of the speaker. After another hymn by the Harmonic Society, a collection was taken up in behalf of the American Colonization Society; and although no previous notice had been given, the amount received was very respectable.

After returning to the Lodge room, the brethren repaired to Mrs. Streit's, where a dinner was served up in that lady's best style. The dessert particularly included every delicacy that the most voluptuous taste could desire.

The cloth having been removed the following toasts were drank, accompanied with airs by the band:

1. *The day*,—which gave birth to our patron saint.
2. *The principles of our order*,—divinely reflected in the beauty, symmetry and harmony of Nature's works.
3. *The memory of our ancient grand masters.*
4. *Lafayette*, our beloved brother.
5. *The degrees of masonry*—May their blended beauties form one vast moral arch, and span the earth.
6. *The antiquity of our order*—Chained to the car of time, it began its race when "the morning stars sang together."
7. *The charity of our order*—Silent in its actings, the widow and orphan can tell of it.
8. *The lodges 21, 66 and 117*—A union of speculative and practical masonry—of the principles and practices of morality.
9. *Woman*—Let neither ignorance nor prejudice "throw her over among the rubbish;" for she is the key-stone of the social arch.

VOLUNTEERS.

By Br. S H Davis. *Freemasonry*—Alternately the object of persecution and of patronage, it pursues its silent way unaffected by the frowns or favors of the world.

By Br. W. G. Singleton. De Witt Clinton.

By Obed Waite, Esq. mayor. *Our republican institutions.*

By Br. W. L. Clark, (the invited guests having retired). *Our reverend brother Jackson and our worthy mayor*—Honor to those who have honored us.

By Br. W. H. Davidson. The address by which this day has been commemorated—"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

By Br. N. L. Gordon. When female beauty, with its sweet *Harmonic* sounds, contributes to our celebration, how fondly remembered must be the day we celebrate.

By Br. Jos. F. Stephenson. *Masonry*—in its embryo as pure as the crystalized icicle which hangs

from the mountain cliff: may it continue its splendor, supported by our unanimous wishes.

By Br. Joseph Tuley. *Our order*—May virtue be our polar star, administering justice to those with whom we deal and dispensing mercy, love and charity to all mankind.

By Br. Charles H. Clark. *The principles of the fraternity*—The widow in mourning, the orphan in distress, will bless and remember them.

By Br. Morgan Johnston. May our last days as masons be our best days as citizens.

By Br. A. R. Newman. Free and accepted masonry, whilst light exists—the Spanish inquisition and religious bigotry to the contrary notwithstanding.

By Br. John G. Brent.

To every true and faithful heart,
That still preserves the secret art.

[Winchester Republican.]

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

ROTATIVE PUMP AND ENGINE.

The model of a machine bearing this name has been for some days exhibited in one of the yards of the Exchange, and has attracted much attention and commendation. The inventor states that it can be made of any size which convenience may require; that it can be used for lifting, forcing, and throwing water, and may be turned with a crank or capstan. One of eight inches in length, and eight inches in diameter, will raise 120 gallons per minute, or 7200 gallons per hour, with the power of one man for every eight feet in height. One of 40 inches in length, and 40 inches in diameter, will raise at 50 revolutions per minute, 7000 gallons, or 420,000 gallons per hour. The power required in this case, would be about two horses to every ten feet in height. One of ten inches in length and ten inches in diameter, will throw a column of water one inch in diameter, about 50 feet high, with four men. The model now exhibiting will throw a stream the size of the small pipe, about 50 feet in height with two men. No experiments have been made as to the height and distance to which it will force water through a hose.

The expense of the machine varies from \$25 to \$300, in proportion to the size and finish.

[N. Y. Times.]

THE EGYPTIAN YEAR.

It appears that the first people that formed themselves into states after the deluge, gave only to their year 360 days. The Egyptians soon perceived that this year was shorter than the revolution of the sun; they therefore prolonged it by five more days, which they added to the end of the twelve months, without making a part of either of them. In Egypt each of these days received the name of one of their divinities. But the Egyptians still saw that their year was yet too short, and that it was necessary to add a day more to every four years, in order to make it correspond with the movement of the sun; but from religious scruples, they would not calculate among the other days, this sixth added day, in order that the commencement of their year should be definite. Thus each day of the year was sanctified successively by fetes and rejoicings, which happened in the course of a cycle of 1460 days. It was not until the time of Augustus, that they adopted the Julian year, and they made it to commence in the month of August: twelve gods presided over the twelve months. They divided the year also into 36 parts of ten days each, and placed each of these divisions under the protection of inferior divinities. These genii or spirits were called Decans Impeteurs, or watchers over portions of time of ten days; they had their names, and particular functions allotted to them, and their astrologers attributed to them the most extensive influence over diseases and health. It has been supposed by some, that the Egyptians divided their year into 36 parts; after the divisions of their country, which was divided into 36 Nomes or governments. The lucky and unlucky, or happy and unhappy days formed a part of the legends of the ancient Egyptians. They observed them with the utmost exactness, and it is from them the superstition of lucky and unlucky days arose, which the

councils had great difficulty to abolish. They are still indicated in the calendars of the 9th century, and the influence of them has descended to our own times, as we frequently see among certain classes of people.

Egyptian names of the months: 1. Troph, beginning 29th Aug.—signal of the opening year—time of the vintage. 2. Paophi, beginning 29th Sept.—the equinox—time of fishing. 3. Athvi, beginning 29th Oct.—cessation of the Nile's overflow. 4. Choiac, beginning 29th Nov.—month of flowers and verdure. 5. Tybi, beginning 29th Dec.—the sun ripens the seed—the annual election of magistrates. 6. Muiyr, beginning 29th Jan.—the sea becomes navigable. 7. Phammioth, beginning 29th Feb.—the month of spring. 8. Pharamuthi, beginning March—harvest. 9. Pachon, beginning April—the sun in his greatest force; the midsummer of Egypt. 10. Pyni, beginning May—saviour, or gathering of fruits. 11. Epiphi, beginning June—grapes ripen. 12. Mesori, beginning July—the Arabian and Hebrew name of Egypt.

[London Journal of Arts and Sciences.]

MOVING THE GLOBE.

How long would it have taken Archimedes to move the globe one inch, provided he could have found a fulcrum for his lever?

The first thing requisite to be obtained is the computed gravity of the earth; therefore, considering its diameter to be 8000 miles, its cubical contents in feet, will be 1,189,478,400,000,000; to reduce which to weight, I take 25 feet to be equal to a ton, which, on an average, I conceive would be about correct, as the earth contains matter much more dense than that of which, at its surface, we consider 27 cubic feet equal to a ton, according to which ratio the weight to be raised would be 47,579,136,000,000 tons!

A man's power applied at the end of a lever, must not be considered at more than a hundred weight, as whatever may exceed that would only be sufficient to give that end preponderance enough to put it in motion; as the weight therefore to be raised is 951,582,720,000,000 times as heavy as the power, which will be found by reducing the above tons into cwts. the lever must also, according to the principle of mechanics, be so many times as long from the fulcrum to the power as from the fulcrum to the weight to be raised; and, as the time lost is always equal to the power gained, it follows that, to produce a motion of an inch, in the one end of a lever, the other must pass through 951,582,720,000,000 inches, or, 180,224,000,000 miles. Therefore, supposing the strength of Archimedes above one hundred weight allowed, which would produce a balance only, sufficient to have propelled the lever through the air at the rate of twelve feet per minute, it would have taken him, provided he had lived so long, no less a time than 151,184,062 years, to move the globe through the space of one inch only.

MACHINE FOR DIGGING POTATOES.

Mr. Michael Barry, of Swords, Eng. has invented a machine, simple in its construction and principle, by which, with two horses, and one attendant, an acre of potatoes can be dug out in one hour. Also an acre of ground, previously ploughed for oats or other grain, can be harrowed by it in an hour with two horses and one attendant, thereby effecting, in the branch of harrowing, a saving of upwards of 93 per cent. or in other words, doing the work of 82 horses and 16 attendants with two horses and one attendant.

MANUFACTURING ICE.

An apothecary of Caen, in Normandy, has lately discovered a method of procuring ice at all seasons of the year, by mixing four pounds of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) 36 deg. with five pounds of sulphate of soda (Glauber salts, in powder.) This mixture must be made in an earthen-ware or china vessel, and the water which it is wished to congeal must be put in it in a separate vessel wrapped round with flannel, cotton, thick paper, or some other non-conductor of heat, and the operation must be repeated three times on the same body of water.

MISCELLANY.

THE DUKE OF ALVA'S BREAKFAST.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

In reading an old chronicle of the sixteenth century, says Schiller, I met with the following anecdote, which, for many reasons, deserves to be preserved. I have since found it confirmed from other sources. A German lady, descended from a family which was always famous for heroic spirit, and had seen one of its sons on the imperial throne, once made the dreaded Duke of Alva tremble by a display of masculine resolution. In the year 1547, when Charles V. was passing with his army through Thuringia, Catherine, widow of the Earl of Schwartzburg, by birth princess of Henneberg, obtained from him a letter of protection for her subjects, forbidding the Spanish forces to do them any injury. In return, she bound herself to furnish bread, beer, and other necessities of life, at a reasonable rate, to the troops, at the place where they crossed the river Saal. She had the prudence, however, to remove the bridges which stood near the town, and erect others at a distance, for fear the neighbourhood of wealth might tempt too strongly the soldiers' appetite for plunder. She sent orders, likewise, to the inhabitants of the villages in the army's life of march, to bring their most valuable effects to her own castle of Rudolstadt.

In the mean time the Spanish general approached the town, accompanied by Duke Henry of Brunswick with his sons, and sent a message to the lady, expressing his wish to breakfast with her in the castle. A request from a man with an army at his back, could not well be refused. He should be welcome, was the answer, if his excellency could be satisfied with what the house afforded. At the same time he was reminded of the letter of protection, and requested to observe it scrupulously.

A friendly greeting, and a well furnished table, saluted the duke on his arrival. He must confess, he said, that the ladies of Thuringia understood the management of a kitchen and the duties of hospitality. The company had not yet sat down to table, when a messenger called the lady out of the room, and informed her, that in certain villages, the Spanish soldiers had violently driven off the cattle of the peasants. Catherine, the mother of her subjects, and felt a wrong done to the meanest among them as a personal injury. Greatly irritated at this breach of faith, but still retaining her presence of mind, she ordered all her vassals to arm themselves quietly and speedily, and bar the gates of the castle. Meanwhile she herself returned into the parlor, where her guests were seated at table, and complained, in the most moving terms, of the wrong which had been done her, and of the contempt with which the plighted faith of the emperor was treated. She was answered with laughter. She was told that it was one of the usages of war, one of the little incidents which always attend the march of an army, and could not be prevented. "That we will see," exclaimed she, glowing with indignation; "my poor subjects shall have their property restored, or by heaven, princes blood shall pay for oxen's blood." This said, she left the apartment, which in a few moments, was filled with armed men, who placed themselves, sword in hand, but with respectful looks, behind the chairs of the nobles, ready to wait on them during their meal. At the entrance of this martial troop, the Duke of Alva changed colour, his companions looked at each other in mute astonishment. Cut off from his army, surrounded by a superior force of determined men, what remained for him but patiently to submit to any terms which the offended dame might impose. Henry of Brunswick first resumed his courage, and broke out into a loud laugh. He adopted the judicious course of treating the whole scene as a joke, and pronounced a panegyric upon the lady for her maternal care of her subjects, and the resolute spirit which she had manifested. He begged her not to trouble herself at what had happened, and undertook to obtain the Duke of Alva's consent to any thing which justice required. The duke, agreeably to his request, immediately sent orders to his camp to have the cattle restored without delay. As soon as the lady learned that the order had been obeyed, she thanked her guests in the most obliging terms, and they with great show of courtesy took their leave.

EXECUTION OF GERMAN BANDITTI.

In the early part of the last year took place the conviction and execution of the leader and principals of a desperate gang of banditti, which had for several years previous held the inhabitants at the mouth of the Elbe, and its vicinity, in constant terror by their frequent and lawless outrages. For the following particulars of the execution of these wretches, which are curious, as they exhibit a picture new to most of our readers, of the criminal process in this part of Germany, we are indebted to the common place book of a gentleman lately returned from thence, and who was an eye witness of what he describes. This band of desperadoes, about 30 in number, had for many years practised the most alarming and extensive midnight depredations upon the south bank of the Elbe; their numbers either defying attack, or their dexterity eluding the vigilance of the officers of justice sent in pursuit of them. At length the cruelties inflicted by them on their victims, most frequently unprotected females, and of a description too dreadful and indecent to relate, for the purpose of extorting a discovery of the concealed property, roused the neighbourhood to exertion, and led to the detection of the offenders. The leaders and chief proportion of these wretches proved to be farmers, many of them wealthy, and residing in a line extending along the Elbe, from Stickenbittel to Cuxhaven, through the towns of Ottendorff and Nergehouse to Frieberg, embracing a tract of about thirty English miles. Their operations were usually conducted upon a system, which, in a few hours, would collect the gang, and enable them to carry on their villainous designs on a most extensive scale. Their chief, named Koster, with his lieutenant, Lunder, and his own son, third in command, all lived on their respective farms, at Stickenbittel. Koster wore a cocked hat, and very appropriately assumed the title of Napoleon, by which he was usually addressed by his comrades.

The apprehension of the six principal miscreants had taken place as long since as the latter part of the year 1815; but having been tried by the laws of Hamburg, according to the established practice, the whole of the evidence, with the sentence, was submitted to the head professors of the university of Gottingen, whose confirmation of judgement is seldom obtained in less than from one to two years, leaving the culprits in a state of suspense, which usually terminates in indifference or forgetfulness of their approaching fate. Such was the case with these unhappy wretches; after a long confinement and hard labour in the castle of Ritzebittel, on the 25th of April, 1817, the confirmation of their sentence arrived, with directions for its immediate execution. Koster, son, and Lunder, were condemned to the block, and the others to perpetual and various periods of imprisonment, viz. to 12, 15, and 25 years. On the judgement being publicly read by a licentiate, the governor pronounced the sentence in the following words: "The law is spoken, the stick is broken, sinners you must die;" at the same time breaking a small stick of about twelve inches in length, painted black, with white ends, as usual on such occasions. On this declaration, the executioner, Hannings, stepped up with his attendants to two condemned robbers, telling them they were now left to him, and that on Monday, the 28th, they would loose their heads; his assistant very jocosely assuring them, that they could not have fallen into better hands than his master, who would relieve them of their heads in a moment, without any pain. On Monday morning they were conveyed from the castle in a wagon to the fort at Stickenbittel, where, upon a small eminence, the sentence of the law was first inflicted upon Lunder, who, being placed in a chair, a handkerchief was tied over his eyes, and a black ribbon under his chin and over his head, and held up by the assistant, when, with one blow of a two-edged sword, the executioner severed his head from his body, amidst the acclamations of the spectators. The blood issued as from a fountain, and a glass being filled with it, was drank in the presence of the multitude by a young woman named Welling, as an infallible cure for the apoplexy. Koster's execution immediately followed, in a similar manner—when the executioner, holding up the two heads, and taking off his cap, saluted the people, being greeted with loud applauses and clapping of hands. To a person who has witnessed the solemnity of an

English execution, it was not the least revolting part of this ceremony to see the wretched sufferers unattended by any clergyman, and incessantly plied with liquors to a state of complete intoxication.

A DEATH WARNING.

Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the Viceroyalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties from Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company. "My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah, that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no ifs in the matter; so, come he must!" She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened: It occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone: it seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble: it seemed not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came. At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an *Æolian* harp; but to that instrument it bore no similitude: it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath; the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a small grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued: Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us.

The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh, seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of "Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!" I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed: in a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent. Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber. About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light, I went to the door, when my faithful servant, exclaimed, on the other side, "O Lord, sir!" "What is the matter?" said I, hurriedly. "O sir!" ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me, that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health; but that about half after two this morning, his man hearing a noise in his master's bed [he slept in the same room] went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!" I conjecture nothing; I only relate the incident unequivocally as matter of fact. Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes may be assigned; but I am altogether unequal to the task.

[Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.]

POPULAR TALES.

THE CRUSADER.

The Christian forces had been lying before Antioch so long that the besiegers and the besieged were equally tired of a contest which brought advantage to neither. Their mutual wants led these fierce enemies to a better understanding than any thing else could have done; and a truce was agreed upon, that the horrors of a continual and sanguinary warfare might at least have some respite. A treaty was made, and solemnly sworn to; religious ceremonies ratified the compact; and there was no doubt that its stipulations would be fulfilled just so long as it suited neither of the parties to violate them.

The gates of Antioch were at once thrown open, and an unrestricted intercourse took place between the army of the Christians and the defenders of Antioch. The leaders of the Croises wandered at will throughout the city, and their presence soon became so familiar as to excite scarcely any observation.

Among the boldest warriors in the field, and among the idliest saunterers when quiet times prevailed, was Sir Stephen Vernandois. By way of beguiling the heavy hours which the cessation of his ordinary military duties had thrown upon his hands, he amused himself by wandering, unattended, through the streets of Antioch. One evening he had been walking onward, opening his eyes, and wondering at every thing that came in his way, when he suddenly found himself in a quarter of the city much less populous than any he had before seen. The houses were surrounded by walls, and were less thickly placed than those in other parts of the city. There was a kind of privileged look about them, and Sir Stephen concluded, without hesitation, that they must be inhabited by the better order of the people of Antioch.

As he walked beside the garden walls of one of them, which appeared to be of great extent, he heard the voice of women; and, without being impertinent, he was willing enough to meet with some adventure which might vary the tediousness of his present life. He listened again; he was sure it was a woman's voice he heard; and, with the help of a palm tree, the tall branches of which afforded him the means of climbing, he was soon on the top of the wall. Below he saw two females; one appeared, by her figure, (for her face was obscured from view, owing to her position,) to be quite young; the other had reached a more advanced period of life. That which astonished him the most was, to perceive that their dresses were of the European fashion. He looked again, and saw that the younger of the ladies was in tears, and that the other was consoling her. This was enough to rouse a less sensitive person than the Crusader. He descended the wall rapidly; and, approaching them, soon quieted the alarm which his sudden appearance had created, by explaining his name and rank, and offering his services to remove the cause of the lady's grief.

In some situations a few words suffice to inspire mutual confidence. The elder of the ladies explained to Sir Stephen that she was the attendant of the other, who was the daughter of Sir Baldwin de Courtenay, a celebrated leader, who had died soon after the first arrival of the Crusaders. He had, however, previously formed an union with an Armenian Christian, by whom he had the Lady Violetta. Soon after the birth of this child he had died, and the brother of his wife had taken charge of the poor lady and her infant. That infant had now ripened into womanhood, and her present grief was occasioned by her uncle's announcement that he had entered into a treaty of marriage for her with a leader of his own nation. This uncle was a man as well known to Sir Stephen as to all the other Christian leaders, and he had long been engaged in a traitorous correspondence with the besiegers. His name was Phirouz, and he was the head of a celebrated tribe of Benni Ferri, or the armour makers; he had great weight among the people of his own persuasion, of whom there were many in Antioch. By intrigue and rapacity, he had collected immense possessions; and still, such was his avarice, that he left no means untried to increase his stores.

Sir Stephen was interested by the fate of the young lady. He already hated Phirouz, and he would have pitied any human being under the Armenian's control; but, when he saw how beautiful she was, and listened to the enchanting music of her voice, a softer sentiment prevailed, and he found that her form had made a deeper impression on him than any fair one had yet produced. As he was a man of few words and great honesty, he soon told her so. It is hardly necessary in these days, when the science of making love is so matured that our readers know all about it quite as well as we do, to describe the course of Sir Stephen's declaration, or the Lady Violetta's blushes, and hesitations, and consent. The good Blanche, who, as all Abigails in her place would be, was delighted at this occurrence, and at the prospect which it presented of getting free from the tyranny of Phirouz, did every thing in her power to encourage the lovers. They separated, with a promise on his part to renew his visit on the following evening. Several evenings passed in this manner, but not without Phirouz, whose servants were all spies upon each other, being apprised of the fact. One evening when the lovers were wandering through the luxuriant garden, Blanche remaining at a proper distance behind them, the head of the tribe of Benni made his appearance suddenly before them. Instead of reproaching Sir Stephen with having clandestinely entered his gardens, he professed the utmost delight at seeing him, and did not allude, unless when the curl on his lip betrayed the sarcasm which he dared not utter, to the manner of his introduction. This was by no means satisfactory to Sir Stephen. He knew that the Armenian must be displeased; and, although this did not disturb him a jot, he would not permit the appearance of deception to remain. He told him, shortly, that his intention was to thwart the plans he had laid for marrying his niece, because she had never seen her intended husband—because she suspected he was a Jew, and because she had plighted her affections to him (Sir Stephen).

All this Phirouz listened to with unmoved gravity; he declined giving any reply to the Crusader's proposition as regarded his niece, because he said she could not yet know whether she loved him (the Lady Violetta's heart gave the lie to this); and he protested that he had no immediate intention of marrying her at all, and certainly none of marrying her against her inclination. Never was a speech which he who uttered, and they who heard it knew to be, from the beginning to the end, a falsehood, heard with more patience. After some further conversation Sir Stephen took his leave, with the understanding that his visits were to be as frequent as he chose, but not again over the garden wall.

Before parting, Violetta took an opportunity of assuring him, with great agitation, that she was sure her uncle had laid a plan for his destruction. There was something peculiar in his manner which they who were often with him always observed when one of his diabolical plans was on foot. She bade him be cautious, and promised that she would send a guide, on whom he might rely, to conduct him out of the city. He laughed at her fears, and bade her farewell.

Some few hundred paces from the house of Phirouz, he perceived a misshapen dwarf, who, approaching him, put into his hand a small casket, with a significant look. Sir Stephen opened it, and saw it was a portrait of Violetta. He concluded, therefore, this was the guide she had spoken of. He asked him if he were so; the poor wretch opened his mouth in a manner which convinced Sir Stephen that he had lost his tongue. At the same time he made a sign that the knight should go on, and he preceded him at a rapid pace. This was faster than Sir Stephen liked to walk, and he would fain have slackened his speed once or twice; but the gestures of the dwarf convinced him that there was some reason for his haste. It was now just nightfall when they reached a large Mosque. The dwarf looked anxiously at each pillar, as if expecting some one to start from them. He drew near the Crusader; and by a sudden spring at his neck, brought him down on one knee. Before the knight could get his hand on his dagger he heard the twang of a cross-bow, and felt the quarrel whiz over his head. It occurred to him immediately that the dwarf had seen his danger, and had averted it; but

with the rapidity of lightning, he had disappeared. Sir Stephen saw his rush behind one of the large columns; he heard a struggle, and something fell heavily. The dwarf issued immediately from the pillar, holding a large poniard, from which the blood fell in large drops. He drew the knight a pace or two forward, and showed him, by one of the lamps, a man lying weltering in his blood. A significant glance at his poniard told that he had slain the fellow; and, as he pointed to the cross-bow, which had fallen from his hand, and to Phirouz's insignia embroidered on his vest, Sir Stephen guessed the reason. All this was the work of a moment; and the dwarf, without allowing Sir Stephen to stay, hurried him onward to the gate, where his esquires and his horses were waiting for him.

Sir Stephen reached the camp, burning with indignation against Phirouz; who, he did not doubt, was the contriver of this attempt against his life; and resolved to go the next day into Antioch, and fetch the Lady Violetta away, in spite of the Armenian.

The morrow, however, brought other employment for him. A messenger had arrived the day before, with information that a splendid present of a silk tent, from one of the friendly Saracen potentates to Godfrey of Boulogne, the Christian leader, was on its way, and a guard had been ordered out to meet it. This duty fell upon Sir Stephen; but, as there was not the slightest probability that the truce could be broken, no thought of danger occurred to him, and he prepared to set out, postponing till the next day, but not therefore relaxing in his intention of punishing the treachery of Phirouz. He had proceeded about half a league on his way to the point, at which he was to wait the arrival of the Saracens, when, as he was riding slowly behind his troop, who were just entering a defile, his attention was arrested by something falling on his casque. He looked up, and saw upon one of the branches of a tree, which overhung the road, the dwarf who had saved him on the preceding evening from assassination. There was an expression of alarm and anxiety in his countenance as he threw down upon the knight's saddle bow, a rose branch, from which the leaves had all been plucked, with a sprig of anconite twisted round it. Sir Stephen had lived long enough in the east to know that this was a signal of danger at hand: he looked again, but the dwarf had disappeared. He had fifteen chosen men of his own troop with him, and he cared little for any danger he was likely to meet with; but even the caution which the dwarf's threat had at first inspired him with, was wholly removed, when he reached the appointed spot without accident. He halted his men, and awaited the coming of the Saracens. The sun was almost intolerably scorching, and the tired soldiers had dismounted and unbuckled their armour, and were talking beside a fountain. On a sudden a noise was heard, and before half of them could leap on their horses, they were attacked by a large body of Saracens, issuing from the wood at their backs. The Christians made such a defence as they could, but it was in vain; if they had been prepared, they must have fallen under the onset of such numbers as now attacked them. Sir Stephen had dismounted, but had not divested himself of his armour. He performed prodigies of valour, and many of the Saracens fell beneath his ponderous mace. At length a bolt struck him, and he fell. The fight was immediately at an end; the Christians, such of them as could, took to instant flight; and the Saracens drew off without plundering the slain, as was their usual practice.

An hour had elapsed since the fight, and the Saracens had disappeared from the field, when the dwarf appeared, searching anxiously among the slain. At length he found the body of Sir Stephen, and having, with great difficulty, disencumbered it of the crowd of corpses around, he drew it out to another part of the plain, and placed it at the foot of a tree. He ascertained that life was not extinct, and proceeded to staunch the wounds, and to pour down the Crusader's throat a balsam which he drew from his vest. At length his cares were rewarded, and the knight opened his eyes. The dwarf made a sign to him to be silent; and, placing him in as convenient a posture as was possible, he hastened across the plain.

The Lady Violetta knew Phirouz, who never for-

any one who thwarted his plans, and was convinced that he had resolved upon the knight's death. The poor dumb creature, whom she had made use of to protect her lover from the attack of the assassin, had also enabled her to learn the nature of Phirouz' other plan. He had procured, by means of intrigue, that Sir Stephen should be sent to meet the escort, which she had made it believed would arrive a day earlier than he knew it could be at the appointed spot. She had planned the attack upon him by a band of Saracens whom he held in pay. The attempt of the dwarf to apprise him is already known. When the Lady Violetta heard that Sir Stephen was gone forth, she knew there was little chance of his escaping the plot that had been laid for him; and she preferred any danger to remaining longer under the controul of Phirouz. It was not difficult to persuade Blanche to accompany her, and, conducted by the dwarf, they reached a chapel in the neighbourhood of the fatal spot. Here the dwarf left them, until he had found Sir Stephen; and, as soon as he had restored him to consciousness, he ran back to apprise them of his success, and seek the necessary succour.

With anxious and trembling steps the Lady Violetta hurried to the spot which the dwarf had pointed out, where a scene of horror and carnage met her eyes. At any other time such a sight would have made her blood curdle; but such was now her eagerness to find Sir Stephen, that she scarcely observed it. Seated on the grass, and his back supported by the trunk of a tree, the exhausted Crusader reclined. His eyes were closed, and his relaxed limbs gave him all the appearance of being dead. In his right hand he held the miniature which Violetta had sent him; and this proof of his affection, in the very moment of death, excited a violent passion of grief in the lady. Her feelings overpowered her, and she sank into Blanche's arms. Soon, however, recovering herself, she knelt by the side of the wounded knight, and watched, with the deepest anxiety, his slow and painful breathing, not daring to utter a word, which might rouse him, and perhaps add to the exhaustion under which he was suffering.

A very short time had elapsed before the dwarf returned. He had met upon the road some of Sir Stephen's troop, whom the news had reached, and who had come out to rescue their master's body; for of saving his life they had no hope. A litter was quickly formed, and the knight was borne back to his quarters. The lady Violetta, overcoming the timidity of her temper, demanded an interview with Godfrey of Boulogne, to whom she related her disastrous history, and who immediately granted her his protection. The knight's wounds were not dangerous, and he was soon able to claim his bride. The marriage festival was celebrated with great pomp, in the presence of the assembled army; when, just as Sir Stephen was leading his bride from the altar, a blow was struck at him by an unknown man, who had mingled with the soldiers, and who had thus approached very near. But for the dwarf the blow would have taken place; but he, catching the fellow's arm with one hand, held him by the throat with the other, until he was secured by the soldiers. He confessed that Phirouz was his employer; and added, that he had sworn the death of Sir Stephen. This vow was ill kept, for in the course of the following week an attack was made on Antioch; Sir Stephen's soldiers remembering their master's obligations to Phirouz, directed their assault to the quarter in which he commanded; and he was soon found and slain. Sir Stephen, tired of the Crusade, carried his bride home to his domain, in the fruitful province of Burgundy; where he lived for the rest of his days as happily, and as quietly, as the feudal institutions would permit.

Full Measure.—A quaker alighting from the Bristol coach, on entering the inn, called for some beer, and observing the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord—"Pray friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month?" Ten, sir, replied Boniface—"And thou wouldst like to draw eleven," rejoined Ebenezer! "Certainly," exclaimed the smiling landlord. "Then I will tell thee how friend," added the quaker—"Fill thy measures."

THE AMULET.

THE DIFFICULT LOVER.

A SKETCH.

Je ne connais rien d'aussi fou que ceux qui s'imaginent être sages: la plupart sont comme les enfans ils brisent leur joujou pour s'instruire de ce qu'ils renferment.

[Madame de Beauharnais.]

"May I trouble you to inform me what gentleman that is yonder; he is about forty years of age, an elegant appearance, good figure, well dressed, and I meet him every where? He is always alone: whether at the play, in the park, at Vauxhall, in the streets, I never yet saw any body walking with him. He looks about with an anxious and scrutinizing eye at every one who passes; he does not seem to be uncomfortable or dissatisfied with himself, and yet he never smiles. Who is he? Do pray tell me, and what is he looking for?"

"That," replied the friend of whom I made these somewhat rapid inquiries, "is the modern Diogenes; not that, like the Diogenes of old, he is looking for a man; on the contrary, a woman is the object of his search, and his eyes serve him for a lantern. He is rich, good-looking, of agreeable manners, and excellent understanding; and yet, for these twenty years, he has been in search of a wife, and hitherto in vain. The reason is, that he has created a chimera, and afterwards set himself to the pursuit of it. I will tell you his history, and you shall judge whether he is not one of the most singular men you ever met with."

"When he was twenty years old, he fell in love with a young lady very well educated, of a good family, and possessing a thousand excellent qualities. He paid his addresses to her; was most assiduous in his attentions; asked her parent's consent, and obtained it. Every thing was arranged, when one evening he happened to be at a ball with his intended wife. It was then very much the rage to dance the gavotte. Diogenes could not perform the gavotte, but his intended did so admirably. A very agreeable young man asked her to dance with him; she did so, and acquitted herself to the admiration of every body present. On the following day our friend asked her how she had passed the night; she confessed, among other things, that she had dreamt of her partner in the gavotte. Diogenes got up, wished her a good morning, broke off his marriage, and never saw her again."

"A short time afterwards he was smitten by a young lady who had no fortune, but who was extremely beautiful, and not less virtuous. He succeeded in making her love him also, as he might do with most women; and every day their mutual affection seemed to increase. When the marriage was near at hand, he questioned her about the state of her heart. "Did you ever love any one before me?" he was asking her incessantly.

"Never," she replied, "you are the first person that ever possessed my heart. Yet, I should tell you that when I was only thirteen years old, I was very fond of my cousin, and used to call him my little husband." This was enough for Diogenes; and again he was off.

"Some years elapsed without his making another attempt and then he was fascinated by a lady whose beauty and wit might have induced any man to overlook some slight faults. The wedding day was again fixed, when coming to visit her one day unexpectedly, he found her taking a pinch of snuff. He quitted her abruptly, and went abroad. He soon returned, and the first thing he did was to fall in love with a simple milliner, young, pretty, and perfectly inexperienced. He would have put up with the want of a family and fortune, but one day he found her telling her fortune with cards. He quitted her at once, swearing he would never unite himself to a woman who practiced such superstitions."

"Since then I cannot tell you how many engagements he has made and broken. One lady was pretty, but a coquette; another was not a coquette, but she had not grace enough; one was affectionate, but jealous; another gentle, but without sense; one had wit, but too much conceit; another made verses, or was too fond of dancing, or of laughing, or was too prudish, or too volatile, or too reserved. In short, Diogenes has had a thousand passionate engagements, none of which have lasted more than eight days. Easily caught, and as easily loosened again, he seeks every where the imaginary excellence on which he has set his heart. It is in vain that his

friends tell him a woman might make an excellent wife, and yet have a little superstition; that a lady is not less fair for having taken one pinch of snuff; that she may love her husband, and yet dream of her partner; and that a heart may be perfectly free, although its owner may have called a cousin her little husband. But his hair is turning grey, and each year it will become difficult to please the charming sex which he wishes to find perfect; and which is yet so delightful that a man of sense might easily pardon some slight defects for the innumerable good qualities they possess."

NICHOLAS.

VARIETY.

ORIGIN OF THE WORSHIP OF HYMEN. The origin of the worship of Hymen is thus related by Lactantius. The story would furnish matter for an excellent pantomime. Hymen was a beautiful youth of Athens, who for the love of a young virgin disguised himself, and assisted at the Eleusinian rites; and at this time, he, together with his beloved, and divers other young ladies of that city, were surprised and carried off by pirates; who supposing him to be what he appeared, lodged him with his mistress. In the dead of the night, when the robbers were asleep he rose and cut their throats. Thence making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore to them their daughter, and all her companions, if they would consent to her marriage with him. They did so, and this marriage proving remarkably happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all nuptials.

FLATTERY. A beggar on his rounds in a populous parish in Ayrshire, took the liberty of rapping at the door of the best house in it. It so happened that the only domestic in the house was a cook, who left her own immediate business to open the door. Seeing that it was a beggar man who had disturbed her, she very angrily bade him leave the house, and go to work. "Oh," said the gaberlunzie, "I suppose if I maun, I maun; but afore I gang, I canna help saying, that I hae na seen sa bonny a fit (foot) in a colf or carrich." "Ye're no the first that said that gude man, said the mollified lady of the dripping pan; "mony hae thoct the same—come in poor bodie, an' I will e'en gie ye a chack."

BATHOS. Not long since, an eminent lawyer of Ohio, closed a pathetic harangue to a jury, in the following strain: "And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness. All nature lay wrapped in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down upon the abodes of peace; broke open the plaintiff's door; separated the weeping mother from her screeching infant; and took away my client's rifle, for which we charge fifteen dollars."

THE DUELLISTS. Saint Foix was irritable, passionate, and unyielding; and but for his literary acquirements, would never have been known to fame. He was frequently engaged in quarrels that often ended in duels. One day about noon being in a coffee house in Paris, one of the King's guards came in, and asked for a cup of coffee and a roll. "That is but a poor dinner," said St. Foix, bluntly. The soldier made no reply. "That is but a poor dinner." The same dignified silence was observed by the soldier. "That is but a poor dinner," repeated St. Foix again. At length the soldier became angry. When the former remarked, "though you were to become still more angry, you will yet make but a poor dinner." "We must fight," exclaimed the latter. "As much as you please," replied the former; "but you still will have but a poor dinner." They fight, and the jeerer is wounded. "Had you killed me," said the former, "still it would have been no less true, that you would have made but a poor dinner!" They renew the fight—when they are separated and carried before the tribunal of the Marshals of France. St. Foix, having recounted ingeniously to Marshal Noailles the whole transaction, declared that it was never his intention to insult Monsieur; that he believed him to be a brave soldier; "but, that amounts to nothing; you will agree with me, my lord, that a cup of coffee and a roll would make but a poor dinner." They both joined in a laugh, and parted good friends.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

Papillon. Very well, sir, this is all very lively; but remember the travelling pitcher; if you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be banged.

Young Wilding. Do you think so, Papillon?—And when that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will consent to be crucified.

You will see by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.
Foot's Liar.

If it is not amusing to see the wincing and wry faces of a disappointed faction, it can be entitled to a serious thought on no other than motives of pure philanthropy. It is a fact well known, that there are but two sorts of people habitually miserable; the subjects of a guilty conscience, on one hand, and on the other, those who, from interested motives, or from constitutional weakness, are everlastingly censuring and abusing others; while the really honest, and prudent, enjoy the quietude of studying, and correcting no errors but their own. Our silence for a season, on the subject of the late excitement, has been the result of choice; not from any want of weapons to wield in the defence of the principles we so firmly and cordially embrace. And even now it seems beneath the dignity of philosophy to offer a serious argument against the wretched shadow of opposition, which like the sagacious knight of windmill fame, is bullying and fencing at the Masonic Institution, perfectly *Mari mad*. It is not surprising to us in the least, that disappointed politicians should take any thing for a hobby, with which they can make a noise and push themselves into notice; nor is it wonderful that the less impression their stale eloquence has on the public mind, the louder they will bellow. It is not surprising that the invulnerable, the incorruptible patriot who looks with such horror on *bribes*,—who saved his country, in a measure, from being sold to the brother of Copenhagen Jackson, and *he only* knows how many other critical dangers,—it is not surprising that he should be the first to take the field in this equally, if not more dangerous crisis. It is not strange neither that men, whose immoral demeanour had thrown them out of more honourable callings, should seize upon the first hobby that passes, to ride away from famine. Nor is it strange in the least, that they who *would* have served their country, and are still willing to serve it, in any *lucrative office*, if that ungrateful country will only listen to their repeated appeals from that court of poverty,—it is not to be wondered at that they rave and rant, and splutter about the blood of their ancestors which was spilt for their country's independence, when they mean their own *ink*, which will never cease to run for their own interest.

We have read the resolutions of the "great Batavia meeting,"—the address of the Rev. Mr. Cochrane,—the pleasant and "*disinterested*" remarks of Mr. Solomon Southwick, and the sapient steersmen of public journals, and they all amount to this bare argument—"some masons are in office, and they are *unfit to be the rulers of a free people*." What other argument could a set of demagogues make use of? We know not how many masons may be in office at

this time, but we know that there is no room for office seekers so long as all the places are full, and it is quite natural to decry the men they wish to supplant. But they do not fix upon any particular office holder. They broadly attack all masons now in office, not individually, nor personally, but on the point of principle. This is mighty convenient. If they succeed in throwing masons from office, why, the more the better; for the chance of coming into their places is greater; and if by good fortune they find the people so gullible, as to look out a good birth for this delectable junto, then you shall see what effect a good fat office can have on the emaciated sycophants. But a truce to all levity. Does it look like sound sense in men of decent information, to set up the hue and cry, that our constitution is perverted,—that the government is in the hands of masons, and its movements the result of secret deliberations and inquisitorial mystery? When masonry gives laws to the great state of New York, we will acknowledge that the constitution is perverted, for then will the *minority* govern. Either then the majority, who of course are not masons, are deficient in energy or honesty, or they would not submit to the domination of a power so little formidable in numbers as the masonic order. If the people feel the weight of masonic despotism, they know their corrective and will use it. They are not blind that they need the hand of such everlasting blunderers as Solomon Southwick to show them where the ditch is. But he, the timorous creature, has seen a vision, or expects to see one; and his perturbed faculties are in constant apprehension of a million of gavels, trowels, and other horrible working tools, ready to descend on every *un-Morganized* citizen of the state. O dear! what a *hydrophobia*! What a dreadful life he would live, could he but hear the constant roar of the proud Niagara, as it was heard that fearful night, when the unfortunate and ever-to-be-lamented Morgan, was let loose in an oarless boat, beneath the frowning walls of fort Niagara, bound and blind folded, to follow the murderous current down—no—up the tremendous cataract!!!

The name of Morgan is likely to be associated with every thing which goes across the grain of an editor's interest, in the same way that Simon Magus has immortalized his, in the article of ecclesiastical bribery. Our neighbour of the Observer is in a pitiable situation on this head. It is certainly very impudent for men to stop their papers when they become tired of reading their own damnation, and we sincerely pity our brother editor, and our readers will too, when they read this:

"Within the last week between FORTY AND FIFTY gentlemen of this city, have given notice to have their papers stopped at the expiration of the present month. These gentlemen are *nearly* all masons; and we perfectly understand them, altho' they have alleged no particular reason for stopping their papers."
[*National Obs. of July 13.*]

Why surely, friend Southwick, your patronage cannot go many heats like that. The law ought to protect the press, truly, in such cases, or its "*prostration*" is inevitable. We do not believe much in gagging, but verily it would not be a bad exercise of legislative authority to compel masons to read all that is written against them, and pay for it too. If the poker is heated and they will not suffer it to be applied, it is but just that they should liquidate the expense of heating it. Do you, Mr. Southwick, when you jump out of the rickety editorial arm

chair, into the chair of state, make a special message to the legislature on this subject, unless you reserve the honour of such a project for your friend Mr. Cochrane, who will doubtless be a member from the west, as his black coat will not be a constitutional objection since he is now a *silenced*, (no that word is not *Pat* to the purpose,) rather say a *silenced* whose license has been annulled. But our brother editor, with all his candour, cannot begin with a brother chip of a 7 by 9 reflector of non-intelligence at the west. Till lately this editor has been quiet and perfectly in character with his natural stupidity, but an opposition paper has been started in his village, and it has had the wonderful effect of drawing off two whole columns of editorial matter from his skull. We presume his grievances are heavy; but he does not make a full display of their dark origin. The editor of the new paper is not a mason, to our knowledge, but he has masonic patrons, and it is an outrage upon the interest of the old establishment! It completely develops the iniquity of the craft! But that our readers may understand us more fully, we will publish the closing clause of the article aforesaid, *verbatim et literatim*.

"We wish to be understood that the cause that has awakened us at this time is not that a fellow citizen has been torn from his family, his home and his country, and murdered, or *otherwise* disposed of,—not the cries and tears of a widow and helpless orphans, who have been robbed of a husband and a parent, but the fact, that a society, self constituted, relying upon their extensive combinations are endeavouring to *BREAK US DOWN*, because we make bold to declare our own opinions."

[*Seneca Emporium, July 11.*]

There is candour for you,—pure, wholesome, and undisguised truth. Such a man we know would have honour enough to recant if he was a mason, and spunk enough to *stay* recanted. He is no *as-you-were* kind of a fellow, like some who recant and re-recant, as convenience or emolument happen to predominate.

It may be edifying, or at least it is no more than a fair warning of the danger, coming, to give our friends another sample of the same editor's great zeal in the cause.

"May the pen of a Stearns, a Southwick, a Miller, a Cochrane, a Child," [not ourself, but a noisy name-sake of the Seneca Farmer, one of the few mischief-makers, and of the firm of Miller, Southwick & Co.] "*and others, never swerve from the noble cause till the whole fabric of Masonry, with all its boasted antiquity, shall be demolished, and not a vestment left to mark the spot where it stood!!!*"

In an article originally inserted in the Batavia Advocate and copied into the National Observer of July 6th, we find honourable mention made of the ladies who formed in the masonic procession on the 25th ult. The writer calls them the "*followers of mother Rahab*, the foundress of their order." We have heard too, some brilliant remarks of Mr. Southwick, on the "*queen of Sheba*." Out upon your gallantry, friend Southwick! The public are wont to look on you as the champion of slandered females, but this is a woful decline. Surely you cannot be so wroth at the fair for not becoming the echo of your patriotic lamentations. They have nothing to expect from the distribution of loaves and fishes, at the next fall elections, and of course follow the dictates of common reason. But rouse their indignation, and then we will see who will "*come cap in hand, soliciting our humble influence*" to restore the good understanding that formerly existed between the fair sex and yourself.

When we think of the machinations of our enemies, we cannot forbear deprecating the consequences of so much ingenuity exerted in the vain scheme of entangling the interests of masonry with the affairs of civil politics. We can see the aim of every aspiring demagogue, who is so zealous at this premature period. We know that masons will not identify their interest with political feelings, but we know too that they will never vote for the person who boasts of his enmity to the principles which lay so dear to their hearts. If there be rebellion and "masonic law" in this, and we know it will be counted so, we only say it is the privilege of American citizens, to be masons or not, if their character warrants it,—to vote for masons or for other honest men, if they see fit to vote,—to read the newspapers, and such as they please, if they are able to pay for them,—and whenever these privileges are denied, or any compulsion is exercised towards them, we care not how quick the bigots cap the climax, like the tyrant Ferdinand, by an act of UNIVERSAL PROSCRIPTION.

Masonry has never been brought in question at our state elections until last fall, by a few ministers of mischief at the west. We trust that our brethren, knowing their duty, will not suffer their attachment to the order to usurp the place of their duty to their country. We can number in the catalogue of our worthies, both the living and the dead, who have done honour and still do honour to the highest situations of trust which are filled by our citizens. These men never rose to their honourable stations by masonic influence; let a drunken, broken down, Irish, ranting preacher, with his three years' residence, say what he will to the contrary. The people, and not masons, have paved their way to honour, an when that people shall see fit to make the like trial of those who are so loud in reviling church, state and literature, for their connection with the fraternity, what can the few in number do against the host? They can ride into office on horseback, and hurl masonry out headlong; nay, if they consign its supporters to the rack, or the flames, it will not be the first instance of masonic martyrdom, nor while bigotry survives will it be the last.

If it is denied that the intention of these fanatics is to make the affair a political handle for the next election, we ask then, why do you not bring the matter to a crisis?—Why does not the far-famed Lewiston convention present the promised report?—Why are so many falsehoods taken up daily, and as soon as refuted, succeeded by others as glaring and no less ridiculous?—When these questions have been repeatedly asked, why have they received no explicit answer?—If it is a want of funds that delays the publications so often called for, we have no hesitation in declaring that masons will contribute liberally towards it, only let the report be fair, explicit, and, what we fear will be of no use to ask, let it be forthcoming immediately.

Upon a serious view of the subject, we have arrived at the opinion that the Morgan tale, got up by Miller, & Co. and carried on by a set of knaves and hypocrites, is one of the most contemptible hoaxes ever played off upon any community. In this opinion we are not alone. The concurrent testimony of many who are acquainted with the machinery, and the puppets who pull the wires, confirm this belief. Setting prejudice aside, all honest men disbelieve the tales of blood and murder, that have been sent forth into the world by the "proprietors" of this affair, and all others are either aspiring demagogues, hypocritical cavillers, or in the utmost favour of charity, the unconscious slaves of prejudice.

LITERARY. It is asserted that Dr. J. G. Percival, well known to the literary, or rather poetic world, is now at New-Haven, superintending the publication of Webster's Dictionary. The work is now in press, and will shortly be permitted to speak for itself. It is hoped the expectations of the public may not be disappointed in the merits of this long promised acquisition to American literature.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR has commenced its fifth volume with its well known neatness of appearance and taste. The first number is accompanied with a beautiful engraving of Trinity church, by James Eddy, from a drawing by A. Davis. The present is expected to exceed all previous volumes in the splendour of its decorations, as well as its general mechanical execution.

THE THEATRE. The manager of this establishment is using his best endeavours to please. As yet he has been greeted with but comparatively thin houses. This may in some degree be attributed to the absence of much of the fashionable portion of our community. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, have heretofore uniformly attracted full and profitable houses. Barnes' Billy Lackaday and Delph, on Wednesday evening, were of a superior cast. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Barnes will again appear in favourite characters.

SUMMARY. A letter from Madrid says, that Washington Irving has abandoned the intention of translating the Spanish documents respecting Columbus, not finding them likely to repay the trouble. He has, however, commenced a new work, which, it is intimated, will be very interesting to his countrymen.—There is a gentleman living in New-York, who is in Albany every day in the week, and at home every day but one. The other day he started from Albany at the same hour that his brother left Philadelphia, and in 12 1/2 hours they met at New-York.—Professor Holley, it is said, has abandoned his contemplated tour to Europe, and is about to take charge of a seminary at New-Orleans.—Volla, one of the most celebrated philosophers of the age, died lately in Italy, at the age of 82. He was head of the university of Pavia.—Governor Desha has pardoned his son, and he is now at large. This is the Roman virtue of our times.—It is rumoured that the Columbian congress has refused to accept the resignations of Bolivar and Santander.—The legislature of Pennsylvania has presented an elegant sword to capt. D. Connor, of the U. S. navy, for his gallantry in the actions between the U. S. sloop of war Hornet and the British vessels Peacock and Penguin.—The notorious *Malapar* is now in jail at Montreal for a debt of £200.—The students of the Theological Seminary at Princeton have formed a voluntary society on the great principle of *perfect abstinence from all spirituous liquors*. This is a good foundation for their future labours. They need not be confined solely to the exhortation, "do as we tell you;" but can add the still more powerful one, "do as we do."—St. Giles' church, in London, has now an illuminated dial. The clock, by its own revolutions, lights itself at sunset, and extinguishes the light at sunrise.—A Dublin paper states that 1200 men were to leave England for Rio Janeiro, to reinforce the army of the Emperor of Brazil. They were entered as colonists, to evade the law.—The corner stone of Tremont theatre was laid in Boston, July 4th, with appropriate ceremonies. A silver plate, specimens of American coins, and the papers of the day were deposited in a leaden box.—A beautiful white clay has been found in Vermont, which, it is thought, will be suited to the manufacture of porcelain.—A fountain of carburetted hydrogen gas has been discovered in Portland harbour, Lake Erie, about fifty feet below the surface of the water. It is intended to raise it on a pedestal, as a substitute for a light house.—We are informed (says the Wilmington (N. C.) Herald) that Topsail Sound, on the 3d inst. was covered with dead fish of different kinds, among which were sharks, that had probably been poisoned and drifted ashore. The negroes on one plantation gathered up and salted, about thirty barrels.—A rebellion in Western Tartary has given the Emperor of China considerable alarm.—It is said that the "Niagara Rakers" are more successful in taking fish than Morgans.—We hear that the *Life of Napoleon*, by the author of *Waverley*, has already been trans-

lated and published in Italian.—A lady of Bath, Steuben co. N. Y. spun on the 4th inst. *one hundred and twenty two knots of woollen yarn!* This is a novel mode of celebrating, and deserves commendation.—Five hundred and twenty eight Passengers arrived at Philadelphia on the 7th inst. in eleven vessels; 380 of whom were from Ireland.—One thousand and sixty cases are now pending before the four courts of the city and county of New-York.—A person went to church, and heard a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, in New-York, on Sunday morning, and at one o'clock on Monday, he was in Boston;—240 miles travel.—Pliny Earle of Leicester, Mass. has 30,000 silk worms, all in a healthy and thriving condition.

A French paper, giving an account of the arrival at Toulon on the 16th of May, of 370 men condemned to the galleys, states that the first thing done was to put an iron ring on the foot of each, as they were detached in succession from the chain with which they were linked together during their march. They were then stripped naked, and their hair was cut. In this state they were marched across a piece of ground to a tent, where two large tubs are placed in which they are washed. As they walk along, it is easy to recognise the principal offenders, and those who are sentenced for life by the brands which appear on their bodies. They are washed by other prisoners selected for the purpose, who also search their clothes for money, which they sometimes attempt to conceal in their mouths and other parts of their body. If only to the amount of ten francs is found, they are allowed to keep that much; but any large sum is deposited in the chest of the galleys, and afterwards applied to their wants. On this occasion two 20 franc pieces were found in the mouth of one man. One of the prisoners employed in stripping the new comers, found on one of them a purse, which he endeavoured to conceal in his hand. The owner did not venture to complain loudly, but an officer of the guard suspecting the trick, forced him to open his clenched fist, and took the purse from him. He was bastinadoed, and sent on board a boat, into which he went half growling and half laughing. After being washed and inspected, the unfortunate men were dressed in the prison clothing, and put on the fatal red cap. An immense crowd was collected to see these operations, and a great proportion of the spectators consisted of women of the lowest class.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the packet ship Hamilton, arrived at New-York from Liverpool, London papers to the evening of the 8th, and Liverpool, to the 9th ult. inclusive, are received. A summary of their contents, which are somewhat interesting, is annexed.

The *Corn Bill* was discussed in the house of lords on the 7th, and its various amendments adopted. All the sections of the bill were gone through with, and its third reading was fixed for the 15th of June.

A message from the king was submitted to both houses of parliament on the 7th, requesting the necessary provisions for additional any supplies that might be necessary on account of the continuance of British troops in Portugal. This message, according to the explanation of Mr. Canning, had reference to the vote of credit for £500,000 to which he alluded in his financial expose. It was inferred from the vote of credit being required, that the British troops would not be withdrawn from Portugal the present year.

In the house of Lords on the 8th, the message of the king respecting Portugal was taken up and discussed, but the proceedings were not brought to a close when the Sun went to press. It was said that Miss Turner was immediately to be married to a gentleman of the county in which her father resides—who was attending her *en cavalier* in London.

It is stated in the Paris Moniteur of the 6th that a naval division has sailed from Toulon, for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction for a gross insult offered to the Consul General of France, at Algiers, by the Dey, as well as for other causes of complaint.

The engagements of the government of Hayti with France, are likely to be fulfilled. Two vessels had arrived at Havre, with consignments on account of the indemnity, and two six-months instalments were to be paid on the 30th June.

The bill from the house of Lords, to annul the marriage of Miss Turner to E. G. Wakefield, was introduced into the house of Commons on the 6th of June, by Mr. Peel. It was read the first time, and ordered for a second reading the next day.

GREECE.—Under date of Augsburg May 31, it is stated that the British Ambassador at Constantinople had sent off a despatch announcing the entire defeat of the Turks before Athens on the 29th of April, with a very great loss, (stated at 10,000).—The Turks were successively driven from all their entrenchments, and forced to abandon all their artillery and baggage.

The Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, despatched on the 5th of May, a courier from Corfu with the news.

It is also that a great European power had addressed a circular to its allies, in which it is intimated that in consequence of the latest declaration of the Porte, there remained scarcely any hope of its ever listening to the dictates of justice and moderation, unless coercive measures were adopted, and desired that a certain time be peremptorily fixed within which the Porte must declare itself, and which period was fixed for the middle of June. If the terms were not accepted within the specified period, the Ambassador of this power was to be immediately recalled.

LEMAN,

Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

AD CITHARAM.

They say I must not move
Thy notes to melancholic minstrelsy,
My harp, nor wake again the song of Love
That I so oft have chaunted over thee.

So fare thee well awhile—
The tender strain and sigh-inspiring theme!
I greet thy wooings with no altered smile,
But must yield, and count thee but a dream.

Bring,—bring the opening rose,
And bind a wreath for us of the most fair;
But stay! O stay!—among the deep young glows
Are blent the hues of love;—beware, beware!

Twist garlands for my brow
Of the green laurel stems; but nay, the breath
Of sobbing rests upon their greenness now—
And melancholy claims the heroic wreath!

Bring wide to drown the sigh,
Minstrel, and dancing nymph, and mirth—and spread
The banquet table for the gay—but why
That vacant seat?—the hidden friend is dead!

Where haunts the spirit not—
The moody spirit of chaotic gloom?
His spell is breathed on every mortal lot,
And damps alike the banquet and the tomb.

Then strike the chords more boldly;—
And sprinkle over thee the dew of mirth.
The harp of Joy must not be touched so coldly,
When the chill breeze of sorrow sweeps the earth.

July 17, 1828.

G.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

BY H. P. WILLIS.

I do not hate—but I have felt
Indifferent to woman long—
I bow not where I once have knelt—
I list not what I poured in song.
They are too beautifully made
For their tame earthliness of thought—
Aye, their immortal minds degrade
The rosy cheek and lips and hair wrought.
The sparkling eye—the laughing tongue—
The glowing lip—the icy heart—
Heaven and earth together flung!

Oh! I must hate—or these must part!
I wandered on a glorious night
With a fair creature I had met—
One of your things of "love and light,"
Made of fair cheeks and curls of jet.
Her brow was like a fresh snow-flake,
Or like the page of sins forgiven—
Oh, you'd have looked to see her break
Away like a freed bird to heaven.
Well, 'twas a glorious night—the sky
Seemed like Mahomet's sapphire wall—
And the blue star-gemmed canopy
Seemed lighting earth for festival.
'Twas beautiful indeed—and she—
(Pray heaven I never meet again
Such hollow, painted pageantry!)
She said—"their chimney smoked again."
Oh! Milton, Dante, Spenser, Pope—
Ye of the lyre and chor'd shell—
Rise and declare how earth's best hope,
How woman—woman—woman fell.

I love to see the house of God
Indeed a place of serious prayer—
I love to see its deep aisles trod
By the heart broken worshipper.
'Tis the last place that e'er should be
Profaned by heartless levity.

It was a calm still morning—sleep
Lay on the waters, and the air
Had folded its light wing to keep
The Sabbath morning holy—fair
And beautifully painted, hung
The deep blue draper: of heaven,
And over earth and sky seemed flung
The pure sweet look of sins forgiven—
I thought it worked a change—for men
Went softer than they're wont, and trod
As if 'twas on their hearts that then
They sought the dwelling place of God.
I marked them enter; the gray head
Bent low in reverence, and the child
With its long silken lashes, hid
The blue eyes that might else have smiled
At the gay Sabbath dress. I felt
As if the world was purified;
I looked around me; all had knelt,
The saint and sinner, side by side,

To the low breathing prayer. He spoke,
The man of God, of the deep wrong
By which the Jewish rulers broke
The heart of Jesus. I have strong
And tearless feelings; but I wept
As if my head were waters—tears!
Aye they were tears,—tears, too, which slept
When hopes which I had nursed for years,
In one short hour went withering. Yet
I turned me at the slow Amen,
And wiped my drowning eyes; and met
A trifling smile! Think ye of men?
I tell you man hath heart; no—no—
It was a woman's smile. They tell
Of her bright ruby lip, and eye
That shames the Arabic gazelle;
They tell of her cheek's glowing dye,
Of her arch look and witching spell:
But there is not the man on earth,
Who at that hour had felt like mirth.

THE THINGS THAT CHANGE.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Know'st thou that seas are sweeping
Where domes and towers have been?
When the clear wave is sleeping,
Those piles may yet be seen;
Far down below the glossy tide,
Man's dwellings where his voice hath died!

Know'st thou that flocks are feeding
Above the tombs of old,
Which kings, their armies leading,
Have lingered to behold?
A short smooth greensward o'er them spread,
Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Know'st thou, that now the token
Of cities once renowned,
Is but some pillar broken,
With grass and wall-flowers crowned;
While the lone serpent rears her young,
Where the triumphant lyre hath rung?

Well, well I know the story
Of ages passed away,
And the mournful wrecks that glory
Hath left to dull decay;
But thou hast yet a tale to learn,
More full of warnings, sad and stern.

Thy pensive eye but ranges
Through ruined fane and hall—
Oh! the deep soul hath changes
More sorrowful than all!
Talk not, while these before thee throng,
Of silence in the place of song.

See Scorn, where Love hath perished,
Distrust where Friendship grew;
Pride, where Nature cherished
All tender thoughts and true;
And shadows of oblivion thrown
O'er every trace of idols gone.

Grieve not for tombs far scattered,
For temples prostrate laid;
In thine own heart lie shattered
The altars it had made!
Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear—
Heap up no more its treasures here!

TO THE WEST WIND.

O thou West Wind! thou breath of life decaying
Slowly and mournfully o'er yon red sky;
Where the fair day her steep course still delaying,
Sinks in the bosom of eternity:
Her hues of beauty fade, her cheek is cold,
And light and warmth are gone, and yon pale star
Watcheth her fest, and darkness like a fold
Mantles around her, and fast heard afar—
Then nearer o'er the waters hushed and dim
Thou raisest o'er her couch thy gentlest requiem hymn!

Hear me, even now thou spirit of the air!
Thou viewless thing, that as a presence dost give
Life and elastic gladness—Oh, that I were
Like thee, a bodily essence, and could live
All freshness and all purity; and leave
The passions that do waste this clay behind,
Sorrow, and pain, and hopelessness; and grieve
No more for aught of earth, but like thee, wind,
Revel before the path of that bright sun,
And pass away at last like melody when done.

Child of the elements! who so blest as thou!
When the rich twilight fades along the skies,
Steeping in hues of heaven the earth's wan brow,
Thou wanderest from the gates of Paradise.
The flowers give thee their perfume, from above
The dew sinks in thy wings, and thou goest on
Hallowing each spot thou visitest, while Love
Breathes to thee, bowered in his deep haunt alone,
A blessing when thou comest, a sigh when thou art gone.

I hear thee now—the scattered leaves are sighing—
To thy sweet breath they never more shall feel!
From the sacred woods a voice is heard replying,
Where the last lingering tints of autumn steal:
All breathe decay and sadness, they are dead,
And hope with them lies buried—unlike thee,
Who, while man's spiritiest works as leaves are fled,
Still wanderest o'er the bright earth wild and free,
Like love, the awakening soul that liveth on eternally.

Requiem of melody! chaunted as from heaven,
Which through great Nature's temple swells along!
Now while life rests in holiest commune given,
I sit and listen thy inwoven song:
What dost thou teach me? nothing can be known;
Then let me dream awhile from thought oppressed
Lulled by the murmurs of thy dreamy tone;
Enough that in this bright day I am blest,
That I like thee at last, shall find my place of rest.

LONDON LYRICS.

THE TABLET OF TRUTH.

Sit down, Mr. Clipstone, and take
These hints, while my feelings are fresh;
My uncle, Sir Lionel Lake,
Has journeyed the way of all flesh.
His heirs would in marble imprint
His merits aloft o'er his pew—
Allow me the outline to hint—
To finish, of course, rests with you.

And first, with a visage of woe,
Carve two little cherubs of love;
Lamenting to lose one below
They never will look on above.
And next in smooth porphyry mould
(You cannot well cut them too small)
Two liliput goblets, to hold
The tears which his widow lets fall.

Where charity seeks a supply
He leaves not his equal behind:
I'm told there is not a dry eye
In the School for the Indigent Blind
Then chisel (not sunk in repose,
But in *alto relief*, to endure,)
An orderly line of round O's,
For the money he gave to the poor.

I league not in rhyme with the band
Who elevate sound over sense;
Where Vanity bellows "expand,"
Humility whispers "condense."
Then mark, with your mallet and blade,
To print the defunct to the life,
Four stars for his conduct in trade,
And a blank for his love of his wife.

'Tis done: to complete a design,
In brevity rivaling Greece,
Imprint me a black dotted line
For the friends who lament his decease.
Thus lettered with merited praise,
Ere long shall our travel-fraught youth
Turn back from the false Pere-La-Chaise
To gaze on my Tablet of Truth.

ANECDOTES.

A REBUKE.—The Earl of D—h, who joined the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole, and was so violent for the destruction of that acute minister, returning one day from the House of Commons, suddenly exclaimed:

"I have it here in my pocket!"

"What have you there?" inquired his lady.

"I have," replied he, "the head of Walpole in my pocket!"

"Then put it on your shoulders," said his lady.

A DIVORCE.—A short time since, says the Painsville, Ohio, Telegraph, in an adjoining town a happy pair were regularly joined in wedlock by a facetious township Squire, whose fees totally exhausted the funds of the bridegroom. Not many days, it appears, had elapsed, before the parties who had been joined "till death should them part" became mutually dissatisfied with their lot, and returned to the Squire with many tales of woe, beseeching him with all their eloquence to un-marry them, which he agreed to do, provided he was previously paid the sum of three dollars, double the fee of the first ceremony. This sum the bridegroom paid by a week's labour on the Squire's farm. Then came the ceremony of "parting." The Squire placed a block upon the floor, on which was put a live cat: one pulled the head and the other the tail, while the Squire, with an axe severed the cat in twain, at the same time exclaiming, "Death has now parted you!" The couple departed with a firm belief that the performance was legal, and have not lived together since.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1827.

[No. 26.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica via. [Juv. Sat.]

ADDRESS,

Of GEO. HOSMER, Esq., delivered at the Celebration of the Anniversary of St. John, the Baptist, at Batavia, June 25, 1827.

(Concluded.)

That the world may fairly judge whether our forms and ceremonies are frivolous or not, they must understand what is the thing signified by the sign used. The institution of masonry, (unlike the narrow policy of modern societies) acts upon the broad and comprehensive plan of universal benevolence and philanthropy; its arms are spread wide, to embrace the whole family of man; it includes both Jew and Gentile, as well him who adores the impostor at Mecca, as the humble worshippers of the infant God at Bethlehem. It includes the idolater of Africa and of India, and the wanderer of the desert, who "sees his God in clouds, and hears him in the wind." It includes every nation and all languages. It results, therefore, of necessity, that it should have a language as universal as its philanthropy. Its wise founder has given us that language, by which, speaking through our signs and tokens, and the symbols of the order, we may greet a brother in every clime, and secure the consolations of friendship, brotherly love and kindness; and happy are all they who conform to the counsel which they give, and discharge the duties they inculcate.

Should an enlightened pagan witness all the ceremonies of the mosaic institution, and be informed that their observance was enjoined under the most solemn sanctions, and the severest penalties; that those rights and ceremonies were prescribed by the infinitely wise God, of the universe, whom Christians worshipped, do you not believe he would smile at our credulity, and pronounce the whole to be trifling and frivolous? To him they would appear so, and why? Because, like the uninitiated in the mysteries of masonry, he knew not the things signified by the signs. The same illustration might be extended and applied to the administration of the ordinances, of baptism, and the Holy Eucharist.

Hence will appear the folly and injustice of judging through ignorance, and condemning without knowledge.

It is further laid to our charge, as criminal, that secrecy veils our lodges, and regulates our intercourse. This objection has already been met and answered by explaining the necessity which led to the formation of our symbolical language. It may be further said, that every moral and religious society is select and separate from the mass of mankind, and of necessity must be so, to preserve their social relation; every society, civil and religious, hath its peculiar forms and modes of initiation; and its peculiar tests of determining the fitness of candidates—some they admit, and others they reject. Our society equally with such, invites the meritorious and deserving to become affiliated with it. It has no secrets which all may not know and understand, who have a desire to learn them—whosoever is under the tongue of good report, and morally fitted and prepared, may ask of us and it will be given him; may seek, and we shall be found of him; may knock at the door, and it will be opened unto him. Does any one complain that our doors are barred against him? if so, let him stand forth and avow himself; and the cause of his rejection will be declared, with reasons to silence the tongue of calumny, and satisfy the most fastidious objector. Until such a case is presented, let the sober minded inquirer after truth, cease to murmur or complain.

It is surely a novel discovery in ethics, that secrecy is criminal; my reading and observation had conducted to a very different result. I had supposed that instead of secrecy being a vice, it was a com-

mendable virtue. The wise and good of antiquity have highly recommended its practice. Lycurgus, the immortal lawgiver of Sparta, made a perpetual law obliging every man to keep secret whatever was committed to him, unless it was for the injury of the state. Cato, the Roman censor, declared that he always regretted the divulging a secret. The Persian code imposed a more grievous punishment on the divulger of secrets, than on any other criminal. Pythagoras the sage, founded a sect, or society on the principle that secrecy was a virtue, whereby, the novice was condemned to silence for five years, in order that he might learn to bridle his curiosity, to detach himself from the world, and employ his thoughts in solemn contemplations. Similar secrets are to be found in the mysteries of Eleusis and of Samothraci; among the Egyptian priests, and among all religious societies. But, we are not confined by authorities to the philosophy of Paganism; the fathers of the church and the volume of inspiration are full to our purpose. St. Ambrose considered the paternal gift of silence as one of the principal foundations of virtue; and the writings of Solomon are eloquent in praise of it; as all may learn who will read his Proverbs, and the book of Ecclesiastes.

I come now to notice another and more serious charge which modern wisdom hath preferred against us; a charge which if true ought long since to have consigned the institution to the lowest depth of the pool of oblivion—which if true, casts a dark shade over the character of the departed worthies of past ages; and characterizes them as paracides, and enemies of their country, instead of its friends and benefactors. I mean the charge that our institution is dangerous to the government of the country, to the administration of its justice, and the civil liberty of the citizen—we have been told that its influence has been exerted to promote the brethren exclusively to office; has been felt in the combination of juries to screen the guilty, or to punish the innocent. A charge so serious should not have been advanced without proof strong and convincing; what have been the effects of this charge? we have seen and felt it in the simultaneous movement of a whole people, jealous of their liberty and rights. The deep and heavy tone of their denunciation, has burst upon us in a voice of thunder—the foundations of social happiness have been moved, and strange and unnatural alienations of affection and confidence have taken place. The fraternity have been placed under the ban of public opinion; proscribed; denied the common rights of citizens; and execrated, with curses and anathemas heaped on their heads. And upon what authority, I would ask, upon what proof are we doomed to suffer this evil? "When reason sought for reasons she found none." It surely will not be contended in this enlightened age, that one act of folly and wickedness committed by a few misguided zealots of a numerous, and far spread society, ought to inculcate the whole society, and make it responsible. Would it be just to identify the whole body of the Catholics with the assassination of Henry IV. of France, committed by the fanatic Ravallac? Ought the institution of Christianity, and the meek and humble professors of it, to be execrated and condemned for the act of persecution, bloodshed and murder of the cruel minded bigot Mary of England; and others of the same character? Should a minister of our holy religion, forget his vows solemnly made at his induction into the ministry; and the awful responsibility of his pastoral charge over the flock of Christ; degrade himself as a christian and a man to the level of the most low and brutal passions, and desires? Would it be just to make the institution of the Gospel, and the faithful stewards of the mystery, answerable for his aberrations from duty? The Apostles and the Saviour of men amenable for the guilt and delinquency of Judas! Equally unjust is our condemnation for the actual or supposed fault of some one or more individuals.

If their acts could be traced to the institution itself, and its principles could be found to approbate them, our condemnation would be just; but of this there is no proof; it is not true in fact, and masons defy the scrutiny.

Must the fraternity not only be proscribed, and placed beyond the protection of the constitution and laws of our country; but also exiled from the heart and the affections, and deprived of the common benefit of charity, which "suffereth long, and is kind; which envieth not, and seeketh not its own;" not only without proof of any defective organization of the institution, but, against the strong presumption in its favour: arising from its antiquity, the estimation in which it hath been held through rolling centuries, by the wise, the pious: the patriots, philosophers and statesmen of successive ages.

Spirit of the immortal Warren! speak from thy bloody tomb, and vindicate your persecuted brethren and yourself from the charge of hostility to the laws and liberty of the country—venerable La Fayette! pupil and friend of Washington—did the blood you shed in freedom's cause at Brandywine flow from a traitors veins? God-like Washington! didst thou attain to the proud pre-eminence of presiding over a band of congregated traitors to liberty and law; and remain their cherished brother to the last verge of life? Shall the long life of thousands, and ten thousands of the brethren spent in acts of piety, and benevolence, and of patriotic zeal for the honour, glory and prosperity of their country, attest nothing in favour of an institution to which they were proud to belong? If in view of all these proofs; and of the characters of the illustrious living, and more illustrious dead; our institution is condemned; then may we well exclaim in the strong language of the poet—

"Oh justice! thou hast fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

The persecution under which the brethren at present suffer, will, I doubt not, have a happy effect, not only upon the society; but upon morals in general, by awakening us to a more lively sense of the importance of drawing closer the bands which unite the fraternity; and of carrying into more active practice the benevolent principles of the order, which teach us to cultivate the social and generous affections, to avoid all intemperance in thought, word or conduct, and to resist all irregular desires. To ever bear in mind, that we are continually subject to the eye of the Supreme Grand Architect, who will critically inspect our work, and overlook no defects; who will suffer no materials to enter into the walls of the masonic edifice, which have not been tested by the compass of morality; the square of virtue, and the plumb-line of truth. When in obedience to our masonic duties we regulate our conduct; the incense burns acceptably on the altar of the heart; benevolence and good will take up their abode in it; and charity, as the gentle dew of heaven, comes with refreshing to the mansions of poverty and disease. The desolate heart of the widow and the afflicted rejoices; the tears of the orphan child of sorrow are dried up; and hope lights his path in the journey of life. The fire of anger is extinguished by the tear of pity; and the offence of a brother is erased by the smile of forgiveness. The clenched fist of avarice expands into the palm of benevolence, and the tongue of the slanderer becomes vocal with praise. The frowns of the world will awaken a more lively sympathy for each other; and that relief which we have mutually pledged ourselves to afford, will more cheerfully be granted. Enjoying the benefits, and secure in the possession of our high privileges, we need not fear the frowns of a misjudging and censorious world; the wiles and deceit of selfishness, or the malice of the vile and evil minded; who can see no beauty, that he can desire, in an institution reflecting back upon them the image of their own worthlessness. Our edifice, standing upon the eternal rock of truth, may deride the angry billows of passion, which dash

and fret at its base; It will even loom in the distance, a beacon of hope to the toil worn and unfriended voyager of life; and when time shall sink into eternity, its indestructible materials, surviving "the wreck of empires, and the crush of worlds"—will be collected together by the Sovereign Architect of the Universe, and placed in that "Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker is GOD."

CONSECRATION.

IN HANOVER, PA.

Patmos Lodge, No. 212, was consecrated in Hanover, Pa. on the 9th June, and W. D. Gobricht installed first worshipful master thereof, by Calvin Mason Esq. representative of the Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

After the ceremony of constituting the Lodge was concluded, Patmos Lodge, together with the visiting brethren, preceded by the York band of music, and escorted by Capt. M'Ilvaine's company of volunteers, walked in procession, with the Regalia of the new Lodge, to the Lutheran church, where a very able and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Cathcart of York.

ELECTIONS.

Grand Lodge of the State of Delaware.

At a stated communication of the Grand Lodge of the state of Delaware, held in Wilmington, on Wednesday, June 27, A. L. 5827, A. D. 1827, the following brethren were duly elected officers for the ensuing year, viz:—Arnold Naudain, Grand Master; Joseph F. Clement, Deputy Grand Master; James P. Lofland, Senior Grand Warden; D. R. Smith, Junior Grand Warden; Evan H. Thomas, Grand Treasurer; William T. Read, Grand Secretary. The M. W. Grand Master appointed Thomas A. Rees, Senior Grand Deacon; William R. Sellars, Grand Marshal; John A. Naudain, Grand Sword Bearer; Rev. Joseph Wilson, Grand Chaplain; Joseph Day, Grand Tyler; Mrs. Chandler, Seeds and Saunders, Grand Stewards; J. F. Clement, W. T. Reed, J. P. Lofland, D. R. Smith, Jerome Loring, Grand Visitors; John Sellars, A. Hamilton, James Cochran, E. H. Thomas, J. P. Lofland, Committee of Correspondence.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

IRON.

Iron is profusely scattered throughout nature. It enters either as a colouring or combining principle into a great number of mineral substances; it is a stranger neither to vegetables, whose tints it enlivens, nor to animals, upon whom it exerts a salutary influence. As an insulated substance, it is found in almost every part of the ancient continent; it is, however, more common, or at least, accessible to our researches in the north temperate zone, particularly towards the northern part of it.

What an immense quantity of iron is contained in the mountains of Scandinavia alone! The mountain of Taburgh, to the south of Sweden, presents only one entire mass of this mineral. The north of Asia equally abounds in iron; the imperfect accounts which we have received of Canada, and the northern part of the United States, inform us that these regions are provided with excellent iron, tho' copper appears to predominate there. Southern Africa, it would seem, abounds still more in iron, than the places just mentioned do in copper. No kind of rock or earth is a stranger to it. It is found in granite in detached masses, in schist, in a thread-like form, in the free-stone in beds; it exists in mud and turf.

The great masses of native iron, found in Siberia by Pallas, and in America by Reuben de Cillis, have been for a long time considered by most naturalists as productions of art, or of volcanic agents. Waltherius, in stating that native iron is found upon the borders of Senegal, has merely copied from ancient travellers, whose narratives want precision. But, it is an undoubted fact, that the substances found at Kamsdorf in Saxony, and at the Oulle in Dauphiny, are actually natural productions; and why cannot nature present to us iron in its pure state, since it offers it to us under the form of very hard and com-

pact steel? The most ancient iron ore, according to Werner, is that of magnetic iron, which Haüy calls oxidulated iron; it is to a variety of this ore that the name of loadstone has been given.

We shall speak elsewhere of the phenomena which this substance presents. The grey or specular ore of iron (the oligiste iron of Haüy,) abounds in Sweden, in Norway, in the Island of Elba, at Framont in Les Voges; it is the most easy to work of all the ores of iron. Sparry iron ore is only a carbonate of lime, more or less mixed with iron; the lime with which the ore is combined facilitates the fusion. The iron which is drawn from it is of an excellent quality, and it has a very great tendency to pass into steel, even in the first fusion: that is what is called steel ore. A kind very generally distributed, and commonly worked, is that of oxidated iron, which comprehends, amongst others, the hematites, the ochres, the martial geodes, and particularly the iron in globules, similar to peas or eggs. The metal obtained from oxide of iron in globular masses, sometimes contains a certain quantity of phosphoric acid, which renders it brittle and indurible; this is what the French call *fer cassant a froid*, and we, cold short iron.

Sulphuret of iron, which is commonly named martial or ferruginous pyrites, is one of the most remarkable substances which enter into the composition of the globe. It is very extensively distributed, being found in quartz, in marl, in the argillaceous schist which lies upon coal, and it is even mixed with coal itself. In the greatest depths to which man has ever been able to penetrate in the most considerable mines, we continue to observe the ferruginous pyrites until our progress is arrested by the subterraneous waters. There is auriferous pyrites, which although chiefly consisting of decomposed sulphuret of iron is worked like ore of gold, and with the view of extracting from it this last metal: Such is the method employed in the gold mines of Berezof in Siberia, of Adelfors in Sweden, and others. The origin of hematites, and ferruginous ochres, is owing, according to the opinion of the majority of naturalists, to the decomposition of sulphuretted iron, the remains of which the running waters have carried along with them; hence they are called transported minerals, in order to distinguish them from other minerals which seem to have been formed in the spot where they are found. These transported ores, then, are of recent formation, compared with others, and one can easily suppose that they are formed every day.

Vitriol of iron is nothing else than the sulphate of iron, which is generally procured from the decomposition of sulphuretted iron. Sulphate of iron, or vitriol, is of great service in dyeing, it is used as the principle of black colour, from the property which gall nuts and other astringent vegetables possess, of precipitating iron contained in the vitriol under the form of black particles of extreme fineness.

Emery is an oxide of iron, intimately united with the basis of alum, and with silice. This substance is valuable in the arts, on account of its great hardness. By bruising it in steel mills, it is reduced to a powder, whose sharp and hard particles can, by the application of friction, give a polish to all existing substances, except the diamond. "Iron," says M. Haüy, "such as nature produces it, is very different from that whose appearance and use are so familiar to us. It is nothing but an earthy mass, a dirty and impure rust; and even when iron presents itself to us in the mine with metallic brightness, it is still very far from possessing the qualities required for the multiplicity of uses to which it can be applied. While man need only purify gold, he must, if the expression be allowed, create iron." This metal is generally susceptible of three different states. What is called cast or pig iron, is the metal after its first fusion, deprived of a more or less considerable portion of its oxygen, and combined with a part of the carbon with which it came in contact in the casting furnace. Cast iron is not yet rendered malleable; for it is peculiar to iron, that of the two properties of fusibility, and ductility under the hammer, it can possess the one, only at the expense of the other. To render iron ductile, it is again submitted to the action of a furnace, the elevated temperature of which determines, by a new exertion of affinities, the oxygen remaining in the cast iron to combine

with the carbon, which had been incorporated with the iron, and thus to form carbonic acid, which constantly disengages itself from the mass. Iron, after this process, is found in the greatest state of purity to which art can bring it: It is then exposed to the action of a large hammer, whose redoubled strokes, by bringing the metallic particles into closer contact, unite them more perfectly together, and render the iron ductile. It is then called forged iron. In this new state it is no longer fusible; and the most violent heat of our furnaces can at most only soften it, and convert it into a kind of paste. Forged iron placed in contact with carbonaceous substances, and again softened by the action of the fire, the moment it enters into combination with these substances, or rather with the carbon which they contain, is converted into steel.

The operation of tempering, which steel undergoes, does not change its nature, it only varies the arrangement and aggregation of its particles; it augments at once its hardness, its brittleness, and its volume, and gives it a coarser grain than that of steel not tempered. Thus the difference between cast iron, forged iron, and steel, depends on two principles, namely, oxygen and carbon: their union constitutes cast iron; the absence of both, at least in a perceptible quantity, characterises forged iron; and, in steel, carbon exists alone without oxygen.

We shall say nothing of the use of iron in its three states; it is universally known. We shall only observe, the tenacity of iron is such, that this metal reduced into a wire of about 2.7 millimetres, or one-tenth of an inch in thickness, can support without breaking a weight of 21.3 kilogrammes, or 450 French pounds. Iron is very oxidable, and it exerts a very strong elective affinity to sulphur. United with silice alumina, it imparts an extreme hardness to the rocks which contain it. Thus there is no metal which allows itself to be so easily decomposed, and no metal forms a more unalterable cement. Its magnetic virtue readily communicates itself to the other metals with which it is mixed; four hundredths of iron makes copper magnetic, five hundredths have the same effect upon tin. These physical qualities prove what an important part it must have acted in the formation of those aggregate substances which compose our globe.

GUN POWDER.

Who was the inventor, and when the discovery of gun-powder was made, are both matters of great uncertainty and dispute.—Schwartz, by many, has been supposed to have discovered this composition, in the early part of the fourteenth century, and the great probability is, that he was the first European who acquired the art; there can be but little doubt, that it was used in the East Indies, many centuries before it was known in Europe. The sportsman has however, but little to do with the history; and those who are anxious to be better informed on the subject, are referred to Bishop Watson's Chemical Essays, and Dr. Rees' Encyclopædia; in both of which the subject is treated scientifically and historically.

Sporting powder, is said to be composed of six parts of nitre, one of sulphur, and one of charcoal. These proportions are varied by different manufacturers, and sometimes other ingredients are introduced. Every manufacturer has his own particular method, both as to the proportion of ingredients, and the manner of compounding them. Powder will always lose its strength, when suffered to become damp, and this will account for powder varying so much as it frequently does. I have used powder, on a fine day, that was excellent, and on using the same a few days after, have found it almost worthless, in consequence of having been, in the interim, improperly left in a damp place. If powder, well dried, be left for a few hours in a damp situation, it will be found to increase in weight from absorbing the moisture of the surrounding atmosphere. For this reason, powder should be kept in the driest situation; and I would recommend the shooter, always to dry it before he goes out; this can be done by exposing it for a few minutes to the sun, or by spreading it on a warm plate; by so doing, the increase of strength will be astonishing. It often happens, that the manufacturer is censured, when the negligence of the shooter is the only cause of deficiency in the powder. Powder also loses its

strength by age, particularly so, if the canister be not occasionally shook. Philosophers have not, as yet, been able to explain satisfactorily the principle on which powder propels the charge, for it is not certain that it does not act in every direction alike, though some detonating powders act only in one direction. It has been supposed, that a fluid of an elastic nature, is generated at the explosion, by which the shot is driven out of the barrel; other hypotheses have been advanced on the subject, none of which are necessary to be discussed in a work of this kind—we are well ascertained of the effect, and the cause, we must leave with those who have leisure and ability for philosophical investigation.

Powder to be good, should be quick, strong, free from impurity, and not liable to attract moisture from the atmosphere. The general method of trying the purity of powder, is by burning it on clean white paper; two or three small heaps are made near each other, and one of them is fired; if the smoke rise perpendicularly and there be no feculent matter left on the paper, nor the other heaps fired, it is considered as evidence that the ingredients have been of a good quality and well compounded. If, however, the other heaps are fired, the paper burnt, or a dirty residuum left, it may be supposed that the nitre was impure, that the charcoal was not completely pulverized, or the whole of them were not well incorporated together. It is remarkable that powder will vary in its proof at different times of the day, and from what cause we know not, in truth, notwithstanding it has been in use for four hundred years, we are still but partially acquainted with the nature and properties of this article. Several methods of proving, or trying the strength of powder, have been adopted; but with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Dupont's Eprovette, none of them can be relied on for much accuracy, when used for fine powder. The mortar is very uncertain, and the spring eprovette is worse than useless, and should be abolished.

[Shooter's Manual]

NATURAL HISTORY.

WINGED GRASSHOPPER.

A curious circumstance in Natural History is related in the last number of the American Quarterly Review. The large winged grasshopper which flutters with so much vivacity through our meadows during the autumn, feeds upon vegetable matter, and deposits its eggs upon vegetables for the purpose of being supported until matured. Before the grasshopper takes wing, another insect, the ichneumon, alights upon its body, and thrusts under its skin a number of its eggs, by means of a tubular, awl shaped oviduct. These eggs slowly acquire perfection, become living worms, and feed upon the body of the hapless grasshopper, until themselves are ready to take wing. So admirably do they perform their office, that they do not injure the vital organs of the insect they are internally devouring, until they are just ready to change their state; and at the proper season, hundreds of grasshoppers, in this condition, have just strength enough remaining to flutter to a tree or fence, and with a dying effort fix their hooked feet so firmly as to retain their position long after death. Examine their bodies at this season, and you will find an empty shell, or one filled with large and active worms, just ready to burst their coverings and become winged insects.

The recently published number of the North American Review, supplies us with another description of a natural object, but little known, to common readers, though said to be familiar to the right of those who navigate between the tropics,—the beautiful and enigmatical insect, commonly named the Portuguese man-of-war. It is from a memoir of Dr. Tilesius, who accompanied M. de Krusenstern in his voyage round the world.

"This singular animal had several times been delineated, described, and endowed with names, yet not only its denominations were various, but also the nature and characteristics ascribed to it. According to some it was a Polypus, according to others a Zoophyte, and others ranged it among the Mollusca. Naturalists who followed in the steps of Linne, have called it the *Physalis*. Wonderful as are all the works of Providence, admirably fitted as are the several parts of each created being for their several

functions, complex in their composition as they sometimes at first seem, while yet they are always found to be really so simple and suitable in their action, on a nearer investigation, we way nevertheless, venture to rank this little animated creature among the most curious phenomena of nature. A worm between six and eight inches in length, which is found but in certain latitudes, has seemingly the skill and knowledge of an experienced navigator, and is in itself a little ship. Its evolutions are according to the winds; it raises and lowers its sail, which is a membrane provided with elevating and depressing organs. When filled with air it is so light that it swims on the surface of alcohol, and is at the same time provided with a structure which furnishes it with the necessary ballast.

When high winds would endanger its existence, it descends into the deep, and is never seen on the surface of the water. From under the side of the body proceed fibres, which extend twenty feet in length, and are so elastic and delicate, that they wind in a spiral form like a screw, serving at once as anchors, defensive and offensive weapons, pneumatic tubes, and feelers. The insect has the colours of the rainbow: its crest, which performs the office of a sail, is intersected with pink and blue veins, trimmed with a rosy border, and swells with the wind, or at the animal's pleasure. The fibres contain a viscous matter, which has the property of stinging like nettles, and produces pustules. It acts so strongly, that vessels in which they have been kept for a time, must be repeatedly washed before they can be used. These fibres may be cut off without depriving them or the rest of the insect of the principle of life; and the separation takes place spontaneously, whenever the glutinous matter comes in contact with a hard surface, like the sides of a glass globe. The insect has, however, dangerous enemies in small dolphins, and medusæ, against which neither its nautical skill nor its poison can defend it. To the natural philosopher, this little animal is a curious exemplification of the principles of hydrostatics and of hygrometry, as its bladder is perhaps among the best substances that can be used for the delicate instruments of the later science. To the Physiologist it has the same importance as the rest of that class of beings, of which every part is endowed with an uncommonly strong principle of vitality, and which have therefore not improperly been called *biota* by Dr. Hill. To a contemplative mind, the wonderful organization of the *Physalis* must be a new proof that hardly any great effort of human ingenuity, perseverance, courage, and skill is without a duplicate of more astonishing workmanship, simplicity, and sagacity, in beings coming from the hand of the Author of creation. If navigation is justly deemed the most daring enterprise of man, it may be considered as a remedy against pride to know that there exists a worm, which an all powerful providence has at once made a navigator and a ship, a hydrostatic and pneumatic engine, a being destitute of mind, and yet one that watches the winds, and rides on the waves."

[Bost. Cour.]

BIOGRAPHY.

PESTALOZZI.

This extraordinary man, who died on the 17th of February last, was born at Zurich, on the 12th of January, 1745. Originally destined for the church, he vigorously applied himself in the German universities and in the Swiss Academies, to the study of philology. The attraction of languages and literature at first seduced him completely; but afterwards influenced by Rousseau's *Emilius*, he renounced philology, theology, jurisprudence, even books themselves, to employ himself for the remainder of his life in the intellectual and moral development of the people, founded on a psychological basis. The indigent and labouring classes became from that moment the objects of his attention, of his continual meditation, of his affection; although the system of education which he devised for them was equally applicable to the superior orders. With the exception of expression, Pestalozzi was remarkably ugly. He was not more than five feet two inches in height, and stooped greatly. In his dress he was exceedingly negligent. His face was furrowed with the small-pox; and not a feature possessed the slightest regu-

larity. The upper part of the back of his head was flattened, and, as it were, thrust forward. But under a noble forehead shone two eyes, not with lightning-brilliance, but with the internal radiance of a mind absorbed by one great idea. The amiability of his character rendered him universally beloved, especially by children. His death was preceded by a short but painful illness; and he was buried in the village of Bir, near his country house of Neuhoof, in the canton of Aargau.

THE HUMOURIST.

IRISH BULLS.—Sir Jonah Barrington, in his *Personal Sketches*, recently published, relates the following, among other things, of Sir Boyle Roche, whom he styles the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish parliament. Sir Boyle Roche was induced by government to fight as hard as possible for the union:—so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentlemen (said he) may titter, and titter, and titter, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now: but when the day of judgment comes, then honourable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there are no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*." He was a determined enemy to the French revolution, and seldom rose in the house for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "There, Mr. Speaker! if these Gallian villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on *that very table*, may-be, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here, perhaps, sir, the murderous *marshal-law-men* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!" Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland:—"It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve the remainder!"

THIS HERE AND THAT THERE.—A late Chief Justice of the superior court having not unfrequently made use of the words "this here" and "that there," for the simples *this* and *that*, a wag at Dover published, during the session of the court at that place, the following epitaph:

"Here lies the body of Ichabod Hare,
Who's left this here world and gone to *that there*."

Doctor Hoadley Ashe (lately dead), was nephew of Dr. Hoadley who wrote the *Suspicious Husband*. I had the pleasure of sitting next Dr. Ashe at dinner when he began a story with—"As eleven of my daughters and I were crossing Piccadilly,—"*"Eleven of your daughters, doctor?"* I rather rudely interrupted. "Yes, sir," rejoined the doctor, "I have nineteen daughters all living; never had a son; and Mrs. Ashe, myself, and nineteen female *Ashe plants*, sit down one-and-twenty to dinner every day, Sir, I am smothered with petticoats."

[Dibdin's Reminiscences.]

At a public levee at the court of St. James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield—"pray, my lord, who is that tall awkward woman, yonder?"—"That lady sir," replied Lord Chesterfield, "*is my sister*." The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out—"no, no my lord, I beg your pardon; I meant that very ugly woman, who stands next to the Queen." "That lady, sir," answered Lord Chesterfield calmly—"that lady, sir, is—*my wife*."

POPULAR TALES.

THE CONJUROR'S APPRENTICE.

A FAIRY TALE.

There was once upon a time a young man named Alexis, who was of an exceedingly promising appearance, perfectly well made, and as beautiful as the day. His parents had died from sheer poverty; and the care of his education had devolved on his grandfather, who was named Bonbenet, and by whom he had been sent to school. It was a thousand pities that Bonbenet was not rich, for if he had been he would have given his grandson an excellent education. As, however, he had not wealth enough to make a nobleman of him, he did the next best thing in his power, and bound him apprentice to a tailor, who was called La Rancune. This was a most famous tailor, lived in the extremely fashionable part of the town, and charged higher for his coats than Stultz does in our degenerate days. He gave a most stylish air to the whole figure; invented the fashions; and, what was most singular of all, he employed no men, never worked himself, and yet his clothes were always finished and sent home on the appointed day. Many people did not scruple to say that it was Old Nick himself who worked; but as La Rancune got very rich, he did not care for what any body said—as rich people never do. Alexis had been apprenticed one year. His grandfather, who went frequently to see him, found him sometimes occupied in turning the spit, sometimes cleaning his master's rooms, but never at work on the shopboard. This grieved the old man so much that he took it to heart, and became bilious, till he grew as yellow as a citron. In good truth, he had no cause to be contented with the tailor, for Alexis was so ignorant of the art of sewing that he could not even have made a corn sack. Bonbenet resolved to take him away from La Rancune, and to place him elsewhere. This, however, was not easy for a man so poor as Bonbenet; and he was pondering as to the means of finding another master for the lad, when Alexis, perceiving the old man's distress, clung round his neck, and said, "Do not afflict yourself, granddad; if I have not learned to make a coat, I have learned something else."

"What do you mean?" said Bonbenet.

"Really," replied Alexis, "I am not so great a fool as some people take me for: I know a great many curious tricks. M. La Rancune," continued he, "used to shut himself up occasionally in his private room; and, as I had nothing better to do, I indulged my curiosity by peeping through the key-hole. I saw him do some astonishing feats. By only speaking two words, which I remember perfectly well, he could assume the form of a mouse."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Bonbenet; "what stuff is it that you are telling me? It is impossible!"

"It is so impossible," replied Alexis, "that if you please, I will immediately transform myself into a dog."

"Well," said Bonbenet, "let me see."

At the same instant an extraordinarily beautiful little bitch appeared in the room, and began frolicking about.

Bonbenet was not a little astonished at this metamorphosis, but he loved his grandson too well to wish he should remain a bitch all his life; and so he called out to him, very urgently, to reassume his own shape.

Alexis, who was an obedient lad, instantly obeyed him.

"Well, grandfather," said he to Bonbenet, "is not this a better secret than to know how to sew up a pair of breeches? Do not trouble yourself," he continued; "you have taken care of me ever since the death of my parents—it is now but fair that I should provide for you. To-morrow morning I will transform myself into a beautiful horse: you shall lead me to market, and try to sell me for a hundred pistoles; only mind you bring the halter back with you, and all will go on very well."

The next morning Alexis took the form of as fine a horse as ever was seen. Bonbenet took him to the market, where every one who saw him was delighted. The jockeys bid for him as high as eighty pistoles, but Bonbenet stood out for a hundred. La Rancune, who was not pleased with the horse he drove, and wanted a better, came to market to look

for one. He no sooner cast his eyes upon Bonbenet's horse than he wished to possess him; but knowing Bonbenet to be a poor man, he said to himself, "What does all this mean? This old man is a beggar: where has he got this horse? I very much fear that his grandson has discovered my secret. I must find this out." At this same time, looking through a magic glass which he carried, he discovered his apprentice under the form of the horse, and immediately resolved to be revenged.

"How much," said he to the old man, "do you ask for this horse?"

"A hundred pistoles," replied the old man; "and you shall not have him for one liard less."

La Rancune, who would have given ten thousand to have been revenged on his apprentice, counted out the hundred pieces to Bonbenet. The old man, in a transport of delight, prepared to take off the halter; but the purchaser, who knew what the consequences would be, said, "Leave me the halter, and here is a pistole to buy another."

Bonbenet took the pistole without thinking any harm could come of it, and returned to his house to wait for Alexis; who, as you may guess, now that he had got into La Rancune's power, was pretty sure not to return.

La Rancune, having led his horse home, fastened his nose to the rack with the halter, and instead of hay and corn, regaled him with a torrent of hard blows. He was treated in the same cruel manner for three days by the tailor, and was just ready to expire, with pain and hunger, when two daughters of La Rancune took compassion on him. "Good Heaven," said the elder, "how cruel our father is! Why does he treat this poor beast with so much barbarity?"

"I pity him from my heart," said the younger; let us take him something to eat. He ought, at least, to be well fed to support all the beating he receives."

"With all my heart," said the elder, "let us feed him." They then went to the stable, gave the horse plenty to eat, and afterwards led him to drink at the river. The moment he felt the water the spell he was under lost its force and he was freed. The thirst which then tormented him made him envy the fish, and so he changed himself into a carp, that he might drink at his ease. You may fancy that the tailor's daughters were not a little surprised, but after weeping a little to no purpose, they returned home, very much grieved to have lost so fine a horse, and frightened out of their wits at the idea of their father's anger. As they expected, his first care on his return home, was to run to the stable to beat his horse; and, not finding him, he immediately inquired what had become of him. His daughters, drowned in tears, told him all that had happened. He whipped the younger, and boxed the ears of the elder; and then transforming himself into a heron, he hovered over the surface of the river, trying to find his apprentice, whom he imagined must have changed himself into a little fish, and whom he would have devoured if he could have caught him.

He caught all the small fish in the river one after the other; but, not finding Alexis among them, he thought he must have transformed himself into a carp. Then he took the form of a large net; and casting himself into the river, drew on the bank, at one pull, two hundred carp. He looked at each of them attentively, but not finding the one he sought, he threw himself in for the second time. Most certainly the unfortunate Alexis must have been discovered, in the careful search which the magician had made, if he had not taken the precaution to quit the river after having quenched his thirst; and as he foresaw that La Rancune would be informed by his daughters of the way by which he had escaped from their hands, and in that case would most certainly fish for him, he immediately metamorphosed himself into a diamond, and by this artifice eluded all the vigilance and resentment of La Rancune. The latter, tired of catching only carp, returned home, swearing within himself that he should never die contented unless he should first have destroyed his apprentice.

Near the river was a magnificent palace inhabited by a king, who had an exceedingly beautiful daughter. This princess often walked on the banks of the river with her attendants, and one day perceiving a stone of uncommon brilliancy on the shore she pick-

ed it up. The princess was delighted with it, and instantly sent it to a jeweller, who set it in a ring, which was more beautiful than any one that had ever before been seen. Alexis, who was in reality this stone, was very well contented at being in the princess's hands, but his joy was soon changed into apprehension. La Rancune, who by his art had discovered that Alexis, in the shape of a ring, was the delight of the princess, was already pondering on the means to regain possession of him. The king fell into an illness which the physicians soon contrived to render incurable. All the court was thrown into the greatest consternation. The king, who was by no means in a hurry to die, caused a proclamation to be made throughout his kingdom that he would give half his possessions and his daughter's hand in marriage to the person who should effect his cure. La Rancune did not allow this opportunity to escape him; he went to the king, and, having cured him, said:

"Sire, I know that the half of your kingdom belongs to me, and that, as the word of a king is inviolable, it only remains for me to marry the princess; but I do not wish it. All the reward I ask, sire, is, that the princess will make me a present of a ring which she has in her possession."

"Is it possible," said the king, "that you content yourself with so moderate a reward, when you have a right to demand a much more considerable one?"

"Yes, sire," replied La Rancune; "I am, thank God! neither troubled with ambition nor with love."

"Very well," said the king, "then come to-morrow morning to my levee, and I will not only give you this ring, but also, if you desire it, the casket containing all the rest of my daughter's jewels."

"Great prince," replied the tailor, "you are too generous, but I only wish for the ring which I have mentioned; and, since your majesty promises me that, I am contented to rely on your word." During this time, the princess (who was ignorant of the conversation that had passed between her father and La Rancune) was shut up in her chamber with her favourite attendant, conversing on the convalescence of the king, and the conditions of the edict he had published. "How wretched," said she, "is the fate of princesses! The victims of political arrangements, they are often united to men who have no merit but their good fortune. As for me," continued she, weeping, "I am still more to be pitied; for I am on the point of marriage with a villainous tailor, who has a red beard, and is moreover so ugly that I am sure I never can love him."

Although the lady of honour was a clever woman, she thought this such an ill assorted match that she did not know what to say to console the poor princess, therefore she also wept; but while they were thus afflicting themselves they perceived, much to their astonishment, that the princess's ring enlarged. By imperceptible degrees it assumed the form of a young man beautiful as the god of love; in short, it was Alexis. "Do not be alarmed, princess," said he, addressing himself to the king's daughter, "and deign to listen to the recital of my misfortunes." After he had related them in a most touching manner, he added, "La Rancune now asks me of the king as the price of his cure. For the love of Heaven! do not give me up to the fury of the most barbarous of men. Ah! if you had witnessed the blows he used to give me in his stable, you would not wonder that I dread to fall again into such hands."

Alexis excited the compassion of the princess so forcibly, that she promised to use all her efforts to save him from his enemy. "But," said she, "if my father compels me, what must I do?" "Throw me against the wall with all your strength," replied Alexis, "and do not trouble yourself about the result." The conversation lasted a considerable time, and the lady of honour, who was an experienced person, perceived that the princess found Alexis very much to her taste, and that she would have had no objection if he had been the person to whom the king was indebted for his cure. As it was late the princess undressed herself; but, before she went to bed, she obliged Alexis to resume the figure of the ring.

Next day, in the presence of La Rancune, the king said to the princess, "My daughter, you know the obligations that I am under to La Rancune. He leaves me in quiet possession of my kingdom, and, far from aspiring to your hand, he will be con-

tented with a ring that you have in your jewel case. As you have always been so good and obedient, I flatter myself that you will willingly grant what he demands."

"Father," replied the princess most respectfully, "there is nothing in the world that I would not willingly give to procure you one half hour's health; but as for this ring, with your permission, I shall not give it."

"How!" said the king in a passion, "is it thus, ungrateful girl, that you repay the affection I have always shown you?"

"My father," replied the princess, "do not let us put ourselves in a passion. You cannot, with any justice accuse me of a want of affection towards you; all my ladies of honour can bear witness that during your illness I never ceased crying: but for my ring, I own that I cannot part with it. La Rancune," continued she, "can take the share of your kingdom that belongs to me. I shall not care about it; I will retire into a convent, where I shall live more happily with my ring than I should on your throne without it."

"Zounds!" said the king, who was in so great a rage that he could not help swearing, "this is strange. Is it possible to be so fond of a trinket! Well," continued he, in a transport of passion he could not control, "I will punish you by taking away all these jewels that you love so much, and I will shut you up in a tower." This threat brought the princess to her senses; and perceiving that she could not keep her ring, she pulled the case out of her pocket, and opened it. La Rancune wished to take it, but the princess desired him to stand back for an impudent fellow as he was, and not to approach her nearer. Then shewing him a ring, she asked if that was the one he wished to have? "No," replied he. "Is this it?" continued she, shewing him another. "No," answered he. At last she produced the ring in question; La Rancune suddenly stretched out his hand to seize it, but the princess flinging it on the ground with all her force it changed into a pomegranate, which burst, and scattered the seeds all over the room. Then La Rancune, shewing his power to the whole court, transformed himself into a cock, and began picking up all the pipe one after another. When he thought he had swallowed them all, he strutted proudly before the princess, who wished he had been with his friend and ally in the lower regions. Just at this moment, however, a little seed which had not been seen, owing to a cobweb which covered it, changed itself into a fox, flew upon the cock, and strangled it in the twinkling of an eye. All the court appeared petrified at this prodigy, and preserved the most unbroken silence, until Alexis, quitting the shape of a fox, reassumed his own figure, and saluted the king and princess with such an admirable air that they were enchanted. This prince immediately summoned his council, when it was decreed, by unanimous consent, that, as Alexis was in reality the cause of the king's restoration to health, he ought to marry the princess. The monarch, who approved all that his ministers advised, thought this opinion perfectly just; and accordingly asked his daughter whether she would object to marry a man of such ignoble origin. "Ah! no, my father," replied the princess, who was passionately enamoured of Alexis, "contentment exceeds riches, and his amiable qualities make him equal to any prince." Bonbenet was summoned to witness his grandson's happiness, who on the following day was united to the princess with all possible solemnity and magnificence, and they lived very happily for ever afterwards.

The other day, as a countryman was passing the back of our gaol, he recognized an old acquaintance among some of the inmates who stood at one of the upper windows, and through the grating of which, although denied the enjoyments of mountain air, he was at the moment contriving to supply himself with a pleasant substitute in the form of "mountain dew." "Ah, safe us, Saunders," said the countryman, who did not observe what was going on, "that's an awesome dowie hole, for such a cheery muirland bird as you to spend sic bonnie simmer days in; how do you manage to keep up your spirits, man?" "Brawley, as ye may see, Tam," replied the other, "when we feel our spirits down, we pull them up wi' a lang string."

MISCELLANY.

THE CASTLE OF CSEITHE, IN HUNGARY.

The Castle of Cseithe, on the Waag, is now but a mass of ruins and rubbish. After having belonged to Matthias Corvinus and to Maximilian II., it fell into the hands of Elizabeth Bathory, niece of Stephen Bathory, King of Poland, and wife of Francis Nadassy.—This Princess has given an unhappy celebrity to the castle, where she displayed for many years a degree of cruelty of which history can afford few examples. She educated in her residence indigent young women, to whom she gave portions, and married them on certain remarkable occasions in the year, but she punished with severity and violence the most trifling faults, and seemed to take pleasure in seeing these innocent creatures suffer. One day she struck one of them in a brutal manner; and the blood of the victim having flown into her face, she ran to a mirror to wipe it off. She fancied that her skin became whiter, more beautiful, and more brilliant; and the idea occurred to her of renewing her youth by bathing herself in the blood of these unfortunate girls. Two old chambermaids and her dwarf Fitzko assisted her in this horrible project. The youthful female attendants successively disappeared, and what is almost inconceivable, above three hundred had been sacrificed to the caprice of this ferocious woman, before any discovery was made. At length, a young man having lost his intended bride in this manner conceived some suspicion, and by means of money even obtained the mortal remains of her whose loss he deplored. Stung with indignation, he hastened to Presburg, where he loudly proclaimed his grief and despair. As a princess was implicated, George Thurzo, the palatine of her kingdom, resolved to repair in person to the spot, where he surprised the four monsters in the fact, at the very moment when their victim was expiring, after having in vain struggled with her executioners. Proceedings had commenced, and the whole published to satisfy the public indignation. The two women were condemned to have their right hands cut off, and to be beheaded; the dwarf, also, to lose his hand, and then to be cast into the flames. The princess was confined in a dark and narrow prison, where she died three years afterwards, in 1614. Only a few years ago, the porter of the castle still showed the place where these abominations had been committed, the earthen vessel which had received the blood, and the deep pit into which the body of the victims was thrown.

THE BROKEN HEART.

The Island of St. Domingo had long been held in peaceable possession by the French, and it was not until Louis XVI. mounted the throne that its quietude was disturbed. The blacks had become very numerous and imprudent, and it was not even supposed, until it actually happened, that an insurrection was about taking place. The negroes arose and were cruel in the extreme to the whites, and the inhabitants of the island, massacred men, women and children in the most barbarous manner, having no regard for age, sex, or condition. It was a dreadful scene—the blood flowed through the gutters like water—and the groans of miserable victims rang upon the air in mournful sounds. The inhabitants, as many as were spared, flew to the ships in the harbor for safety: being few, the captains were compelled to embark leaving hundreds on the shore praying them for God's sake take to them on board, but it was in vain, and the wretches giving up all hopes, flung themselves into the river to rise no more.

Among the passengers who were so lucky as to procure a passage on board one of the ships bound for Philadelphia, was one of the most wealthy and intelligent merchants of the island. He had been fortunate enough, to save from the wreck of his fortune, some gold and many valuable jewels. His wife and daughter also were safe, and with him. Notwithstanding Monsieur Berenger was seemingly very fortunate yet he had been so unused to wants of any kind that the denial of any gratification rendered him completely unhappy.

His wife was an amiable woman, and his daughter Louisa, a charming accomplished girl, and her father's idol. They arrived in Philadelphia and took lodgings in Collowhill street. It was some time be-

fore they learned the English language, as they kept very retired, and all the neighbourhood were in wonder who they could be. The daughter never went out but in company with her father, and they seemed inseparably bound to each other. The old man never smiled but on his child, and it was always observed he appeared happy only in her company. She was as delicate a creature as ever nature moulded, and her misfortunes were only supportable because her father yet existed, and she wished to live only on his account. They soon gained many friends in their neighbourhood, among whom were Mr. Marville and his nephew Frederick. They soon became warmly attached to the family, and Frederick was aware it was the love of Louisa.

Happy would Mr. Berenger have been could he have seen his daughter comfortably situated in life, but to die and leave so tender a plant to buffet the rude blast of adversity and poverty, was more than the old man could bear. He was seated one pleasant afternoon in his arbor, with his daughter and his friend beside him, his eyes bent intently on her, and a tear stealing down his cheek, when his daughter was suddenly called from him by her mother. As she went the old man raised his hands and eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "who shall protect my child when I am taken from her?"—His friend was moved by the manner of the old man, and seizing his hand, pressed it between his own, and exclaimed, "never shall she or you want while I live."—The old man spoke not—his looks told what his tongue would utter—he kissed his friend's hand, laid his hand on his bosom and breathed a last long sigh of farewell to mortality.

Medical aid was procured immediately, but it was of no avail, a vein was opened in the neck and the blood rushed from it so profusely that the physicians could not stop it, till nearly every drop of blood had left the body; a circumstance so singular could not be accounted for by the physicians, and on opening the body they found the old man's heart not only figuratively, but actually broken in two parts. This circumstance had such an effect on the daughter that she died in a twelvemonth after her marriage with Frederick and just as she had become the mother of a charming daughter.

THE GLEANER.

ADDISON AND MALHERBE.—Addison's extreme anxiety to write finely and properly sometimes proved ludicrous. He was charged to write an account of the demise of Queen Anne to Prince George of Denmark; but delayed it so long, that the government was obliged to employ one of the clerks to do it, who afterwards boasted that he had done what Addison could not.—Malherbe was still more unfortunate. He undertook to address some stanzas of condolence to the President of Verdun: he was three years in performing his task; and when he presented them, the president had already essayed a more substantial mode of condolence in taking a second wife. *Le Globe*, which relates this anecdote, calculates that during the twenty-five years of his poetical life, he wrote just thirty-three lines per year, and that he would waste half a ream of paper in the correction of a single stanza.

SHAVE, OR BE HANGED.—The "father of letters," Francis I., with his court, royally amused themselves in besieging the Count de Montgomery's house with snow-balls. The count returned the fire by snatching a piece of burning wood out of the chimney, and throwing it amongst the assailants, it unfortunately fell upon the monarch's head, and burnt him severely; so that he was obliged to have all his fine flowing locks cut off. At that period, an Absalom's head was the characteristic of royalty and nobility. His majesty was now obliged to change the fashion; and he suffered his beard to grow; and crops and long beards were all the rage at court; but as the people had been accustomed to let their beards grow, there was no longer any distinguishing criterion between their pates and those of the nobles. This was duly represented to his majesty, who immediately issued an ordinance, ordering all persons who were not noble to shave their beards, *sous peine de la hart*, under the penalty of being hanged. Whether any really suffered for this capital crime, history sayeth not.

AN IMPULSE OF NATURE. While Talma was at Have a droll occurrence took place at the rehearsal of *Hamlet*! At the moment that the Prince, to avenge his father's death, is raising the poniard against *Gertrude*, the confidante, *Elvira*, ought to turn aside the blow that is levelled against the queen. The confidante on the occasion was a tall chorister, with the air of a grenadier, named *Stephanie*. Struck by the presence of the great actor, she dared hardly to touch the arm of *Aamlet*, and always failed in the atting. "Figure to yourself," said Talma to her, "that it is your mother who is going to be assassinated; your first movement will be as prompt as your thought. You dart upon the murderer, and you employ all your strength to save the life of your mother: it is nature that impels you; there is nothing voluntary in the act." They then began the scene again. Emboldened by his words, at the moment that Talma made the motion with his hand, *Stephanie* darted upon him, and hoisted him up six inches from the ground. "Egad my good lady," cried Talma very coolly, "you are as far over as you were under; nature does not go quite that lentgh."

THE AGE OF HAPPINESS.—Under a candid review of my pursuits and feelings, it appears to me that I was a much happier man than I now am. Upon recollection, I find that *Lewis* the comedian led me, by anticipation, into the cause of this. We were walking homeward from the Keep-the-line Club, then held at the British coffee house. *Lewis* asked me my age, and I answered "thirty." "Stick to that, my dear boy," said the veteran, "and you will do. I myself was thirty once. I was fool enough to let it go by; and I have regretted it ever since."

[*New Monthly Magazine.*]

MAGICAL NUMBER. If, as the old saying goes, the third time be the *charm*, the hero of the following paragraph most certainly bears a charmed life:—There is at present living in a village near Paisley, a man who has been three times married; each of his wives' names were the same; he had three children by each, and lived with him three years; he was a widower between each marriage three years; has three children living, the third by each wife, and their birthdays are within three days of each other. His last wife has been dead three years, and he expects to be married again in three months!

PERSIAN NOTIONS.—The king of Persia said to the elchee, (Sir John Malcolm,) "I have heard a report which I cannot believe, that your king has only one wife." "No Christian prince can have more," said the elchee. "O, I know that! but he may have a little lady." "Our gracious king, George the Third," replied the envoy, "is an example to his subjects of attention to morality and religion in this respect, as in every other." "This may all be proper," concluded his majesty of Persia, laughing; "but I certainly should not like to be the king of such a country."

DEATH. It is worthy of observation, says Lord Bacon, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it masters the fear of death; and, therefore, death is not such a terrible enemy. When a man hath so many attendants about him, that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspires to it; grief flieeth to it; nay, we read that after *Otho*, the emperor had slain himself, even pity, which is the tenderest of human passions, provoked many of his followers th die out of mere compassion for their master.

In the mountain of Cucuana, near the Paramo of Banegar, I met with a huaco (or ancient sepulchre) of the Indians, in which were two skeletons; one was in a sitting posture, and wrapped in a covering of palm which formed a pyramid; on the bone of the forehead was a plate of gold, which represented a sort of fleur-de-lis. and in the place of the nose, were two rings of gold clasped in one another, of two inches diameter. The other skeleton, which by the ornaments appeared a female, was lying in a large sort of jar which served for a coffin. She had round the vertebrae of the neck eight beads of lime-stone, which appeared like marble, and formed a necklace, from which was suspended another plate of gold like the first, and on the bones of the arms were a multitude of small pearls which seemed to have been bracelets. In the nose was only one large gold

ring, falling over the front teeth, and these, with the double teeth, were all in such perfect preservation as shewed the woman had died young. I also found here, joined to the first body, a piece of baked clay representing the expanded wings of a butterfly, broken off from its body; and recollecting that the Egyptians of antiquity represented the divinity with similar wings, to denote that it had dominion over the winds and inhabited the air, one can by analogy suppose, that this without doubt related to the religion of the Indians, and draw some inference as to their origin. [*Hamilton's Travels in Columbia.*]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

HISTORY. It has been recommended by sundry editors of high standing, to the numerous publishers of country papers, as the surest as well as cheapest way to advance the interests of the historian, that each editor devote a portion of his attention, where no more able person can be found, to an inquiry into the settlement, rise and present situation of the portion of country in which he resides. Every man who has not made the history of his neighbourhood a study, would find a gratification of his curiosity, by aiding in such a project; and by a comparison of the several results from such an investigation, new lights would be thrown on our history, and facts, which, but for this arrangement, would perhaps be irrecoverably lost to-morrow, may be clearly described and permanently recorded in the annals of our country.

We wonder that a plan so well calculated to answer every end of its existence, has not struck the members of the Historical Society. Nothing could be easier to accomplish; and nothing, we venture to say, would disclose such a fund of historical lore, at so small expense, or in so short a time. It would be a field, in which every refined mind would delight to engage in. There is no occupation, or profession which it would not materially benefit; whether classical, philosophical, scientific or mechanical. The novelist, the poet, the painter, and in a word, the whole republic of Arts and Sciences, would find a rich mental repast in the perusal of these records of by gone days; and, what is more, posterity would hallow the memory of the hands that record them, with the rare, but more than noble title of public benefactors. Think with what eagerness some future Scott would search among the abundance of materials, a work like this would furnish, for the elements of many an imaginary world; or with what devotion the muse of years to come, would delight to flit from object to object, and give a classic hue to every hill, and a classic shade to every valley, from which the antiquary and historian could draw a hint, or by which tradition could prompt a song. It would seem as if one single man, by his own humble researches, aside from the selfishness of present gratification, would find motives enough to a labour like this, in the consciousness of being a spur to the genius of his country. He certainly could do much for her alone; but how much more could be effected by the whole united talents of our country? If the plan is unworthy the notice of the Historical Society, why will not some other extensive institution adopt it? As it now stands, it is the business of all,—the very least likely to be attended to of any business

known. But let it have the sanction and support of any association of men, scattered over the country, and acting in concert, and the result would surprise the most sanguine, and effect more lasting service to the science of History than the traveller or the antiquary can dream of.

LEISURE HOURS. We have seen some remarks on the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, which discover a taste that we are happily unacquainted with. It is true her little articles are eagerly sought for by those who select poetry, and perhaps, as the writer observes, some of them are never read by the first republisher. But to say that her poems have obtained a circulation to which their merits did not entitle them, is more than we expected to hear, from one who takes the liberty to arraign the taste of so many editors; a display of judgment we had not dreamed of. We do not wish to palm our opinion on any one; but if the sapient critic has read the poems entitled "The hour of death," and "The treasures of the deep," with his eyes open, and his mind free from hypercritical prejudice, we have no desire to exchange feelings with him, if he does not call them something more than pretty. We have not read all her effusions with the interest they seem to create in her admirers, and where one has written so much, it is to us a wonder she has sustained her bold and rapid flight, with the ease that is evident in every new article that comes within our notice. But she has sustained it; and we are daily compelled to say that her muse is neither wearied, nor becomes giddy, under the severest trial of its speed. We look upon her as one of the most favoured worshippers at the shrine of poesy; and the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of her poems, has induced us to say, and that without any disparagement to others of her sex, that she is justly entitled to be placed at the head of all females who have ever written in the English Language. Aside from the common attributes of good poetry, there is a moral tendency—and more,—a living piety in her productions, more free from the extravagancies of most sacred poets, and no less pure and natural, than can be found in the verses of any living writer. Add to this the faculty of expressing the most aspiring ideas in the most simple language, without distorting the lines by overloading them with unmeaning words to make out the measure, or transposing them beyond the reach of common intellect to favour the rhyme, with an originality of no mean character, and we think there can be few things wanting to complete the portrait of an excellent poet. She is very happy in the choice of her subjects, to which she may owe something of her present celebrity; for the consciousness of pleasing in the sentiment, is often an important stimulus to the expression. In fine, her poems are of a durable texture; they will not grow insipid from perusal; and if she never should produce another stanza, her present well earned reputation will not be reversed in the court of posterity.

DOCTOR FRANCIA. The miseries of greatness were never more clearly illustrated than they are in the life of this extraordinary man. From an humble situation in life, he has raised himself to the office of perpetual dictator of that portion of South America known by the name of Paraguay. This office he has held for some years, and by his secret policy, and the detention of all foreigners who happened to visit his country, a powerful nation has risen up, making great advances towards the refine-

ment of Europe, before the world were hardly aware of its existence. He governs with a perfectly absolute hand; not even holding a confidant, much less a counsellor; and were it not for his fits of hypochondria, in which he plays the perfect tyrant, he might be called a wise, generous, and prudent despot. We had some information respecting him some year or two since, in which we were as well reconciled to his character as we could be to arbitrary power, excepting the act of detaining all foreigners coming within his reach. Schools and other plans of improvement were flourishing under his bounty, and he even compelled the poorer classes to send their children to the free schools. In short, we looked upon him as one who, in soul, was far above the petty playthings of nations called sovereigns.

Whether his latter days have become miserable through the consciousness of public enemies, or the common fear of death which grows upon the old age of tyrants, we will not pretend to say; but his apprehensions of assassination have become truly ludicrous. Some parts of his cooking, and other household labour he does with his own hands. He will not smoke a cigar without first unrolling it for fear of concealed poison, even if his own sister has been the manufacturer. He goes armed, even when surrounded by an escort, with a sabre and a pair of double-barrelled pistols. He requires even his own officers to appear in his presence unarmed, and with open hands and extended arms, that he may be certain there is no weapon concealed about them. No one must approach nearer than six paces unless bidden, and then only three steps more may be taken. He never pardons any one who neglects to give him the title of *excelentissimo senor*, though for himself, he often treats all with whom he converses with great levity of speech, strangers excepted, whom he at first tries to intimidate by harshness of expression; but if he finds the person sustains his attempts with firmness, he relaxes his manner, and talks very agreeably, especially when favourably disposed. He then displays a vast judgment, and penetration, with an extent of knowledge, surprising in one who has hardly been out of Paraguay. And this is the success of ambition.—Long years of toil and intrigue have elevated him to the post he courted; but disappointment is in every cup, and he that wears the robe of absolute authority is sure to drink the bitterest dregs.

The aptness of the following cannot be questioned. It is from the *Western Tiller*, printed in Cincinnati, Ohio. There are some of our subscribers to whom we would recommend a perusal of this article. The concluding sentence, we hope, may not prove true to ourselves.

"Debts. There are debts of necessity which must be paid; such as are due one's butcher, baker, and the like. There are debts of honour which few men dare refuse to pay; such as are contracted at the gaming table, for instance. There are great debts; these it is honourable not to pay. There are debts which cannot be paid; such as are due to parents, and those who preserve our lives. There are others which men pay out of pure vanity; such, for example, as subscriptions to missions and tracts, by which their names will be made public; to gratify this vanity, justice is frequently set at naught. There is a debt which no one fails to pay; viz: the debt of nature. It is to be feared that many newspapers will pay this debt before the end of the present year, unless their patrons will pay another small debt not half so mortal."

In a certain paper published not more than 150 miles from this city, we find the *Tarantula* described as a SERPENT peculiar to Calabria. Prodigious! This is almost equal to Mr. Toughtale's description of a TERRAPIN. See "John Bull in America."

CHIT CHAT.

There are 794 officers in the U. S. Navy:—81 captains, 29 masters commandant, 228 lieutenants, 40 surgeons, 40 surgeons mates, 43 pursers, 9 chaplains, and 374 midshipmen.—London has 400 places of public worship.—The population of France has increased 3,000,000 in ten years. Emigration must of course follow any continued increase in the already crowded population of this kingdom; hence the advantages to America resulting from peace in Europe.—The 4th inst. was celebrated at Paterson, N. J. by blasting rocks on the Morris canal; twenty-four explosions to a salute, of which several were fired.—Wm. C. Bryant esq. intends publishing a collection of his fugitive poetry. They will not come unwelcome to the true lovers of the muses.—The third series of "Highways and Bye-ways," has been published in London.—Our countryman, Wm. C. Woodbridge, at the nomination of Baron Humboldt, has recently been elected a Corresponding Member of the Geographical Society at Paris. An edition of Mr. W's Geography has been published in London, and is likely to obtain an extensive circulation in that kingdom.—The Cherokee Indians contemplate establishing a newspaper, for their own nation,—whether in their own language or English, we cannot say.—Sixteen pounds of wool was lately sheared from a Merino sheep, near Burlington, Vermont. The wool was eleven inches in length and of a very superior fineness.—The Philadelphia papers say the Greek fund has increased to upwards of \$24,000.—A book has been found at Paris, one hundred years old, in which the whole of Captain Symmes' theory is developed. If this proves true, it will be not exactly "concentric" with the captain's claim to originality.—Five hundred and seventy-eight foreigners arrived at New-York in one day.—In the Chinese Empire we hear the whole province of Cathay has joined the rebellious Tartars against the emperor.—Robert Skipper, an English pedestrian of considerable note, has a match for four thousand francs, to walk one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours. Nature, with all her gravity, has not scrupled to commit a horrible pun on this gentleman's name.—There has been a skirmish, in the Bay of Canton, between the American and English seamen, on one part, and two Mandarin boats on the other. The Americans and English, very unceremoniously gave the Mandarins a smell of powder, just to teach them that good manners and fair dealing are the safest methods of conduct towards such old hands at the business as Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull.—The shock of an earthquake was felt at Frankfort, (Ken.) on the morning of the 5th inst.—A dog has gone over the Falls of Niagara, and escaped alive and unhurt, except a bruise in one of his legs.—Palm-leaf hats are coming into fashion. They are made on an extensive scale by Mr. Jabez Boyden of Dedham, Mass.—A swimming school has been opened in Boston, by Mr. Lieber, who came from England for that purpose.—Apricots 7 inches in diameter, have been taken from a tree near Philadelphia.—The whole number of visitors at Saratoga, cannot be less than 700, among whom are several foreign princes, nobles, and other distinguished gentlemen.—A young German of rank and respectability is on a pedestrian tour from Boston to Niagara. His name we are informed is Arthur Høninghaus.—The Epicurean, a tale by Thomas Moore, is announced as being in the London press.—Some of the New-Hampshire farmers are engaged in an exterminating war with the squirrels. The latter it seems, were the aggressors, having refused satisfaction for repeated trespasses on the cornfields of the former. Squirrels killed in two engagements, 6701.—A company from England are about to establish a porcelain factory in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. Clay of a superior quality is found there in abundance.

COLOMBIA. Papers and private accounts from Lagnira, by the way of Philadelphia, have been received up to July 4th. They state that 7000 men are under arms near Guayaquil, determined to support the constitution of Colombia, and accusing Bolivar of all the treason and intrigue that has been imputed to him heretofore. Bolivar was expected at Lagnira on the 5th. He has long since promised to call together the Grand Convention, and yet has remained in Caracas eight months without speaking of it—making laws and regulations to suit his own purpose. His Secretary, Revenga, is execrated by the Colombians as the principal mover of the mischief.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Liverpool papers to the 13th of June, inclusive, have been received at New-York, during the present week. They contain

very little matter of interest. Parliament was to be prorogued on the 22d of June. The Russian army continued to be successful in their war against the Persians. The Greeks had met with some slight success; and a letter from Lord Cochrane to the committee of government of Greece, is given, in which his lordship prophesies speedy and permanent freedom to Greece.

SCIENTIFIC & LITERARY VARIETIES.

Feather Beds. The want of feathers is altogether artificial, arising from a disregard of the physical and moral well-being of infants and children; and he who has the good fortune never to have been accustomed to a feather bed, will never in health need or desire one, nor in sickness, except in cases of great morbid irritation, or excessive sensibility, or some disease in which the pressure of a firm or elastic substance might occasion pain. But when a rational regard to the preservation of health shall pervade the community, feather beds will no more be used without necessity, or medical advice, than ardent spirits will be swallowed without the same necessity or advice. The physician has frequent occasion to see persons who are heated, sweated and enfeebled by sleeping on feathers, as if from a fit of sickness, enervated, dispirited, relaxed, and miserable.—*Med. Intell.*

To Preserve Milk. A spoonful of horse-radish, put into a pan of milk, it is said will preserve it sweet for several days.

Flannel Shirts. Flannel was first used in Boston, as a dress next the skin, by Lord Percy's regiment, which was encamped on the Common, in October, 1774. There was hardly flannel enough then in the whole town for that one regiment. Some time after Lord Percy began with flannel shirting, Sir Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford,) published a pamphlet in America, assuming to have discovered the utility of this practice. He might have suggested the use of it to Lord Percy. Flannel has not been in general use till within some thirty years.

Epilepsy. Dr. Borie, the physician of the hospital at Versailles, has for some time been very successfully exhibiting mugwort and the cherry-laurel in cases of epilepsy. A great many poor patients have been perfectly cured by these remedies: the discovery of which seems likely to be attended with the most beneficial consequences.

Ali-Bey. It is said that an inhabitant of one of the most considerable towns in Asiatic Turkey is in possession of the manuscripts of the celebrated Ali-Bey, and that he is not indisposed to part with them. A very curious and amusing publication might no doubt be made from these documents.

Astronomy. On the evening of the 27th of February, 1826, at Josephstadt, in Bohemia, M. Biela perceived in the Ram a small round nebula, the situation of which he noted. The next day he became convinced that he had discovered a comet, the nucleus of which had advanced a degree eastward since the preceding evening, and had increased in size and splendour. Subsequent observations by various astronomers established very near correspondences between this comet and the comets of 1772 and 1836. At length M. Clausen, of Altona, and M. Gambart of Marseilles, each separately, traced an ellipse which left no doubt of the identity of the three. It is calculated that the comet will re-appear in November, 1832, on its return from the sun.

THOMAS G. GREEN, of Monroe county, was arrested on Tuesday, the 10th inst. by virtue of a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace of Genesee county, upon complaint of Wm. A. Carpenter, of Erie county, for the murder of William Morgan, in Niagara county, and brought to this village on Wednesday last. The warrant was regularly endorsed by a justice of the peace in Rochester, and the accused arrested in Henrietta, where he was at work upon the High School house, as contractor for building the same. Instead of being taken before the justice in Rochester, who endorsed the warrant, as is required by the statute, and from thence to Niagara county, where it is alleged in the warrant said murder was committed, the accused was brought directly to this village, by the officer with the aid of some gentlemen who, it is believed, were members of the Lewiston Committee. He arrived here on Wednesday last, and was immediately put under keepers, and rigidly confined till Saturday evening; at which time the officer went home, and left the prisoner locked up in the third story of Mr. Humphrey's tavern. On Monday morning the 16th inst. he was taken before the justice, where he appeared by counsel, which he had been denied access to in Rochester, and the complainant and the gentleman who it is understood was the principal agent in the arrest, acknowledged before the court that they knew of no circumstances which ought to implicate him in the charge of murder. Whereupon the justice directed him to be discharged.

We are not informed whether Mr. Green intends to permit this attempt upon his life—this violation of his liberty—this attack upon his honor,—to pass by with impunity; nor are we apprised that there is any remedy in his behalf.—We should suppose, however, that unless there is some remedy for a false imprisonment more aggravated in its nature than any other which has ever come under our cognizance, the laws of our country must be grossly deceptive. [Batavia Masonic Intelligencer.]

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

WHEN WE ARE YOUNG.

When we are young we often think
Of time and death with fear;
But when we stand upon the brink
Of dread eternity,—and hear
Our knell in every passing breath
Of the rude wind as it sweeps by,
We pray—if there be peace in death,
O let us quickly die!

When we were young, our lot was bright
As earthly lot can be,
And youthful fancy shed a light
Even o'er the broad futurity.
Where is it now!—Our sky is dark,
And our life like the sea-boy, tost
From all, save his benighted bark,
Which is, but to be lost.

When we were young, the plants of youth
Which round our pastimes knelt
In all the loveliness of truth,
Sprung from the hearts that beat and felt!
—There are new tombstones on the hill
Where our forefathers' ashes rest;
But tombs are warmer than the chill
Of the alienated breast.

When we were young, 'twas bliss to feel
The love that walks abroad
O'er heaven, and earth, and sea,—and zeal,
On angel pinions, flew to God.
Now to the earth our souls are bent,
Or, in the agony of woe,
Lifted to pray the enchantment spent,
That binds the soul below!

July 24, 1827.

G.

THE CHAPEL OF THE STROMBERG.

OLD MAN.

"They came with the torch, and they came with the sword;
They mastered the brand of the brave old lord;
They dragged him down by his thin grey hair,
And stabbed him like felons and cowards there!
When I saw him mocked so cruelly,
I prayed they would do the same by me!
They tore the banners that graced the hall;
They plundered the chapel of pyx and pall;
They fired the burgh within and without,
And hailed the blaze with a fiendish shout.
When I saw the flames rush up so red,
I wished I lay with my master dead!"

SIR DEIDRICH.

"Now a curse be upon them each and all!
By the swords of their own sons may they fall!
But for pity's sake, thou man of age!
Guide my steps to the hermitage,
Where my ladye-love and her sister fair
Pass the moments in sorrow and prayer."

OLD MAN.

"'Tis a weary way and a rugged road
Up to that holy and lonely abode;
The hill is steep, and the woods are wide
That crown and clothe it on every side.
Thou hast travelled far, thou noble knight!
Tarry we then till morning's light."

SIR DEIDRICH.

I have ridden for days o'er burning sands,
In my hauberk and hood of mail,
And borne the shock of the desert bands,
And the breath of the desert gale!
Shall I shrink from the toil of a moonlight hour,
When the path leads up to my lady's bower!"

Up the hill and up the hill
The knight and the shepherd go;
The summit is far above them still,
Though the broad Rhine looks like a thread below;
But floating down through the calm bright air,
Comes the vesper song of those sisters fair.

"Ave Maria! Star of the Sea!
Mother and maiden, we call upon thee!
The halls are in ashes where lately we dwelt;
O'erthrown are the altars where nightly we knelt;
But e'en from the depth of this forest so lone,
The prayer of the orphan will rise to thy throne!
Ave Regina Cœlorum!"

Ave Maria! shield us this night
From the fury of man and the malice of sprite,
From the fang of the wolf and the rage of the blast;
Shield us and save us till darkness is past,
And the light of the morning shines over the wave—
A type of the day-break shall dawn on the grave!
Ave Regina Cœlorum!"

Kneeling in the pale moonlight,
Side by side those sisters bright,
Like the sculptured forms of angels bent
Over some marble monument.
The clank of arms!—to their feet they start!—
And Bertha is prest to her true knight's heart.

On that meeting I need not dwell;
Ye may fancy it, maidens, well!
Soon by the brave crusader's side,
Bertha of Argenfels bloomed a bride;
But vain they strove from the vow and veil
To win the heart of their sister pale.

"Loved she also that noble knight?"
Stranger, I trow thou hast guessed aright!
But they knew not, to her dying day,
The worm that was eating her life away.

On the crest of that woody hill
Standeth a little chapel still;
You may see its walls of white
Through the green leaves gleaming bright.
There did the maiden live and die,
And there do her holy ashes lie.

IMITATIONS OF SERBIAN POETRY.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

The maiden turned her head away—
"You'll have no kiss from me to-day."
"And why to-day, love, must I see
The roses bloom, and not for me?"
Tears filled the maiden's raven eyes—
"The lightly won, you lightly prize;
To make you prize the kiss you gain,
It must be won with toil and pain;
And seldom too: so still I say,
You'll have no kiss from me to-day."

SONG.

She took a flower, and plucked the leaves,
Then threw them in the wine;
And ever thus, she said, at first
The hopes of young love shine.
The cup is drained: amid the dregs
The leaves, pale, scentless, lie;
And ever thus, she said, at last
The hopes of young love die.

THE FALCON-MESSENGER.

The warrior loosed the silken string
That was around his falcon's wing.
"Go forth, till thou that thing shall see
More than my life-blood dear to me.
The bird went forth—the red gold shone—
The white steed neighed—the bird swept on;
He paused above a tower—and then
Sought out his warrior-lord again.
"I saw a lady and a child—
The infant in its slumber smiled;
Metbinks the lad, would have wept,
But twas such soothing watch she kept."
His looks grew soft, his voice sank low:
"My own brave bird, well dost thou know
What thou in thy wild flight couldst see,
More dear than life-blood dear to me."

SONG.

The desert bath a dreary waste
Of burning sand and sky;
But even there the fount and palm
Beside the pathway lie:
There may the tired pilgrim rest
Upon his wearied race.
I would the wilderness of Love
Could boast such resting place:
But sultry sky and endless sands,
These, O Love! are for thee—
Thy constant destiny: alas,
That such should be for me!

MELANCHOLY.

Adieu! al vaine delights
Of calm and moonshine nightes;
Adieu! al pleasant shade
That forests thicke have made;
Adieu! al musick swete
That little fountaynes poure
When blythe their waters greete
The lovesick lyly-flowe.

Adieu! the fragrant smel
Of flowres in boskye dell;
And al the merrie notes
That trill from smal birde's throates;
Adieu! the gladsome lighte
Of Day, Morn, Noone, or E'en;
And welcome gloomy Nighte
When not one star is scene.

Adieu the deafening noyse
Of cities, and the joyes
Of Fashion's sickly birth;
Adieu! al boysterous mirth,
Al pageant, pompe, and state,
And every flautynge thing
To which the would-be great
Of earthe in madness cling.

Come with mee, Melancholye,
We'll live, like eremites holie,
In some deepe unconte wilde
Where sunbeams never smyle:

Come with mee, pale of hue,
To some lone silent spot
Where blossom never grewe
And man hath quyte forgot.

Come with thine leaden eye
That notes no passer by,
And drouping solenne head,
Where phansyes strange are bred,
And saddenyn thoughts doe brood,
Whiche idly strive to borrow
A smyle to vaile thy moode
Of hearte-abyding sorrowe.

Come to yon blasted mound
Of phantom haunted ground,
Where Spirits love to be,
And liste the moody glee
Of Night-windes as they moane,
And the Ocean's sad replie
To the wild unhallowed tone
Of the wand'ring seabird's cry.

There, sit with mee and keep
Vigil when al doe slepe;
And, when the curfew bell
Hath rung its mournful knel,
Let us together blend
Our mutual sighs and teares
Or chaunt some metre penned
Of joies of other yeares!

Or, in cavern hoare and damp,
Lit by the glow-worm's lampe,
We'll muse on the dull theme
Of Life's heart-sick'ning dreme—
Of Time's resistless powre—
Of Hope's deceitful lipe—
Of Beauty's short-liv'de hoare—
Of Glory's dark eclipse!

Or, wouldst thou rather chuse
This World's leafe to peruse,
Beneath some dripping vault
That scornes rude Time's assault,
Whose close-ribbed arches still
Frown in their green old age,
And stamp an awful chill
Upon that pregnant page!

Yes, thither let us turne
To this time shattered urne
And quaintly carved in stone,
(Dim wrackes of ages gone);
Here on this mould'ring tombe
We'll con that noblest truth,
The Flesh and the Spirit's doome,
Dust and Immortal Youthe.

LACONICS.

Would you know the value of money, go and burrow some.

The less wit a man has, the less he knows he wants it.

If you make money your god, it will plague you like the d—l.

He that buys a house ready wrought, has many a pin and nail for nought.

A wicked book is the worse, because it can't repent.

He that dedicates his days to endless sorrow, is the worst and most degraded of suicides.

Nobody swerves more from the law, in practice, than a lawyer.

Nobody observes the regimen of health less than a physician.

Nobody feels the remorse of conscience, less than a divine.

The lawyers, who advise others so much to go to law, seldom go to law themselves.

Physicians, who prescribe so much physic to their patients, take but little themselves.

And divines, who set down so many articles of faith for others frequently beleive but few and seldom practice any of them.

None know the full extent of present hate, but those who have achieved that which will insure the highest meed of future admiration.

In literature our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1827.

[No. 27.]

MASONIC RECORD.

*Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ.* [Juv. Sat.]

MASONRY IN MISSISSIPPI.

On Monday, the 25th June, the foundation stone of the Masonic Hall of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, about to be erected in the city of Natchez, was laid with masonic honours.

A large concourse of the fraternity assembled at the Court-House, at 10 o'clock: whence the procession moved to the site of the new Hall, under the direction of the R. W. James Smith, Grand Marshal, assisted by brother R. Parkinson, in the following order.

MUSIC.

Two Tylers, with drawn swords—Two Stewards with white rods.

MASTER MASONS,

Marching two and two with blue sashes.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS,

Marching by threes, and preceded by their sentinel with drawn sword.

GRAND LODGE,

Preceded by their Grand Tyler, followed by

THE HOLY BIBLE:

The GRAND MASTER in the rear.

At the place appointed for the ceremony, a platform had been erected, upon which the officers of the Grand Lodge, and of the Royal Arch Chapters, took their stations. After silence, commanded by the Grand Marshal, an appropriate prayer was made, by the Rev. James Pilmore, Grand Chaplain.

Solemn music followed, and the following address was delivered by the M. W. J. A. Quitman, Grand Master.

"Brethren and Fellow-Citizens:—

"We live in the age of improvement, our country is advancing with a rapidity hitherto unexampled, to the summit of physical and political prosperity. The useful arts and sciences, nurtured by the genial spirit of universal tolerance, seem to have imbibed fresh vigour and new energy. On every hand, we find ourselves surrounded by numerous monuments of the public spirit as well as the ingenuity of our countrymen. The traveller, who visits the northern section of our country, views with admiration the stupendous work, by which the great inland seas of the west, have been connected with the Atlantic ocean. With amazement we behold the bold genius of another sister state, preparing to waft her commerce over the "cloud cap'd" Alleghanies; another determined to effect the grand project of uniting the western lakes with the gulph of Mexico. Our own great river, which but a few years since, was rarely furrowed by a keel, is now animated by the active commerce of ten powerful states, and its rapid headlong current, has ceased to be an obstacle to its navigation. Mountains, vallies, torrents, all have yielded before the progressive march of improvement. In the number of our public edifices, we are not excelled. We leave to other nations the vain glory of erecting monuments to foster pride and ambition. 'Tis our part to lay the deep foundations of national and individual prosperity. Practically wise, our countrymen never sacrifice usefulness to ostentation; yet we cannot be charged with neglecting the means of moral greatness. Let the disinterested foreigner look abroad through our country; it is true, he will not see the splendid palaces of pampered luxury, towering above the humble cottage of the industrious labourer: he will not behold the clouds pierced by towers, pyramids, and obelisks, erected by the slaves of an arbitrary despot, for no other purpose than to feed his pride and to flatter his vanity. No! A far different scene will meet his eye. He will behold the land decked with

innumerable structures, neat, chaste and elegant, dedicated to religion, to education, to science, to benevolence and to charity. The statesman, the philosopher and the christian must regard with approbation and delight, a prospect like this. To add another ornament to this grand scene, we are now assembled. Thirty years ago, the ground upon which we stand, was an impenetrable forest. We have now but to cast our eyes around us, and we may behold within the limits of this town, ten public edifices, reared by the liberal spirit of our citizens. We are about to lay the corner-stone of another, to be dedicated to science, to benevolence and charity. The widow, the orphan, and the stranger in distress will view the walls, which shall rise upon the foundations, and the tear of misery shall give place to the smile of happiness. In such an undertaking, we may look forward with confidence to the approbation and aid of the fraternity, and of an enlightened community. The superintending care of the Great Architect of the universe, will not be wanting; and we may be assured his all seeing eye, will not regard us with indifference, nor fail to bestow his blessing upon our labours."

A leaden box containing the Holy Bible, and a sealed glass vase, containing the following articles—to wit:

1. A roll of parchment containing this inscription:

The Foundation Stone of this
BUILDING,

Erected to God and Dedicated to the Holy St. Johns,
WAS LAID WITH

SOLEMN MASONIC HONOURS,

On this twenty-fourth day of June, in the year of the
Christian Era,

One thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven;

ANNO LUCIS 5827,

And of the Independence of the United States of America,
The Fifty-First:

BY THE GRAND LODGE

Of the State of Mississippi.

Officers of the Grand Lodge.

John A. Quitman, M. W. G. M.
Peter A. Vandorn, R. W. D. G. M.
Thomas P. Falconer, R. W. G. S. W.
Richard Bein, R. W. G. J. W.
James Pilmore, R. W. G. Chaplain.
Duncan S. Walker, R. W. G. Orator.
James J. Rowan, R. W. G. Treasurer.
Sturges Sprague, R. W. G. Secretary.
James Smith, R. W. G. Marshal.
J. Strother, R. W. G. Sword Bearer.
George Newman, R. W. G. Pursuivant.
John H. Duncan, R. W. G. S. D.
Robert Stewart, R. W. G. J. D.
Joseph Newman, R. W. G. J. D.
Joseph Newman, R. W. G. S. & T.

Building Committee.

John A. Quitman, Chairman,
William Provan, Secretary,
Sturges Sprague,
Robert Parkinson, } Committee.
Robert Stewart,
Andrew Brown, Architect.

2 The constitution and copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge.

3 Two almanacs.

4 Several newspapers.

5 A map of the city of Natchez.

6 The coins of the United States.

Were handed by the Grand Treasurer, to R. W. Peter A. Vandorn, D. G. Master, who explained their contents, and the reasons why they were deposited, with some appropriate remarks. They were then deposited by the Grand Treasurer, and the corner-stone fitted and consecrated, according to ancient ceremony.

After the public honours had been given, the working tools were presented by the Grand Master, to A. Brown, the Architect, with the following charge.

"To you, Master Builder, I entrust these tools. You have been selected as a skilful and Trusty Architect to erect this Hall. May these implements in your hands, be used as becomes the craft. Be industrious and faithful, that you may merit the high

confidence reposed in you, by the building committee. And may the Supreme Architect, bless your work with complete success."

To which the Architect replied:—

"You will believe me, Most Worshipful Sir, when I say, that I receive from your hands at this time, with diffidence, those ancient and well-known working tools of the craft; those implements which have been used by so many celebrated artists, and by the proper application of which, so many splendid specimens of Architecture have been reared in all civilized parts of the world. I accept them, under a proper sense of my own inability. But relying with confidence upon the aid and support of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and believing, that I shall receive from yourself, and the brothers associated with you, as the Building Committee, such assistance from time to time, as I may stand in need of, I have no fear of being able by industry and assiduity on my part, to accomplish the work in due time, and present the Fraternity with such a Building as the materials of the country will allow of, and such as will answer those purposes, and be an improvement to our city."

The procession was again formed and moved to the Episcopal church, where prayers were again offered up to the Most High, by the Grand Chaplain; and the Honorable Duncan S. Walker, Grand Orator, addressed the audience.

"Friends and Brethren:—

"Masons, like other societies have their festivals, and on this occasion, they have set apart that of St. John the Baptist, for the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Hall of their Grand Lodge. As American Patriots, by the celebration of the birth day of the hero who gave us a country, excite and increase the love of country, so Christain Masons inculcate the love of man, by drawing closer and brightening the chain of union, on the anniversary festival of the great forerunner of that gospel, which proclaimed peace on earth and good will to man. It is not by this, to be understood, that Masonry is but another name for christianity; she only aspires to be her humble hand-maid. Freemasonry is of no sect or party, or country; her canopy is the starry firmament, her temple the Universe, where the same mystic tie, invisible though certain as the laws of attraction, unites the Jew and Christain, the Mahometan and Pagan, the king and the subject; here, they meet on the same level, speak the same language, and sacrifice at the same altar. And if my friends this society, effected nothing more than this union of men, of every clime and nation, of every sect and party, forgetting all such distinction, in the general good, is not that alone, such an approximation to usefulness, as to induce you to examine with us, and without prejudice, the origin and principles of the most ancient society the world has ever known. You have just witnessed a specimen of operative masonry—that art by which the artificer lays out his work, and gives strength and beauty to our earthly habitations; speculative, or Freemasonry is a science, aspiring so to mould the hearts and minds of man, as to render them fit materials for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Operative masonry furnishes the Temple; Freemasonry prepares the votary. In the beginning, the first work of creation was the light of the sense, when God said, "let there be light, and there was light." Then order was first impressed on matter. The last work of Creation was the light of reason, which God breathed into the breast of man. Then completed harmony arose, for then the supreme architect spoke our order into being, with these natural and spiritual lights.

"The close analogy, the striking correspondence, and intimate alliance of external and internal sense, naturally suggested the symbolic sciene and figurative language of Freemasonry. Man readily extends the range of knowledge, by the use of ideas

taken from matter, and applied to mind; and this science imbued with the lore of Egyptian and Grecian philosophy, transfers natural images and the implements of operative, to the illustration of speculative Masonry; thus pleasing the senses, while enlightening the understanding, and warming the affections while determining the will. Hence to the enlightened, every object around reminds them of some moral duty, and universal nature is converted to the mental vision into one grand theatre, representative of masonic truths. While the hieroglyphic art, and symbolic language of masonry, impart the arts and sciences to man, they at the same time inculcate by the most lively and impressive images, the precepts of virtue and the lessons of truth. We need but look to the sun above us, for a striking illustration of the principles and virtues taught by masonry. He is the type of the heavenly grand master, dispensing light and heat, emblematic of truth and love, proceeding together from the same divine source. The former embracing all the knowledge, and the latter all the virtues of masonry. There is but one mode of drawing the veil and discovering the truth—the brethren well know where to look for light.

"Masons are taught charity in its most extended sense; love to God and to man. Like the great source of light and heat, invigorating the universe, until it reflects back on himself his own brightness. Brethren! let this first Masonic virtue be evinced by its fruits—by the preservation of harmony among the fraternity by heart-felt sympathy in their joys and sorrows, by delight in their society and fellowship, and by a hearty union in the grand design. Then may we say with truth "how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Making self but a point, extend the Masonic Compasses beyond the narrow circle of kindred and of country, till they embrace all mankind in one social brotherhood, one universal family of love. Our motto is "ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you." While the door of the lodge is never closed to the worthy applicant, it is always open to the needy brother. Masonic charity is not satisfied with merely feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, she raises up the bowed down, and imparts lasting and permanent relief to the afflicted. She passes not by the unfortunate on the other side, like the Levite, but, the Samaritan of life's journey, she pours the oil of relief into the wounded spirit: though bruised herself, like the tree of Gilead, she still yields the healing balm.

"Its quality is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him who gives, and who receives.

It is an attribute of God himself, "love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

"As individuals we claim no pre-eminence in the performance of this duty; but as a society, the lodges certainly practice as well as teach this cardinal virtue. If then, my friends, Masonry, like religion itself, has been occasionally abused by unworthy members, will not the mantle of charity, here as well as hereafter, "cover a multitude of sins?"

"The most frequent objection laid to our charge, is, that masonry is dangerous, because it enjoins secrecy. Yet faithfulness to confidence reposed is one of the greatest bonds of social life. Masonry then, inculcating the virtue of secrecy, teaches us, that confidence should be of slow growth. That secrets can only be reposed in those breasts which we have tried by the proper tests and found worthy. This in fact, is one of the great advantages of the fraternity; the possession of friends even amid strangers, with whom we can divide our sorrows, and double our joys, by imparting them; whose sympathy will comfort, whose charity will relieve, and whose confidence can never betray. To what then is masonry dangerous? Not to domestic peace—which instead of invading, she protects—surely not to our public rights—for what has a republic to fear from the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue? Yes, it must be conceded, masonry is dangerous to tyrants—and to them only—although her precepts enjoin submission to the powers that be, yet the progress of light is inimical to despotism. Hence we see, that the altars of masonry are broken down in Spain, while her lights burn most brilliantly in our

own happy country. Here, she has risen above the clouds of ignorance and prejudice, as the sun rises above and disperses the mists of the morning.

"The exclusion of females from our order, so far from arising out of any supposed moral, or mental disqualification, is the highest compliment we can pay to the hearts and understanding of that sex, which forms the connecting link between men and angels. With as much propriety, might their exclusion from the labours of the Knights of old, who lived or died but to please their ladies fair, be made a subject of reproach. Masons then, as now, knew that while the constitution of the softer and gentler sex unfitted them for the trials to which they might be exposed, that at the same time, their hearts "open as day to melting charity," required no secret association, or artificial stimulus, to keep alive and active the spirit of benevolence and love, which has been well called, "the business of their lives."

"The occasional misconduct of individual members, and not the principles of the order, it must be admitted, has brought the only well founded reproach that ever fell on the craft. But if a few good men would have saved Sodom from destruction, shall a few bad men bring a lasting reproach on the most numerous, ancient and honourable society? Surely, these are not the times, nor this the land, where the knavery of some speculators can induce even the most credulous, to denounce a whole fraternity, because a few of its members were accused, or even guilty of high offences?

"Let such attempts my brethren, operate but as an additional incentive to you, to live up to the principles of masonry. While avoiding the spirit of proselytism, and refraining from answering the aspersions of ignorance, be not chafed at these little inequalities in the stream of life, down which on the level of time, we are rapidly hastening to a sure anchorage, in the harbour of eternity. As storms in the natural world, their fury, subsiding, drive disease away, and bring health in their train, so in the moral, may the blasts of misfortune arouse you to vigilance and drive away all mists from your eyes.

"Although the origin of our order is enveloped in the ages of tradition, yet history bears witness, that Freemasonry has ever been the companion of freedom, the handmaid of religion, and the apostle of knowledge. We tread on holy ground, when we trace her near the burning bush, amid the ceremonies of the Jewish dispensation, and under our great grand master, king Solomon, building the first Temple of the true God; while under the Christian dispensation, masonry has assumed the Bible as the standard of her faith, rallied her knights under the banners of the cross, and with the chivalry of her Templars driven back, the crescent of Saladin, from the holy sepulchre. But while masonry yields to none in the field of chivalry, it is in sparing the vanquished, in ransoming the captive, in the triumph of her principles over national and individual enmities, it is in the bloodless triumphs of peace and mercy, that she leads the van. She has survived the most bitter persecutions, the rack of the Inquisition, and the dungeons of despots, and if now prostrated, where exists the society, merely human, over whose fall the tears of so many widows and orphans would be shed? Let tyrants tremble and bigots frown, her cause is onward. The cause of Masonry is the cause of philanthropy—of the improvement of the human race. It is the same cause in which the first martyr of masonry bled, for which Solomon laboured, Washington fought, and Warren fell. The cause of truth and light must prevail.

"And now, brethren, may you long enjoy the comforts of brotherly love, relief and truth, in the earthly building of which you have this day laid the corner stone, and at last be present, rejoicing, when the capstone of the spiritual temple is completed. As we meet on the level, let us part with each other, and with all men on the square, circumscribing ourselves within the compass of duty, till rising by the plummet's law, and guided by the great light, we may at last extend to all the hand of fellowship, in that Grand Lodge above, where the supreme architect and divine Grand Master presides."

After which the procession moved to the Lodge room, where the ceremonies of the day were closed.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

MAGNETISM IMPARTED BY ROTATION.

A very curious paper on this subject, by Mr. Barlow, has been read before the Royal Society. Mr. B. having fixed a 13 inch mortar shell to the mandril of a powerful turning lathe, wrought by a steam engine, and caused it to perform 640 revolutions in a minute, the magnetic needle deviated several degrees from the magnetic meridian, and remained stationary during the motion of the shell. When the rotation ceased, it immediately resumed its original position. When the motion of the shell was inverted, an equal but opposite deviation of the needle took place.

When the earth's action on the needle was neutralized, and the needle made a tangent to the ball, the north end of the needle was attracted, when the motion of the ball was made towards the needle, and repelled when the motion was in the contrary direction, and this happened whatever was the direction of the axis of rotation. In the two extremities of the axis there was observed no effect, but in two opposite points, at right angles to the axis, the effect was a maximum, and the deviation of the needle was to the centre of the ball. In speculating on these facts, Mr. Barlow is disposed to think that the earth's magnetism is of the induced kind, and he considers this opinion as supported by the fact of the non-coincidence of the magnetic axis with the axis of the earth's daily motion.

BURNING MIRRORS.

Many have questioned the fact recorded by several historians, concerning the surprising effects of the burning mirrors of Archimedes, by means of which the Roman ships besieging Syracuse, were burnt to ashes. Descartes particularly discredited the story, as fabulous; but Kircher made many experiments with a view of establishing its credibility.

He tried the effect of a number of plain mirrors, and with five mirrors of the same size, placed in a frame, he contrived to throw the rays reflected from them to the same spot, at the distance of more than a hundred feet; and by this means he produced such a degree of heat, as led him to conclude that, by increasing their number, he could have set fire to inflammable substances at a greater distance. He likewise made a voyage to Syracuse, in company with his pupil Schottus, in order to examine the place of the supposed transaction; and they were both of opinion that the galleys of Marcellus could not have been more than thirty paces from Archimedes.

Proclus is also said to have destroyed the navy of Vitalian, besieging Bizantium, by means of burning glasses.

Among the moderns, the most remarkable burning mirrors have been those of Magiæ; of Septala of Milan, which was nearly three feet and a half in diameter, and which burnt at the distance of fifteen or sixteen paces; of Vilette, and Tschirnhausen; the new complex one of M. Buffon; that of Trudaine; and that of Parker.

La Brocquiers, a traveller of the fifteenth century, says, that at Damascus they make mirrors of steel that magnify objects like burning glasses; and one of them, when exposed to the sun, reflected the heat so strongly as to set fire to a plank fifteen or sixteen feet distant.

M. Buffon constructed a machine consisting of a number of mirrors, by which he seems to have revived the secret of Archimedes, and to have vindicated the credit of history in this point. The experiment was first tried with twenty-four mirrors, which readily set on fire a combustible matter prepared of pitch and tow, laid on a deal board at a distance of sixty six French feet. He then further pursued the attempt, and put together a kind of polyhedron, consisting of one hundred and sixty-eight pieces of plain looking-glass, each six inches square; and by means of this, some boards of beech wood were set on fire at the distance of a hundred and fifty feet; and a silver plate was melted at the distance of sixty feet. This machine, in the next stage of its improvement, contained three hundred and sixty plain mirrors, each eight inches long and six broad, mounted on a frame eight feet high and seven feet broad. With twelve of these mirrors, light

combustible matters were kindled at a distance of twenty feet; with forty-five of them, at the same distance, a large tin vessel was melted; and with a hundred and seventeen, a thin piece of silver. When the whole machine was employed, all the metals, and metallic minerals, were melted at the distance of twenty-five, and even forty feet. Wood was kindled in a clear sky, at a distance of two hundred and ten feet. M. Buffon afterwards constructed a machine which contained four hundred mirrors, each six inches square, with which he could melt lead and tin at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet.

But the most powerful burning mirror ever constructed, was that of Mr. Parker, an eminent glass manufacturer in Fleet-street: it was made a few years ago by Mr. Penn, an ingenious artisan, who lived at Islington. He erected an out-building at the bottom of his garden for the purpose of carrying on his operations; and at length succeeded in producing the most powerful burning lens that had ever been known. Its diameter was three feet; and the completing it, with its necessary apparatus is said to have cost his employer, Mr. Parker, upwards of £700. Its power was astonishing; the most hard and solid substances of the mineral world, as platina, iron, steel, flint stone, &c. were melted in a few seconds, on being exposed to its immense focus.

A diamond, weighing ten grains, exposed to this lens for thirty minutes, was reduced to six grains, during which operation it opened and foliated like the leaves of a flower; and emitted whitish fumes; when closed again, it bore a polish and retained its form. Ten cut garnets, taken from a bracelet, began to run into each other in a few seconds, and at last formed one globular garnet. The clay used by Mr. Wedgwood to make his pyrometric test, run in a few seconds into a white enamel; and several specimens of lavas and other volcanic productions, on being exposed to the focus of the lens, yielded to its power.

A subscription was proposed in London, for raising the sum of seven hundred guineas, towards indemnifying the inventor for the expense he had incurred in its construction, and retaining this curious and useful machine in England; but from the failure of the subscription and some other concurring circumstances, Mr. Parker was induced to dispose of it to Captain Mackintosh, who accompanied Lord Macartney in the embassy to China; and it was left, much to the regret of the philosophers in Europe, at Pekin, where it remains in the hands of persons, who most probably know neither its value nor use.

MAHOGANY.

The Mahogany Tree cannot be excelled in magnificence and grandeur of appearance by any of the known productions of the earth of its class, and could the largest of the oak, which species is usually styled the king of the forest, be exhibited in competition, it would dwindle to insignificance in the comparison. The enormous size and height of the trunk, the uncommon spread of the branches, the space of ground occupied by the roots, altogether convey to the mind the idea, that it was designed by Nature for the use of a race, of more colossal proportion than the present. The ingenuity and perseverance of man has, however, obviated all the difficulties, and reduced the almost apparent impossibility of appropriating to his use, a tree, which, it would appear, has, by Nature, been made of too great a size to be brought within his power. Commerce has also made mahogany, from being an article scarcely known, to be one of necessity throughout Europe, and great part of America. This tree belongs to the class *Decandria Monogynia*, and in botany is described "*Swietenia nect, tubulosum, 10 dentatum, Caps. lignosa, 5 Valris, Sem. imbricate, marigne membranaceo.*"

It becomes almost impossible to give the more minute circumstances attending the growth of this valuable and much used tree, as its progress to maturity is scarcely perceptible within the life of man; but as far as our limited observation will allow us to form an opinion, not less than an average period of two hundred years can be allowed as the time of its coming to full growth, or fit for cutting.

Various and differing are the conjectures relative to the first use and discovery of this beautiful wood, nor is it within the limits of such a sketch as this to remark upon their accuracy; we, therefore, reject all accounts that appear speculative, and confine ourselves to such as are authenticated. Its first discovery was, therefore, by the carpenter on board of one of Sir. Walter Raleigh's vessels when he put into some harbour in the island of Trinidad, in the year 1595, who having occasion to go on shore to cut some pieces of timber, required for work to be done on the ship that he belonged to, brought on board a quantity of this wood, which, on being worked, from the raw state, exhibited to the astonishment of all who saw it, that beautiful natural variety of appearance which no ingenuity of art can equal.

The first use to which Mahogany was applied in England, arose from a circumstance purely accidental, and was appropriated to the making of a box for holding candles. Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, in the latter end of the 17th, or beginning of the 18th century, had a brother, a West India captain, who brought over some planks of this wood as ballast, but was not aware of its value. As the Doctor was then building a house in King street, Covent Garden, his brother thought they might be of service to him, but the carpenters finding the wood too hard for their tools, they were laid aside for a time as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanting a candle box, the Doctor called on his cabinet maker to make one of some wood that lay in his garden. Wallaston, the cabinet maker, on cutting it up, also complained that it was too hard; the Doctor said he must get stronger tools. The candle box was however made, and highly approved of, inasmuch that the Doctor then insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was accordingly done, when the fine colour, beautiful polish, &c. were so pleasing, that it became an object of curiosity, and he invited all his friends to come and see it; among them was the *Duchess of Buckingham*. Her Grace begged some of the same wood from Doctor Gibbons, and employed Wallaston to make her a bureau also, on which the fame of mahogany and Mr. Wallaston was much raised, and furniture of this sort soon became general. Thus, from a circumstance in itself so trivial, has emanated a most extensive branch of commerce.

[*Honduras Almanack.*]

THE TRAVELLER.

AFRICAN CASCADE, ON THE ORANGE RIVER.

Having crossed the southern branch, which at this season is but an inconsiderable creek, we continued to follow the Korannas, for several miles, through the dense acacia forests, while the thundering sound of the cataract increased at every step. At length we reached a ridge of rocks, and found it necessary to dismount, and follow our guides on foot.

It seemed as if we were now entering the untrodden vestibule of one of nature's most sublime temples, and the untutored savages who guided us evinced, by the awe and circumspection with which they trod, that they were not altogether uninfluenced by the *genius loci*. They repeatedly requested me to keep behind, and follow them softly, for the precipices were dangerous for the feet of men; and the sight and sound of the cataract were so fearful, that they themselves regarded the place with awe, and ventured but seldom to visit it.

At length the whole of them halted, and desired me to do the same. One of them stepped forward to the brink of the precipice, and having looked cautiously over, beckoned me to advance. I did so and witnessed a curious and striking scene, but it was not yet the waterfall. It was a rapid, formed by almost the whole volume of the river, compressed into a narrow channel of not more than 50 yards in breadth, whence it descended at an angle of nearly 45°, and rushing tumultuously through a black and crooked chasm among the rocks, of frightful depth, escaped in a torrent of foam. My swarthy guides, although this was unquestionably the first time that they had ever led a traveller to view the remarkable scenery of their country evinced a degree of *indifference*, as well as feeling of the picturesque, that equally

pleased and surprised me. Having forewarned me that this was not yet the waterfall, they new pioneered the way for about a mile farther along the rocks, some of them keeping near, and continually cautioning me to look to my feet, as a single false step might precipitate me into the raging abyss of waters; the tumult of which seemed to shake even the solid rocks around us.

At length we halted, as before, and the next moment I was led to a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me, far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. The whole water of the river (except what escapes by the subsidiary channel we had crossed, and by a similar one on the north side,) being previously confined to a bed of scarcely one hundred feet in breadth, descends at once in a magnificent cascade of full four hundred feet in height. I stood upon a cliff nearly level with the top of the fall, and directly in front of it. The beams of the evening sun fell upon the cascade, and occasioned a most splendid rainbow; while the vapoury mist arising from the broken roar of the waterfall, and the tumultuous boiling and whirling of the steam below, striving to escape along its deep, dark, and narrow path, formed altogether a combination of beauty and grandeur, such as I never before witnessed. As I gazed on this stupendous scene, I felt as if in a dream. The sublimity of nature drowned all apprehensions of danger; and, after a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I stood to gain a nearer view from a cliff that impended over the foaming gulf. I had just reached this station, when I felt myself grasped all at once by four korannas, who simultaneously seized hold of me by the arms and legs. My first impression was, that they were going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a momentary thought, and it wronged the friendly savages. They are themselves a timid race; and they were alarmed, lest my temerity should lead me into danger. They hurried me back from the brink, and then explained their motive, and asked my forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their care, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness.

[*Thompson's Southern Africa.*]

VARIETY.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.—As one of the Italian vendors of stucco was passing along George-street, Edinburg, with a bust of the "Great Unknown," on his arm, he accosted Sir Walter, while he was conversing with professor Wilson, with the usual question, "Sere, vill you buy?" Sir Walter smiled, and asked if it was a good likeness. Italian—"O, yes, 'Tis de Great Unknown—ver good likeness." Professor—"Did you ever see him?" Italian—"No Sere." Professor—"Is the bust like this gentleman?" The Italian looked stedfastly at Sir Walter, and then exclaimed, "O, yes, hy Gar," de great living unknown! I have much profits by your head, Sere—vil give you dis for nothing."

A GOOD WIFE. A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat, when he called for it, without muttering."

Chirac, the celebrated physician, when on his death-bed, felt his own pulse, imagining that he was on a visit to one of his patients, and cried out, "I have been called too late, the patient has been bled, and he ought to have been purged; he is a dead man," and a few minutes after he expired.

A traveller on horseback meeting an Irish spalpeen, asked him "Am I half way to Cork?" "Plase yer wurthchip," said the boy, "do I know where you come from?"

In a private letter to David Garrick, Dr. Smollet expresses the following opinion, of which every man who looks an instant at the puppet show of the world, will feel the truth:—"I am old enough to have seen and observed that we are all *play things of fortune*, and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up a half penn, whether a man rises to affluence and honor, or continues to his dying day, struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life."

A GENTLEMAN. When Mr. Rigbee was offered a *Peerage*, he thanked the then Premier, and said, as he lived, so he would die, a gentleman!

POPULAR TALES.

From "My Grandmother's Guests and their Tales," a work recently published in Edinburgh.

MALGHERITA SPOLETINA.

[Malgherita Spoletina falls in love with Theodore, and swimming across an arm of the sea by night to visit him, is discovered by her brothers, who afterwards deceive her by setting up a light, and thus draw her into the main ocean, where she is most unhappily drowned.—*Le Notti di Straparola* Nott. VII. Fav. 2.]

Love, as I find it very judiciously described by the wisest men, is nothing more than an irrational desire springing from a violent passion; and this passion is induced in the human heart by too warm imaginations. Its disastrous consequences are the waste of worldly riches, the consumption of life and strength, the deprivation of intellect, and the loss of liberty. There is in it neither reason nor regularity, nor stability. It is the parent of many vices, a scourge to young hearts, and death to old ones; and seldom or never does it lead to a good and happy termination. This was particularly remarkable in the case of a young lady of the house of Spoletina, who, under the influence of this fatal power, most unhappily and prematurely ended her existence.

Ragusa is a very famous city of Dalmatia: it is seated on the sea-shore, and at a short distance from it is an island called L'Isola di Mezo, upon which stands a strong and well-furnished castle. Between Ragusa and this castle there is a dry and barren rock, of very small dimensions, on which nothing is to be seen but a miserable hovel, scarcely serving to keep out the weather. The inconvenience and insalubrity of this rock were such, that no person could be found to inhabit it but a young monk, who was called Theodore. He was a devout and holy man, and kept a small shrine of the Blessed Virgin in his cabin, whither the sailors and fishermen of the surrounding places used to bring their scanty offerings. Theodore lived on this rock, employed in prayer and pious mortifications. He was so wholly destitute that he had not the means of supporting existence; and he used to visit alternately Ragusa and the island of Mezo, to solicit charity.

It happened that one day, when Theodore had gone to the latter place to seek his daily bread by begging, according to his ordinary custom, a circumstance befel him such as he could never have expected. A young and beautiful maiden, whose name was Malgherita, saw him, and, being struck with his person, which was manly and elegant, and with the wretchedness of his condition, which was enough to move the pity of any tender heart, she became enamoured of him, and thought it was unfit that so charming a young man as he seemed in her eyes should spend his days in sorrow and solitude. The fair Malgherita suffered these thoughts to take possession of her bosom so entirely, that she thought of nothing but Theodore by night or by day.

He, who as yet knew nothing of the impression he had made, continued to carry on his necessary trade of begging, and often went, among other places, to Malgherita's house to implore charity.

Malgherita, upon all these occasions, gave him alms, although she did not dare to discover the passion she felt for him.

But love, who soon becomes the tyrant of all who put on his seemingly gentle yoke, urged her to disclose her affection, and prompted her to address Theodore in the following manner:

"Theodore, my brother, and the only joy of my heart, so strong is the passion which consumes me, that, unless you take pity on me, my life will soon be at an end. I can resist it no longer; and if, therefore, you would not cause my death, tell me that your love for me equals mine for you."

A burst of bitter and scalding tears followed this passionate declaration.

Theodore, who had never imagined that he was likely to inspire any one with love, was thunder-struck at this news, and remained mute with astonishment. He, however, soon recovered himself, and, replying to the lady, he displayed as much ardour as she herself had expressed. There were however so many obstacles in the way of their indulging their passion, that he was full of despair, and he represented them forcibly, and with great sorrow to the maiden.

She, who was of a lively invention, replied—

"Do not doubt, my love, but that I will show you a way by which we shall overcome all the difficulties which beset us. It shall be thus:—At the fourth hour of the night you shall set up a light in the window of your cabin, and as soon as I see it, I will hasten to join you."

"But how is that possible?" said Theodore; "how can you, a timid tender girl, pass across the sea? you know that neither you nor I have a boat; and if we had, so rapid is the current between this island and the rock on which I dwell, that the attempt to row across would probably cost your life, and must certainly be discovered."

"Fear not," she replied; "leave the whole affair to me, and I will find a way of coming to you without putting my life or my honour in peril, and without the smallest danger to you. When you put up the light, I will plunge into the sea, and swim over to your rock. This I can do with great ease, and without the possibility of being discovered."

"Indeed," cried Theodore, "you mistake the dangers which you will have to encounter. Your strength is not sufficient to hold out so great a distance; you will fail and die in the attempt."

"I am not afraid," she replied, "and I am bent upon doing it. I know my own strength, and I can swim like a fish."

Theodore endeavoured to dissuade the maiden from a resolution which he thought little better than madness; but in vain. He was at length obliged to promise that he would comply with her directions; and they then parted.

The night being come, he set up the light as she had directed him; and, preparing every thing for her reception, he went to the edge of the rock to wait her coming.

As soon as Malgherita saw the light, for which she had been waiting in all the anxiety of that passion which absorbed her whole soul, she began to put her resolution in practice. She divested herself of the greater part of her clothes, leaving only such a garment as would not impede the motion of her limbs in swimming, and then, plunging into the sea, she boldly breasted its tide. She had not overrated her expertness in this exercise, for which the women of Dalmatia are famous, and in less than a quarter of an hour she reached the rock.

Theodore received her in his arms, and bore her to his humble dwelling, where, kneeling before the Virgin's shrine, they implored her blessing. In the sight of heaven, and accompanying their oath with the solemnities prescribed by their religion, they swore to be true to each other while their lives should endure.

No human eye witnessed this marriage: the stars of heaven alone looked on, and the favouring darkness wrapped the wedded lovers from the sight of the world.

Before the dawn of day they tore themselves from each other's arms, and Malgherita went back to the castle on the island as she had left it, and reached her chamber undiscovered. As often as the close of the day came did she again swim to the barren rock, which was now a paradise to her; and here she passed the long nights in the society of her beloved Theodore.

At length it happened that, as she was swimming to the rock one night, a fog arose, which prevented her from seeing the light quite clearly, and drove her out of her course, so that she was seen by some fishermen, who were pursuing their occupation. At first they took her for a large fish; but, looking more closely, they found she was a woman, and they then watched her until she reached the rock, where they saw her land and enter Theodore's cabin. This however did not diminish their astonishment. They staid near the rock until she returned; and then, marking the course she took homeward, they rowed after her, and in spite of all her precautions, they discovered who she was.

These poor fellows at first had no intention of betraying the secret with which they had thus become acquainted; but afterwards, when they came to discuss the matter, and think of the disgrace which must ultimately be brought upon a respectable family if it were not put a stop to, as well as of the nightly peril in which the young girl's life was placed, they resolved they would disclose all they

knew. They therefore went to the house of Malgherita, and asking to see her brothers, the fishermen told the young men every particular that they had seen.

The brothers heard this fatal intelligence with great emotion. At first they could not believe it, and proposed, before they gave credit to it, that they should have the evidence of their own eyes; but, after examining again the fishermen, and making inquiries in their own house, they were too well convinced of its truth in all respects. They then consulted together as to the best means of putting their unhappy sister to death without delay, but in such a manner as to conceal the disgrace she had brought upon their name. At length they agreed upon an expedient, which was immediately put in execution.

The youngest of the three brothers at nightfall got into a boat, and rowed quickly, and as if clandestinely, to the rock where Theodore dwelt. When he arrived there he told the hermit who he was, and besought him to give him a lodging for the night, alleging, as a reason for his request, that he had been engaged in an affair which had terminated unfortunately; that, for the share he had taken in it, his life was forfeited to the laws of the land; and that, if he should be seized, he must inevitably die.

Theodore, who was delighted with an opportunity of being useful to a brother of Malgherita, received him with the utmost cordiality. He put before him the best fare his hovel afforded, and sat up the whole of the night conversing with him.

In the mean time, and while the younger brother wholly occupied the attention of Theodore, the other two, as soon as the night had quite closed in, went out of their house secretly, and embarking on board a small sailing boat, having first provided themselves with a torch, they directed their course towards the rock. When they reached it they made fast the boat, and then fixed the light they had brought with them to the top of the mast in such a manner that it was sure to be seen by their hapless sister, whom they had left on the island of Mezo.

Their design succeeded;—the courageous girl, as soon as she saw the accustomed signal of the light, threw herself boldly into the sea, and swam towards it.

The brothers upon hearing the noise which Malgherita's swimming made in the water, loosened their boat, and, taking up their oars, they rowed slowly and silently from the rock towards the main sea, the light still being fixed up against the mast.

The luckless girl, who, owing to the darkness of the night, could see nothing but the light, which to her had always, hitherto, been a favouring as well as a guiding star, followed it without hesitation, and did not perceive that it changed place. The brothers, in the mean time, never ceased to row on; and their vessel proceeded as steadily and as fatally as the footsteps of Death. At length, having arrived at the deep ocean, they on a sudden extinguished the torch.

Malgherita, when she lost sight of the light, was in utter confusion and despair: she did not know where she was, or what she could do; her strength began to fail, from the long exercise she had taken; and, finding she was far beyond the reach of any human help, she abandoned herself to her evil destiny, and her delicate body was swallowed up, like a wrecked vessel, by the remorseless and devouring sea.

The elder brothers, satisfied with the result of their savage scheme, returned home to the island. The youngest, when the day appeared, repeated his thanks to Theodore for the asylum he had afforded him, and departed soon afterwards. The news was spread about, first through the castle, and afterwards all over the island, that Malgherita Spoletina was nowhere to be found. The hypocritical and sanguinary brothers affected to be greatly afflicted at this event, which they had themselves caused, and at which they were infinitely rejoiced.

On the third day after this most unhappy lady's fatal death, her body was cast by the sea upon Theodore's rock. The wretched man was walking along the narrow shore, meditating, and endeavouring to guess what fatal accident had deprived him of his tender Malgherita, when her dead body was

washed to his feet. The moment his eyes fell upon it, he recognised it, and his horror was so great as almost to deprive him of life.

At length, summoning up his courage as well as he was able, he took hold of the inanimate body, and drew it out of the water, and carried it into his hovel. His grief now became uncontrollable; he cast himself upon the corpse, and kissed the pale lips, lamenting and mourning, while the rapid tears fell from his eyes upon her heavenly bosom, as white—and now as cold—as the mountain snow. He called upon her in vain, and the echo of his desolate abode repeated his passionate exclamations.

When his grief (by being indulged unchecked) had spent itself, he thought of the necessity of performing the last rites of sepulture to his beloved Malgherita. He took the spade with which he usually laboured in his little garden, and dug a grave near his hovel: then, with many tears, he closed those eyes and that mouth—once his greatest joy and pride, now dimmed and cold in death—and made a garland of roses and violets, which he put upon her head. This being done, he kissed her for the last time, laid her in the grave, and covered her with earth.

CHARACTER.

WASHINGTON.

I remember my father telling me he was introduced to Washington in 1790, by an American friend. A servant, well-looking and well-dressed, received the visitant at the door, and by him they were delivered over to an officer of the United States service, who ushered them into the drawing-room in which Mrs. Washington and several ladies were seated. There was nothing remarkable in the person of the lady of the President; she was matronly and kind, with perfect good breeding; she at once entered into an easy conversation, asked how long he had been in America, how he liked the country, and such other familiar but general questions. In a few minutes the General entered the room; it was not necessary to announce his name, for his peculiar appearance, his firm forehead, Roman nose, and a projection of the lower jaw, his height and figure, could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full-length picture of him, and yet no picture accurately resembled him in the minute traits of his person. His features, however, were so marked by prominent characteristics which appear in all likenesses of him, that a stranger could not be mistaken in the man. He was remarkably dignified in his manner, and had an air of benignity over his features, which his visitant did not expect, being rather prepared for sternness of countenance. After an introduction by Mrs. Washington, without more form than common good manners prescribe, "He requested me," said my father, "to be seated; and, taking a chair himself, entered at once into conversation. His manner was full of affability. He asked how I liked the country, the city of New-York: talked of the infant institutions of America, and the advantages she offered by her intercourse for benefiting other nations. He was grave in manner, but perfectly easy. His dress was of purple satin. There was a commanding air in his appearance which excited respect, and forbade too great a freedom towards him, independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the moral influence of a great character. In every movement too there was a polite gracefulness equal to any met with in the most polished individuals in Europe, and his smile was extraordinarily attractive. It was observed to me that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking. It struck me no man could be better formed for command. A stature of six feet, a robust but well proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength, and abates active exertion, displaying bodily power of no mean standard. A light eye, and full—the very eye of genius and reflection, rather than of blind passionate impulse. His nose appeared thick; and though it befitted his other features, was too coarsely and strongly formed to be the handsomest of its class. His mouth was like no other that I ever saw, the lips firm, and the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still. Neither with the General nor with Mrs. Washing-

ton, was there the slightest restraint or ceremony. There was less of it than I ever recollect to have met with, where perfect good breeding and manners were at the same time observed. To many remarks Washington assented with a smile or inclination of the head, as if he were by nature sparing in his conversation; and I am inclined to think this was the case. An allusion was made to a serious fit of illness he had recently suffered; but he took no notice of it. I could not help remarking, that America must have looked with anxiety to the termination of his indisposition. He made no reply to my compliment but by an inclination of the head. His bow at my taking leave I shall never forget. It was the last movement which I saw that illustrious character make, as my eyes took their leave of him forever, and it hangs a perfect picture upon my recollection. The house of Washington was in the Broadway, and the street front was handsome. The drawing-room in which I sat was lofty and spacious; but the furniture was not beyond that found in dwellings of opulent Americans in general, and it might be called plain for its situation. The upper end of the room had glass doors, which opened upon a balcony commanding an extensive view of the Hudson River, interspersed with islands, and the Jersey shore on the opposite side. A grandson and daughter resided constantly in the house with the General, and a nephew of the General's, married to a niece of Mrs. Washington, resided at Mount Vernon, the General's family seat in Virginia, his residence, as President, keeping him at the seat of government." The levees held by Washington, as President, were generally crowded, and held on Tuesdays, between three and four o'clock. The President stood, and received the bow of the person presented, who returned to make way for another. At the drawing-rooms Mrs. Washington received the ladies, who curtsied and passed aside without exchanging a word. Tea and coffee, with refreshments of all kinds, were laid in one part of the rooms, and before the individuals of the company retired, each lady was a second time led up to the lady President, made her second silent obeisance, and departed—nothing could be more simple, yet it was enough.

[*New Monthly Magazine.*]

THE GLEANER.

FREDERICK AND THE MILLER.

In one of Frederick's accustomed yearly expeditions, for the purpose of reviewing his troops, a miller, whose name was Arnold, and whose establishment was in a small village of Pomerania, delivered him a petition, in which were these words:—"I pay you three hundred rix dollars per annum (fifty pounds) for the mill in this village: but Count N. has turned the course of the water which enabled me to work the mill, so that I have no longer the means of paying you my rent, or of providing for my subsistence." Frederick sent the petition to his chancellor, with the following postscript: "Let justice be done to the miller." The cause was tried, and the miller, Arnold, was cast.

The year following the miller delivered another petition, importing that he had lost his cause, though the facts were precisely such as he had represented to his majesty. The king sent this petition also to his chancellor, and again added a postscript—"Let this cause be carried to the second court, and let the greatest care be taken that justice be dispensed to this man." The miller was once more cast; and a third petition was delivered to the king, in which despair had succeeded to complaint. This the king carefully preserved, in the intention of proving the facts it affirmed on the very spot.

To this effect his first step was to send an old officer, who was a man of great probity, into the canton, under a specious pretext, but whose orders were to gain the exactest information of all the particulars concerning the said mill, and the use made by Count N. of the water of which he had deprived it. The result of his inquiries was to be communicated to the king alone. This officer, having possessions in the neighborhood, fulfilled his charge without exciting the smallest suspicion; and his report to Frederick imported that having strictly examined the business, he could affirm that the mill had been stopped for the want of water, and that the ruin of the miller

had been occasioned by the expedient employed by the Count of turning the course of the stream.

The king had not confined himself to the investigation of a single person; but, after the departure of the officer, had secretly commissioned two other persons of integrity on the same errand, whose statements coincided perfectly with those of the former. On the first day of his visiting Berlin, after receiving those accounts, Frederick, indignant, sent for Baron de Furst, his chancellor, and the three magistrates who had presided over the cause. He received them with a severity of manner expressive of the displeasure he felt, scarcely allowing them to urge a word in their defence; and in his answers gave them the appellation of rascals and perverters of the law. He took a pen, and with his left hand (for he had the gout in his right) wrote a sentence that condemned Count N. to restore the water to its former course; to pay all cost of the two law-suits; and, lastly, to pay such a sum of money to the miller as should make reparation for the injury he and his family had sustained.

When he had finished his task, which to a man in a fit of the gout could not but be extremely painful, he resumed his angry tone: he sent Baron de Furst to the devil, declaring he no longer stood in need of his service, and the three Judges to Spandau, kicking them with indignation out of the room.

At the same moment that he thus dispatched his chancellor and the Judges at one door of his apartment, he received me at another, for the purpose of passing the rest of the evening in conversing on subjects of literature and philosophy. I was far from suspecting the scene that had taken place, which I was not informed of till six o'clock on the following evening. I was ignorant that he had seen any one before I made my appearance.

[*Thiebault's Anecdotes.*]

THE VENDEAN WAR.

In the field, the Vendéans were courageous to rashness. They hesitated not to attack and carry artillery with no other weapons than their staves, and the most of their worst losses proceeded from their attacking fortified towns and positions, with the purpose of carrying them by main force. After conquest, they were in general humane and merciful, but this depended on the character of their chiefs. At Machecoul, the insurgents conducted themselves with great ferocity in the very beginning of the civil war, and towards the end of it mutual and reciprocal injuries had so exasperated the parties against each other, that quarter was neither given or taken on either side. Yet, until provoked by the extreme cruelties of the revolutionary party, and unless when conducted by some peculiarly ferocious chief, the character of the Vendéans united clemency with courage. They gave quarter readily to the vanquished, but having no means of retaining prisoners they usually shaved their heads before they set them at liberty, that they might be distinguished if found again in arms, contrary to their parols. A no less striking feature was the severity of a discipline respecting property, which was taught them only by their moral sense. No temptation could excite them to pillage, and Madame La Roche Jacquelin has preserved the following singular instance of their simple honesty:—"After the peasants had taken the town of Bressuire by storm, she overheard two or three of them complain of the want of tobacco, to the use of which they were addicted, like the natives of most countries in general. "What," said the lady, "is there no tobacco in the shops?" "To bacco enough," answered the simple hearted and honest peasants, who had not learned to make steel supply the want of gold, "tobacco enough, but we have no money to pay for it."

[*Sir W. Scott's Life of Napoleon.*]

A CIVIL RETORT. A general whom Talleyrand had invited to dine, having kept him a long time waiting, dinner was served before his arrival. The officer arrived in the middle of the first course, and excused himself by saying, he had been detained by a Pekin, what is a Pekin, asked Talleyrand. What sir, replied the general, dont you know what we military men call a Pekin? *every man who is not military!* Aye, aye, replied Talleyrand, its just like us, who are accustomed to call every one military, who is not civil.

BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT.

This was the most decisive battle that had ever been fought, up to the period of '74, between the Americans and Aborigines. The contests previous, with the exception of Braddock's defeat, had been entirely of a desultory kind. In this the Indians sustained a loss of more than one-fourth their number. The dissolution of the confederacy of the Five Nations (which had so long carried death and havoc into the Provinces), was, however, the great object attained by this victory. The Virginians lost about one hundred and fifty of their troops, and among that number, Colonel Charles Lewis, a man of noble and chivalrous spirit, and one universally beloved and regretted.

It could be wished that the history of this battle, and the circumstances connected with it, could be transmitted without a blot to the contemplation of posterity. But the conduct of the victors who so gallantly sustained the reputation of Virginia on that day of peril, was afterwards tarnished by an act of cold-blooded cruelty, which must forever over-balance the merit they acquired. Having found that a continuation of hostilities was productive of much mischief to his tribe, Cornstalk sued for peace; and, as a pledge for its observance, surrendered himself as a hostage into the hands of the garrison at Point Pleasant. His well known good qualities, his previous magnanimity and gallantry, together with his frank and independent behaviour in the fort, secured at once the friendship of the garrison. He remained in the fort a considerable time, and all suspicion of his faith was entirely banished; he was treated as one of the troops and allowed to receive visits from his family. His oldest son, the Prince Illinipisco, was upon a visit to his venerable parent, and, unfortunately, upon that very day, a soldier from the fort crossed to the lower side of Kanawha, where he was shot and scalped by an unknown party of marauding Indians. From whence they came, was never discovered; but suspicion of connivance was at once attached to Cornstalk and his son. From the circumstances of the murder taking place so immediately after the arrival of Illinipisco, suspicion was reduced to a certainty in the minds of the troops. Cries for revenge echoed through the garrison, and the command, entreaties and threats of the officers were disregarded. Information was conveyed to Cornstalk and his son of the fate menaced them, and means of escaping it were afforded: but the aged warrior treated with contempt and scorn, the offer of an escape, which should be attended with ignominy; and having exhorted the Prince to die as became the son of Cornstalk, he calmly awaited his death. A brief space of time was allotted the hapless pair for preparation; for, the assassins with hasty rage, with feelings burning for revenge, soon surrounded the block-house where they sat, and in a moment both their bodies were perforated with a shower of rifle bullets.

But this cold-blooded and deliberate murder was not suffered to pass unrequited; hostilities again commenced among the Indian tribes, and this gross violation of a most sacred contract, was succeeded by the conflagration of numberless cottages, and the massacre of whole settlements; which reprisals were incessantly made for many years afterwards, and continued till Wayne's treaty took effect. I have often passed the tombs of those who fell on that fatal day; and frequently, upon the mild summer's evening, have I strayed over the open common which was the battle ground. Fifty years have elapsed, and the remains of the gallant Lewis and his officers, are yet suffered to moulder within the unhallowed precincts of a stable yard. No index, save vague rumour, guides the curious traveller to their grave: no sculptured marble, no plain monument reminds the free-born son of Virginia, that on this ground the gallantry of his forefathers led them to a bloody, but glorious death.

The valiant yeomanry, whose courageous bearing upon that day secured to their posterity the permanent enjoyment of a vast and fruitful territory, have nearly all perished by disease or the blow of an enemy. A solitary veteran here and there yet remains, who forms a connecting, but rapidly decaying link between the past and present age. The remains of the warriors, Cornstalk and his son, lie alone beneath the sod of the common, as if their bo-

dies, even after death, disdained to have communication with those of the treacherous foe, by whom they were slaughtered whilst depending on their pledges of faith and hospitality. A slight mound of earth, scarcely to be distinguished from the plain around it, marks the tomb of the most relentless, yet the most generous foe that ever menaced the provinces of America.

Of the powerful tribes who formed the savage army at Point Pleasant, but a miserable remnant is extant; war and disease have reduced them to a mere vestige. And, from the fertile valleys, the well-filled hunting grounds of the Ohio, they have been exiled to the barren prairies and the broken cliffs of the Missouri. One solitary, massive oak, with enormous knarled branches, throws its fantastic shade over the battle plain, which was formerly covered by an impenetrable forest. But the lightnings have shivered its top, and the whirlwinds have twisted its boughs: In a few years it will be gone; its trunk will be decayed, its branches will be fuel for the flame, and its roots will not be seen above the surface of the earth; a striking example of human ambition, human greatness, and human weakness. *[Spirit of the Old Dominion.]*

THE SHRIKE.

When this bird, says Levaillant, sees a locust, a mantis, or a small bird, it springs upon it, and immediately carries it off, in order to impale it on a thorn, and is so dexterous in this operation, that the thorn always passes through the head of the bird or insect thus transfixed. If it cannot find a thorn, it fixes the head of the animal between a division of two small branches, and this with as much address as if performed by human means. We need only watch this shrike for a single minute, in order to witness its ravages; and if we take the pains to examine the spot it frequents, we are sure to find on every bush and tree the victims which it has transfixed, the major part of which are so dried as to be unfit for his food; a proof of his singularly destructive instinct.

It is often taught to fight by the natives of Bengal, one being held up opposite to another, on the hand of a man, to whose finger the bird is fastened by a string, sufficiently long to enable it to fly and peck at his adversary. It is said to be of a remarkable, docile disposition, and is sometimes carried by the young Indians, in order to execute little commissions of gallantry; and, at a signal given by the lover, will seize and carry off with much dexterity, the small gold ornaments usually worn on the head of a young Indian lady, and convey it to its master. It will, also, with admirable celerity, follow the descent of a ring purposely thrown down a deep well catching it in its fall, and returning it to its owner. The Persian poets represent the Bulbul as enamored of the rose, and grieved or angry, at seeing it rudely cropped. Whatever may be said by poets and unscientific observers, Mr. Pennant has not scrupled to declare his opinion that the natural note of this bird is harsh and unmelodious. If this be the case, the music of the Bulbul may be considered as nearly allied to the celebrated song of the Swan, so often recorded in the flights of poetic fiction.

ALBANY:**SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1827.**

☞ Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal bookstore, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal, between Albany and Buffalo.

☞ Mr. B. WILCOX, of Buffalo in the county of Erie, will act as agent for the Record in that village and its vicinity.

☞ We have yet on hand a few sets of the Record from its commencement, which will be furnished new subscribers, if applied for soon.

☞ An interesting account of the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the first Masonic Hall in the state of Mississippi, will be found in our col-

umns to-day. Our friend in Natchez will please to accept our thanks for his attention.

AUGUST.

Now, ere sweet summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the branches grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustomed feast of harvest home.

[Bloomfield.]

If we search for happiness, the whole world appears one continued field of weariness and toil; and yet when we look on any lot but our own, we imagine that there is no shade of misery but which has its corresponding hue of happiness. The seasons of the year may be called into question to prove that man is always alive to anticipation, but dead to enjoyment of the present hour. Poets and lovers of romantic themes have differed materially in their choice of the seasons, the taste of some inclining them to relish the conveniences of the one, while it made them blind to the pleasures of the other; and so we see but few who assume the authority to name a preference, that agree either in the season, or the description of its attractions.—The truth and standard of rational distinction have never been discovered by those who believe there is a preference, and the only conclusion we can come at, and it is not a presumptive conclusion, is, that

All seasons and their change,—all please alike,

to him who has no pre-determination to condemn the bounties of Providence and the beauties of nature.

To the eye of the man who is prone to censure, and who never looks for beauties in the field of nature, or in the works of art, no season is free from the objects of his spleenetic animadversions; but there are minds that can look with complacency on the darkest page of creation's volume. The storm has a grandeur that the great mind will not let pass, without a silent and almost enviable participation in its gloomy movements, when the sky is

Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er Nature's shrieking head,—

and in the pinching frosts of winter, or the sultry sun of summer, the true lover of life is not one who will let the season pass without extracting some sweet, and adding his testimony to the universal bounty of Providence.

But the month on which we have now entered is the reign of plenty, the season in which she delights to show her munificence to those who testify their allegiance to her sceptre, by temperance and industry. Those who would enjoy her smiles must not set down and count the hours, or stop to ruminate on the sweat and dust to be encountered on their way to her presence. In short, if there is any motive to action in the anticipation of a well filled granary, a cheerful and abundant repast, to while away the tedium of a winter day, or a well filled purse, to meet the exigencies of capricious fortune, on no season of the year does that motive rest so emphatically, as on the labours of a husbandman in the accumulating duties with which the plenteous harvest of this year has crowned the fields of AUGUST.

PUBLIC DINNER. A public dinner was given to the Chevalier Huygens, Minister of his Majesty the king of the Netherlands, on Friday the 27th inst. at Rockwell's Mansion House. Among the guests were the Governor, Lt. Governor, and other principal officers of the state, and the Mayor of the city, with other gentlemen of high standing, and respect-

tability. If toasts are to be relied on as the evidence of public feelings, we seldom hear of meetings of the kind so really creditable to the patriotism of the guests, or so free from that acrimony of party jealousy, which poisons so many social convocations at the present day. We regret that our limits will not allow us to publish the proceedings entire, and we can make no preference which will excuse a selection to the exclusion of any other part. The respect due to "*Het Vades-landt*" of the majority of our citizens; the memory of her sages and patriots; the present enlightened state of our national and municipal improvements; an allusion to the pilgrims, who found a resting place in Holland on their journey to the land of promise; the results of Dutch perseverance and Yankee enterprise, and the gratitude due to the States of Holland for their disinterested aid in the American revolution, were interwoven with the sentiments of the guests in a manner truly edifying. It must be a matter of regret to those of our citizens and other invited guests who were prevented from attending, as an occasion so interesting seldom offers, where the political differences of men give away so easily to the better feelings of the patriot and citizen of the world.

THE COTTON GIN. That genius is ever the step-son of fortune, and public favour, is no dream; it is indeed in some cases a lamentable fact. It is true, the general complaint against the natural enmity of the world, to men of talents, comes from the indolent and disappointed sycophant, much oftener than from the worthy and industrious; but it is not always so, and in more cases than one, the public benefactor is doomed to brood disconsolately over the wreck of hopes built upon the labour of years.

Captain Eli Whitney was born in Westborough, Worcester county, Massachusetts, of parents in circumstances which scarcely enabled them to put their children beyond a common situation in life. He, however, early discovered a genius of no ordinary capacity, and formed a resolution to secure to himself a collegiate education. By teaching a school at intervals, and with some assistance from his father, after struggling resolutely with the obstacles common to indigent students, he graduated at Yale College in 1792. He then was compelled, for the purpose of recruiting his exhausted funds, to engage again in the business of a teacher, and entered into the family of a gentleman in Georgia, in the capacity of a private tutor; but that gentleman showing a disposition to impose upon him, he abruptly quitted him in the outset; and finding no employment, he resided for some time in the family of a Mr. Miller, to whose disinterested politeness the country is indebted, as a second agent, for the invention of the Cotton Gin. Mr. Whitney's emulation was excited by the fact that one man, at that time, could clean the article from the seed, at the rate of only six or seven pounds per day; and in the course of a single winter, he brought to perfection his machine, by which a single person may clean one thousand pounds per day with ease. To this invention the planters of the Southern States owe the whole profits which have arisen from the cotton trade for the last thirty years: and one of the states liberally granted him the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Whitney took out a patent for his invention, but in a short time its protecting power was evaded to his ruin. His fifty thousand dollars were expen-

ded in the defence of his right, but to no effect, and he was finally forced to abandon the case, poorer if possible than before the invention. Whatever improvements may have been subsequently made to this machine, certain it is that Capt. Whitney is entitled to the whole merit of its invention. So unexpected was the discovery to the most visionary, that it was at first believed to be a hoax; and much illiberal slang was vented against its Yankee projector, by the incredulous southern planters; but when found to be a real and serious fact, the superstitious surmises of diabolical agency were so strong, among some classes, that the building in which the machine stood was assaulted by a mob, broken open, and the Gin carried off by force.

There are few who can realise the mortifications of disappointments like this. None but great minds are the subjects of them, and to them alone belongs that intensity of feeling, to sooth which, all the specifics of philosophy are often applied in vain. If any man has a claim for the sympathy of the patriot, or the bounty of the successful mechanic, it is he, who, after spending his best days for the interest of both, is doomed to look from the wreck of his finely woven hopes, and see the public prospering under the success of his labours, and the miscreants who purloined them, swimming in wealth, while he is destined to end his painful and laborious life, in the same penury with which it began.

CHIT CHAT.

From ~~the~~ we hear that the 26th and 28th Books of Pliny's Natural History have been discovered; if true, we shall soon be overrun with learned dissertations on their contents.—D. A. Borenstein, of Princeton, has in press a translation of Saurin's sermons, in one volume of a thousand pages.—London literary knowing ones pretend that a clue has been discovered to the real author of Junius, in the archives of Stowe. Old "*Nominis Umbra*," we fear, is not so readily ferreted out.—The Methodist Episcopal Church propose establishing an Academy near Philadelphia.—Report says that the venerable Charles Carroll has given \$70,000 to the Maryland and Ohio Rail-road.—The statue of Washington, lately imported from Europe, is to be set up in a building now erecting for the purpose in Boston.—A post-master in Tennessee has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment, for purloining Lottery tickets.—The population of the United States increases at the rate of one thousand per day.—Twenty three English calico printers have arrived at Portsmouth, N. H. to be employed at Dover.—Upwards of 30,000 hds of sugar, and 10,000 hds of molasses were made in Louisiana last year.—Societies are forming in all our principal cities for the suppression of intemperance.—A German paper says that the late King of Saxony has left to his only unmarried daughter, *eighteen millions of dollars*, from his private fortune.—A mineral spring has been found by boring in Jacob st. New-York, similar to the one in this city.—Mr. Coyle, the celebrated scenery painter was killed on the 20th ult. by the running away of a spirited horse.—A report is in circulation that the meteoric stones which fell in Tennessee, on the 9th of May last, were thrown from a volcano that has broken out in Sumner county, between Gallatin and the Kentucky line.—The taxes assessed and collected in the city of New-York amount to nearly half a million.—The skeleton of a mammoth was discovered a few days ago, on the Morris and Easton Canal. It is supposed to be larger and in a much better state of preservation than the one in Peale's Museum.—At a late term held in Warren co. N. C. a man was tried for whipping his wife. The Judge laid it down as law, that the husband has a right to inflict moderate punishment on his wife; founding this opinion, as we expect, on the decision of a learned English jurist, who decided that the man has this right, provided the instrument of correction does not exceed the thickness of his thumb. Ladies who have husbands of pugnacious habits, would do well to remember this striking instance of pugilistic, or rather *cut-throat* monopoly.—Some zealots are industriously labouring to write down theatres, and other public amusements. No! they will endeavour to circumscribe the field of editorial labours, and tales, poems, legends, and politics, must hide their ugly heads; and then public schools must come back to the good old order of things, when the Spelling-book and Bible were the on-

ly books to be trusted in the hands of children. This looks *Blue!*—Preparations are making in Salem, Mass. to erect a brick theatre, a subscription having been readily filled for the purpose.—The mallet lately used at the ceremony of laying the foundation of the London New University, was the identical mallet used in laying the first stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and presented by Sir C. Wren to the Masonic Lodge of Antiquity, of which he was a member.—Mr. Hemstead of Missouri, has discovered a substance which is equal to Gum Shellac, for stiffening hats and rendering them water-proof, the use of which, will produce a saving of 75 per cent.—Not long since the keeper of the prison at Sing Sing (say the papers) had occasion to chastise some of the prisoners for disorderly conduct. One of them was heard to take a very solemn oath that he would be the death of the keeper, the first opportunity that occurred. On being informed of his oath, the keeper took his shaving instruments and locked himself up with the prisoner and some others, commanding him to shave him. The prisoner was astonished, but performed the task in quite a barbaric style. After he had finished, "you are a coward," exclaimed the keeper. "Where is your oath to take my life the first opportunity? You may learn from this what kind of a man you have to deal with—one who fears no threats of rogues."—Every man has a right to choose names for his children, but we doubt whether a father is justified in giving his son so ineffably absurd an appellation as *James Richard Napoleon Bonaparte Peter Winslow*,—the son of a shoemaker in Maine. We recollect a father proposing to name his son, *Thomas Jefferson Madison Robinson Howlandson Richardson*, to which a friend recommended the addition of *Hog-pen, Board-fence, and Wood-pile*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the packet ship *Edward Quesnel*, Captain Hawkins, arrived at New-York, files of the *Paris Constitutionnel* have been received to the 15th of June, which contain London dates to the 12th.

FRANCE.—Nearly all the vessels at Toulon were preparing for sea with the greatest expedition. Various rumours were afloat on the subject. The bombardment of Algiers—the support of the negotiations at Constantinople—and an attack on St. Domingo, were spoken of as the cause, but nothing positive was known, even to the naval commander himself.

ENGLAND.—The Duke of Wellington's amendment to the Corn Bill was adopted in the House of Lords by a vote of 183 to 122.

SPAIN.—A private letter dated Madrid, June 4th, says:—

"The dissolution of the army of observation on the Portuguese frontier, has been spoken of for a few days. The departure of the French troops appears very questionable—they are fortifying themselves at Pamplona, and enlarging a garrison, while munitions of war are daily going into the citadel."

GREECE.—The *Augsburgh Gazette*, and the *Austrian Observer*, continue to give letters from different places in the Levant, relative to the victories obtained by the Greeks over the Turks, at Athens and its vicinity, towards the end of April.

Syria dates of the 19th of May, declare that the Greeks have been beaten under the walls of Athens; and that the garrison of the Acropolis were talking of blowing themselves up. The Seraskier, who had obtained a reinforcement of 8000 men from Constantinople, had surrounded the Greeks and destroyed 2500 men; others say 8000,—and captured the brave Karaiskaki.

The Acropolis still held out on the 16th of May. They at first succeeded, until the arrival of the Turkish reinforcement.

A vessel arrived at Trieste from Smyrna, says that Redschid Pacha has caused all the Greeks in his power to be beheaded.

The Greek brig *Le Saviour*, has captured and carried to Napoli, a fine Corvette belonging to the Pacha of Egypt.

It is also said that the Russian troops will occupy Moldavia and Wallachia, as soon as the Turkish fleet leaves the Dardanelles.

COLOMBIA.—Captain Beach, a passenger in the brig *Oprey* from Carthagena, brings information that the troops in the garrison had declared for Bolivar, and against the General government of Colombia.

Pinching off Potatoe Blossoms. We are sorry to observe that this practice is not generally adopted, as the produce would be materially increased. A correspondent has found from experience, that the crop is not only increased, but much better in quality, and wishes us to direct the attention of our readers to the practice, which we hereby do, fully convinced of its importance.—*Land Gard. Mag.*

LEMAN,

Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany.
June 23.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

WHO WILL BE GAY?

Who will be gay, when every day is laden down with sorrow,
And live upon the sweets which may, or may not come to-morrow?

It will not suffice to the sad to anticipate its joy,
For the brightest gold which youth e'er had was more than half alloy.

And to the wise the stars that rise in hope's inconstant heaven,
Are like the meteors in our skies which fall as soon as given.

The sun who brings upon his wings a flood of dawning glory,
Sets mid the smoke that evening flings around him, grim and gory;

And the little birds, whose morning songs on dewy wings are borne,
May chaunt their themes of mortal wrongs, when seeming least to mourn.

It boots not how their warblings flow, their sphere is dark at brightest,
And oft the load of human woe is sair that seems the lightest.

The air that flows around the rose, with all its odours on it,
Is bitterer than the whirlwind blows,—if sighing lips have won it;

The tone that flies the trembling string, beneath the minstrel's touch,
Though swept to gladly themes, may bring a tender trill too much:

And while we quaff and urge the laugh, with all apparent gladness,
The hollow cheer is more than half the native note of madness!

The hopes are gone that goaded on the pride of youthful feelings,
And clearer than they ever shone are truth's unkind revealings;

And all is blank uncertainty, save what is known too well—
That even the gayest minstrelsy is but the minstrel's knell;

The requiem strain of transports, vain, but all too dearly cherished,
Till, by their own enjoyment slain, all but their vainness perished.

There is an hour of twilight power, that day has never broken;
There is a meekly drooping flower that oft is friendship's token;
The twilight of the heart is mine, and in its dewy shade
I saw the flower I reared to pine, and its laughing beauties fade;
Yet will it grow more sweet in woe, unscorched by glare of folly,
And its fragrance yet shall come and go with the dew of Melancholy.

July 31, 1827.

G.

BRUTUS BEFORE PHILIPPI.

It is the high midnight,—
No solitary star
Casts through the gloom a languid light,
Upon the fields of war,
Where sleeping soldiers lie,
Who shall not sleep again,
And the night clouds sail sullenly
Over the armed men.

The lonely sentry stands
Leaning upon his spear,
And thinks of scenes in distant lands,
And wishes day-dawn near;
The camp hush'd fearfully
Seems dreading day begun,
As guilty prisoners doom'd to die
Dread the returning sun.

But he the daring chief
Is in his tent alone;
No sleep his senses brings relief,
His living sleep is done,—
His dream of liberty
Is well nigh pass'd away,
His hopes from aspirations high
Must all be quench'd to-day!

His silent lamp is dim,
His soul is steep'd in thought—
Will home and freedom be for him,
Or must he drink the draught
Of Caesar's slavery—
Of a vain victor's chains!—
Shall fortune from his standard fly—
What then for Rome remains!

That was an awful hour!—
Earth's freedom on it hung—
He felt what language hath no power
To put into the tongue:
He felt no selfish fear,
For he with Rome could die;
But Rome's unborn in throngs appear
Before his fancy's eye.

He sees the Caesar play
The tyrant's antic game,
Sees patriots led in yokes away
To bend the neck of shame:
Yet wherefore should he fear?
Victory may still be his;
His cause is by the Gods held dear—
Perhaps by the Destinies.

Around him as he sits
The canvass walls wave slow,
As with a breeze that intermits,
And yet no breezes blow.
He slowly lifts his eyes,
A phantom form is there—
A sister of the Destinies
With horror-striking hair.

"Who art thou—what's the sum
Of thy commands on me?"
"I am thy evil Genius, come
Again to gaze on thee."
"Tis well!" the chief replied;
The phantom pass'd away—
And Rome with iron bands was tied,
And Brutus died that day!

* The writer has used a little more license here than the story in Plutarch will bear him out in doing, blending the two appearances of the spirit together.

STANZAS.

Tell, spirit of the wilderness!
If Contemplation dwell
Amid gay fashion's proud excess,
Or in the coistered cell?
Yes! she retires, with modest eye,
To scan in silence o'er
The orbs that gem the azure sky,
Or list the ocean's roar.

In her such fadeless beauties bloom
As may not pass away,
From sorrow she dispels the gloom,
And points to brighter day;
Affection bends o'er her loved son,
To catch hope's transient ray,
And when it dies, 'tis she alone
The tear of grief can stay.

Joy may linger, pleasure beam,
Friendship never know decay;
These are but phantasies—a dream,
That leads the mind astray;
Then, Contemplation, be thou mine,
And throw around thy spell,
All spells above that sweetly shine
Unchanged, unchangeable.

WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

Oh! blithely shines the bonny sun
Upon the Isle of May,
And blithely comes the morning tide
Into St. Andrew's bay;
Then up, gudeman—the breeze is fair;
And up, my braw bairns three,—
There's goud in yonder bonny boat
That sails so well the sea!
When haddocks leave the Frith of Forth,
And muscels leave the shore;
When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
I've seen them green as grass,
But I never fear'd their heaving yet,
From Grangemouth to the Bass.
I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
I've seen it white as snow;
But I never fear'd its foaming yet,
Though the winds blew high and low.
When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
When the French ride at the Nore,
When Leith meets Aberdour half-way,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

I never lik'd the landsman's life,
The earth is aye the same;
Gie me the ocean for my dower;
My vessel for my hame;
Gie me the field that no man ploughs,
The farm that pays no fee;
Gie me the bonny fish that glance
Sae gladly through the sea.
When sails hang flapping on the masts,
Though through the waves we snore,
When in a calm we're tempest tost,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

The sun up, and round Inchkeith
The breezes softly blow;
The gudeman has the lines on board,—
Awa my bairns, awa!
And ye'll be back by gloaming grey,
And bright the fire shall glow;
And in our tales and songs we'll tell

How well the boats ye row.—
When life's last sun gangs feebly down
And death comes to our door—
When all the world's a dream to us,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

LINES

ON THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"To a mysteriously consort pair,
This place is consecrate; to death, and life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From this conjunction." [IVordsworth.

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O bride of stricken love! in anguish bitter!
Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year,
Pluck'd on the bosom of the dead to wither;
Hopes, from their source all holy, though of earth,
All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told; of sabbath hours;
Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;
Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers,
And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting.
But thou, young mother! to thy gentle heart,
Didst take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence!
Their trace yet lights the dust, where thou art sleeping!
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
Of triumph, blunt with nature's gush of weeping,
As, kindling up the silent stone, I see,
The glorious vision, caught by faith of thee.

Slumberer! love calls thee, for the night is past;
Put on th' immortal beauty of thy waking!
Captivè! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast?
The long victorious note thy bondage breaking!
Thou hear'st, thou answerest—"God of earth and Heaven!
Here am I, with the child whom thou hast given."*

* Part of the monumental inscription.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest;
Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that droops in springing;
Those, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize,
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light forever flying.

LUXURY.

BY OVE MALLING.

Sweeter to sing to the wild blast that chills me,
Hardened with toil and with cold,
Than list to the fountain whose melody stills me—
Floating in odours and gold!
Oh! the full glow of the fetterless spirit
Dwells not with luxury's slave;
Patience and courage alone can inherit
That portion of God to the brave.

Tell us, ye children of wisdom, who measure
The actions of man and his might,
Tell us, was earth won by day-dreams of pleasure?
And battles, and watchings by night?
Tell us, did sylphs hold the valiant from ruin
Did syren-songs lull their repose?
No! the proud soul, sacred glory pursuing,
Steer'd by its pole-star through woes.

Planted by valour, and way'd against fortune,
Rome's flag wrap'd the world in a shade;
E'en the rude north, with its amp's folds sporting,
Paus'd as he view'd it display'd.
But when the slow moth of luxury, stealing,
Wasted its strength to decay,
Tempests less fierce than the northern wind pealing,
Blew its bright ruins away.

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the blushing morn,
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1827.

[No. 28.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

Cuba Lodge, in the county of Allegany, was consecrated with the usual ceremonies, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 25th, 1827, Col. Samuel King acting as Grand Master. The lodge and assembly, which was large and respectable, were, after singing and prayer, addressed by Br. A. L. DAVISON, as follows:—

ADDRESS,

Delivered before Cuba Lodge, in Cuba, Alleghany county, N. Y. June 25th, 1827.

BY A. L. DAVISON.

Worshipful Master and Brethren:—

Having been invited by your kind partiality to address you on this occasion, I should have done violence to the feelings of respect which I entertain for you individually, and of veneration which I indulge for the institution, and fraternity, generally, were I not to undertake the task. But conscious as I am of a want of ability to do justice to the occasion, or to fulfil what you will naturally expect, from one who presumes to undertake the duties upon which I am about to enter, I have to encounter a degree of diffidence, that I fear will embarrass me, and disappoint you.

Relying, however, on your indulgence, and the characteristic charity of the order, I am encouraged to hope that wherein I err I may be forgiven; and that whatever I may offer for your consideration, that is acceptable, will be received with more marked attention, than if it was offered by one of more presumption, or one from whom more was expected.

As we have met on the day sacred to the memory of St. John, a name dear to Christians and masons, for the object of consecrating to virtuous and useful purposes, according to ancient usage, this Lodge of Freemasons; if there is any thing in the life of the holy Saint, worthy of imitation; in his precepts, which we revere; and in masonry, that excites to virtuous deeds; then, indeed, have we met on a most interesting occasion.

It becomes us, as citizens of this happy and highly privileged country, and especially, as those who have received the *rites and benefits* of this ancient and beneficent order, on every occasion, of assembling ourselves together, to ascend from low frivolity, or grovelling sensuality, to the important duty of serious reflection, on whatever may be most beneficial to mankind, from whom we have received so many benefits.

Our worthy patron to whom this day is consecrated, when Judea and Jerusalem were assembled near the banks of Jordan, raised his voice in the wilderness, and exhorted to *prepare the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight*. As would at this day probably be the case, the enquiry to his more general warnings were, what shall we do?—Mark his answer—"He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat let him do likewise."

This is the fundamental principle of our order; and he that feels the full force of it is prepared to do to others as he would wish others to do to him. He who has a due sense of this obligation, and he only is a good christian and a good mason; for on this hangs all the law and the prophets; and he who reduces these precepts to practice, is he alone, who serves God acceptably. This is the sum of the duties of the christian religion;—and masonry, as a useful auxiliary, teaches the same thing: if it does not, let us abandon it—let us not mock the holy Saint, by a solemn observance of his natal day, if our principles are different from his—for nothing less will answer us.

The condition of the world, the needs and wants of mankind, are such as to require the practice of these duties; and it is by their practice, that our usefulness is, if at all, manifest. No matter by

whom we have been taught, or where we have been learned, if we possess those principles, and practice those duties, we are conspicuous for usefulness—without them we are unfit for the church, the lodge, or the society of man.

These duties are nearly all expressed by the term *charity*; and this I boldly assert, is the great end and aim, if rightly understood of masonry. Masonry regards no man for wealth or riches; but inculcates an equality of rights, privileges and respect—and allows no preference but to superior virtues. It was not instituted for mere ostentation, or pride of parade, to awe the multitude into obedience to usurped power: but every ceremony, instrument, or emblem, which it displays to the world, has a moral meaning, which excites and warms the heart of the initiated to deeds of benevolence, by which, (and it is the only reward he seeks for,) the world may be benefited.

The condition of mankind being such, as to make this institution, for the teaching and inculcating of charitable and benevolent principles, necessary; it becomes every member, who claims its benefits, to acquaint himself with its principles, and the proper object of their application. This knowledge can never be attained by mere speculation: the heart must feel its own needy, helpless and destitute condition, before it is duly prepared, for a right understanding, or proper discharge of the duties incumbent on man. *He that has two coats, must feel as if he had none, before he is prepared to impart to the destitute*—we must feel the effects of our own misdeeds, before we are willing to do to others as we wish them to do to us.

But for you, brethren, who are thus prepared, and I hope you all are, it is proper, and imperiously your duty, on this occasion, and I trust you feel disposed to perform it, to extend your thoughts through the whole range of your acquaintance, and over the whole course of your conduct, and to examine your own abilities, motives, plans, and designs; that you may judge wherein you have not done as you would like to be done unto—determine what you have to impart, and who are proper objects to receive.

A few moments at this time, may be well spent in these inquiries. It requires, however, no stretch of thought, no deep reflection, to see our mutual dependence on each other: Some are entirely helpless, and therefore wholly dependent on your charity or affection—many are nearly so—some have but little capacity to direct their exertions aright,—while some are highly gifted with useful talents; and there is, perhaps, a still greater inequality in worldly possessions.

Let him who has two coats, seek out him who has none, and impart to his necessities; and let him who has meat do likewise. Those who have neither, by a proper division and employment of their time and faculties, may, besides ministering to their own necessities, greatly benefit, by their good offices, by advice, timely warnings and useful instruction, and exertions in various ways, those who may stand in need. Our consideration and exertions are not to be limited to the fraternity—all mankind are our brethren, and have claims on our benevolence, according to their necessities, or the measure of our abilities.

The field of our exertions being thus extended, and our obligations and duties thus imperious and important, not only to others, but to ourselves, we have no time for trifling amusement, or *inglorious ease*: our minds should be employed in devising, and our hands in executing, some good work. Otherwise we may join with the world in saying, we are not worthy of our profession, nor of the reward that we could wish, or expect, from Him whose *all-seeing eye* watches over us.

These, brethren, are the true objects of masonry, as I understand it. The manner in which these duties are taught in our lodges, is, and ever will remain a secret, except to those who are thought worthy, and solicit instruction. But these princi-

ples are no secrets. They were promulgated more than eighteen hundred years ago. Masonry has added nothing to them; nor is it, of itself, any thing more or less, than a system of moral instruction, to impress these holy precepts more deeply on the heart: we have to regret that our endeavours are often without effect—but we are consoled by the reflection, that the trial was never made but with good intent.

If this exposition of our principles does not accord with our lives, our lives must be amended; these principles will not change: they are immutable as the pillars of heaven. By them we must be tried, and justified, or condemned. If we have departed from them, we are not only condemned by our own consciences, but deserve the censure of a watchful world. But an enlightened community will not condemn us all, for the misdeeds of those on whom all our counsels have been lost, and all our instructions set at naught. We claim no fellowship with those who have departed from the strictest rules of rectitude, if beyond the hope of reform.

But, for one, I am ready to plead guilty to many omissions of duty; and I believe, brethren, many of you will join with me in the confession. How remiss have we often been in flying to the relief of a fellow being in distress—in warding off approaching danger—in comforting the afflicted—in imparting instruction to the ignorant, or in acquiring useful knowledge ourselves. How many poor and almost friendless beings, have struggled through the world, in want of almost every thing to make them comfortable, whilst we have had enough, and to spare? How many bereaved orphans have we neglected to put in the right way of becoming useful to themselves and to the world!—And if overtaken by crime, how justly could they reproach us, while groaning under the punishment of the law, with cold, unfeeling negligence of their fate!

Brethren! for the future, let us so order our conduct, that the institution of masonry will need no vindication—in such a manner that we can pourtray the strictest principles of our order, without the blush of shame at their application to our lives.—And that when we are summoned to the Grand Lodge above, we may obey with joy, and not with grief; and that our tombs may be moistened with the tears of those who acknowledge us their benefactors.

The application of whatever I have said that is acceptable, is intended as much for the whole congregation; and the rules of conduct that I have endeavoured to advance, will as well apply to them, as to the fraternity. And I hope that these principles may be felt and pursued by all. No man is excused from good works, because he is not a mason. But doubly culpable is he who has had the advantages of that pure light, that sublime and impressive mode of instruction, in the paths of virtue, if he does not follow them.

May we all so conduct ourselves, that our work may be approved of by the *Grand Master Builder of the Universe*; and in the end, receive a welcome to the realms of light, where friendship and love will forever unite us.

ELECTIONS.

Monroe Encampment, Rochester.

Elected May 24th, 1827:—Sir Edward Doyle, Grand Commander; Sir Jonathan Child, Generalissimo; Sir Abelard Reynolds, Captain General; Sir and Rev. F. H. Cuming, Prelate; Sir S. P. Allcott, Senior Warden; Sir W. Whitney, Junior Warden; Sir E. Scrantom, Recorder; Sir E. Watts, Treasurer.

Rising Sun Lodge, No. 336, Marbletown Ulster co. William Howe, W. M.; Edward Kinsimer, S. W. David Hunt, J. W.; James M'Guinness, Treasurer; Abraham Nottingham, Secretary.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PROPERTY OF PLATINA.

This metal has been chosen for such purposes, because it is little susceptible of dilating, or contracting from the variations of temperature. Its dilatation, according to Borda, is only *one hundred and fifteen thousandth* part for a degree of the centigrade thermometer, or *one ninety-two thousandth* part for a degree of Reaumur. Whilst a rod of iron dilates *one ninety-one thousand seven hundred and fiftieth* part, for a centesimal degree, and the *seventy-five thousandth* part for a degree of Reaumur.

Gold is only found in its native state, that is to say almost pure. It exists in all kinds of earth. It is found in little beds in the primitive mountains of gneiss, and of micaceous schist, in the country of Salzburg, and in Carniola; it occupies veins in the mountains of sienite and porphyry near Kremnitz in Hungary, in the secondary rocks of argillaceous quartzous schist, or even of sandstone, (*gres*), at Zalatzna in Transylvania, and in an argillaceous free stone, (*gres argilleux*) not far from Ekaterinbourg in Siberia; thus, says Werner, this metal has been formed in very different periods. It is also proved by the experiments of Sage, Berthollet, Rouelle, Darcet and Deyeux, that there are particles of gold existing in vegetables. Berthollet has extracted about 2 grammes, or 40 grains *one-tenth* of gold, from 489 hectogrammes, or a quintal of ashes. Werner assures us, that at Zalatzna, native gold has been found in half petrified wood, or rather, says he, in bituminous wood.

The mine of gold which is in Norway is poorer than that in Sweden; those of the north produce altogether scarcely the twentieth part of the quantity furnished by that of Nagyag in Transylvania, or that of Kremnitz in Hungary. But what indeed are all the gold mines of Europe, taken together, in comparison of one single mine in Peru or Brazil? In going from La Paz, towards Potosi, and Tucuman, all the beds of clayey schist are found penetrated with veins of auriferous quartz; and the fall of a shelf of rock discovers masses of gold from 2 to 300 pounds in weight. The islands of Borneo, of Celebes, of Maccassar, and of Sumatra, situated under the equator, contain very rich mines of gold, though badly worked.

Europe has also rivers, which carry along with them some grains of gold;—but in Africa, in searching along the rivers, we find almost every where auriferous sand. In Nigritia, the natives are regularly employed every year in this golden harvest, after having finished that of the corn. Near Akim, upon the coast of Guinea one person may pick up several ounces a day. This increasing abundance of one of the most weighty and dense metals, as we approach the equator, presents to us a question, as interesting as it is difficult to solve.

The valuable qualities of gold render it worthy of the rank which opinion has assigned to it amongst metals. Less brilliant than platina, it has a colour more agreeable to the eye. Thus the poets have not failed to give golden locks to Apollo; to Jupiter a throne of gold; Vulcan employs gold to forge a buckler for Achilles; in short, in the form of an adjective, the words gold and beauty are synonymous amongst the Greeks. Tractable in the hands of art, from its great ductility, gold assumes every form which we wish it to acquire. The goldsmith, the jeweller, the embroiderer, and the gilder employ it with equal facility. It is capable of the most astonishing superficial extension, thus making up, in some measure, for its scarceness, by its ductility. A quantity of gold, of the weight of one grain (53 milligrammes) can be beaten out into a sheet, the surface of which will cover 50 square inches, or three *sixty-five hundredths* square decimetres; and when used in the gilding of silver wire, its extension is nearly sixteen times greater. The tenacity of gold is such, says Haüy, that one thread of this metal, two *seven-tenths* millimetres, or *one-tenth* of an inch in diameter, can support a weight of two hundred and forty-four *six-tenths* kilogrammes, or 500 pounds, without breaking. As gold is very soft, it must be mixed with copper, when coined into money. This alloy gives it a reddish tinge. Gold acquires a resinous electricity.

Native silver is rarely found pure in the bosom

of the earth; it is sometimes mixed with copper and iron, and sometimes with gold, but more frequently with arsenic. The same province of South America which possesses the richest gold mines, namely, Peru, contains also great treasures of silver.

The mines of Potosi produced, from the year 1545 to 1648, about 395,619,000 piasters, but they are exhausted. In North America, Mexico abounds in silver, about 22 millions of piasters being derived from it every year. Silver is apparently diffused throughout the whole extent of the old continent; but the mines which are now best known, are almost all found in the temperate zone of the North. Those of Siberia, of Saxony, and of Hartz, are at the 50th degree of latitude—those of Konigsberg in Norway, at the 60th degree. The produce of these mines, however, is trifling, compared to the mineral riches of America, which are contained within the two parallels, distant thirty degrees from the equator. We are ignorant whether Africa possesses mines of silver equal to those of the New World.

Silver is found in quartz, limestone, sulphurated zinc, and sometimes in petrosilex; it is rarely met with in granite rocks. At Frankenberg, in Hesse, leaves of native silver are found adhering to petrifications. This metal exists in grains (though rarely) in a thread-like form, in thin laminae, in ramifications, in octahedral crystals, and sometimes in very considerable masses. We are assured, that one was found at Schneeberg, in Saxony, in 1748, which weighed 400 quintals, or 166 kilogrammes. Another mass was found at Konigsberg, of the weight of 560 marks, (about 270 kilogrammes,) and is preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen. Bergmann says, that there has been found in the sands, upon the coast of Peru, masses of 150 marks of silver entirely pure.

Silver is, next to gold and platina, the most unalterable of the metals—its surface only blackens in those places where there are sulphurous and inflammable vapours. It is remarkable that silver alloyed with a considerable portion of gold or copper, preserves its white colour; whilst a small quantity of silver or copper, mixed with gold, changes very sensibly the colour of this latter metal. This phenomenon, common to all white metals, made Newton imagine, that the particles of white metals have much more surface than those of yellow metals, and that they are even very opaque; so that they cover the gold and copper, without permitting the colour of these metals to pierce through theirs. They ought, on the other hand, to be more thin, because the white light which they reflect, answers to a greater degree of tenacity, than the yellow of gold or copper. According to the experiments of Brisson, and the calculation of Haüy, the specific gravity of a mixture of gold and copper, exceeds the sum of the specific gravities of the two metals when separate about *one-eleventh*. On the contrary, the specific gravity of a mixture of silver and copper, is less than the total of the specific gravities of the two metals, by about *one-eighteenth*. Another physical quality of silver is still more worthy of our attention, the property which it has, when dissolved in nitric acid, of crystallizing under a kind of vegetable or arborescent form, producing what is called the tree of Diana. It would seem, that the crystals of which, this kind of mineral vegetation is composed, may be considered as small magnetic rods, whose poles, by attracting and repelling each other, determine their respective positions. Silver, though less rare than gold, has been preferred to that metal, as a representative of value, the resistances which it opposes to the action of the air and humidity; its brilliant whiteness, and its malleability, render it applicable to a multiplicity of purposes both useful and ornamental, which are too well known to require enumeration.

[Physical Geography.]

LESSENING THE DRIFT OF SHIPS

AT SEA.

A Mr. Burnet, of London, has taken out a patent for this purpose. It consists in letting down to the windward a square plane attached to a floating plank, with chains eleven feet long from the angles at one side to those at the opposite sides, connected in the middle by a loose ring, to which a hawser is to be fastened from the ship; a cord also passes to the ship from each end of the plank, to direct the position

in which this is to lie with respect to it. The square plane being directed by the cords to lie at right angles to the drift of the ship, and not being moved by the wind from lying very low in the water, will, of course, in being drawn forward by the hawser, make a resistance to the motion of the ship to the leeward, proportional to its hold in the water, which will be equal to its surface multiplied by the square of the velocity of its movement.

The square plane consists of a frame of bar iron, bolted to the plank, with strong canvass, turned over and sewed to the upper bar of the frame, and laced by cords passing through holes in it, to the bottom bar and to those of the sides. The plank is a little more than three times the length of the frame, and is formed of three pieces, united by hinges at each side of the frame, with bolts over the hinges, so arranged that when the two outside pieces are opened up so as to be in a line with the middle piece, the bolts, being protruded, will keep them in that position; and when they are drawn back, will admit these pieces to be brought down by the sides of the frame, in order that the whole may take up less room in the stowage, when not required for use. The chains connected by the ring in the middle, and drawn by the hawser, will pull the whole forward equally, without permitting one part of the frame to be acted on more than another by the resistance of the water.

The dimensions of the frame are not mentioned, but from the length of the chains, being eleven feet, it is supposed it could not be more than about seven feet long at each side.

NEW AND INGENIOUS DOOR LOCK.

A distinguished citizen of Lexington, (Ken.) has made a very elegant and ingenious door lock. It has two bolts; one a latch bolt which works by a newly invented folding spring. It has two keyholes and two keys; one of the keys moves one bolt only, the other (called the master key) moves both, in the same manner as common locks are opened with their respective keys. A person unacquainted with the secret, with one key in his hand, will always leave one bolt locked. The master key commands both bolts, and in unlocking rings a bell, and may be so used as to suffer the other key to unlock or not, at pleasure. These keys are so much alike as not to be distinguished from each other. Several gentlemen from Europe and the eastern states, good judges of mechanism, who have seen this lock, pronounce it superior to any thing of the kind they ever saw.

ORNITHOLOGY.

THE WILD PIGEON OF AMERICA.

In the autumn of 1813, I left my house in Henderson on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. Having met the pigeons flying from north east to south west, in the barrens of natural wastes, a few miles beyond Hardensburg, in apparently greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, I felt an inclination to enumerate the flocks that would pass within the reach of my eye in one hour. I dismounted, and seating myself on a tolerable eminence, took my pencil to mark down what I saw going by and over me, and made a dot for every flock which passed.

Finding, however, that this was next to impossible, and feeling unable to record the flocks, as they multiplied constantly, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, discovered that one hundred and sixty three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the father I went. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon day became dim, as during an eclipse; the pigeons' dung fell in spots, not unlike the melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of their wings over me, had a tendency to incline my senses to repose.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distance from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.

The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flew rather low as they passed

the Ohio. They gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere during the time, was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every thing on the vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles; and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day, which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit a phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beech nut or acorn, the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept up, or to use a French expression, *moissonnee*, is astonishing, and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after the repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart en masse for the roosting place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival and of the departure from their curious roosting places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green River in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighbourhood of Russellville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to fatten upon pigeon meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole

extent of the roosting place, like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited, equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived,—but all of a sudden, I heard a cry of "*Here they come!*" The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where, one on the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees, as large as hogheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing their owners reload them.

No person dare venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day, the noise rather subsided; but long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise, none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of wolves now reached our ears; and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and pole-cats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion crows came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had as many as he could possibly dispose of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.—*Account of the Wild Pigeon of America, by Mr. John James Audubon.*

HISTORICAL.

LOUISIANA

We have read no colonial history, which to us possessed more interest, than that of the colony of Louisiana. The French are an interesting people at home, or abroad. They are peculiarly so in the early stages of their settlements in the vast forest of the Mississippi. They showed a curious compound of their own native complaisance, *insouciance*, and perpetual gaiety, with the stern and silent gravity of the Indians, among whom they dwelt, and a part of whose character soon became incorporated with theirs. The French in the old world are naturally a war-like people. In the new world, although they dwelt among ferocious and bloody savages, intermarried with them, became attached to their ways, and in their turn were remarkable for the power, which they possessed, of winning their confidence and affections, and although they were either the chivalrous soldiers of Louis 14th, or descendants from them, they became a mild, timid and

pastoral race of people, the Dorians of the western world. The present creoles manifest on all occasions a sufficient amount of spirit, and become excellent soldiers, but are naturally a mild and pacific people, wonderfully fond of their paternal soil, and strongly attached to the habits of pastoral life. A curious anecdote, illustrating the tendency of the French character to lose its natural war-like propensities in the forest of the Mississippi, occurs in the annals of their wars with the united English and Chickasaws. M. de Bienville, in 1736, marched up the Mobile against them with a very considerable force. A battle was fought, and the French had the worst of the conflict. At the same time the Chickasaws had been assailed on their northern borders by the French from the Illinois, who marched down upon them, to make a diversion in favor of M. de Bienville. When the united English and Chickasaws met them, they, also, were compelled to fly. It is related, as a ludicrous circumstance, that the Illinois French, when they marched upon the foe, appeared before them with wool sacks in front of their bodies, as a shield against the arrows and balls. The circumstance excited great glee among the English and Indians, who took aim at the legs of these pastoral warriors, who evinced their estimation of the value of legs, and the uselessness of wool sacks, by running at the top of their speed.

Chateaubriand says, that when the English founded a colony the first building which they reared was a tavern, and that the first thought of the French was to construct a fort, and of the Spanish in the old time to build a church. There was a striking and manifest difference between French and Spanish policy in managing the Indians. The Spanish founded missions, and meditated to secure their co-operation and fidelity by binding them to the Spanish cause by the strong and invisible ties religion. The French entered their wig-wags, hunted with them, wooed their wives and daughters, played the amiable among them, and began by affecting an affection for them, which they did not feel, and ended by becoming actually attached to them and their ways of life. The French and Spanish were bitter and hostile rivals for a long time on the borders of the Mississippi and its waters, and they played off these appropriate engines of their national policy with various effect upon each other.

About the year 1721 the French, with their peculiar felicity at ingratiating themselves with the savages, had already secured the friendship of many nations far up the Missouri, particularly that of the powerful tribe of the Missouries, from whom the mighty river has its name. The Missouries were engaged in a war of extermination with the Pawnees, a tribe who inhabited the country still higher on the river. The policy of the Spanish of Santa Fe was to add their force to that of the Pawnees, and destroy the Missouries, the allies of the French, as a necessary preliminary to the expulsion of the French from that river, and establishing their own ascendancy on it. A Spanish force marched from Santa Fe, a Spanish town on a branch of the Rio del Norte, in the remote northern interior of New Mexico, and the Spanish settlement nearest the Missouri. This force mistook its route, and instead of reaching the Pawnee towns, as they intended, and as they supposed they had done, they fell unconsciously, on the chief town of the Missouries. The mistake was difficult to rectify, for the two tribes speak precisely the same language. They communicated their purpose without any reserve, as supposing, they were unbosoming themselves to a Pawnee audience. They requested the co-operation of the Missouries to their own, destruction. The crafty savages instantly penetrated the mistake of their enemies. They preserved their customary and unchangeable gravity of countenance, and betrayed not the slightest mark of surprise, or consciousness. They only requested the usual time to call in their warriors and hold a council of consultation, touching the scheme. At the end of forty eight hours, they had assembled two thousand warriors, and fell upon the unsuspecting Spaniards, not only reposing in security, but meditating the destruction of these very Indians, and they murdered the whole company, with the exception of the priests, who owed their escape to the fleetness of their horses, and alone remained to report the destruction of the rest. [*Flint's Cincinnati Review.*]

POPULAR TALES.

MARGARET TWINSTOUN.

[Abridged from "The Odd Volume," Second Series recently published in London.]

The shades of evening were beginning to fall, when a little skiff, with every sail set, was seen flying across the frith. The moment the shallop touched the opposite shore, a youth in the dress of a page sprang on land, and ran with the speed of lightning to the castle of Dinnibirstle. His shouts and cries soon awakened the domestics, who, fearing no danger from an unattended youth, admitted him within the walls, and moved by the earnestness of his entreaties, consented to carry to the earl his petition for an interview. The request was instantly granted, and the youth was marshalled to the presence of the earl, who was sitting near a window which looked out on the silver waves of the Forth, which lay between him and his beloved, on whom his thoughts rested. Moray held in his hand a flaxen ringlet, which, on the near approach of the page, he hid again in his bosom. "Good youth," said the earl in a sweet and gentle tone, "your mission seems one of haste and urgency. I pray that you bring no evil tidings. Come you from Holyrood? Is all well there?" "Noble Moray," replied the page, "stay not to question. Fly, I implore you—delay is ruin—hesitation destruction! Oh, leave this place; seek safety in the woods, before your destroyers come." "What frenzy is this boy! Fly from my castle! Wherefore? What danger threatens?" "The worst of dangers—a revengeful foe armed with power. Last night Bothwell broke into the palace, and attempted to seize the king. It is said that you also was among them, and your enemies are even now on their way to drag you before the king to answer this charge." "Let them come," replied Moray, proudly. "I will accompany them, and vindicate my honour." "Hope it not; fly before it is too late—before Huntly carries fire and sword through your halls. Merciful heaven! they are here, and you are lost." "Is it even so?" said the earl; "nay, then, since Huntly is sent on this mission, my destruction is resolved on." Soon were heard the dashing of the oars, and the loud shouts of the Gordons as they advanced to the assault. At this moment, Dunbar, the youthful friend of Moray, hurried to him. "Moray, it is useless to contend. Fly, I implore you. The eastern postern is still unguarded. Escape, I conjure you. Farewell!" And, wringing his hand, Dunbar resolved to save his friend by the sacrifice of himself, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and shouting the war-cry of the earl, called out, "On, on, brave friends! Follow your lord, I will conquer or perish!" His noble stratagem had the intended effect; that of drawing all the assailants to that side of the castle, in the belief that it was the earl who led on the small band which now issued from the gates. With a yell of mingled hatred and revenge, the blood-thirsty Gordons rushed on their prey. Then came the fierce encounter—the desperate struggle. A clash of weapons was mixed with loud cries of, "A Stewart, a Stewart!" and "A Gordon, a Gordon!" Cut off from his followers, hemmed around with enemies, Dunbar felt that his last hour was at hand; but, determined to sell his life dear, he dealt such blows as despair only can give, and performed prodigies of valour, till Huntly, pressing through the throng, and assailing him from behind, thrust him through with his sword. "Dastard, you have basely slain him on whose face thou daredst not look. May Moray's bitterest curse pursue thee!" As he uttered these words, many weapons were sheathed in his body, and the heroic youth expired without a groan. As soon as Dunbar left them, Moray addressed the page. "Good youth, save yourself. Take this purse as a small token of my gratitude. The rocks on the east side will afford you concealment till my foes depart. They seek me only. Fly, then, good youth, and let not my last moments be embittered by witnessing your destruction." Moray turned to leave the apartment. The page fell at his feet, and clasped his knees. "Moray, disdain not to seek safety in flight. O, hear me, I implore you, were it only to vindicate yourself from the aspersions of your enemies. Let us fly. Oh! horror, what do I see? They have fired the castle!" "It is even so,"

replied the earl. "Boy, detain me not. I shall die as a soldier should, sword in hand, amidst my foes. But escape is yet in your power. If life be dear to you, lose not an instant." The roar of the flames, the crashing of beams, and the shrieks of the Gordons, became every moment more terrific. "Oh! noble Moray, hear me yet again. Let us fly. We may yet be saved. Hear me, as you value your soul's peace!" "By heaven's! boy, sooner than sully mine honour by flight, I will bury myself under the smouldering ruins." "Then," said the page, rising, "we shall perish together. Oh! heavenly powers, that is Huntly's voice—he comes this way!" and the page, in an agony of fear, covered his face with his small and delicately shaped hands. The truth flashed on Moray. He drew aside the hand, and glanced at the high, commanding forehead, the raven locks, and the bloodless cheek. "Generous woman!" he exclaimed, raising her in his arms, "I will save you, or perish. Feeling that not an instant was to be lost, Moray hurried Lady Magdalene along the passage that led to the east postern. Perilous was the attempt; for on every side of the way which they must tread, the flames were bursting forth, and from time to time burning rafters and half-consumed beams fell almost on their path. But the cries of their pursuers, who had discovered that they were cheated of their prey, were borne to them on the blast, and with a courage arising from despair, the earl and his companion braved the devouring flames, and gaining the postern, fled to the rocks. Here Moray seated his preserver, who averted her eyes from the blazing castle, but Moray gazed on the scene with a look of stern determination. At times the building was enveloped in a dark cloud of smoke; then again the red flames burst forth, and by their light Moray could discern the slaughter of his people by his merciless foes, whose savage shouts of exultation and triumph gave added horror to the scene. "By heaven!" said the earl, starting up, "I were a base craven to sit here in safety, and see my faithful people murdered!" "In safety, saidst thou?" cried Huntly, whose sword gleamed on high. Lady Magdalene threw herself before Moray, and the weapon of her brother passed through her heart. Unconscious who was his victim, Huntly spurned the body aside, and rushed on Moray. The struggle was fierce, but brief. On the slippery rocks, Huntly stumbled and fell. Moray stood over him, and already was the death blow descending, when, with a savage yell, a band of Gordons sprang on him, pierced him with innumerable wounds, and thus died the noble earl of Moray.

The destruction of the Earl of Moray having removed James's greatest inducement to oppose the union of Logie with the fair Margaret, he was easily prevailed on to pardon the lovers; nay, so unsteady and facile was his disposition, he was the first to jest on Mistress Margaret's stratagem, and even to applaud himself for having prophesied that love would teach her a way to cheat them all. "Didna we tell ye," said James to Harry Lindsay, "didna we tell ye, that a lassie in love would ding the de'il himself at cheatry? Now, Logie, ye're but a glaiket chiel; but see that ye guide right this bonny bird—and mind, should any ill befall ye, you'll aye hae a friend in James of Scotland. And so you bairns are going to set up your rest at Logie. Your prince and master wishes himself that he could fling his crown o'er Arthur's seat, and don the shepherd's bonnet; but that cannot be. But, Logie, man, keep a sharp ee upon your wife, for ye ken she has got an ill gate o' loupin' out o' windows. But we'll hae a braw wedding, that we're resolved on. And Lindsay, man, set pen and ink before us, and we will ourselves indite a letter to our billy, Sandie Fotheringham, the Laird o' Powrie, to ask the lend o' his silk stockings for us to dance at the bridal." Writing materials being placed before him, the royal scribe wrote thus:—"Sandie, We would be sair affronted that ye deprived yoursel o' the sunshine o' our princely favour, did we no ken that it is mair for want o' power than will. We hae therefore resolved to make use o' pen speech to tell you, that we are to hae a blythe bridal here; and that we may show all fitting honour to the bride, we hae gane near to the bottom o' our purse, whilk our treasurer (may the muckle deil take him) keeps as lath as a hazel wand, and as toom as a beggar's bicker. We therefore desire you to send us, your ain loving

prince and maister, the new silk hose whilk ye had on when last in our presence; in the whilk we doubt not you will pleasure us, and merit our special thanks. Now, see that ye do all diligence in repairing to our court, for here is a Danish lurdane bragging that he has ne'er yet met with his match in a bowze. He has overcome already two or three Fife lairds, and ye ken that's no saying a little; but our billy Sir Robert Lawrie, the Laird of Maxwellton, has taken up the clubs for the honour of Scotland, and they have been drinking thegither for three days. By my faith, I would gie twenty rose nobles to hear Maxwellton blaw the last blast on the wee black whistle. From Hallyroodhouse, where we are drinking and driving in the auld manner.

JAMES R.
"Postscriptum. Scotland forever! The Dane's beneath the table, and Rab's on the tap o't like the deevil."

Right trusty friend the
Laird of Powrie, Fotheringham, Elder."

James kept his royal word; and on the day of Margaret's bridal, the walls of Holyrood echoed to the sounds of mirth and revelry. The homely dishes of powsowdie and rummetethumps, were displaced by venison, goose, grice, capon, crane, swan, coney, partridge, plover, duck, brisel-cock, pawnsies, and capercaillies; and the stewards, baxters, cooks, and potingers, showed their skill in the confections and dainties which graced the dessert; and brimming cups of aquavite, hippocras, malvasy, and muskadel, went round to the healths of the bridegroom and bride. On the conclusion of the banquet, the queen retired, followed by all her ladies, and James for some time caroused to his heart's content. His mirth, however, received an interruption in the shape of a message from the queen. "An please your majesty," said Harry Lindsay, "I am commanded by the queen's grace to say she waits your presence." "Let the queen's grace just wait on," replied James in a huff. "By my saul, she maun hae her finger in every pie. Can we no birl the bowl a while without her allowance?" "So please your majesty, her grace says you promised to tread a measure with the bride." "By my faith, and so we did. Weel, my lords, ye see we maun a' rin when our wives cry bizz. Away wi' ye, Lindsay, and tell her grace (faith, she has little grace or manners either, to disturb us before we hae weel warmed in our seats)—away wi' ye, and say we'll no be lang ahint ye." Somewhat out of humour at the sudden termination of his carousal, James, with a tardy step, proceeded to join the queen and her fair bevy: but his discontent rapidly faded away before the mirth and gaiety which prevailed among them; and he hastened to the upper end of the tapestried chamber, where stood the queen supporting and encouraging the fair Margaret, the blaze of whose youthful beauty cast that of all others into the shade. "Come hither, truant," said the queen gaily; "we claim your promise to lead a measure with our fair bride. By my faith, she looks worthy of a royal mate. Saw you ever a fairer damsel?" "Ay," replied James, "at Upslo." "Go to, flatterer," answered the queen, evidently gratified with this homage to her charms. "You shall not so cozen us. But what think you of her tire. The carkanet of emeralds becomes her indifferent well. We ourself fancied her kirtle." "The carkanet sets her no that ill," answered James; "but, by my troth, ye might hae made the kirtle a thought shorter. Harry Lindsay, bid the music strike up!" ".....We regret that tradition has not handed down to us any further particulars respecting these festivities, except James's speech on the conclusion of the revels. "Gude safe us, Lindsay, if we havana driven a score o' holes in Powrie's new silk hose!"

MISCELLANY.

CUNIGUNDA AND HER LOVERS.

Mr. Russel in describing the Schneekoppe, a high mountain in Silesia, introduces the following story:—

On a scanty and bold projection of the rock, stand the ruins of the Kienast, so separated on all sides from the body of the mountain by precipitous dells, except where a narrow ledge on the south connects it with the hill, that the rising of a single draw-bridge must have rendered it utterly inaccessible. Enough of

the outer wall still remains, to preserve the memory of the fair Cunigunda, equally celebrated for her charms and her cruelty. She was the daughter and heiress of the lord of the Kienaust, and the most blooming of Silesian beauties. Her wealth and charms attracted crowds of knightly wooers to her father's castle; but the maiden, like another Camilla, was entirely devoted to the boisterous exercise of the chase, in which she excelled many of her suitors; she would listen to no tale of love, and dreaded marriage as she did aprison. At length, to free herself from all importunities, she made a solemn vow never to give her hand but to the knight who should ride round the castle on the outer wall. Now, this wall is not only too narrow to furnish a secure or pleasing promenade in any circumstances, but, throughout nearly its whole course, it runs along the very brink of hideous precipices, and, in one place, hangs over a frightful abyss, which, till this day, bears the name of Hell. The number of the lady's lovers rapidly diminished. The more prudent wisely considered, that the prize was not worth the risk; the vain proposed themselves to the trial, in the hope that their presence would mollify Cunigunda's heart, and procure a dispensation from the hard conditions; but the mountain-beauty was proof against all arts, and, when the moment of danger came, the courage of the suitor generally gave way. History has not recorded the precise number of those who actually made the attempt; it is only certain, that every one of them broke his neck, (as he well deserved;) and the lady lived on in her wild and virgin independence. At length, a young and handsome knight appeared at the castle gate, and requested to be admitted to the presence of its mistress, that he might try his fortune. Cunigunda received him, and her hour was come; his manly beauty, the courtesy of his behaviour, and his noble spirit made her repent, for the first time, of the price which she had set upon her hand. Having received, in presence of the inmates of the castle, her promise to become his bride, if he should return in safety from the trial, he rode forth to the wall, accompanied by the tears and wishes of the repentant beauty. In a short time, a shout from the menials, announced that the adventure had been achieved; and Cunigunda exulting that she was conquered, hastened into the court, which the triumphant knight was just entering, to meet his ardent caresses. But the knight stood aloof, gloomy and severe. "I can claim you," said he; "but I am come, and I have risked my life, not to win your hand, but to humble your pride, and punish your barbarity"—and thereupon he read her a harsh lecture on the cruelty and arrogance of her conduct towards her suitors. The spirit of chivalry weeps at recording, that he finished his oration by giving the astonished beauty a box on the ear, sprung into his saddle, and galloped forth from the gate. It was the Landgrave Albert of Thuringia, already a married man, and who had long trained his favorite steed to this perilous exercise. The memory of the ulterior fate of Cunigunda has not survived.

PESTILENCE IN GIBRALTAR.

[An extract from "The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton."]

Deep gloom hung on us all. Melancholy was the daily meeting at the mess; for we had only to recount the still advancing progress of the pestilence, or the name of some companion who since yesterday had fallen its victim. But worse than all was it, when called by duty to descend into the town;—to see the streets desolate and deserted—to hear, as we passed the closed dwellings, the loud and terrible shrieks of some delirious sufferer within; and then the horn that gave signal of the approach of the dead-cart, as it slowly rolled onwards in its dismal circuit! Never has its wild dissonance passed from my ear—never, I believe, shall it utterly pass away and be forgotten. Many of the Europeans, on the first appearance of the fever, had quitted the town, and taken up their residence at Algeiras or St. Roque, or gone on board of the ships in the bay. This, however, could not continue. The Spaniards formed a cordon a few miles' distance from the fortress, in order to prevent any communication with the interior, and all avenue of escape from the danger was at once closed. The disease soon spread its havoc among the shipping, and the deep daily yawned over a new accession of its victims. There was

death alike upon the land and the waters. In the camp, too, he was busy; and in the course of about three weeks, we had lost five officers and above a hundred men. Among the former were Major Warburton and Captain Spottiswoode, to whose company I was attached. Popham, too, was attacked, but recovered. I was not coward enough to be prevented by my fears from attending his sick-bed; and the little friendship could do to allay his sufferings was done. I mention this, I confess, with something of pride, for the conflict within was a severe one, and the struggle long. The pestilence, which had hitherto despised the feeble efforts of man to obstruct its progress, was at length arrested by the hand of God. With no external or visible cause to produce a change in its character or consequences, it was already raging in its fury, and even hope was wavering in the stoutest heart, a sudden relaxation of its power became apparent. From that hour its gripe was loosened; day after day its victims were diminished in number, and in a few weeks all traces of its ravages were to be found only in the grave. Then, as if a vast and overwhelming pressure had been removed, there was a sudden revulsion of our spirits, a rebounding of the heart so powerful and extraordinary, as to seem almost allied to madness. The lips on which no smile had been seen for months, now gave utterance to sounds of wild merriment, and downcast and heavy eyes were lighted up with more than their original gladness. Each individual felt as if he himself had been preserved from death by a miraculous interposition of providence. Never at mess had I seen the wine-cup filled so high, nor heard the wild revelry of light and jovial hearts echoed so loudly and so long. Let us hope this was not all. Let us believe that, in silence and retirement, there were knees bent in the humility of prayer, and that the sound of thanksgiving rose from many voices to that God by whose almighty arm they had been upheld and supported.

EMBALMING.

The ancient Egyptians had three ways of embalming their dead, and artists were particularly trained up for that purpose. The most costly method was practised only upon persons of the highest rank, of which sort are all mummies that have remained entire to the present times; it was done by extracting the brains thro' the nostrils, and injecting a rich balm in the stead, then opening the belly, and taking out the intestines, the cavity was washed with balm, wine impregnated with spices, and filled with myrrh and other aromatics; this done, the body was laid in nitre seventy days, at the end of which it was taken out, cleansed, and swathed with fine linen, gummed and ornamented with various hieroglyphics, expressive of the deceased's birth, character and rank. This process completed, the embalmer carried home the body, where it was placed in a coffin, cut in human shape, and then enclosed in an outer case, and placed upright the wall of the building place belonging to the family. Another less expensive method of embalming was by injecting into all the cavities of the body a certain solvent; which, being suffered to run off after a proper time, carried with it whatever was contained therein liquified; and the body, thus purged, being dried by the nitrous process as before, the operation was closed by swathing, &c. By the third and lowest method of embalming, which was only in use among the poor, they drenched the body with injections, and then dried it with nitre. The Egyptians had a custom among them of pledging the dead bodies of their parents and kindred, as a security for the payment of their debts, and whoever neglected to redeem them was held in the utmost abhorrence, and denied the rites of a burial themselves. They paid extravagant honours to their deceased ancestors; and there are at this day to be seen in Egypt pompous subterranean edifices, called by the Greek Hypogeees, representing towns or inhabitants under ground, in which there are streets, or passages of communication from one to another, that the dead might have as free an intercourse as when alive.

CORPULENCY.

Hume, sitting on a sofa between the ladies at Paris, was a spectacle more unbefitting his philosophy than he himself thought. A philosopher has no more business with so much fat, than a lover. It is

said of Gibbon, that when he made love to Madeiroiselle Curchod, and went down on his knees, she was obliged to ring the bell for the footman to help him up again. It was certainly a chivalrous step for him to take. He could not well do more for her, or get into a worse scrape. It was his *knee plus ultra*. The lady and he were the Decline and Fall. It is a pity that so many good fellows have consented to get fat, and made verses and proverbs in favour of it. There may be said, in this country, to be a fat superstition; though it has been going out of late years, since bad nerves came up, and the French are no longer to be laughed at for the meagreness they enjoyed under the regime. The meagre Frenchman was deplorable enough; but the corpulent Englishman was not much better. In old age he had the worst of it. Observe a corpulent old gallant, who has been a handsome fellow in his younger days: how hard he tries to brace himself in and retain his elegance! And it is by no means the worst thing he does. He has a turn for an elegance still, though he has not been graceful enough to preserve it. His brother elders are not so much his superiors as they think, in carrying their obesity with indifference. They are enormous and not ashamed. In a proper state of society, in which right and wrong were better understood than they now are, and greater stress laid on the duties of health, and cheerfulness, corpulence would be reckoned disgraceful.

THE GLEANER.

DR. GOLDSMITH. A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into that worst state of sickness, poverty. The Doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require: be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief. [Colman's Anecdotes.]

INVULNERABILITY.—"During our stay at Constantinople," says Mr. Carne. "an amusing incident befel Mr. R. a gentleman attached to the palace. He had lost a leg in the navy, was desirous of visiting the great Bazaar, he rode through it on horse back, a privilege used by none but Turks, and in these disturbed times, rather dangerous. A Bostandgi Bashu, an officer of some rank, being enraged on observing this, came up, and struck with his sabre at Mr. R.'s wooden leg. The Turk's astonishment at seeing no blood flow, or wound inflicted, was very great. He lifted his sabre, and cut with good will through part of the leg, but finding it all useless, he drew back, without uttering a word, and gazed intently on the Frank."

The ingenious Abbe de Prevost fell by a fate as extraordinary as that of any of the most unfortunate heroes of his own romances. He was attacked while wandering alone in the forest of Chantilly, by a fit of the apoplectic kind, which rendered his body to appearance dead. Some peasants carried him to the next village, where a rural Court of Justice summoned in haste, decreed that he ought to be instantly opened, that it might be known whether he died fairly. The surgeon of the hamlet, in a moment, began the operation. In vain did the reviving Abbe shriek aloud. It was too late. He only opened his eyes to see the horrid apparatus around him, and then closed them in endless night.

THE HUMAN HEART.—Lovers talk of their hearts beating; it beats with tolerable rapidity in those who neither "love nor are beloved." In one hour the heart beats three thousand six hundred times, and discharges seven thousand two hundred ounces of blood, and the whole mass of blood in the body is conveyed through it nearly five times. In a day the whole blood of the body circulates through the heart six hundred times.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1827.

THE LATE TRIALS. Our readers have probably noticed our silence on the subject of the late murder in this city, and even now, when the final decision has been made, and there is no room to cherish a premature and dangerous excitement, we do not feel it as incumbent on us to throw a gloom on our columns by becoming a record of crimes and blood. The obduracy of the human heart is naturally sufficient without the aid of artificial induration, and we do believe that there are few greater agents in taking away from crime its naked deformity, than the continual cry of *murder, murder*, which is incessantly tossed from press to press, like some hacknied-by-word, till it has gone round and round the whole board of newsmakers. Next to the custom of public executions, we know of no abuse which we would be more importunate to have corrected than that of inserting the notices of murders, thefts, robberies, and other heinous crimes, in the columns of public journals, especially before they have been investigated by judicial process.

The reader will perhaps have heard of the decision of such an investigation, in this case, before this article offers itself for his perusal. If not, suffice it to say that Strang, otherwise called Orton, is found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the 24th inst. Mrs. Whipple was acquitted by the jury without leaving their seats. The testimony of Strang, implicating Mrs. Whipple as an accessory to the murder, was rejected, on the ground that it could not be taken without recommending him to mercy; and the court, consistently with conscientious principles, could not exercise that grace to an assassin of such unparalleled depravity. He was therefore left to his fate, and the unhappy woman was consequently acquitted; the whole dependence, on the part of the prosecution, resting on his word,—the word of a convicted murderer, and previously perjured witness.

Those who will soberly and candidly review the history of this transaction, will be astonished and shocked at the complacency with which they are accustomed to look on that course of iniquity, which has led to the catastrophe of this horrid affair. However abstemious any individual may happily be in this particular, we must all plead guilty to the charge of chuckling at the infamy of others, with a degree of levity, which is not only disgraceful, but often highly dangerous to the morals and peace of the community. Often and repeatedly do we turn the subject of an infamous and demoralising course of iniquity into ridicule, till the consequences rise up, and call down the vengeance of the insulted laws, with a weight that ought to make us ashamed of our unwarrantable frivolity, and induce us to shudder for our apparently trivial, yet no less criminal perversions of reason and justice.

Man with all his frailty, if disposed to improve the moral light given him by Heaven, is not so much an object of censure as of praise. His heart, unless hardened by habitual intercourse with the depraved, or the application of wrong principles to his practice, is naturally formed for the exercise of benevolent and social virtues. But this purity of feeling is equally in danger, from a habitual petulance, and a habitual complacency, exercised towards the follies and crimes that prevail in society; and it is difficult to decide which is the most dangerous to

the cause of morality, a relentless and censorious severity, or an effeminate and unbounded complacency towards those whose moral characters we wish to correct. These are the extremes at which society is ever in danger. The proper medium is the highest point of prudence at which man can arrive.

IMPRISONMENT OF A FEMALE FOR DEBT. A widow lady of about sixty years of age was lately committed to jail in Providence, Rhode Island, for *debt*!!—The crime of owing the amount of about *thirty dollars*, without the means to pay, is made the pretext to tear away the aged and infirm widow from a daughter, confined to her bed, in a state of domestic solicitude, and a group of little grand children, who looked up to her for their whole support; while in many instances the *gentleman* of high life, so misnamed, is allowed to compound with his creditors at a penny, or less, on the pound, and then with houses filled with costly furniture, and family rustling in silks, is allowed to begin his acts of knavery again on good credit. This unfortunate lady having no means left to satisfy the demands of some usurious scoundrels, was induced to give up all the little that had been left from the wreck of misfortunes; but they were refused, and she was committed to prison,—that common receptacle of crime and misfortune, in which so many innocent are doomed to suffer, and from which so many guilty have the address to screen themselves, spite of the demands of justice. There are some barbarous clauses in the laws of the state of Rhode-Island, which have called down the denunciations of the editors of that state, in many instances. We all know that too much of the rigidity of those ages in which our civil institutions originated, are attached to the features of our civil and criminal codes, in almost every state of this Republic. But perhaps in no point are our laws more inconsistent with the spirit of our government, than in the mistaken principle, that debt is a species of crime. Imprisonment for debt, in any case is inefficient to produce the results it aims at. None but the dishonest will require the law to induce them to pay their honest debts, and they will evade any law which can be made to compel them. The weight, then, of legal compulsion falls on those who are unable to pay, and is only another name for extortion.

But the idea of confining for debt, a *woman*, an aged widow, within the horrid walls of a jail, in the company of counterfeiters, robbers, and felons of all classes, ought to be hunted from every civilized community, as an indelible stain upon the human character. We are not informed as to the names of the wretches who have been guilty of this shameful act. Disposed as we are to view the fairest side of every picture, and rather praise than censure in all cases, we would delight to make a public example of these hardened miscreants, by publishing their names in staring capitals, to the world. They are worthy of the immortality of a marble monument.

It affords us, however, much satisfaction to learn that, by the intercession of the humane editors in Providence, an unknown lady has generously contributed to her release, the whole amount of the debt, and that the poor woman is liberated. The name of this lady we do not desire to know; we leave her to the exercise of that pleasing self commendation, which the fulsome praise of the world would only mortify and waste. The true happiness of charity is "to let not the left hand know what the right hand doth."

THE SHAKERS. The origin and tenets of this curious sect are not a subject of inquiry sufficient to demand a description at this time; it would be but a repetition of what has been before the public for years, excepting perhaps the too severe, and in many instances, groundless censures on their discipline and moral character. The present situation of the society may not however be wholly uninteresting. According to their own statements, there are now between four and five thousand members in the United States. In this state, their oldest settlement, and we believe the oldest settlement of this sect in existence, is at Watervliet, about eight miles from this city, which at this day probably contains 200 souls. That at New Lebanon in Columbia county may contain 600, and is probably the largest community they have at present. In the other neighbouring states, Massachusetts contains four villages, and nearly one thousand members. Two of these are in the county of Berkshire, and one each, in Middlesex, and Worcester county. Of these the villages at Hancock and Tyringham are the largest, while those in Harvard and Shirley are the oldest, being founded by Ann Lee herself, projectress of the community. In Maine there are two establishments, and between three and four hundred members. In New-Hampshire there are also two, and about 400 members. In Connecticut there are but 200, settled down in the village of Enfield. In the Western States, Indiana has about 200, Kentucky 900, Ohio 700, and probably others.

It is needless to describe their religious ceremonies, as the public are well informed already on that point; but they change them frequently, by virtue of the gifts, or spiritual revelations of their elders. We believe they are not incorporated by the laws of any state; their commercial dealings with the *world's people*, as they call all but their members, is necessarily delegated to one man, and in the eye of the law the other members serve in the capacity of servants. Their honesty, so far as our information extends, is in the highest degree creditable to them as a body, and they are rapidly advancing, in wealth and improvements. Their manufactures are eagerly sought for, and command the highest price, being found invariably of the best quality, and warranted by the venders.

This sect, aside from the singularity of their tenets, are worthy of remark, as forming a fair proof of the position, that man cannot be retained in absolute dependence while his mind is free. The members are not allowed by their regulations to have a faith of their own, but must believe implicitly every word that falls from the lips of their elders. They moreover are owners of the common stock no farther than a bare support, having no voice in the directions either of the temporal or spiritual concerns. These are despotically held by their elders, and so great is the confidence in their infallibility, that they submit to the strictest discipline, and most constant labour without murmuring. Hence the solicitude of despotic rulers to bind the consciences of their subjects by the union of Church and State.

We are not so much astonished that their numbers increase. They offer a safe asylum to those whose hearts have become estranged to all the sweets of human independence, and no doubt they will continue to increase in number and influence, so long as they remain free from the corruptions of luxury, and other means of depravation that overthrow all religious institutions wherever their influence reaches. As they are, we cannot help looking upon them with a feeling approaching to veneration. Their abstemious character, their plain and friendly hab-

its, their unwearied industry and strictly honest intercourse with the world, go far to make us fancy ourselves among the patriarchs of "olden times," and in spite of our prejudices, and principles founded on the ideas of liberty and property, we believe no thinking person can look on their society and witness their disinterested generosity, without becoming, for the moment at least, a ready advocate for the exercise of a charity towards those, who practice one so universal towards us.

SPENDID LAUNCH. It is stated in the Black Rock Gazette, that on the eighth day of September next, at three o'clock P. M. the schooner Michigan, of 136 tons burthen, will make her grand descent through the rapids, and over the falls of Niagara. This fete was projected by a number of gentlemen on both sides of the river, who have purchased, and are fitting up this vessel for the purpose. She is to carry on her deck a number of such living animals as possess the greatest bone and muscle, which it is believed will survive the shock without essential injury; such as bears, dogs, cats, etc. Such a sight is worth crossing the Atlantic to witness. At first we conceived the whole story of the intended spectacle to be a hoax, and treated it as such; but now we think we are fully authorised to announce, that it will actually take place. The idea of living animals passing down the cataract has for years been sneered at. We well remember of being treated in our younger days, with stories of the descent of Indians in their canoes; but we have long since looked on them either as the idlest of nursery tales, or the effects of exaggeration and credulity. But we are informed that within a few weeks a dog has "made his grand descent" without a serious injury. This induces us to believe that animals may go down without being inevitably lost. The honour of making such a descent may possibly induce men to go down, and at the same time incur but little more risk than the most careful aeronaut. We would much more willingly accept the honour of having made this descent, than venture the trial.

THE COMET. A new paper has appeared in this city, bearing this name, "devoted to literature, miscellany, popular tales, poetry, anecdotes, and such other subjects as may properly come within its sphere." The second number will be issued on the first Saturday of September next, after which it will be published regularly every week. It is printed in a folio form, at \$2 00 per ann. in advance, or \$2 50 cents quarterly; the mechanical part executed by Mr. D. M'Glashan. Its appearance is neat, the selections judiciously made, the editorial department well sustained, and occupying an extensive field of speculation, does much credit to the editors.

A CURIOSITY. The Western Star, of July 20th, says, that a stone of about the size of a two ounce weight was found on the shore of Lake Erie near that place, on which are clearly represented a number of masonic emblems, among which are the beehive, pot of incense, hour-glass, ladder, candlestick, book, sun and moon, and many others. It has a perfectly smooth surface, and the characters are formed of a different colour and consistency from the rest of the stone, and appear to go to some depth. Those who have examined it pretend not to form a conjecture as to the origin of this curious stone. They are unwilling to pronounce it a *lusus naturæ*, and yet they can conceive of no art which could produce it.

ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY. This seminary, under the direction of Mr. Crittenton, assisted by Mr. Wheeler, and Misses Rice, Warner and Doolittle, was visited by the Trustees, on the 25th, 26th and 27th days of July. The pupils in all the several departments sustained the most creditable examination, and gave the most gratifying evidences of the ability of their principal and his assistants. We congratulate our citizens on the flourishing condition of this institution, and the able execution of a judicious plan. It is certainly creditable to the city, and aside from the solid advantages resulting to the objects of its benefits, it is a satisfaction to those who have the prosperity of the city at heart, which of itself outweighs the pecuniary sacrifices its support requires.

INDIAN OUTRAGES. We hear from the Upper Mississippi, that the Winebago Indians have commenced hostilities, in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, and the mining districts. The inhabitants and miners are greatly alarmed. A boat has been fired upon in descending the river, and two men killed. Governor Cass and General Atkinson were in pursuit, with one regiment and six companies of another. We shall wait the result with great anxiety. The horrors of Indian warfare are by no means gratifying to any man who knows how to prize the blessings of peace and national prosperity. Our accounts are from St. Louis, under date of July 12th, and bear the appearance of undoubted veracity.

THE LAST OF THE REVOLUTIONARY CHAPLAIN. The venerable and Rev. Joseph Thaxter died at Edgartown, Duke's county, Mass. on the 18th of July. He was an intimate friend and correspondent of the late President Adams. He was buried on the 19th, and a funeral sermon was pronounced by the Rev. S. F. Swift of Nantucket. But a few years and we may look in vain for living witnesses of that arduous struggle, which gave us the authority to assume a place in the rank of nations. Their numbers insensibly diminish, and before we are aware "the place that knows them now shall know them no more forever."

OBIT CHAT.

Mrs. Royal has been at Providence, and we are told, was frequently seen *tele a tele*, with sundry gentlemen of the editorial order.—A marble monument is to be erected in New-York to the memory of the late Vice President, Daniel D. Tompkins.—The following toast was "drunk" at Reading, Pa. on the fourth of July: "To the Fair Sex.—Men's consolation in the hour of anxiety, and decoration of the human race, whose smiles are as luscious as nectar, and emphasis melodiously bewitching as the harmony of Orpheus,—may chastity be their *ocular demonstration*; and may they never be assumptioned egress by the pomp of glittering superficialities!!!"—There is a sycamore tree near Pittsburgh, in which a family of seven persons resided all winter, with room for all the necessary furniture and cooking utensils. A fire was made in the centre, the smoke of which ascended through a hole in the trunk, made by the dismemberment of a limb.—The U. S. ship Erie is ordered to get ready for sea with all possible despatch, to join our West India squadron.—The Postmaster General has returned to Washington, and resumed his official duties.—The York, (U. C.) Colonial Advocate, after copying the Declaration of Independence, says, "How many of the wrongs complained of in 1776 are yet in these remaining provinces unredressed!"—M. Jomard of the French Academy of Sciences, has stated to that body, that the report of the death of Major Laing was unfounded. He derives his information from the British consul at Tripoli. A letter from Baron Humboldt states that Maj. Laing and Capt. Clapperton had succeeded in meeting at Tombuctoo, where they were on very amicable terms with the natives.—A steam packet is getting ready to run on the Merrimack between Haverhill and Newburyport.—The Bay mackerel fishery this season has almost

totally failed.—It is reported that Mr. T. J. Randolph has been offered \$100,000 for the MSS. of the late President Jefferson.—A steam gristmill was dedicated at Providence, about ten days ago, in a manner highly appropriate. Several thousand gallons of *Hasty-pudding*, milk, and molasses, were consumed on the occasion. The company separated at a reasonable hour, sober, "in good order, and well-conditioned."—A lad in delivering his milk, a few mornings ago, says the National Advocate, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, "unless they put in warm water instead of cold."

LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Opium.—Recent observations and experiments have been made upon this drug, to arrive if possible at some means of divesting it of those noxious qualities, which in many constitutions produce so much subsequent distress that they cannot use it for relief from pain. Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, in a communication published in the American Journal of Science, conceives that this desideratum has at length been obtained, and adduces several instances of satisfactory results, sent to him by "a veteran in the healing art." Dr. H. first digests the opium in ether for four days, which separates the principles called narcotine from the opium, after which it is converted into laudanum by solution in alcohol.

Calamine.—Large quantities of calamine, or ore of zinc, have lately been discovered by Messrs. Frost and Le Senor, in the lead mines of Missouri. This is an article of great importance and value, being one of the ingredients in the composition of brass, and it also furnishes the article called spelter, used in soldering tin and other metals. The miners in Missouri were ignorant of its nature and uses and threw it aside under the name of dry bone.

Natural Curiosities.—Travellers in the low country of Florida and Georgia relate the following facts:

A spot of earth about an acre in extent, near the courthouse in Lowndes county, suddenly gave way not long since, and sunk to the depth of a hundred feet! The place is now covered with water, the trees standing as they grew, the tallest pines being 20 or 30 feet below the level of the surrounding country. Small ponds like this are frequently met with in the lower parts of the state, and are there called lime-sinks—produced probably by the action of some subterranean stream.

In Thomas county the waters of two creeks at their junction formerly made a lake of a considerable size, and then ran off in a large rivulet. But about a year and a half ago, the waters of the lake found a subterranean outlet—the bed of the rivulet, as well as the whole lake, are now entirely dry. The lake disappeared so suddenly, that tons of fishes, terrapins, alligators, &c. totally unapprised of its intentions, were left behind.

The large ponds or lakes of Florida are objects of curiosity. In Armenia Pond there are several large islands said to be floating. A circumstance is mentioned of an individual having purchased a small island in this pond, which when he went a second time to see, could not be found! He afterwards heard of it in another part of the lake, several miles from where he left it.

Jackson Pond, is said to be increasing in extent—the earth on the margin having settled; or from the outlet being obstructed, the quantity of water having accumulated. Fields and orchards cultivated but lately by the Indians, are now entirely under the water—the tops of the peach trees being nearly covered.

We have given the above particulars as they are stated to us; and from the respectability of their sources, we have no doubt of their being substantially correct. An enquiry into the causes of these operations of nature, will be an interesting employment for the admirer of her works. [Macon Tel.]

Curious Fact.—Some workmen recently felled a large oak in Southwick, Mass. and on cutting it into logs, came upon a cavity in the trunk near the lower limbs, from which run out as was judged about one hundred gallons of water. The part containing the water was perfectly sound, above, below, and around, and the topmost branches were green and thrifty. As we have never heard of a similar circumstance, we refer it to the speculations of the naturalist.

Hydrophobia.—A traveller from Greece has communicated to the French Academy, a mode of treatment adopted in cases of the bite of mad animals, by the Thracians. It consists in making incisions under the tongue, at any period of the disease without regard to the appearance of the ordinary pustules there. This remedy is regarded in Thrace as so infallible, that no apprehensions of hydrophobia are felt in that country.

SECOND AND LAST TIME. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Writing Academy—just opened, next to, and north of the Bank of Albany: will continue one month, and all who engage for 14 lessons, will, after the expiration of those lessons, be entitled to continue on and establish (or if possible, perfect) their hand writing without any additional charge over the one dollar; or in other words, persons may attend one or more lessons each day, for one month, and acquire a correct, free, and extremely expeditious style of writing. Lessons are given to suit convenience, at any hour, between sunrise and 9 at night. Nearly one hundred are already engaged. For further particulars, please to call.
August 11. 28 ft

LEMAN,

Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 392 North Market-st. Albany.
June 23.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VETANDA LABIIS.

There are names that are fixed to the light of my brain
With a strength as unyielding as Time;—and in vain
Do I strive to forget them. Wherever I roam,
They come like the scenes of my boyhood and home;
But the last day shall bring its eternal eclipse,
Ere they break in an audible sound from my lips.

I have roamed o'er a field in the greenness of spring,
When my heart beat as light as the wild swallow's wing;
And a thought of that field brings the blood to my cheek,
And the heart feels a pang too intensely to speak:
Close in the breast must its accents remain,
And the anguish of death shall demand it in vain.

And a stream I have watched from the fervour of noon,
Till it smiled forth again by the light of the moon;
It shall follow the fancy as wildly it roves,
With all its inversions of mountains and groves,—
But its name has its fellow, and may not be spoken,
While the spell that still binds me to life is unbroken.

There was one I could name, if no feeling forbade
Me to brood o'er the ruin that treachery made,
Whose smiles were for prey, and whose tears for decoy,
And who flattered, and cawed, and sassed to destroy—

And another, whose bosom and brow never turned
When the spiteful defamed or the credulous spurned,
And the light of that eye, and the bend of that brow,
Were never so dear to the memory as now;
But that name is too dear to be spelt in the line,
Or be soiled by the lip that is tainted with mine.

G.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

I saw him starting in his new career;
The hue of health was on his cheek—his eye
Flashed with the fire of genius, while no fear
Cast its dark cloud o'er his aspirings high.
And o'er his brow, a fluttering light and shade,
A thousand bright and glorious fancies played.
And he did seem like one who lightly deemed
Of chance and peril that encircle fame,—
One who, wherever the great-jewel gleamed,
Would urge his way with ardent nought could tame;
Ay, one who loved it better, that it lay
Where the vexed ocean flung its troubled spray.

Like a young eagle on the mountain height,
Pluming the vigorous wing to fly, he stood
Fearless, though lonely. Beautiful and bright,
Outstretched before him, the wide world he viewed,
And though, from midst his ways, the sound of strife
Rose loud, it spoke of energy and life.

Again I saw him—then his cheek was pale,
And bent his form, and dimmed his lightning eye;
His strength had gone, as the tree fades when fall
The freshening streams, and blighting winds go by;
Gone, too, the generous pride, the fixed intent,
With which to the world's cirque like gallant steed he bent.

But, though he struggled on against the tide,
The goal of promise still did fleet away,
And still did mock him—till his last hope died.
None cried "God bless him," on his weary way,—
Looked kind, or stretched a timely hand to save;
What marvel then,—the green turf decks his grave!

Yea, death fell on him, for his illa were sore;
Nor was it to his heart ungrateful boon.
—As a light billow on the level shore,
Or lamp expiring in the ardent noon,
He died unheeded save by one, and she
Had been the mother of his infancy. [U. S. Lit. Gaz.]

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

Meekly he sunk into the arms of death;
And days and nights had seen his last deep sleep,
And they who loved him, with a breaking heart,
Had laid the lifeless form in its low grave;
And felt that nature in her smiles is dark,
And earth with all its joys, is comfortless
To those who mourn the dead. And there was One
In human form, the Lord of life, who took,
That man might be redeemed from the grave's power,
The weakness and the sorrows of our nature.
And he, in friendship's pure devotedness,
Was bound to him who rested in the tomb;
And in the tenderness of mortal grief,
Was come to that low cave, and stood and wept.
The angels, bending from their bright abode,
Wondered at the strange love.

The Saviour stood,
And at his side were seen the grief-bowed forms

Of those who wept in the deep silent woe
Of woman's heart, when woman's heart is broken.
And many witnessing that wordless grief,
Wondered that love so tender and so strong,
Love which had given light to sightless eyes,
Could not have stayed the wasting of disease,
And saved the gentle victim from the grave.
"Take ye the stone away," the Saviour said,
At his command, they took away the stone
From the dark chamber where the dead was laid,
And watched in their deep silence. All was hushed!
And Jesus raised his eyes to the pure heaven,
His home of glory ere the worlds were made,
And strong in faith unwavering, held, as man,
Sublime communion with the Source of Being.
Then he, the Resurrection and the Life,
Spoke to the lifeless clay, "Lazarus, come forth!"
Death heard that mighty voice! The dead came forth
A living man. [B.]

The following is a very pretty compliment to the Devil. Indeed he has always been fortunate in the talents of his poets—laureate, from Milton to the Rev. Mr. Croly.

SATAN.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep;
Above thee lowers the sullen fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire,
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear uplifted in thy hand;
The gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant—stern—sublime—
Armed in despair—and scorning time.

On thy curled lips is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain;
Thy mighty cheek is firm though pale;
There smote the blast of fiery hail;
Yet wan wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem,
The king is in thy eyeballs' beam;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole chief of Hell's dark multitude,—
Thou prisoned—ruined—unforgiven!
Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

THE POET'S BRIDAL DAY SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and softer woes,
Can make my heart of fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit,
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when beneath Arbigland tree,
We strayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and a fair daughter sweet;
And time and care and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee and thoughts of thee belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee
The golden fruit from fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there comes, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedate thought,—
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak,—
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

THE HUMOURIST.

IRISH ANSWERS. I have often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to distances, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe? he will probably say it is "three short miles." You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that "it is five long miles." On you go, and the next will tell "your honor" it is "four miles, or about that same." The fourth will swear "if your honor stops at three miles, you'll never get there!" But, on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies, "Oh! plaze your honor, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!" Why you said it was more than three miles off!" "Oh yes! to be sure, and sartain, that's from my own cabin, plaze your honor. We're no scholars in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honor, but from our little cabins? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honor."

[Barrington's Sketches.]

POLITENESS OF A MAYOR. At the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her tours thro' England, a Mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet Her Majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return, they passed through a wide brook, when Mr. Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time His Worship checked him; which the Queen observing, called out to him, "Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink;" but the magistrate, bowing very low, modestly answered, "Nav: may it please Your Majesty's horse to drink first."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING. A certain country squire had a warren, and the village curate was, Sunday after Sunday, regaled with the delicacy of rabbits, till he became so sick of them, that he took the liberty of hinting his dislike of the standing dish to the host, in the following grace, on rising from the table:

"Of rabbits hot, of rabbits cold,
Of rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
Of rabbits young and rabbits old,
We thank thee, Lord, we've had enough."

In a country town in this state, a farmer who had for years been in the habit of exchanging one article of trade for another, had a subscription paper presented to him for a book about being published, the terms of which were \$1.75 in sheep, or \$1.50 in boards. Our agriculturalist, duly estimating the importance of correct information, very readily entered his name as a subscriber, with the remark that "in boards" was the cheapest, and he would trade that way. When the distributor presented his book, he was offered in return a number of pine boards, and told "this is the way I agreed to pay and will pay in no other—I have no sheep to spare!"

[Portland Argus.]

EASY VIRTUE. A lady asked a gentleman remarkable for his wit, why bad women were styled in the newspapers, women of easy virtue? to which he replied "because what virtue they have, easily yields to vice."

Talking of the threatened invasion of England by the French in 1793, Admiral Bridport drily observed, "that they might come as they could; for his part he could only say, they should not come by water."

Sir Jonah Barrington remarks in his Sketches:—"In truth, the only three kinds of death the Irish peasants think natural, are dying quietly in their own cabins—being hanged about the assize time—or starving when the potatoe crop is deficient."

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office, with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1827.

[No. 29.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Masonic Hall at Orange, in the State of New-Jersey, on St. John's Day, August 25th, 1827. Published by request of the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey.

BY AMZI DODD, ESQ.

Almost all institutions, whether of a civil, a religious, a literary or benevolent character, have some annual returning periods to which they look forward with interest, and which are met with peculiar respect and attention. These anniversaries are admirably calculated to promote the interest and subserve the important objects of the institutions. They are calculated to call off the mind from its ordinary objects of employment where business or habit had been accustomed to direct it, and to fix it on the institution to which they belong. They furnish a fit opportunity to retrace its history and progress, to revive and cherish the affections and attachments of the members, to rejoice in its prosperity, and to maintain and increase the great objects of the institution.

What American is there who does not, on the annual return of our national festival indulge in warmer feelings of veneration and gratitude for those sages and patriots who acquired for themselves, and have transmitted to us, the invaluable civil and political privileges which we now enjoy? And who does not on that day more firmly resolve to preserve them in their purity, and to transmit the legacy to succeeding ages? As long as the returning anniversary of the era of our national existence is hailed with enthusiasm, by a virtuous people, we need not fear for the safety of our government. It is evidence of that spirit and virtue on which our free institutions must rest for their security and permanence.

On the present occasion the masonic fraternity have assembled to celebrate the return of a different era, but one not less interesting to us in the character in which we now appear. We have assembled to commemorate the anniversary festival of the birth of a most distinguished patron of our order, *St. John the Baptist*.

On this day, also, we have been called to assist in the interesting ceremony which we have just attended. We have witnessed the ceremony of laying the corner stone of an edifice to be devoted to the important and benevolent designs of our institution. Permit me to congratulate you on this occasion, an occasion which furnishes cause of felicitation and gratitude, and of warm anticipations of prosperity to our order.

This anniversary, from the first dawn of civilization in modern times, has been held in high regard by our institution, as well as by many portions of the christian church. That it has been so regarded from the fourth century to the present day is evident from well authenticated history. This then is a day dear to the hearts of masons. Let it be devoted to the retrospection of our conduct as such; to stimulate us to exertion in the discharge of our duties, and to the pursuing such measures as shall secure the usefulness and respectability of our order. It would not become me, on the present occasion, to attempt to give you a particular account of the life and character of this eminent saint. Unerring wisdom has pronounced him to be the greatest of prophets. The most interesting manner in which he was connected with the redemption of our world, the pure precepts of morality and virtue which he inculcated, the bright example which his own conduct through life exhibited, of the principles which he had taught, the plainness and fidelity with which he reproved even his king for his crimes, and the manner in which he maintained his integrity to the last, and in the most trying circumstances, have been

frequently presented to you. The multitudes who flocked to him, and witnessed his conduct and the miraculous power which attended him were willing to receive him as "the Messiah which was to come," and but for his own declaration might not have "looked for another." He did not falter in his course, but persevered unto the end, and died a martyr to the discharge of his duty. Such an example presents a most important practical lesson for our instruction, and ought on this occasion to urge on us our obligations to imitate the fidelity, the truth, the justice and the philanthropy which was exhibited in his whole life.

Within the last year, certain events have occurred which have been eagerly seized hold of by the pen of misrepresentation and detraction, to assail our institution, and to excite unfriendly passions and prejudices against us. These events would seem to justify me in making a few brief and temperate remarks on the history and principles of Masonry, to vindicate it from the aspersions which have been thrown upon it; and in doing so I shall confine myself to such observations as can be abundantly supported.

That the origin of Freemasonry is very ancient; that it is the oldest society in the world, may be asserted with confidence. It has existed in various regions of the world, and has been the precursor and attendant of civilization and the liberal arts. Wherever masonry has appeared and flourished, the intellectual and moral character and condition of man has been improved and ameliorated. Secret institutions existed in the ancient world. An eminent philosopher established the mysteries of Eleusis in Greece, and along with them introduced the science, the knowledge of the arts, and the symbolic learning of the Egyptians. In the associations of the Essenes among the Jews, and in the groves of the philosophers, the same secrecy was observed. But without attempting to trace the history of Masonry in the ancient world, without searching for it in the mysteries of Egypt, in the temple of Ceres, in Tyre or Phenicia—in the caves of the Druids—or even in the Holy city or its sacred and magnificent temple, it is certain that it was introduced into the kingdoms of Europe from the eastern nations, at a very early period of the Christian Era. Freemasons then consisted principally of those who were skilled in the sciences of geometry and architecture, and were included under the general denomination of operative masons. But the narrow limits of a professional intercourse were soon broken down, and the general interests of architecture and all the other useful arts were advanced and extended by a combination of the talents and exertions of all its numerous professors. A yet more liberal extension of the benefits of this social fraternity took place, and the institution "eventuated in an association of the wise and good of all nations, and engaged them in one common bond of union for the most laudable objects, without distinction of sect or name."

In Italy and the adjacent countries they introduced their science and their mysteries. For a considerable time they were patronised and encouraged by the papal hierarchy, and were employed in the erection of their churches and monasteries. Their services were important and necessary. Valuable immunities were granted to them, and they were denominated *Free*. At length however the jealousy of the Inquisition fastened on them—pretending to suspect that they were engaged in designs as horrible as those which their own dark cells concealed, they resolved on its extirpation; but the thunders of the Vatican were hurled in vain. Although Masonry may be impeded, it cannot be extirpated even by the tortures of the Inquisitor.

In Britain, whence we derive our charters and authority, masonry existed at an early period of her history. It was established there while yet the Roman eagle and the empire of the Cæsars maintained supremacy over the island. Regular lodges

of masons were in operation there, during the period of the Saxon Heptarchy. And before the Norman conqueror held his iron sceptre over England, they were patronised by King Athelstan, the grandson of Alfred the Great, who granted them a royal charter. Under that charter, with Prince Edwin, the brother of the monarch, as their grand master, they established their first grand Lodge at York, and thence derived the appellation of *ancient York masons*. From that time, it has existed in all the modern nations of the world. In England many of its sovereigns have been initiated into our mysteries, and have held important stations in the lodges. Among others, William the Third, who produced their celebrated revolution, and who for many years maintained a contest against the whole power and ambition of France, in the days of her highest glory, held a lodge of masons in his own palace, and frequently presided in the same, as master of the lodge. Many, very many of her prelates, distinguished for their learning and piety, have been numbered among the fraternity: and in successive ages, the statesmen and literati of the kingdom have belonged to our institution, and given it their countenance and support. The celebrated philosopher John Locke, after long investigation, and in his mature years, joined the society, and ever afterwards continued its warm and zealous friend and advocate. Sometimes masonry has spread and flourished under the approbation of governments, and the sanction of their protection and support; whilst at other times it hath encountered the anathemas of the Pontiffs, and the sanguinary persecutions of despotic power. But neither the maledictions of the Popes, nor the proscriptions of weak and jealous Tyrants have been able to destroy it, or materially impede its progress.

In our own country, masonry was introduced with its first settlement. It has grown and extended with it, and now pervades every state and territory of our Union. It has numbered among its members many of her most distinguished citizens, and now embraces a very considerable portion of the respectable and intelligent freemen of the nation.

Under this brief review of the history of masonry, and in vindication of its principles, let me ask, and I put it to every candid and impartial hearer, can an institution which has thus endured and flourished for so many centuries, and which embraces in its compass almost every nation and kindred and tongue, can such an institution be immoral in its tendency, improper in its objects, or trifling and insignificant in its character? Could the beautiful temple of masonry have existed for so many ages, in all its pristine symmetry and elegance, amidst the shocks and convulsions of the European world: Could it have survived the attacks which have been made upon it by ignorance, bigotry, fanaticism, and the jealousy of arbitrary and lawless power,—if its pillars had rested on a foundation of sand?

If crime and fraud were likely to be concealed and fostered in the recesses of a lodge; if plots and conspiracies and treason could be engendered and nourished there, would masonry have continued to receive the sanction and support of so many rulers and sages, in different countries? If it were a place for infidelity and impiety to rear their heads and disseminate their doctrines, would so many of the friends of religion, of every sect and name support and approve of masonry?

In our own country, we have the testimony of its most distinguished benefactors in favour of the excellence of our society; and on this occasion I feel that I have a right to appeal to this *strong moral evidence* in behalf of our institution.

Washington, the father of his country, the undeviating friend of order, of morality and religion, in early life became a mason—he pursued it with ardour, he studied its principles with care, and became master of the art. And in maturer years, when covered with honour and glory, he did not desert the society, or treat it with indifference, as

unworthy of his regard. While commanding the armies of his country, and asserting her rights in the field, and devoting all his energies for her safety and happiness, he loved to unburthen his mind, to lay aside his cares and anxieties, and retire into the lodge and enjoy the innocent, the virtuous and rational intercourse which was sure to await him there. While President of the United States he bore ample and repeated and public testimony to the purity and excellence of the principles of masonry. On one occasion he said, "that being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonic fraternity is founded must be promotive of private virtue and public happiness, I shall always be happy to advance the interest of the society, and to be considered by them as a deserving brother." And on another occasion, to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, he declared, "that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice, and that to enlarge the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of a masonic institution." And in the closing period of his life, to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, he said, "As far as I am acquainted with masonry, I believe it to be founded in benevolence, and to be exercised for the good of mankind. I cannot therefore withhold my approbation of it."

[Conclusion next week.]

CONSECRATION AND DEDICATION.

[From the Harrisburgh (Pa.) Intelligencer, August 7.]

The masonic procession on Monday last, was truly splendid in its appearance, and was conducted with the greatest harmony, order and quietness, that we have ever seen preserved by so great a crowd. About three hundred masons of the various degrees were present; about the same number of soldiers, and a countless number of lookers on. The town was literally overflowed with strangers. At the church, a sensible and candid discourse was delivered by the Rev Mr. Clemson, in an eloquent manner, and at the corner stone a neat address was delivered by the Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 21.

The Hall is progressing rapidly, and we anticipate that in a very few years, it will contain within its walls, a school supported from the funds arising from that part of the building which will be rented out, that will educate at least the children of every member of the fraternity, who may fall under the scourge of poverty or misfortune. And we think its beneficial effects will not stop even at that point, but that many others will be enlightened with its charity.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

CORNISH MINES.

At a time like the present, when the public attention is fixed upon such stupendous undertakings as tunnels under the Thames and Mersey, the following extract cannot fail to be interesting. It is transcribed from the Selector, or Cornish Magazine.

TIN MINE.—On the shore, about half a mile towards the old fishing village of Newlyn, is the spot where a tin mine was worked under the bed of the sea; its name was the Wherry Mine, and as its history exhibits the ingenuity and adventurous spirit of the Cornishmen, it will please the reader. This mine was first attempted to be worked about 1700, when, at low water, there being some appearance of metal, a shaft was sunk some way in the rock: but the difficulty of excluding the water caused its abandonment. However, about 1778, a common miner of Breage boldly began again, and with a very small pittance, a good head, and hard work, pursued his plan. His difficulties were indeed great—the distance of the rock from the dry beach at high water, was above 100 fathoms. At first, work could only be done at low water; and at high spring tides, nineteen feet of water was above the rock. In winter, the heavy waves prevented all operations. After three years, a pump was fixed in an upright square wooden tunnel or shaft, twenty feet high, cemented to the rock, and reaching above the tide; then machinery came into action. Thus, with great perseverance, the ore was raised, and proved so rich that profit crowned the endeavour, and added

courage to those who had assisted with money the genius of the old miner.

In 1791, Wheal Wherry was worked about five fathoms deep, with eighteen feet breadth for working. Such success, and great indications of metal, made the work proceed briskly, as much as the tides and lost time of winter would allow; and in the summer of 1792 it was said that £3,000 worth of tin was obtained from this extraordinary mine. Then was a steam engine erected on the shore, with a wooden stage or causeway, above high water, to the rock, on which the working rods were conducted to the mine pump, and this pump served to convey the sacks of ore.

Imagine (says Dr. Maton) the descent into a mine through the sea!—the miners working seventeen fathoms below the waves; the rod of the steam engine on shore, 120 fathoms in length, the water always draining through every part, and the roaring of the sea continually heard! Those scientific gentlemen, J. Hawkins, esq. and D. Gilbert, esq. valuable members of the Geological Society, have ably written on this mine; the former concludes thus:—"In this manner the mine was conducted, and ore to the amount of £70,000 was raised from it. The treasures were not exhausted at its close, which occurred in the year 1798, and the conclusion was as romantic as its commencement. An American vessel in Guavas Lake broke from its anchorage, and striking against the stage demolished the machinery, and thus put an end to the adventure, which both in ingenuity and success was probably never equalled in any country.

"The adventurers were awed by the expense of repair, with the perpetual danger and risk; so all was removed, and no trace at this time is visible."

SINGULAR APPLICATION OF HEAT.

Some years ago it was observed, at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers* at Paris, that the two side-walls of a gallery were receding from each other, being pressed outwards by the weight of the roof and floors. Several holes were made in each of the walls, opposite to one another, and at equal distances, through which strong iron bars were introduced, so as to traverse the chamber. Their ends outside of the wall were furnished with thick iron discs, firmly screwed on. These were sufficient to retain the walls in their actual position. But to bring them nearer together would have surpassed every effort of human strength. All the alternate bars of the series were now heated at once by lamps, in consequence of which they were elongated. The exterior discs being thus freed from contact of the walls, permitted them to be advanced farther, on the screwed ends of the bars. On removing the lamps, the bars cooled, contracted, and drew in the opposite walls. The other bars became in consequence loose at their extremities, and permitted their end plates to be further screwed on. The first series of bars being again heated, the above process was repeated in each of its steps. By a succession, of these experiments they restored the walls to the perpendicular position; and could easily have reversed their curvature inwards, if they had chosen. The gallery still exists, with its bars, to attest the ingenuity of its preserver, M. Molard.

ON THE CAUSE OF RAIN.

Every one must have noticed an obvious connexion between heat and the vapour in the atmosphere. Heat promotes evaporation, and contributes to retain the vapour when in the atmosphere, and cold precipitates or condenses the vapour. But these facts do not explain the phenomenon of rain, which is as frequently with an increase as with a diminution of the temperature of the atmosphere.

The late Dr. Hutton, of Edinburgh, is generally allowed to be the first person who published a correct notion of the cause of rain. (See *Edin. Trans.* vol. i. and ii. and Hutton's *Dissertations*, &c.) Without deciding whether vapour be simply expanded by heat, and diffused through the atmosphere, or chemically combined with it, he maintained from the phenomena that the quantity of vapour capable of entering into the air increases in a greater ratio than the temperature; and hence he fairly infers, that whenever two volumes of air of different temperatures are mixed together, each being previously

saturated with vapour, a precipitation of a portion of vapour must ensue, in consequence of the mean temperature not being able to support the mean quantity of vapour.

The cause of rain, therefore is now no longer an object of doubt. If two masses of air of unequal temperatures, by the ordinary currents of the winds, are intermixed, when saturated with vapour, a precipitation ensues. If the masses are under saturation, then less precipitation takes place, or none at all, according to the degree. Also, the warmer the air, the greater is the quantity of vapour precipitated in like circumstances. Hence the reason why rains are heavier in summer than winter, and in warm countries than in cold.

STRUCTURE OF THE SWISS ALPS.

From the foot of the Cevennes, by Marseilles, Gap, Grenoble, Geneva and Bex, similar and very simple geognostical relations occur. The lowest rock is blackish marly limestone, which from its fossils, and other characters, appears to be a lias limestone; to this succeeds a white, compact, often oolitic limestone, which is Jura limestone, and is often covered with clay, sandstone, marl, &c. that belong to the quader sandstone and green sandstone. The valleys are often filled with Molasse. The Swiss Alps are in all probability, similarly constructed. The dark transition limestone, with its subordinate beds of gypsum, belong to the lias formation; the true alpine limestone to the Jura limestone; the green sand and quader sandstone from the highest ridges of the calcareous alps, as on the Mount Saleve, Diablerets, &c. It seems problematical if true transition limestone occurs in this part of the Alps. If the view now given be correct, says Keffenstein, the calcareous alps and the Jura exhibit the same geognostical structure and composition, and probably were at one time connected together (as is the case at present in the south of France,) forming an extensive plateau, which, at a period not very remote, suffered violent elevations and depressions, by which the green sand, for example, was raised to the height of ten thousand or twelve thousand feet. These changes, which have given the present form to the Alps, may have taken place during or after the deposition of the chalk formation.

[Edinburg N. Phil. Journal.]

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHIMEDES.

Archimedes was born at Syracuse, and related to Hiero, king of Sicily: he was remarkable for his extraordinary application to mathematical studies, but more so for his skill and surprising inventions in Mechanics. He excelled likewise in Hydrostatics, Astronomy, Optics, and almost every other science; he exhibited the motions of the heavenly bodies in a pleasing and instructive manner, within a sphere of glass of his own contrivance and workmanship; he likewise contrived curious and powerful machines and engines for raising weights, hurling stones, darts, &c. launching ships, and for exhausting the water out of them, draining marshes, &c. When the Roman Consul, Marcellus, besieged Syracuse, the machines of Archimedes were employed; these showered upon the enemy a cloud of destructive darts, and stones of vast weight and in great quantities; their ships were lifted into the air by his cranes, levers, hooks, &c. and dashed against the rocks, or precipitated to the bottom of the sea; nor could they find safety in retreat; his powerful burning glasses reflected the condensed rays of the sun upon them with such effect, that many of them were burned. Syracuse was however at last taken by storm, and Archimedes, too deeply engaged in some geometrical speculations to be conscious of what had happened, was slain by a Roman soldier. Marcellus was grieved at his death, which happened A. C. 210, and took care of his funeral. Cicero, when he was Questor of Sicily, discovered the tomb of Archimedes overgrown with bushes and weeds, having the sphere and cylinder engraved on it, with an inscription which time had rendered illegible.

His reply to Hiero, who was one day admiring and praising his machines, can be regarded only as empty boast. "Give me," said the exulting philoso-

pher, "a place to stand on, and, I will lift the earth." This, however, may be easily proved to be impossible; for, granting him a place, with the simplest machine, it would require a man to move swifter than a cannon shot during the space of 100 years, to lift the earth only *one inch* in all that time. Hero ordered a golden crown to be made, but suspecting that the artists had purloined some of the gold and substituted base metal in its stead, he employed our philosopher to detect the cheat; Archimedes tried for some time in vain, but one day as he went into the bath, he observed that his body excluded just as much water as was equal to its bulk; the thought immediately struck him that this discovery had furnished ample data for solving his difficulty; upon which he leaped out of the bath, and ran through the streets homewards, crying out, *I have found it! I have found it!*—The best edition of his works is that of Torrelli, edited at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, fol. 1792, by Dr. Robertson, Savilian Professor of Astronomy.

THEODORE COLOCOTRONI.

The Grecian revolution has given birth to some illustrious men, and has enlisted talents in the public service, which otherwise would have spent their force on the mountain, or in piratical expeditions on the Mediterranean. Theodore Colocotroni was the son of a famous leader of mountain *Kephis* (or robbers) remarkable for avenging on the Albanians, the cruelties which but savage people inflicted on the unfortunate Greeks in the year 1770. The Greek mountaineers, with Colocotroni at their head, exterminated whole races of the Albanians. The victor was invited by the Turks to a feast—he was previously seized, loaded with irons, and put to death, with the most horrible tortures. His three sons, of whom Theodore, the revolutionary hero, was one, then a youth, escaped to the mountains, and became the leaders of a daring mountain band that hurled vengeance on their father's murderers. They carried desolation through the Turkish provinces, till at length the Turks found it necessary to make every sacrifice of blood and treasure to reduce them; and a number of conflicts ensued, in which the former were unsuccessful. They were compelled to resort to bribery and treachery; they promised pardon and rewards to the Colocotronis; and two of them, having relied on these promises, were seized and beheaded. Theodore escaped to the island of Zante, where he entered the British service, in which he served nearly four years as lieutenant, and he subsequently served as captain in an Albanian regiment. Towards the latter end of 1820, he landed at the port of Karacos, with seven men from Zante, and gained his native mountains. The celebrity of his name induced the bravest of the mountaineers to join his standard, and they soon spread revolt throughout the whole country, in conjunction with the agents of the Greek priesthood. After he had acquired riches at the capture of Tripolitza, his views enlarged with his success; and from being, on his arrival in the Peloponnesus, the dreaded captain of a numerous band with whom wealth was apparently the sole object, his ambition aspired to the office of generalissimo of the Peloponnesus. In the pursuit of this object, he encountered a rival in Mavrocordato, and their conflicting interests greatly embarrassed the new government and retarded the progress of the revolution. The government preferred Mavrocordato; and in doing which, we think, committed an error which they have never been able to repair. Colocotroni was as superior in the field to the other Greek generals, as Lord Cochrane now is to any of their naval commanders.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HONEY BEE.

It is a singular thing that bees, when deprived by accident of their queen, create a substitute. One of the working grubs is elevated to the throne, but not without an extraordinary education, which fits them to perform the duties of sovereignty. Nature takes especial care that no ambitious subject shall destroy the peace of the commonwealth, by thrusting the monarch from the throne, and usurping her throne. There can be no bee-Cromwell or bee-Napoleon, for the moment the intruder found himself

in the royal palace, he would perceive himself entirely deficient in the organs of reigning. What bloodshed and confusion would it have prevented in the world had it been necessary for a monarch not only to wield the sceptre, but to lay a peculiar egg; sir, or madam, prove your legitimacy, or vacate the place for the occupation of one who can perform the royal functions.

"Bees, when deprived of their queen, have the power of selecting one or more grubs of workers, and converting them into queens. To effect this, each of the promoted grubs has a royal cell or cradle formed for it, by having three contiguous common cells thrown into one; two of the three grubs that occupy those cells are sacrificed, and the remaining one is liberally fed with royal jelly. This *royal jelly* is a pungent food prepared by the working bees, exclusively for the purpose of feeding such of the larvae as are destined to become candidates for the honours of royalty, whether it be their lot to assume them or not. It is more stimulating than the food of ordinary bees, has not the same mawkish taste, and is evidently acescent. The royal larvae are supplied with it rather profusely, and there is always some of it left in the cell, after their transformation. Schirach, who was secretary to the Apian Society in Upper Lusatia, and vicar of Little Bantzen, may be regarded as the discoverer, or rather as the promulgator of this fact; and his experiments which were also frequently repeated by other members of the Lusatian Society, have been amply confirmed by those of Auber and Bonner."

Although the sovereign bee has nothing to fear from ambitious subjects, yet the moment she arrives at her queen's estate she becomes conscious that there are rivals near the throne, and proceeding in the spirit of an oriental despot, she determines upon securing the peace of her reign in the surest manner. She will suffer no bee nurtured with the *royal jelly*, and thus qualified for sovereignty, to exist. Her first thought, on emerging from her cell, is to put to death all the indwellers of the royal cradle.

[London Magazine.]

HISTORICAL.

THE FREDONIAN REPUBLIC.

We were removed scarcely a hundred miles from the scene where was witnessed, during the past winter, the downfall of the Fredonian republic. The crash, however appalling in our ears, at that distance, was scarcely heard at Washington, and if some better historian, than ourselves, do not take the matter in hand, we fear that this catastrophe will perish from history. Although we do not expect the same, and do not gird ourselves for the task of the historian of the "*decline and fall of the Roman empire*," yet it is no unimportant business to the *original fifteen*, who appeared the pillars of this short lived empire.

The fine country of Texas beyond our western frontier, from its peculiar configuration, its vast prairies, its long range of sea coast, and its numerous rivers on the south, and its range of unexplored mountains on the north, and from its peculiar position between the settled countries of the United States on the one hand, and those of the Mexican Republic, beyond the Rio del Norte, on the other, will always be a resort for outlaws, and desperate speculators from our country. Those, who wish to get away from their conscience, and those who have visions of a *paradise in the wild*, in the short "moving generation" of the country will press to that region to find range. Until the Rio del Norte be our boundary, or a Chinese wall rise between the two states, or a continued line of military posts, interdicting transit, be kept up, it will be the refuge of Negro-stealers, and the Elysium of rogues. During the past winter, it witnessed the rise and fall of a republic, which numbered fifteen citizens, and endured fifty days. They must allow us in this country, to have a wonderful faculty of over-stocking all kinds of markets, with the articles which we furnish. Every profession has three aspirants for one that is needed. We furnish more orations than all the other people on the globe, and we over-do and parody every thing, that is great and noble.

We acknowledge that the materials for this, our

history, were no more than the common parlance of the people, the passing conversations of village news mongers. We give as we have received. As we have understood it, a Mr. Edwards was the Romulus of this new republic. He had somehow obtained, or imagined that he had obtained, at Mexico, the conditional grant of some millions of acres, between the Sabine and the grant of Col. Austin. We saw multitudes of emigrants repairing to this land of promise. Among others, there was a Mr. Chaplin, who, we believe, was a respectable man. He married a sister of Edwards, a beautiful woman, over the events of whose life is spread no small colouring of romance. Mr. Chaplin was appointed by Mr. Edwards, the proprietor, and was elected by the people, chiefly Americans, *Alcaide*, and commandant of Nacogdoches, the only place that had any resemblance to a town, in the country. It seems that the Mexicans wanted to have a hand in the management of this business, and they appointed another *Alcaide* and commandant. Hence arose a feud and collision of authorities between the old and new "*residenters*." The warm blood of the emigrants was roused. Fifteen men, among them Col. Ligon, a man whom we had known elsewhere, in a respectable office and standing, took counsel from their freeborn minds, their stout hearts, and probably from the added influence of the cheering essence of the "*native*." They repaired, on a set time, not without due pomp, and, as they say, under desperate apprehensions of enormous bodily harm, to a stone house, the only one, we believe, of any consequence in the village. Here they promulgated a declaration of independence, adopted national banners and insignia, swore the customary oaths, pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," earnestly invoking the aid of their fellow citizens in the United States, formed their constitution, and appointed their officers; and the offices were so numerous, that, we believe, every citizen of the republic held at least one. The aid of another republic, a band of renegade Cherokees, was invoked with as much form as *Eneas* used in soliciting the alliance of Evander. The chief of these indians was introduced under the most imposing formalities. Among the names of the Cherokee plenipotentiaries we observed the name of the thrice-famous *John Dunn Hunter*.

The Fredonians had expected aid from Col. Austin's settlement, about two hundred miles south west of them, on the Brasses and Colorado. Not a few of the people of this colony were disposed to give in their adhesion to the new republic. But the shrewd Col. Austin was aware on which side of the bread the butter lay, and he remained staunch in his loyalty to his adopted country. He issued a thundering proclamation, not unlike Gen. Hull's on the invasion of Canada, inviting his people to range themselves under the standard of the Mexican government. The Cherokee chain parted its links, like a *ropes of sand*. The "*fifteen*" had inadvertently caused the death of one man, and otherwise shed some blood by dint of fiat. Some of their more provident men said with the famous Dutch refugee:

Timens ledi,
His posteriora dedi.

In other words, made the best of their way east of the Sabine. The Mexicans embodied a small creole force, regained the "*stone house*," and overtook some of the Fredonians, wisely treating them with a lenity which savoured of contempt.

Some of the first magistrates of the fallen republic, on regaining the eastern shore of the Sabine, betook themselves to school-keeping, like Dionysius, exchanging a sceptre for a rod. The Spanish vacher cracks his thong, as sonorously and as carelessly as before, and the surface of the vast prairies is at rest, like that of a lake, a few minutes after a projected stone has ruffled its sleeping waters. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

[Flint's Western Monthly Review.]

THE WILL.—"Be easy," said a rich invalid to his son-in-law, who was every hour perplexing him with complaints of his wife's misbehaviour. "Be easy," I say; as her behaviour is very blameable, I will alter my will, and cut her off with a shilling. He heard no more of his daughter's failings.

POPULAR TALES.

THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE.

[From "Stories of Chivalry and Romance,"—a new work.]

Beneath the shelter of a hedge, in a meadow a short distance west of Cardiff Castle, may (or might at least a few years ago) be seen a small mound of earth, ornamented during the months of spring and summer, not only with the choicest flowers of the field, but also with many others which serve to decorate the gardens of the peasant; the cowslip, the primrose, the violet, and the wall-flower, flourished in wild, but neglected luxuriance; while the rosemary, and southernwood, and thyme, loaded the air with their powerful perfume, and served to embellish the spot during those months when the charms of their less hardy companions had shrunk beneath the chilling blasts of winter. No person claimed them as his own, or attended to them as they appeared; and both the flower and the shrub seemed to spring into existence, for no other purpose than

To waste their sweetness in the desert air.

The spot was known by the name of the "Traitor's Grave," and the circumstances connected with it are thus chronicled in the records of tradition:

During the civil wars, when the victorious Cromwell, after having brought nearly the whole of England to subjection, by the matchless prowess of his arms, was proceeding with his accustomed vigour to chastise the few bold spirits who kept still firmly attached to the cause of the king, in the Principality, he met with an unexpected opposition from the Governor of Cardiff Castle, who, notwithstanding the terror of Cromwell's name, sent out a bold defiance in answer to the herald's challenge, summoning him in the name of the Parliament, to surrender—"I hold my castle from the king," exclaimed the haughty Beauford, "and to him only will I give it up." The stern puritan, enraged at this answer, and still more so at the unlooked for obstacle, thus suddenly starting up to check, as it were, the rapidity of his conquest, commanded his officers instantly to commence the siege of the place. The command was hardly given ere it was obeyed; and the trenches were dug, and batteries erected, with that rapidity which always marked the movements of the rebel army, when headed by the commander, who this day led them on. The works were not begun till sometime after sunrise, yet before noon the siege had regularly commenced, and the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle rung with the sounds of the invader's cannon. The masonry walls, however, resisted stoutly, and suffered no very material injury from the repeated discharges of the enemy's artillery, which failed in every attempt to make a breach: thus passed the first day.

On the morning of the second the parliamentary general again sent his demand for them to surrender, but the herald returned with an answer similar in import with the first. Cromwell was not a man who could be induced to waste his time in fruitless parleys; and when he found that threats were unavailable, he had recourse to more powerful arguments. These, therefore, he ordered once more to be brought into action against the enemy, in hopes that his cannon would accomplish that which his flag of truce had failed to do,—bring the garrison to reason. The second day however closed, without bringing with it any greater hopes of success, than that which had preceded; at least so it appeared to the besiegers, who, having of late been accustomed to sudden and easy surrenders, began to despair of being able to reduce a fortress, which had thus for two days gallantly withstood an hitherto irresistible artillery. Even Cromwell himself grew fearful of the event, and could ill brook that a single castle should thus be able to retard his march, and occasion him such a loss of time, of men, and ammunition. Nor was this all: he beheld, with no small degree of chagrin, that the friends of Charles, taking advantage of his present stationary position, were preparing for a vigorous defence, and strengthening their respective castles for this purpose against his approach. The unsuccessful attempt of the second day, had indeed so far emboldened some of the more daring royalists, that they ventured under cover of the night, to attack his very camp, succeeded in driving in the piquets, and caused such confusion among the troops, that it was not until Crom-

well himself came forward, that the intruders were driven back, and order restored. This unfortunate incident made him sensible of the awkward situation in which he was placed, and convinced him of the necessity of altering his plan of action as speedily as possible, as he saw that by occupying his present position, unless the garrison very shortly capitulated, the longer he remained there, the greater would be his disgrace, if from any untoward circumstance he should at last be compelled to give up the undertaking. He therefore formed a determination in his own mind, of raising the siege on the succeeding night, in case he proved as unsuccessful on that, the third day, as he had hitherto been. He resolved however by his conduct, not to give the enemy any ground to entertain such hope, and upon the appearance of daylight, the batteries were again mounted, and every gun put into requisition. Nothing could possibly have withstood the fire of this day, except the most determined bravery on the part of the besieged: this they happily possessed: and the military skill shown by their engineers was such, that ere sunset, they had effected the destruction of nearly the whole range of the enemy's defences. But, unfortunately, this was not done until their own walls were in so shattered a condition, that another such day must inevitably have sealed their doom, by compelling them to surrender whether they wished or willed not.

Under these circumstances, on the part of the garrison, Sir J. Beauford consented, after much solicitation, to call a council of the officers of which it was composed, in order that some measures, for their mutual safety, in the present emergency, might be speedily adopted.

At the time appointed, the council assembled: despair was plainly predicted upon the features of those who composed it; but at the same time their bold, though bandaged appearance, told that they had resolution even in despair. Though each person was in his place, yet no one ventured to break the ominous silence which reigned in the apartments. At length, Beauford himself addressed those around him—"Fellow officers," said he, "this castle was confided to our keeping by the king, and it is my intention to be faithful to the trust. We have assembled here to consult further means for its safety: to this point, then, confine your observations and advice, for mark me! the first among you who counsels, or even hints at submission, shall be shot, though that shot be the last in the garrison! We have met here to defend, and not to betray our trust! and, while two stones cleave together, let no one talk of yielding!"

Struck by these remarks, and by the manner in which they were spoken, every one remained silent. The passionate Beauford, as the silence still continued, turned to those around him, and knitting his eye-brows, until his countenance put on a fiend-like look, giving vent to his rage, exclaimed aloud—"Was I summoned here to be made a fool of, or, cowards as ye are, think ye, that, like yours, my heart harbours thoughts which my tongue dares not express. Begone, I say, to your posts, and leave the care of providing for the castle's safety to me, since you appear to have forgotten the respect which you owe to your governor, as well as your duty to your king!"

Stung by such unmerited reproaches, a young, but intrepid-looking cavalier instantly started from his seat, "A truce to your reproaches, Sir John. That they are unjust, the wounds and scars we bear will testify, and vindicate our honour from the false charge of cowardice. We have neither forgotten our duty to our king nor to our governor: but when the latter so far forgets himself, as to accuse those falsely who have cheerfully shed their best blood at his bidding, and neglects to provide for their safety in the hour of danger, it is time they look to themselves. Hear me, then; I care not for the effects of your threatened vengeance. I have hitherto fought as becomes a loyal subject of King Charles, but will fight no longer, unless the terms of a surrender be first agreed upon, in case the rebels venture to renew the attack to-morrow. Consent to this, and my sword is again at your service—else never. These are my thoughts, nor do I fear to utter them; now do your worst!"

Beauford, who had with great difficulty retained possession of his seat till the speaker had conclu-

ded, no sooner perceived he had done, than drawing his sword, he rushed forwards, and proceeded to put his threat into instant execution; and Walter Sele would have paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity, had not those around wrested the weapon of death from the hands of the governor.

At this time, when the enemy from without, and the faction from within, threatened the castle with certain destruction, there were within its walls, besides the military who composed the garrison, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old cavalier. No more is known of the maid, than that she was fair, whether in the opinion of the world or not, it matters little, it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele. To him she was "the fairest of the fair." He loved her, and would, like every true lover, have periled his life to do her service. To her little chamber it was he repaired, when released from the duties of the day, and in her company was glad to forget for awhile the dangers which surrounded him. Here, therefore, he hastened upon his escape from the council-room; and here, too, he determined to remain patiently, until informed that the savage rage of the governor was cooled, and time, by replacing reason upon her throne, should have made him sensible of the error which he had committed. A time, alas! that Walter was not fated to behold.

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged who was sensible of the charms of the fair Deva. The commandant himself, who, to his unshaken loyalty, (almost his only virtue,) added all that licentiousness and profligacy which characterised, in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stuart line, had also beheld and admired her charms; but alas! beheld and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favourable moment, when the officers were engaged on more important matters, to gratify his lust: glorying in the idea that he should, at the same time, by this means, inflict the most cruel of all punishments upon the unfortunate being who had offended him.

Having gained admission into her apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain. The virtue of Deva Milton was alike proof against both; she upbraided him with his baseness and villany, and replied to his flatteries with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but the echoes of her voice were the only answers she received. Spite of the resistance which she made, one minute more would have decided the struggle, and the fair Deva would have been—fair no longer. At this crisis, the room-door yielded to the strong nerves of Walter Sele, who, snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon the villain whom he saw before him, and presented it to his head; but even at this critical juncture he still retained presence of mind sufficient not to discharge it, lest, by any accident, the contents should injure her to whose rescue he had thus opportunely arrived. Beauford, on feeling so rude a grasp, let go the hold of his intended victim, and turned round to oppose this sudden and unlooked for enemy. It was now no time for parley. In an instant the sword of each had left its scabbard.

"Coward and slave, by heaven you shall not again escape me!"

"Neither slave nor coward," exclaimed the injured youth, as he recognised the well-known sound of the governor's voice, "and that Beauford will soon discover too." Flinging the pistol from his hand, he prepared instantly for the attack. The weapons met with the quickness of lightning, and, though the event seemed to all appearance to depend most upon which was the strongest arm, yet the blows, however irregular and fierce, were frequently parried off with great skill, as each in turn became the assailant. The combat lasted but a few minutes, for the foot of Beauford striking against an iron ring in the floor, he stumbled, when putting out his sword to prevent his falling, it snapt, and, of course, occasioned that which it was intended to prevent. The issue of the strife seemed now determined; but it was not so; for on Sele's springing forward to dis-

arm his adversary, he received the contents of a pistol in his left shoulder, and fell prostrate beside him. A party of the guard, who had been alarmed by the noise which the combat had necessarily occasioned, now rushed into the apartment, when Beauford, springing up, commanded them to raise his wounded antagonist, and to do as they were bid. He was instantly obeyed, and the soldiers having bound him as well as they were able, at the moment, followed the steps of their governor, who led the way to the foot of the staircase, where, opening a low and narrow door, he descended a few steps, when a similar barrier opposed them, which was also, with some difficulty, opened, and the interior of the castle-keep presented itself to their view, darker, if possible, than the sepulchres of the dead. Here, just within the entrance, Beauford commanded the men to lay down their burden. They did so, and retreated. The door grating upon its rusty hinges, closed again; and the unfortunate Sele found himself left in a dark, damp dungeon, far from the reach of any human being.

[Conclusion next week.]

MISCELLANY.

TRIP TO SEA IN A COACH.

[From the Military Sketch Book.]

In many, if not in most, of the regiments of our army, there is to be found a sort of officer who is a privileged oddity,—who takes liberty with all his brethren of the mess with impunity, and who pockets every thing short of a blow with the best possible humour. In general, the individuals of this description are designated in the mess-room vocabulary "GOOD TEMPERED OLD STAGERS," and "OLD SITCKERS," meaning thereby, that they can "go" at the bottle, and "stick" at the table till "all's blue."

"One of these, a Quartermaster of infantry, with a nose of the genuine Bardolph complexion, a rosy and eternal smile, a short figure, and a big head, having dined with a party of brother officers at the 'Three Cups, Harwich—the day on which his regiment marched into the barracks of that town—was in the best possible spirits: so much so, that he gave the bottle no rest until about eleven o'clock; and became "GLORIOUS," just as the company broke up—right or wrong he would go along with three of the youngest subalterns, to ramble by the sea-side in the moonshine, having been "So long i' the sun." They permitted him reluctantly, perhaps, indeed, because they could not prevent him; but when the party had got down to the place where passengers and goods are generally embarked, the Quartermaster became totally overpowered, and sunk senseless into a snore. The officers whom he accompanied could not think of carrying his CORPUS back to the inn, nor were there any persons near, whom they could employ for that purpose; one of them, therefore, opened the door of a private carriage which stood near, "unshipped" from the wheels—ready for embarkation, and in a moment the sleeper was bundled into it, where he was left to his repose with the door fast shut upon him.

Next morning about day break (about three o'clock) the coach with its contents was put on board the Hamburg packet, and stowed away in the very bottom of the hold; in half an hour after this, the vessel put to sea.

For the whole of the day the packet had a brisk breeze, and at midnight was a good hundred miles away from Harwich; a dead calm set in. It was a beautiful night in July, and the passengers were not all gone to bed; some walked on the deck, and others sat below at cards—every thing was silent, except the rattling of ropes as the ship yielded to the smooth and gentle swell of the sleeping North Sea. About this time, the Quartermaster, it is supposed, awoke; at least he had not been heard before to utter his complaints, probably from the bustle consequent on the managing the vessel in a stiff breeze. However, it was at this time that his cracked and buried voice first fell upon the ears of the crew; and for about twenty minutes the panic created is indescribable. The whist company in the cabin, at first thought it was one of the sailors in a chest, and called the Captain, who declared that he had been that moment examining into the cause of the un-

earthly sounds, and had mustered his crew, all of whom were on deck, as much astonished as he was—nay, more so, for one of them, a Welshman, felt convinced that the voice proceeded from the speaking trumpet of the ghost of David Jones, his former shipmate, "who had died in ill will with him."

Hallo—o—o—o!—murder!" Murder! now rose upon all ears, as if the voice was at the bottom of the sea. The Welshman fell upon his knees, and begged forgiveness of his injured and departed friend, David Jones; the rest of the crew caught a slight tinge of his fears, and paced about in couples to and fro; some declaring the voice was below the rudder, and some that it was at the mast head. The passengers, one and all, hurried on deck; in short, none on board, not even the Captain or the oldest seamen were free from alarm; for they had searched every habitable place in the vessel, without discovering the cause of their terrors, and the hold, it was evident, could not have contained an extra rat, it was so crammed with luggage, &c. "Let me out, you d—d rascals, let me out—let me out, I say!" screamed the voice, with increasing vigour. These exclamations the Welshman declared were addressed to devils, that were tormenting his deceased enemy, David; and he uttered a fervent prayer for the peace of the wandering and unhappy soul; but a different idea was awakened in the mind of the Captain, by the words "Let me out." "There is somebody packed up in the hold," exclaimed he; and instantly ordering the men to follow him down, all began to remove the upper layer of articles; which being done, the voice became louder and more distinct.

"Where are you?" bawled the Captain.

"I'm here in a coach, d—n you!" answered the Quartermaster.

The mystery was now solved, and the Welshman made easy; but no one could imagine how a human being could have got into the carriage. However, satisfaction on this point was not to be waited for; so the men fell to work, and after about half an hour's hard exertion, succeeded in disincumbering the vehicle. They then proceeded to unpack the Quartermaster, whose astonishment amounted almost to madness; when he found that he had not only been confined in a coach, but in a ship, and that the said ship was in the middle of the German Ocean!

It was impossible to put back to Harwich, so no remedy was left to the little fat gentleman but to proceed to the end of the voyage, and to take a passage back from Hamburg as soon as possible. This was bad enough; but his hopes of an early return were almost destroyed by the setting in of adverse winds, which kept the vessel beating about in a most bile-brewing and stomach-stirring ocean, for ten days and nights, during which time, when not sea sick, the Quartermaster was employed in profoundly meditating how he could have got into the coach; and even after taking the opinion of the Captain, the crew, and all the passengers, upon the matter, he felt himself as much in the dark as ever. The last thing he could recollect of "the land he had left," was, that he dined and WINED at the "Three Cups;" what followed was chaos.

But the worst of the affair, decidedly, was that the day on which he had been PUT TO SEA was the 22d of the month, and as it was impossible for him to make his appearance with his regiment on the 24th, he knew he must, as a matter of course, be reported "ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE" at Head-quarters, and that he would most probably be SUPERSEDED. This reflection was even worse than the weather to the Quartermaster, though the rough sea had already almost "brought his heart up." However, he had great hopes of being able to join his regiment on the 10th of the following month—the next RETURN DAY—and by due application, he thought he might contrive to prevent supersession. Ten days of this time was, however, consumed before he set a foot upon the German shore, and then only half his excursion was over; all his hopes rested upon a quick passage back to Harwich. This, however, the fates denied him; for having drawn on the agent—got the cash—engaged his passage—laid in sea stock, and all things necessary—the packet, just as she was leaving Hamburg, was run foul of by a five hundred ton ship, and so much injured that she was obliged to put back, and the unfortunate Quar-

termaster was thus compelled to wait a fortnight for another opportunity of returning to England. He not only was delayed beyond the 10th, (return day) but beyond the 24th, and when he DID arrive, he found that he had been not only superseded by the Commander-in-Chief, but considered dead by all his friends and relations!

However, on personally applying for a reinstatement, he obtained it, and once more joined his old corps at Harwich, where he many a night amused the mess with the recital of his trip to sea in a coach; which was always given with most effect when he was HALF SEAS OVER.

THE BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

AN ALLEGORY ASCRIBED TO DR. RUSH.

In the Island of Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, a number of individuals were assembled together, who were afflicted with most of the chronic diseases to which the human body is subject. In the midst of them sat several venerable figures, who amused them with encomiums upon some medicines, which they assured them would afford infallible relief in all cases. One boasted of an elixir—another of a powder, brought from America—a third of a medicine, invented and prepared in Germany—all of which they said were certain antidotes to the gout—a fourth cried up a nostrum for the vapours—a fifth, drops for the gravel—a sixth, a balsam, prepared from honey, as a sovereign remedy for the consumption—a seventh, a pill for cutaneous eruptions—while an eighth cried down the whole, and extolled a mineral water, which lay a few miles from where they were assembled. The credulous multitude partook eagerly of these medicines, but without any relief of their respective complaints. Several of those who made use of the antidotes to the gout, were hurried suddenly out of the world. Some said their medicines were adulterated—others, that the doctors had mistaken their disorders—while most of them agreed, that they were much worse than ever. When they were all, with one accord, giving vent in this manner to the transport of disappointment and vexation, a clap of thunder was heard over their heads. Upon looking up, a light was seen in the sky. In the midst of this appeared the figure of something more than human—she was tall and comely—her skin was fair as the driven snow—a rosy hue tinged her cheeks—her hair hung loose upon her shoulders—her flowing robes disclosed a shape which would have cast a shade upon the statue of Venus of Medicis. In her right hand she held a bough of evergreen—in her left hand she held a scroll of parchment. She descended slowly, and stood erect upon the earth—she fixed her eyes, which sparkled with life, upon the deluded and afflicted company—there was a mixture of pity and indignation in her countenance—she stretched forth her arm, and with a voice which was sweeter than melody itself, she addressed them in the following language: "Ye children of men, listen for awhile to the voice of instruction. You seek health where it is not to be found. The boasted specifics you have been using, have no virtues. Even the persons who gave them, labour under many of the disorders they attempt to cure. My name is Hygeia. I preside over the health of mankind. Discard all your medicines, and seek relief from temperance and exercise alone. Every thing, you see, is active around you. All the brute animals in nature are active in their instinctive pursuits. Inanimate nature is active too—air—fire—and water are always in motion. Unless this were the case, they would soon be unfit for the purposes for which they were designed in the economy of nature. Shun sloth—this unbings all the springs of life. Fly from your diseases—they will not—they cannot pursue you."

Here she ended—she dropped the parchment upon the earth—a cloud received her, and she immediately ascended and disappeared from their sight—a silence ensued, more expressive of approbation than the loudest peals of applause. One of them approached, with reverence to the spot where she had stood—took up the scroll, and read the contents of it to his companions. It contained directions to each of them, what they should do to restore their health. They all prepared themselves to obey the advice of the heavenly vision. The gouty man broke his vial of elixir, threw his powders into the

fire, and walked four or five miles every day before breakfast. The hypochondriac and hysteric patients discharged their boxes of assafetida, and took a journey on horseback, to distant and opposite ends of the island. The melancholic threw aside his gloomy system of philosophy, and sent for a dancing-master. The studious man shut up his folios, and sought amusement from the sports of children. The leper threw away his mercurial pills and swam every day in a neighbouring river. The consumptive man threw his balsam out of his window, and took a voyage to a distant country. After some months they all returned to the place they were wont to assemble in. Joy appeared in each of their countenances. One had renewed his youth—another recovered the use of his limbs—a third, who had been half bent for many years, now walked upright—a fourth began to sing some jovial song, without being asked—a fifth could talk for hours together, without being interrupted with a cough—in a word, they all now enjoyed a complete recovery of their health. They all joined in offering sacrifices to Hygeia. Temples were erected to her memory; and she continues to this day, to be worshipped by all the inhabitants of that island.

EFFECT OF LIBERTY.

In the dark ages which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, several republics were founded in the northern parts of Italy; and while ignorance and barbarism prevailed in other European countries, these states under the influence of free institutions, became rich and powerful, and enjoyed the comforts and ornaments of life. "Their ships covered every sea; their factories rose on every shore; their money changers set their tables in every city; and manufactures flourished. We doubt whether any country of Europe, our own perhaps excepted, have at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained 400 years ago." The revenue of the republic of Florence was greater 500 years ago, than that which the Grand Duke of Tuscany (in whose dominions Florence is situated) now derives from a territory of much greater extent. The manufacture of wool alone employed 200 factories and 30,000 workmen in that republic; and the cloth annually produced sold for a sum equal to \$11,000,000 of our money. Eighty banking houses conducted the commercial operations, not of Florence only, but of all Europe. Two banking houses advanced to Edward the Third of England, a sum in silver equivalent to 3,300,000, when the value of silver was quadruple what it now is. The city and environs contained 170,000 inhabitants; 10,000 children were taught to read in the various schools; 1200 studied arithmetic; and 600 received a learned education. The progress of literature and the arts was proportioned to that of the public prosperity.

All the seven vials of the Apocalypse have since been poured out on those pleasant countries. Their political institutions have been swept away; their wealth has departed; literature and the arts have declined; the people are trampled on by foreign tyrants and their minds are enslaved by superstition; eloquence is gagged and reason hoodwinked

[Hampshire Gazette.]

CANTON.

[Extract from the Journal of a Voyage to Canton.]

At night there was a great display of fireworks on the river, and several large junks were most brilliantly illuminated with a large number of lamps arranged with such taste and fancy as to produce a very fine effect as they passed down the stream. This, we were told, was a peace offering to the Devil.

The following evening I was much amused with a party of gamblers, under the windows of our factory, who pursued their game with philosophic gravity, expressing by their countenances neither exultation at winning nor regret at losing their money. So much are the Chinese addicted to this vice, that, I am informed, a man seldom goes abroad without a pack of cards, or a pair of dice in his pocket. Both of these instruments of gaming are very different from those of Europe; their cards being much more numerous and the games more complicated. They sometimes play at chess also. The

spirit of gaming is so universal, that almost in every by-corner, groupes are to be found playing cards or throwing dice.

In the evening a party of us went through the *Hongs* of Kinkua, Yonqua, and Ponkiqua, security merchants, which were splendidly decorated and illuminated with variegated lamps, artificial flowers, and a variety of other ornaments in honour of the Devil, or *Qui*, as he is called by the Chinese. Europeans and Americans go by the name of *Fanqui*, or *Strange Devil*, to which they not unfrequently add the term *Quisi*, that means rogue, rascal, knave, or any thing bad.

The "Sunday shines no Sabbath day" in China. To the Chinese all days are alike, and Europeans, as well as our own countrymen, seem to slide into the same custom with a great deal of facility. They transact business on that day, just the same as through the week.

The first and few succeeding days of the new year are the only holidays, as far as I can learn, observed by the Chinese. At this time, the poorest peasant makes a point of having a new suit of clothes for himself and family, while they pay visits to their friends and relations, interchanging civilities and compliments, and make and receive presents.

The fever and ague and dysentery generally prevail here about the latter part of October. These diseases, together with the cholera morbus, and bilious cholic, constitute the principal complaints of the seamen at Whampoa. They may be readily accounted for by the immense tracts of marsh, covered by rice and paddy, which bound the river, extending back several miles, and overflow almost every high tide.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1827.

☞ The Address of Dr. TAYLOR, delivered at the celebration of St. John the Baptist, in Cazenovia, will be published immediately after the conclusion of the Address commenced in this day's Record

LAND SLIDES. Inhabitants of mountainous countries are perfectly acquainted with the meaning of the term "*Land slide*." They are generally the consequences of excessive rains upon a declivity, the soil of which is of a gravelly or quicksand construction. One of these slides happened at the Notch in the White mountains, some months ago, by which a whole family were buried in a living grave. With the accounts of this accident, our readers are without doubt familiar; we shall therefore not enter into a recapitulation of the circumstances attending the melancholy event.

They have been known in a smaller scale in almost every hilly region of our country. In some of the spurs of the Catskill range, we have seen their ravages, in miniature to be sure, but sufficient to give us some idea of their sublimity when perhaps a hundred times as large. We have seen none however, productive of any other damage than the destruction of a quantity of valuable timber, and the impoverishment, or disfigurement of some acres of excellent pasture land; yet they leave a horrid gulf behind their ravages, which is continually enlarging, and from the smallest beginnings, may be preparing the way for others of more extensive, and consequently more destructive effects.

The one which happened a few weeks since in the town of Dorset, Bennington county, Vermont, was perhaps no less extensive and wonderful than that which occurred at the Notch of the White mountains. No lives were lost, which may perhaps detract something from its intensity of interest, and make it in some degree, less the subject of specula-

tion. It was in the night of the seventh of June, and of course the curious are deprived of the satisfaction of hearing the description from the lips of an eye witness to its awful grandeur. * Rocks of immense weight, trees, and segments of the mutilated soil, were carried entire to a great distance, and deposited in all the variety of sublime confusion, leaving behind them a deep gulf, in which not a tree nor an herb is left to tell that vegetation was ever there.

We have observed this has been erroneously termed an avalanche, by many of the circulating newspapers. This term is applied to a slide of entirely different description. An avalanche is understood to be an accumulation of ice and snow, in a manner hanging on the brink of a precipice, or a succession of steep declivities, till put in motion by the operations of the frost, when they tumble down the sides of the mountains, overthrowing all in their way. They are common in the Swiss Alps, where the inhabitants believe the lightest step of the traveller may sometimes break their subtle balance, and bury him in their ruinous fall. They are never put in motion by water, another name being applied to those abrupts of snow and water, which often rush down from the mountains, and deluge the whole country before them. These are called *Lavanges*. The *Glaciers*, so common in Savoy, are another description of mountain slides. They are masses of ice, formed on the less abrupt declivities, or in the vallies, which are sometimes put in motion by the thawing of their strata, often carrying with them large tracts of land; but they do not occur so frequently as either of the former, nor are so much dreaded by the inhabitants of that rugged country. The Alps too, have their *land slides*, which operate in the same manner, and from the same causes as those under our notice. The one we have mentioned owed its rise to the sudden swell of a small stream, occasioned by excessive rains; a brook that, except during a rainy day, or at the time when the snow of the mountain takes its leave, is nearly dry. The scene of this "flowing down of the mountains," was visited the following days, by large numbers of inquisitive and curious people, among whom were several ladies; who, if we may credit the papers of the vicinity, showed much more enterprize in the excursion than many of the men.

The wildness of mountain scenery is always interesting to the mind which has the least of a romantic turn; but it must be much more so to him who looks on these marks of the recent convulsions and strife of the elements, which time will hardly obliterate. We have looked on these monuments of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet, and could we have "wreaked our thoughts upon expression" worthy of our feelings, our words would have flowed not unlike his who sung,

"— Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The *Avalanche*,—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit yet appals,
Gathers around these summits; as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below!"

☞ There was a public examination of the Students of the Albany Academy, on Thursday the 9th instant. The result has been highly creditable, and must strengthen the public confidence, already great, in the ability and industry of those who have the management of the institution.

INTEMPERANCE &c. There is a universal spirit of philanthropy, among churchmen, statesmen and philosophers, respecting the intemperate use of ardent spirits. This is as it should be, provided a corrective is put into active and immediate practice. The ravages of this mania upon health, wealth and character, are lamentably visible every where around us, and the sooner the incentives are removed the happier will be the condition of all classes of our inhabitants. During the hot weather of last week, we heard there were many deaths, occasioned by drinking cold water. The example of thousands does not seem to deter the heedless from drinking their destruction in this way, as well as from the inebriating cup. We have also been surprised at the news of several deaths in New-York, from drinking beer and cider drawn through leaden pipes. The poison communicated from the oxidation of lead is doubtless very dangerous; but in the name of thirst and heat, what shall we drink with safety?

HARRISBURGH CONVENTION. The convention of delegates from the several states, on the subject of domestic manufactures, after a session of five days, adjourned *sine die*, on Friday the 3d inst. A memorial to Congress was drawn up, recommending various amendments to the Tariff, to encourage such domestic manufactures, as are most injured by the importation of foreign commodities. Wool and woolen goods, iron, cotton goods, hemp, flax and grain, are recommended to the favourable consideration of Congress. The memorial, it is said, is ably drawn up, and signed by ninety-nine members.

The unfavourable reports from Greece, it seems, are all too true, as will be seen by a reference to our Foreign news. But there is a determined heroism in her patriots, which induces us to hope that these calamities are but the precursors of some more cheering events. There is however, but little hope for them, left to their own destitute and broken condition, without the aid of some more formidable nation. This they have every reason to expect at this time, if we may give credit to the reports from every part of Europe; and as they seem to corroborate each other, there may be an arrangement already entered into by the sovereigns of Russia, France and England, for their relief. A fleet has left Cronstadt, for the Archipelago, and it is rumoured that England and France are preparing to join in the same expedition. If they do nothing more than separate the combatants, it will be an indirect act in favour of Grecian liberty. We sincerely hope it will prove true.

WE have received the **WESTERN MEDICAL and PHYSICAL JOURNAL**, for June. It is as valuable as those which have preceded it. The contents are, Cases of Mercurial Disease, by J. P. Harrison; Dissertation on Remittent Bilious Fever, by J. C. Duvlavy; On Cupping for poisoned Wounds, by D. Barry; Observations on the Animal Economy, by J. Gardiner; A Practical Essay on Typhus, by N. Smith; Important Toxicological Experiment, by Edwards and Dumas; Experiments on Pulmonary Exhalation, by Breschet and Edwards; Antidote to Hydrocyanic Acid, by Dupuy; Cobalt in Missouri, discovered by Troost and Leseur; Amputation of a part of the foot, by J. Slavens; Oil of turpentine as an external irritant, by J. W. Monett; Cold water and Mercury, by the Editors; Medical Appointments.

THE July number of the **WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW** has come to hand. We have not had time to read it. The contents are: Simplicity; National character of the Western People; Sketches of the character of the North American Savages; Indian Mounds; Revolutionary Reminiscence of throwing the Tea overboard in Boston Harbour; Monastery; Misanthropic hours; Boon's Remembrances of arriving in Kentucky. **REVIEWS:** of Caldwell's Introductory Addresses; America, by the author of "Europe;" Hammond's Reports; Pamphlets, Abbot's Discourse; Atwater's Address; Harrison's Lecture; Illustrations of Masonry; To Subscribers.

OHIT OHAT.

Boston papers say that his aquatic majesty, the Sea Serpent has been harpooned by the crew of a Deer-Island fisherman. He made off very deliberately, parting the warp, and carrying away the harpoon.—About three fourths of certain lots, the property of the state, in the villages of East and West Oswego, were recently put to sale by the Surveyor General, and went for \$91,341. This handsome sum is to be added to the School Fund.—A *Sloth* from South America, is exhibiting in Boston.—Orders have been received at the Navy-yard, Norfolk, to dismantle the frigate Constellation, and pay off her crew.—A boat-builder in Reading, (Pa.) has constructed a boat to hold a wagon, and a wagon to hold a boat. With these, riding and sailing by turns, he made his way over land, lake, river, turnpike and canal, to Philadelphia, where he sold his boat and returned in his wagon.—The Navy of the United States will consist, when its present proposed additions are completed according to law, of 12 ships of the line, 20 frigates, 16 sloops of war, and seven other vessels, exclusive of those on the lakes, and will require 20,000 men, one half of which must be seamen.—A gold mine has been discovered near the headwaters of the Tyger river, in South-Carolina.—By the sentence of a court martial held at Pensacola, Lieutenant J. E. Legare was dismissed from the United States Navy.—The U. S. Sloop of war Lexington, Capt. Booth, arrived at Gibraltar on the 24th of June, and sailed again on the 26th, bound up the Mediterranean.—A carpet factory has commenced operation in Schenectady, established by Mr. Henry Peck.—The bakers in Mobile, have been made to "look wild," by reason of a general seizure of bread, which proved too "light" to answer the ordinance of the corporation. No bread was issued the morning following, as it determined to starve the police into more lenient measures. Besides the confiscation of their bread, they had been fined \$15 each, and were afterwards, by the proper authority, notified that their licences would be revoked unless the regular supply was furnished as usual; of course, there has been no complaint of light bread since.—The present Editor of the Black Rock Gazette, in 1815, gave \$5 pr cwt. for the transportation of a printing press, from Seneca Falls to Buffalo, 116 miles. Goods may now be carried from New-York to Pittsburg, 575 miles for less than half that money.—A happy husband in Alabama, advertises his better half thus:—"Whereas my lawful wife Mary Ann Ramsay, has turned me out of doors, &c. &c."—The proprietors of the schooner Michigan, the vessel preparing to de-navigate the Falls, offer a reasonable price for Living Animals of the Forest, of the fierce kind, delivered to Mr. F. Church at Black-Rock, before the first of September. They have already procured a Buffalo from the Rocky Mountains, a Bear and two Foxes.—Fifteen acres of wheat were cradled by two labourers, in ten hours, including meals, in Hartland, N. Y.—Commodore Porter was at New-Orleans the last week in July, and the citizens were making preparations to give him the honour of a public dinner.—A few days ago, appeared in a Morning Journal, an advertisement of a servant who wanted a place, stating that "she had no objection to live half the year in town, and the other half in the country." Obliging!

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the late arrivals at New-York and Eastport, Liverpool papers to the 25th of June inclusive, London to the 26th, and Antwerp to the 27th, have been received.

A public dinner was given to Mr. Brougham, on the 18th, by the citizens of Liverpool, which was very numerously attended. Among the toasts we observe the following: The United States of America, and may our friendly relations with that country be perpetual. [Reiterated cheering and protracted applause.]

GREECE.—These arrivals furnish us, we regret to state,

with a full confirmation, that the Greeks have sustained a severe, and it is feared, a decisive defeat, before Athens.

It is stated in letters from Trieste, that Karaissaki died of his wounds eight hours after he was brought on board the Helles frigate. His corps, which was considered the flower of the army, amounting to 4000 men, was nearly destroyed in the battle.

It is said that, a few minutes before his death, being surrounded by Gen. Church, Lord Cochrane, and other Greek Chiefs, he recommended his soldiers to their protection, to whom he gave all his property, amounting to 15000 Turkish piastres. "As to my son," he said, "I leave him my arms, that the blood with which they are stained may renew his courage." These were his last words. His body will be carried to Napoli and buried with the same respect as those of Marco Bozarris and Lord Byron.

The Roumelists, one and all, took the following oath after his death. "We call God to witness, and swear by the Holy Trinity to die under our arms, and not to lay them down till the enemy is driven from the land of our fathers, and in the bosom of which their bodies are buried; we swear a perpetual union and fraternal love; we will divide amongst our families our last morsel of bread; and will protect the women and children of such of our companions as may gloriously fall in battle. We swear eternal vengeance against every individual and his descendants, who may violate this sacred obligation; and if a single violator of this oath should escape our hands, we resign him to the imprecation and vengeance of the Most High: may God grant that he experience no happiness in this world, and that his wife may bear him no children to assist him in his last hour, and close his eyes. We, in fine, swear to bring up, and instruct our children in an eternal hatred towards our oppressors. AMEN!"

Letters from Corfu, dated June 4, state, that Lord Cochrane had taken two Turkish brigs.

An article dated Vienna, June 13th, says that news had just been received from Trieste, that Lord Cochrane had gained a great advantage over the Turkish fleet.

PARIS, June 23.—Decisive orders have been given by Russia, France and England, to unite their respective fleets, and separate the combatants.—[Greeks and Turks.]

A number of French and Russian ships of war are now on their way to the Mediterranean.

The Marquis de Lafayette has been proclaimed Deputy for Meaux, by a majority of 141 out of 231 votes.

SOUTH-AMERICA.—Captain Hodges of the brig Susan & Phebe, arrived at Boston last Monday in 32 days from Pernambuco, states that "peace was declared between Brazil and Buenos Ayres, two days previous to his sailing. There were great rejoicings, and business, as well as people, wore a new aspect."

LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

Professor Schilling of Breslau has invented an instrument of a construction similar to a magic lantern, by which plants may be accurately copied, even when so minute as to require the microscope for a scientific analysis.

A Belgian pretends to have discovered the means of directing balloons, by an apparatus of bellows. The experiment has succeeded on a small scale, and is to be repeated at Paris.

Submarine Navigation.—Some experiments in submarine navigation have lately been made on the Seine by M. Beaudouin with a boat of his invention. It is said that by the mechanism of his boat he can descend to the bottom, and raise himself again at pleasure. On the 9th June which was his second trial, he remained one hour below the surface, and 47 minutes he spent at the bottom, in 18 feet water.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. One day when Mark Antony was indulging himself in his favorite amusement of angling, he had very bad success; this circumstance mortified him extremely, as the queen was of the party, and he was unwilling to seem to want address in her presence; he therefore ordered some fishermen to dive secretly under water, and fasten to his hook some of the largest fishes they could take: his command was punctually obeyed, and Cleopatra affected much surprise at his extraordinary fortune, but being perfectly apprised of the artifice, she caused one of her own people to dive under water, and fasten to the triumvir's hook a large dry fish, of that kind, which was brought from the Luxine sea in Egypt. When Antony drew up his line, his embarrassment afforded much diversion to the company: but Cleopatra embracing him, advised him to leave the angling line to the Egyptians, and direct his thoughts to the reduction of cities and kingdoms.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

'Tis night;—and, save the wind that shrieks
Through the dark willow, with a sound
Of hollow calmness, silence wrecks
Her gloomy strength on all around;
And in that gloom the bosom feels
A power that spurns the noisy strife
Of truant reason,—that reveals
The speechless Poetry of Life.
And life hath poetry, unpened—
Untuned—unmeasured—and unsung,—
A minstrelsy too pure to lend
To harps which vulgar hands have strung.
And there are breasts which have not known
The magic of this minstrelsy,
To whom love is like wine when thrown
Into the bosom of the sea.
Would it were thus with me, for now,
With the calm hour that evening brings,
There comes a strength, that seems to bow
The soul below even earthly things.
Not so in youth,—I felt it shoot
Thrilling from nerve to nerve along,
And some strange impulse checked my foot,
That might disturb the wondrous song,
And left me looking on the sky,
While Fancy bore the soul above
Heaven, earth, and sea,—which to the eye
Yet seemed one Paradise of Love.
Oh youth! where is that musing air—
That heavenward look—that speechless tongue—
That ear intense which seemed to share
The themes which angel minstrels sang?
That was the music that could weep
Over the mingled tear and sigh,
Or smile like heaven upon the sleep
That shuts the wearied infant's eye;
But to the aching heart that turns
Away from earth's bewildered press,
It comes down with a strain that burns,—
The dirge of by-gone happiness!

G.

On the road side between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar with this inscription:—"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616: in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April forever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Hast thou through Eden's wild wood vales pursued
Each mountain-scene magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
That modest stone which pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour.

[Pleasures of Memory.]

Mother and child! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where to the love of many years
Was given one last embrace;
Oh! ye have set a spell of power
Deep in the records of that hour;
A spell to waken solemn thought,
A still small under tone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Though long untroubled, of remorse.

For who that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known,
The one love changing not?
Alas! and haply learned its worth,
First with the sound of "earth to earth?"

But thou, true hearted daughter! thou
O'er whose bright honoured head
Blessings and tears of holiest flow
Even here were fondly shed;
Thou from the passion of thy grief
In its full tide couldst draw relief.

For oh! though painful be the excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In Nature's fount no bitterness
Of Nature's mingling dwells;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew?
And all—was all in this world o'er
With ties thus close and true?
It was; on earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where, deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days
With memory lay at rest;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladdening like the breath of Spring.

Yet while thy place of weeping still
Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, midst wood and bill,
The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
The impress of the dead,
Think of the love embodied there,
As of a vision fled?
A perished thing, the joy and flower
And glory of an earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so
To thoughts that breathe despair;
A loftier faith we need below,
Life's farewell words to bear!
Mother and child!—your tears are past—
Sorely your hearts have met at last!

THE SENTINEL.

[From the Military Sketch Book.]

When o'er the camp the midnight moonlight beams,
And soldiers' eyes are sealed in happy slumber,
The wakeful sentinel his watch proclaims,
And silence sweetly swells the echoing number;
Oh! then to Heaven his eye he turns,
And murmurs with a glowing sigh,
"Angels bright that dwell above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them—for them I watch, for them I'll die!"

And, as the foe's night-fires before him play,
His bosom swells with flames still stronger burning;
He gazes on them—wishes for the day,
With glory and the fight once more returning!
Oh! then to Heaven his eye he turns,
And murmurs with a glowing sigh,
"Angels bright that dwell above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them—for them I'll fight, for them I'll die!"

And should he, in the battle's raging heat,
With valiant heart and arm the foe confounding,—
Oh! should the hero then his death-wound meet,
And victory his glorious knell be sounding,
Again to Heaven his eye he turns,
And murmurs with his life's last sigh,
"Angels bright that dwell above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them—for them I fought, for them I die!"

THE RHINE.

Born where blooms the Alpine rose,
Cradled in the Boden-see,
Forth the infant river flows,
Leaping on in childish glee.
Coming to a ripper age,
He crowns his rocky cup with wine,
And makes a gallant pilgrimage
To many a ruined tower and shrine.
Strong, and swift, and wild, and brave,
On he speeds with crested wave;
And spurning aught like check or stay,
Fights and foams along his way,
O'er crag and shoal, until his flood
Boils like manhoods hasty blood!
Older, broader, deeper grown,
All romantic follies shewn,
Now the Isden Reartschiff sails
Slowly o'er his sober tide,
Which wanders on through fertile vales,
And looks like Peace by Plenty's side.

Joy, and strife, and labour past,
In his grave he sinks at last!
Not the common river's tomb—
Not the ocean's mighty womb:
Into earth he melts away.
Like that very thing of clay,
Man—whose brief and chequered course
He hath copied from his source.

SONG.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

Oh! Time is like a river, gliding
Away—away!
And in its gloomy billows hiding
Joy's bright as day;
And with its restless current wearing
Man's heart to clay;
And life's best hopes, like base weeds, bearing
Away—away!
And Life is like a dew-drop, smiling
For one short hour;

With fair and glittering show beguiling,
Yet sun and shower
O'er its frail essence each prevailing,
Shorten its stay;
Tremulous, restless, and exhaling
Away—away!

And I a tree by lightning stricken,
Am sinking fast;
Sorrow, like clouds, around me thicken,
T' o'erwhelm at last;
Past joys are like dead branches, aiding
Their roots' decay;
And hopes long loved, like seared leaves, fading
Away—away!

NORWEGIAN LOVE SONG.

The bright red sun in ocean slept;
Beneath a pine tree Gunild wept,
And eyed the hills with silver crowned,
And listened to each little sound
That stirred on high.

"Thou stream," she said, "from heights above,
Flow softly to a woman's love!
As on thy azure current steering,
Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing
The sounds I love.

Ere chased the morn the night-cloud pale,
He sought the deer in distant dale;
'Farewell!' said he, 'when evening closes,
'Expect me where the moon reposes
'On yonder vale.'

Return, return, my Harold dear!
This wedded bosom pants with fear;
By woodland foe I deem thee dying;
Oh come! and hear the rocks replying
To Gunild's joy."

Then horns and hounds came pealing wide,
"Tis he! 'tis he!" fair Gunild cried;
"Ye winds to Harold bear my cry!"
And rocks and mountains answered high
"Tis he! 'tis he!"

A PHILOSOPHER'S SKULL. A famous craniologist strolling through a churchyard near town, perceived a grave-digger tossing up the earth, among which were two or three skulls; the craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time, said, "Ah, this was the skull of a *Philosopher*." "Very like, your honor, said the grave-digger, for I do see it is somewhat cracked."

A worthy clergyman in the country caused a road to be made through his grounds for the accommodation of the neighbourhood. While he was superintending the workmen, a nobleman rode by, whose life was not quite so regular as it ought to be. As he passed, he accosted the clergyman thus—"Well doctor, for all your pains I take it this is not the road to heaven." "True," replied he, "for if it had been, I should have wondered at seeing your lordship here."

Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry in the corner of his room. None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog, (said his master)—you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two.

LEMAN, —Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 21st

SECOND AND LAST TIME. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Writing Academy—just opened, next to, and north of the Bank of Albany: will continue one month, and all who engage for 14 lessons, will, after the expiration of those lessons, be entitled to continue on and establish (or if possible, perfect) their hand writing without any additional charge over the one dollar; or in other words, persons may attend one or more lessons each day, for one month, and acquire a correct, free, and extremely expeditious style of writing. Lessons are given to suit convenience, at any hour, between sunrise and 9 at night. Nearly one hundred are already engaged. For further particulars, please to call. August 11. 28th

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office, with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1827.

[No. 30]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquille per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Masonic Hall at Orange, in the State of New-Jersey, on St. John's Day, June 25th, 1827. Published by request of the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey.

BY AMZI DODD, ESQ.

(Concluded.)

Franklin, the sage, the philosopher, and the patriot, devoted a long life to advance the prosperity of his country, and the welfare of his fellow men. He cultivated science, and was the great patron of the useful and liberal arts. By his writings and his conduct in public and in private, he laboured to impress on his fellow-citizens the necessity of practising the duties of temperance, industry and frugality, as essential to their prosperity and happiness. Nor would he have countenanced any institution which was in the least subversive of those cardinal virtues. Yet Franklin was the fast friend of masonry. He was early initiated into the society, and in every period of his life he testified his attachment to it. He knew that its principles were pure, and its results auspicious to the best interests of man.

The testimony of such men and a host of others which might be added, to the excellence of our order, constitutes a bulwark behind which we may entrench ourselves with perfect security. The assaults of prejudice and ignorance may be safely disregarded.

That base and unworthy men have obtained admission into the society, and have disgraced themselves by their conduct, is unquestionably true, and too frequently occurs. That it may have been prostituted to improper purposes is not denied. In this respect it is liable to the abuse to which all other institutions are subjected. But the conduct of unworthy members who violate their duties and their obligations ought not to condemn the principles of the order. No other institution can stand the test of such a rule.

Masonry comes not in collision with the opinions of any person on the subject of religion or politics. It pretends not to interfere with his religious faith or duties. It neither usurps the place nor militates against the doctrines of revelation. It proclaims to its members, and we challenge for it the honour of its being the first institution in the world which adopted the principle of extending perfect and entire liberty of conscience in the duties and devotions which man owes to his Creator.

With political controversies our order holds no intercourse. It enjoins respect for the laws, and submission to the government of the country under which they live. To be a good citizen, or a faithful subject, are among the primary duties of masonry. Faction and anarchy and disorder never shew their distorted visages within the body of the lodge.

But nevertheless it may be remarked, and I do it with pleasure, that the principles of masonry are congenial, I had almost said, identical with the genuine principles of civil liberty and the unalienable rights of man. In the masonic fraternity it is emphatically true, that all meet on a level; a perfect equality of rights exists. There is no distinction in the lodge, but what superior virtue and knowledge creates. We hail the same sun, and pay homage at the same shrine. The honours of our institution are annual and elective, they are open to all and are conferred on the most worthy. The imperceptible operation of these principles is to enlarge and liberalize the mind: such principles hold no communion with ignorance, or bigotry, or degradation.

The dissemination of knowledge and virtue—the cultivation of friendship and all the charities of life give just conceptions of the dignity of man. They elevate him to the station for which he was designed by his Creator.

Such men, no matter in what region of country or under what form of government they may happen to have been born, such men cannot be slaves. The shackles of despotism cannot long remain riveted upon them. Hence it is that the pious Ferdinand, the Austrian Monarch and other members of the Holy Alliance have combined their councils and united to stop the progress of knowledge in their dominions. Hence it is that in the crusade which they have proclaimed against civil and religious liberty, and the exterminating war which they are waging against it, their deadliest shafts have been aimed at masonry.

And in this favoured country, too, the institution is frequently compelled to encounter the assaults of passion and malice as well as of those who have acquired mistaken notions respecting it. In a distant part of a neighbouring state an event has taken place which has excited deep and general interest and which I may be permitted to notice here. I allude to the alleged abduction of Morgan, a person resident in that section of the state. Several persons who it is alleged were connected with masonic lodges have been arraigned for forcibly and unlawfully carrying him away. They have been convicted, and are now suffering the punishment of their crime. The violated law has asserted her authority and public justice is satisfied. None have been found to obstruct the stream of justice, or to cavil, to question or to condemn the course that has been pursued—what more could be asked? But it is said, and many circumstances have been stated inducing the suspicion, that he has been murdered under circumstances of great atrocity. The long continued and persevering investigation of a whole section of country, in courts of justice, in general conventions and elsewhere, have not as yet confirmed these suspicions; and the benignant spirit of our law will not presume guilt. Indeed these extensive and reiterated investigations have greatly reduced the probability of these suspicions, and the better opinion seems to be that they are entirely without foundation.

If, however, these suspicions are true, and if his blood cries aloud for vengeance, the guilty culprit ought to be brought to justice here. And he will most assuredly be called to answer for it at that tribunal from which there is no appeal.

But it would seem that all this is not enough. And the circumstance has been eagerly fastened on by the opposers of masonry, to raise a clamour against the institution, and men, have not been wanting either weak or misguided or unprincipled enough to charge the whole fraternity with being accomplices in the transaction.

In that section of the country every means have been resorted to to keep alive the excitement. A ferment is raised, and with all the zeal, and not a little of the fanaticism of Peter the Hermit, when he raised the hordes of Europe and led them to the east, threatening annihilation to the Saracen, have these misguided zealots attempted to proclaim a crusade against our order, and to visit the offence on the devoted head of every mason. And we doubt not they will meet with similar success. Such delusions must vanish like the morning dew, and to this assembly no argument is necessary to shew the absurdity of the suggestion. It can only be entertained for sinister and unworthy purposes. With equal reason might the eleven apostles have been charged with conniving at the crimes of Judas the murderer, as to implicate the masonic fraternity in this transaction. But I drop the subject.

Companions and Brothers—

The personal and social duties enjoined by our order are familiar to you. They include all that is implied in the fraternal relation. Remember then, that you are brothers—vain and ineffectual will it be to proclaim the duties and advantages of masonry if we neglect the one and destroy the other by our own conduct.

Remember that its first great duty is the cultiva-

tion of friendship, and the exercise of that benevolence and charity which an inspired writer has so eloquently described.

In the domestic and social circle, in your intercourse with your fellow men, forget not the obligations of masonry.

Let a redeeming spirit prevail among you, and let all our conduct be such as to convince a censorious world of the intrinsic excellence of our order, and that its direct tendency is to make us better men.

LODGES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

[From Marsh's Masonic Register and Pocket Magazine for the year 1827.]

St. John's Lodge, No. 1.

Cornelius P. M'Elwain, W. M.; William Van Norden, S. W.; William Ayres, J. W.; Pliny Freeman, Secretary; Smith Ovutt, Treasurer; James A. Rich, S. D.; Rodney Lathrop, J. D.; Jeremiah B. Ellis, Alexander Welsh, M. C.; James Westervelt, Thomas Bennet, Stewards; Bryan Rossiter, Tyler; C. P. M'Elwain, William Van Norden, William Ayres, Pliny Freeman, Smith Ovutt, Standing Committee.

Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2.

Aaron R. Thompson, W. M.; Frederick G. King, S. W.; Edward N. Mead, J. W.; William D. Wilson, Secretary; Aaron Fountain, Treasurer; J. R. Stuyvesant, S. D.; William P. Morris, J. D.; W. H. Hawthorn, R. Lawrence, M. C.; P. C. Burdett, E. Wade, jr. Stewards; J. N. Hawthorn, Frederick G. King, J. R. Benton, E. N. Mead, S. L. Mitchell, jr. Standing Committee; Alexander Couley, Tyler.

Meet 2nd and 4th Mondays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 7.

James Robinson, W. M.; Richard H. Bingle, S. W.; William S. Johnson, J. W. Moses Austice, Secretary; Aaron H. Higbie, Treasurer; Rev. T. C. Schaeffer, Chap.; Wm. Hilton, S. D.; Oliver Whitteley, J. D.; Hez. Kelley, John Williamson, M. C.; John Emmons, Robert Lovett, Stewards; James Robinson, Richard H. Bingle, William S. Johnson, Moses Austice, Aaron H. Higbie, Standing Committee; Bryan Rossiter, Tyler.

Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Hiram Lodge, No. 10.

Harris Scoville, W. M.; Henry Townsend, S. W.; Abraham B. Rich, J. W.; Thomas Jenkins, Secretary; Robert Philips, Treasurer; John Martin, S. D.; William Rhodes, J. D.; David Fenton, Benjamin Fuller, M. C.; George M. Seelye, Tyler; Robert Phillips, C. Lefferty, H. Townsend, Wm. Rhodes, Abraham B. Rich, Standing Committee.

Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays, at Union Hall.

Holland Lodge, No. 16.

Edmund Seaman, W. M.; Thomas Longworth, S. W.; John Neilson, jr. J. W.; Frederick C. Barber, Secretary; E. P. Gallagher, Treasurer; Benjamin B. Winthrop, S. D.; Daniel K. Miner, J. D.; H. Reinagle, B. G. Gallagher, M. C.; Thomas Carter, J. K. Goodman, Stewards; Alexander Couley, Tyler; R. U. Lang, W. Delafield, Trustees of Charity Fund; E. Kortwright, R. U. Lang, W. Delafield, Michael Henry, Jacob T. Berry, Standing Committee.

Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays, at Masonic Hall Broadway.

Howard Lodge, No. 35.

George Barrell, W. M.; S. S. Steele, S. W.; Robert R. Boyd, J. W.; Charles Walker, Secretary; Oliver Hall, Treasurer; Townsend Harris, S. D.; James H. Bruen, J. D.; W. W. Willson, T. McCredell, M. C.; S. S. Steele, R. R. Boyd, W. W. Wil-

son, Simeon Baldwin, Thomas M'Crendell, Standing Committee; Alexander Couley, Tyler.

Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Trinity Lodge, No. 39.

James G. Finn, W. M.; Hart Levi, S. W.; George Jay, J. W.; J. S. Mattocks, Secretary; Gilbert Lewis, Treasurer; Alexander Ried, S. D. John Yughey, J. D.; Luke Doyle, John Redden, M. C.; Thomas Reilly, Wm. Wallace, Stewards; John M'Carr, Tyler; E. Beeman, L. Nathan, Hart Levi, John Redden, George Tyler, Standing Committee.

Meet on 2d and 4th Mondays, at St. John's Hall.

Phoenix Lodge, No. 40.

Daniel L. Tuthill, W. M.; John Montgomery, S. W.; James G. Forbes, J. W.; James Steer, Secretary; Aaron Dikeman, Treasurer; George G. Stevenson, S. D.; Jacob D. Vail, J. D.; Bryan Rossiter, Tyler.

Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, at St. John's Hall.

L'Union Francaise Lodge, No. 71.

R. Pardessus, W. M.; G. Deloynes, S. W.; L. Grillet, J. W.; A. Perret, Orator; L. F. Halle, P. Ricardi, Secretaries; J. Bayaud, Treasurer; F. Levee, J. B. Porcher, Experts; J. Doncourt, Gd. of Seals; F. Bellemere, J. Maniort, Hospitaliers; P. Cotte, J. Gallis, M. C.; H. Crevolin, A. Duran, Stewards; P. Levicompte, Terrible; J. Rammseyer, G. de Tem.; P. M. P. Durando, Ad. T.; C. Pavio, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Abram's Lodge, No. 83.

R. Roberg, jr. S. W.; Alonzo Alvord, J. W.; E. D. Brown, Secretary; John Coffin, Treasurer; Charles Hillsburgh, S. D.;—Elsey, J. D.; J. Peters, —Dubond, M. C.; J. Williams, W. Martin, Stewards; William G. Henshaw, Tyler; Amos Hulse, J. A. Reynolds, John Hawley, James Webster, William Cheesman, George, Hankins, Dubond, Standing Committee; S. Garthwait, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Mondays, at St. John's Hall.

Washington Lodge, No. 84.

Augustus F. Cerneau, W. M.; George Smith, S. W.; Charles R. Hatfield, J. W.; Charles Rollinson, Secretary; Asher Martin, Treasurer; N. D. Plumb, S. D.; Samuel Taylor, J. D.; Amasa Henshaw, Aaron G. Wilson, M. C.; Francis Arnaud, Gabriel Collet, Stewards; A. F. Cerneau, George Smith, C. R. Hatfield, F. Vandewater, Silas Lyons, Standing Committee.

Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays, at Masonic Hall Broadway.

Adelphi Lodge, No. 91.

William Rockwell, W. M.; George D. Strong, S. W.; David M'Gie, J. W.; Thomas Buckmaster, Secretary; Henry Anderson, Treasurer; Joseph M. Leon, S. D.; M. Gomez, J. D.; O. Newcomb, J. Solomons, M. C.; James Ballagh, J. Solomons, Stewards; O. M. Lownds, J. P. Garniss, George D. Strong, John Guion, F. Groshon, Standing Committee; Alexander Couley, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Albion Lodge, No. 107.

Peter Stuyvesant, W. M.; William H. Hardy, S. W.; M. C. Patterson, J. W.; Joseph Green, Secretary; H. J. Camman, Treasurer; S. J. Joseph, S. D.; Thomas Bussing, J. D.; J. L. Winthrop, A. Muller, M. C.; Alexander Couley, Tyler; William M. Carter, B. Meredith, Stewards; P. Stuyvesant, H. Blood, H. J. Camman, Trustees of Charity Fund; H. Blood, W. H. Hardy, E. Merton, J. S. Kingsland, Thomas Bussing, Standing Committee.

Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

La Sinceritie Lodge, No. 122.

Venerable, Chegary; 1 Surveillan, Castello; 2 Surveillan, Bancel; Tresoreir, Therriot; Secretaire, Lohse; M. Seremonie, Perret; M. Seremonie, Magian.

Meet 1st and 3d Mondays, at Masonic Hall Broadway.

(To be continued)

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY.

[Selected for the Masonic Record and Saturday Magazine.]

Chemistry, considered as an art, is of the earliest origin; but, considered as a science, it may be said to be of very modern date. The method of kindling fires, baking bread, moulding clays into various forms, extracting metals from their ores and working them into different shapes, as well as several other chemical processes, were certainly known to the Antediluvians.

Tubal Cain, who is mentioned in Scripture, and whom the Pagans made their Vulcan, is the first person on record who knew any thing of this art.

It is said, "he was a worker in Iron and Brass;" he must, therefore, have known something of chemistry before he could have extracted metals from their ores, and rendered them malleable.

It appears that, soon after the Deluge, the family of Ham made great progress in the Art. For the Egyptians, whose country is called Ham in Scripture, and who are said to be the descendants of Ham, applied themselves very much to this branch of study, and made many discoveries; such as embalming the bodies of the dead, making Vases, fabricating a kind of nitre, making common salt, and even wine; and, it is said, they knew the art of distillation.

It was in Egypt that the famous Hermes Trismegistus lived, who has been regarded by many heathen nations as the inventor of all the arts. He is said to be the Author of all the learning of the Egyptians, and believed by many to have been Chanaan, son of Ham, or Abraham, or Joseph.

From this person the Science of Chemistry derived the name of the *hermetical Art*; a name which it was long known by, and is often called so in old books.

It was in Egypt that Moses learned the properties of Metals, the method of extracting Oils, the preparation of Gums and Perfumes, the solution of Gold, the dying of Liven, the art of Gilding, the making of Pottery, Soap, &c.

The Phœnicians were the first who applied themselves to the examination of the chemical effects of different bodies upon each other; and it is said the Grecians derived their arts which depend on chemical principles from the Phœnicians.

The Romans being mostly engaged in war, were not distinguished among the ancient nations for discoveries in the arts, or inventors in science. They, however, understood the art of making excellent wines and spirits, and knew the application of manures; and the remains of their works of Architecture evince the incomparable perfection of their Cement.

But all the Arts, Sciences and Literature, of the Greeks and Romans, were destined to sink into oblivion. Hosts of Barbarian conquerors descended upon them from the North, and completely destroyed the principles of civilization, and gave a death-blow both to science and literature.

Driven as it were from Europe, the arts obtained an asylum among the Arabians. The attachment of this nation to magic, and their predilection for the marvellous, soon increased the mysteries in which the arts were then involved; hence Alchymy, or the art of transmuting various metals into gold, took its rise. This happened about the beginning of the fourth century. As this delusive dream of the imagination held out a bait to avarice, it soon acquired a numerous train of followers. Those who professed this Art, gradually assumed the form of a Sect, under the name of Alchymists; a term which is supposed to be merely the word Chemist with the Arabian article al prefixed.

The Alchymists laid it down as a first principle, that all metals are composed of the same ingredients; or that the principles (at least) which compose gold exist in all metals, and were capable of being brought to a perfect state by purification.

The substance which possessed this wonderful property, they called *lapis Philosophorum*, or the "Philosopher's Stone;" and many of them boasted that they were in possession of that grand instrument.

The fortunate few who were acquainted with the philosopher's stone, called themselves *adepts*, or adepts; that is, persons who had got possession of the secret.

This secret they pretended, they were not at liberty to disclose, and that vengeance would fall on the man's head who should venture to publish it.

In consequence of these notions, the Alchymists kept themselves as private as possible; and concealed with the greatest care, their opinions, their knowledge, and their pursuits.

The Alchymists seem to have been established in the West of Europe as early as the ninth century.

Between the *eleventh* and *fifteenth centuries*, Alchymy was in the most flourishing state. The writers who appeared during that period were very numerous; but their books are altogether unintelligible, and bear a stronger resemblance to the reveries of madmen, than to the sober investigations of philosophers.

The principal Alchymists who flourished during the dark ages were Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Raymond Lully, and the two Isaacs of Holland. It was against this sect that Erasmus directed his well known Satire, entitled the Alchymist.

Chemists had for many years hinted at the importance of discovering a universal remedy for all diseases, and several of them had asserted that this remedy was to be found in the philosopher's stone. This notion gradually gained ground; and the word Chemistry, in consequence, at length, acquired a more extensive signification, and implied, not only the art of making gold, but also of preparing the universal Medicine. The first person who formally applied Chemistry to medicine, was Basil Valentine, who was said to be born in 1394, at Erfurd, in Germany.

Just about the time that the first of these branches was sinking into discredit, the second, and with it the study of Chemistry, acquired an unparalleled degree of celebrity, and attracted the attention of all Europe. This was owing to the appearance of Theophrastus Haracelsus, who was born in 1593, near Zurich in Switzerland, and was, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, appointed to read lectures on Chemistry in the city of Basil. He was the first professor of Chemistry in Europe.

Van Helmont, who was born in 1577, is considered as the last of the Alchymists. His death completed both the disgrace of the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine.

The foundation of the alchymical system being thus shaken, the facts which had been collected soon became a mere chaos, and Chemistry was left without any fixed principles, and destitute of any object. But fortunately, about this time, arose a person completely acquainted with the whole of these facts, and rescued this branch of science from oblivion into which it would soon have fallen. This person was the celebrated Beccher. He accomplished the arduous task in a work entitled *Physica Subterranea*, published at Frankfort, in 1669. The publication of this book forms a very important æra in the history of Chemistry, as it contains the rudiments of the science as taught at the present day. After the death of Beccher, Earnest Stahl, the editor of the *Physica Subterranea*, adopted and taught the theory of his master; but he simplified and improved it so much, that he made it entirely his own; and accordingly it has been known ever since by the name of the *Stahlian Theory*.

Ever since the days of Stahl, Chemistry has been cultivated with ardour in Germany and the North of Europe. The most celebrated men which these countries have produced are, Margraf, Bergman, Scheel, and Klaproth.

In France, soon after the establishment of the Academy of Sciences in 1666, Homberg, Geoffry, and Lemery, acquired great celebrity by their chemical experiments and discoveries.

From that time Chemistry became the fashionable study in France, and men of eminence appeared every where; discoveries multiplied; the spirit for chemical research pervaded the whole of that kingdom, and extended itself over the continent of Europe. After the death of Boyle, and some of the other early members of the Royal Society of London, little attention was paid to Chemistry in Britain, except by a few individuals. But when Dr.

Cullen was appointed professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, in 1756, he kindled a flame of enthusiasm among the students, which soon spread through the kingdom; and, after this, soon followed the important discoveries of Dr. Black, Cavendish, and Priestly, which, joined to the discoveries made in France, Germany, and Sweden, made the science of Chemistry burst forth at once with unexampled lustre. Hence, the rapid process it has made during the last thirty years, the universal attention which it has excited, and unexpected light it has thrown on almost every useful art.

[Conclusion next week.]

NEW PRINTING PRESS.

Mr. Gerrit Lansing, of this city, engraver on wood, has invented a *Printing Machine* on entirely new principles, the right of which has been secured to him by letters patent from the United States.

This machine consists of a horizontal wheel, having four (or more, at discretion) broad spokes, or arms, of sufficient width to form beds for the types, when locked up in forms. Upon the upper surface of this wheel, are placed a set of horizontal cones, with their small ends to the centre. One of these gives the impression, as the forms pass under it, and the others supply the ink, as the wheel continues its revolution.

The inking apparatus consists of three or more cones, one above another, or two at the bottom and one at the top, (thus &c.) Over the upper cone is placed a feeder, with a slit at the bottom, from end to end, for the ink to pass through on to the receiving cone. This feeder can be raised or depressed at pleasure, so as to give more or less ink, as occasion may require.

The part which gives the impression, is a single cone, of larger dimensions, placed at a convenient distance from the others, near which is an inclined bank, on which is laid the heap of paper to be printed.

Each bed is provided with a FRISKET and GRIP, which is worked by springs and levers, running up and falling off inclined planes.

When the machine is put in motion, the cones all turn on their axes, by means of pinion wheels working in the teeth or cogs of the large wheel. The lever is dragged up an inclined plane, thereby allowing the frisket to sink below the surface of the form, which then passes under the INKING CONES. In the mean time the topmost sheet of paper on the heap is slipped over the edge of the bank, and when the edge of the form comes parallel with that of the bank, the GRIP springs, seizes the sheet, which is thus carried with the form under the PRESSING CONE. On the instant of emerging from the other side, the end of the lever falls from the top of the inclined plane, raises the frisket, and throws off the sheet.

[N. Y. Parthenon.]

DRY DOCK

The Portsmouth Advertiser states that a number of gentlemen were invited to the Navy Yard to inspect the model of a machine designed to raise ships of any burden perpendicular out of the water, without the use of any of the mechanical powers. This model which was formed like a gondola with straight sides and round ends, was placed in an oblong box, intended to represent a portion of the shore between low water and high water marks; and weights put into it sufficient to keep it from rising when filled with water. The water was then drawn from a cask into the box so as to represent the flow of the tide, and as it filled the box, it ran into the gondola, through a gate-way made to open in two parts, and turn upon hinges fixed upon the sides at the stern. When the water had flowed to high water mark, the model of a frigate was drawn upon the water through the gate-way, and supported in a true and upright position by shores, and thus left until the water by ebbing out of the box had entirely left the gondola; the gates were shut, the water was again made to rise, and before high water the ship and dry dock were completely afloat, and capable of moving in a steady manner from place to place, and showing a space between the ship and the inside of the dock, amply sufficient for the workmen to do any kind of repairs, either to her keel, bottom or sides.

MISCELLANY.

GREYNA GREEN.

This celebrated scene of matrimonial mockery is situated in Dumfriesshire, near the mouth of the river Esk, nine miles north-west from Carlisle.

Mr. Pennant, in his journey to Scotland, speaks in the following terms of Greytna, or, as he calls it, Greytna Green:

"At a short distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Greytna—the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibit. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job, to a dram of whiskey. But the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of landmark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high-priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain, for these infamous couples despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

The Statistical Account of Scotland gives the subsequent particulars:—"The persons who follow this illicit practice are mere imposters—priests of their own creation, who have no right whatever either to marry, or to exercise any part of the clerical function. There are at present more than one of this description in this place, but the greatest part of the trade is monopolized by a man who was originally a tobacconist, and not a blacksmith, as is generally believed. He is a fellow without education, without principle, without money, and without manners. His life is a continued scene of drunkenness: his irregular conduct has rendered him an object of detestation to all the sober and virtuous part of the neighbourhood. Such is the man (and the description is not exaggerated) who has the honor to join in the sacred bonds of wedlock many people of great rank and fortune from all parts of England. It is forty years and upwards since marriages of this kind began to be celebrated here. At the lowest computation, about sixty are supposed to be solemnized annually in this place."

HEALTH.

It is common with persons who inherit a good stock of health from their ancestors, to argue that they take no particular pains to preserve it, and yet are well. This may be true; and it is also true that there is a pains taking to that effect, which is superfluous and morbid, and helps to do more harm than good. But it does not follow from either of these truths, that a neglect of the rational means of retaining health will ultimately be good for any body. Healthy people may live a good while upon their stock. Children are in the habit of doing it. But healthy children, especially those who are foolishly treated upon an assumption that health consists in being highly fed and having great beef eating cheeks, very often turn out sickly at last; and grown up people, for the most part, at least in great towns, have as little really good health, as children in general are given credit for the reverse. Nature does indeed provide liberally for abuses: but the abuse will be felt at last. It is generally felt a long while before it is acknowledged. Then comes age with all its train of regrets and superstitions; and the beauty and the man, besides a world perhaps of idle remorse, which they would not feel but for their perverted blood, could eat their hearts out for having been such fools as not to secure a continuance of good looks and manly feelings, for want of a little handsome energy. The ill taste of existence that is so apt to come upon people in middle life, is too often not in the sense imagined. Whatever causes be mixed up with them, the greatest of all is,

in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, no better or grander than a non-performance of the common duties of health:—Many a fine lady takes a surfeit for a tender distress; and many a real sufferer, who is haunted by regret, or takes himself for the most ill-used of billious old gentlemen, might trace the loftiest of his woes to no better origin than a series of ham pies, or a want of proper use of his boots and umbrella.

[New Monthly Magazine.]

ARABIAN HORSE.

The Arabian horse Godolphin, the best ever imported into England, was introduced in the following manner. Col. Cook, a man of wealth, education, and polished manners, but a highway robber, committed two acts of felony about the year 1720; and thinking it impossible to elude the hand of justice if he remained in England, he embarked for the Mediterranean, and travelled through Syria into Arabia Petreæ, where he made constant enquiries of the Arabs concerning the best horses in the country. Having received information that a certain Sheik had the best horse in all Arabia, he went to him, and offered him any sum of money he pleased to demand for said horse. The Arab scornfully rejecting his offer, he skulked about in the vicinity, and when a favourable opportunity offered, stole the horse, and travelled through the deserts until he arrived at Damietta, near the mouth of the Nile, where he embarked with his horse, on board of a British ship. He arrived safely in England, and knowing that his crimes were so great that he must perish, unless the prime minister interposed in his behalf, he went to Lord Godolphin, under a fictitious name, and after many entreaties, persuaded his lordship to accept of this fine Arabian horse as a present. Soon after this, he was discovered, arrested, and committed to prison for his former crimes. He wrote to Lord Godolphin, disclosing his real name, and requesting his intercession with the king. The king ordered a writ of *nolle prosequi* to be issued, declaring that Cook could not be the man who committed the felonious acts, and restored him to his former rank and family.

[Virginia paper.]

Dr. Sturn, professor of agriculture in the university of Bonn, in his division of the breeds of horses, calls the Arabian horse the primitive race, or the horse of the dry plains. The breeds the nearest to the Arabian, and which have been produced by crossing, are the Egyptian and Persian, which differ but little from the Arabian; the Turkish, derived from a mixture of the Arabian and Persian; the Barbary and Tartar; the breeds of Hungary and Poland, and the English saddle horse, which is a product of art.

[Bulletin des Sciences.]

CHARACTER OF THE HINDOOS.

I have found a race, of gentle and temperate habits; with a natural talent and acuteness beyond the ordinary level of mankind, and with a thirst for general knowledge which even the renowned and inquisitive Athenians can hardly have surpassed or equalled. Prejudiced, indeed, they are, in favor of their ancient superstitions; nor should I think, to say the truth, more favorably of the character, or augur more happily of the eventual conversion and perseverance of any man or set of men, whom a light consideration could stir from their paternal creed, or who received the Word of Truth without cautious and patient inquiry. But I am yet to learn, that the idolatry which surrounds us is more enthralling in its influence on the human mind than those beautiful phantoms and honied sorceries which lurked beneath the laurels of Delos and Daphne, and floated on the clouds of Olympus. I am not yet convinced, that the miserable bondage of castes, and the consequences of breaking that bondage, are more grievous to be endured by the modern Indian than those ghastly and countless shapes of death which beset the path of the Roman convert. And who shall make me believe that the same Word of the Most High, which consigned to the mules and the bats the idols of Chaldee and Babylon, and dragged down the lying father of gods and men from his own capitol, and the battlements of his "Eternal City," must yet arrest its victorious wheels on the Indus or Ganges, and admit the trident of Siva to share with the Cross a divided empire.

[Bishop Heber.]

POPULAR TALES.

THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE.

(Concluded.)

Not having been severely wounded, the coldness of the dungeon soon brought the ill-starred hero to a sense of his dire condition, when seating himself, (for the place he was in, would not allow of his standing,) upon the step on which he had been left, he proceeded to bind up his wound with his handkerchief; after which he felt partially relieved. Perfectly aware, from the situation of his prison, that it would be in vain to attempt either by the loudness of his voice, or any other means now in his power, to make his friends acquainted with his fate, he made up his mind to bear manfully his confinement; encouraged by the hope, that the garrison would be obliged to surrender, when in all probability he should regain his liberty. But the thought of Deva being in the power of one, whom he was now forced to rank as his bitterest enemy, rushed across his recollection, and almost drove him to distraction. The pain of his wound, and the dampness of his habitation, however, soon made him sensible of his utter inability to be of any service to her by his lamentation; and reason again assuming her dominion, he began to reflect upon the possibility of his being able to escape. At this instant, he fortunately bethought him of an old tale, which he had heard when a boy, respecting an outlawed chief, who, according to tradition, having been taken prisoner by the lord of Cardiff Castle and confined in the cell he then inhabited, had effected his escape by means of a secret passage, which the bandit had accidentally discovered. Walter Sele, not being of a disposition to give way to despair, while the least glimmer of hope presented itself to his mind, seized eagerly upon this legendary account; and though not very sanguine in his expectations, determined at all events to attempt the discovery of the reported outlet, well knowing that the strong-holds of the feudal barons frequently abounded with a multitude of secret posterns, and subterranean passages, for which any person except the original proprietor, would be puzzled to find any use. Groping, therefore, his way, as well as he was able, he proceeded slowly along, carefully examining with his hands the walls of the dungeon, which, ere he had gone very far, became sensibly larger, and he was enabled to stand erect. Still holding on his dark and dreary track, he was, ere long, agreeably surprised to find himself come in contact with a strong current of air. He now became confident that he could not be very distant from some opening, and the castle clock, which he distinctly heard striking the hour of ten, confirmed him in this opinion. Directing his steps towards the point whence the draft appeared to issue, he soon found his course considerably impeded by heaps of rubbish, and large fragments of stone, which had evidently been forced out of their proper place; and he rightly judged, from this circumstance, that here, at least, the enemy's artillery had accomplished their intended purpose. With a light heart, he cautiously removed the huge masses which obstructed his way, and, in a short time, had the happiness to find himself safe in the moat, on the north side of the castle. Burning with a desire of being revenged on the person who had so basely injured him, in an evil moment, he formed the fatal resolution of betraying the castle into the hands of the enemy; and this resolution was no sooner formed, than he proceeded to carry it into execution. The moat was cleared, and finding himself once more on *terra firma*:

"It shall be so," exclaimed he, "yes, this very night Cardiff Castle is Cromwell's. A few feet of earth removed, admits him to the postern aisle—and once in, Beauford shall then oppose in vain,—Deva, I yet may snatch thee from the tiger's jaws, and I will do so, though I die traitor!" With these words, he turned his back upon those walls, which but a few hours before he had so gallantly defended, and sought with hasty strides the camp of Cromwell.

The distance being but short, he soon arrived at the enemy's picquets, by whom, as he did not endeavour to conceal himself, he was of course seized. Having designedly thrown himself within their power, he now merely demanded that he might be led into the presence of the general; with

which demand, the guards, after first blind-folding him, in order that he might not distinguish the disorder that prevailed around, proceeded instantly to comply.

When ushered into the tent, and permitted again to make use of his eyes, he perceived Cromwell seated at a small table, gazing intently upon some papers which lay thereon. On the entrance of the prisoner, however, he raised his head, and attentively surveying his appearance, in his usual harsh and abrupt manner, addressed the following laconic question to him: "How, now, betinselled royalist! your business here?" "I am come to act, and not to parley," replied the untimidated Sele, "to offer to a foe what he most wishes,—possession of our castle. If he accept the offer, let him get ready instantly, and trust to the guidance of one who is willing to be his friend to-night, even at the expense of honour!"

Cromwell, who scarcely knew whether he ought not to look upon his prisoner as a madman, paused, ere he made any reply. However, as the chances, judging from the resistance which the garrison had already made, were so many against his being able to take the place by force of arms, he determined, as a last resource, to embrace the opportunity which thus offered itself, be the consequences what they might. "Be it so," was the answer; "he whom you address is always ready, lead on then, but hearken, haughty cavalier! should you belie your promise, your life shall be the forfeit."

"Had I been the subject of fear," replied Walter Sele, "I should not now be in the tent of Cromwell—a truce, then, to your threatenings! Yet think not I betray the royal cause thus basely. Hear first the terms: nay frown not; I'll not be frightened from my purpose by the frowns of any man! and unless my two conditions are agreed to, not all your threats shall make me, *even now*, turn traitor. My life is in your hands, and you may take it instantly, at midnight, or to-morrow; but that is all you have within your power. Hear me, then—I ask but for the life and freedom of the garrison, for every living soul, from the person of the governor, though he is now my foe, down to the meanest soldier that treads along the battlements; that the few females, one of whom is dearer to me than life, shall be secure from the gross insults of your rebel troops. On these conditions only I become your guide!"

"Cromwell will pledge his word," was the reply, "that life and freedom shall be given to all at present within the castle walls; and as for the women, the soldiers of the parliament, rebel or not, are not the licentious cavaliers of Charles, who need be under no anxiety for the safety of their courtizans. We came to fight with men, and not with women! Now are you satisfied?"

Sele replied in the affirmative, observing, as he concluded, that he "would trust for once to the honour of a roundhead, if such a thing existed." Cromwell scowled, as it seemed as if his guide suspected his intention; but prudence bade him conceal his rage.

With a chosen body of men, upon whose fidelity he could depend, the usurper committed himself to the guidance of Walter Sele, whom, however, he kept close beside during the march, which, without occupying much of their time, brought them unseen to the opening from which the betrayer had escaped. The men having entered the breach, and being provided with the necessary implements, immediately commenced removing the earth from the spot pointed out to them, while Cromwell and his guide kept watch without. With such secrecy were their operations carried on, that no person within was in the least degree disturbed by them. Once only, and that by mere chance, had they any occasion to be alarmed. An officer marching to relieve guard, perceiving from the rampart some persons in the moat below, hailed them in the accustomed form: "Who goes there?" "Friends." "To whom?" "To Beauford and the king." Sele's presence of mind thus extricated them from this danger, for the officer, on hearing the pass-word, not doubting but they were sent there by the governor, passed on his way, and left them to proceed with their undertaking without any further interruption.

The soldiers, after having effected an opening in the ground above, were enabled with very little trouble, by means of a temporary ladder, which they

formed of the implements, to enter into the postern aisle, described to them by their guide. Here they had time to rest, and had also room enough to prepare themselves for the attack, which it was to be expected they would still have to undertake. At the end of the passage in which they then were, a narrow door was now the only barrier to be removed, ere they effected the object they had so long wished for—an entrance into the heart of the fortress. From its situation, as they could not hope to penetrate this, however trifling it might appear, as silently as they had done the first, they proceeded by one sudden effort to force it open, and by the rapidity of their subsequent movements to terrify the garrison from making any resistance. Nor were they disappointed, for the door yielding to the first assault, they found themselves in possession of the castle, before many of its inhabitants were even aware of their approach.

When morning dawned, the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles floated not, as heretofore, above the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle; and those who had defended it so stoutly and so gallantly had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress, that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well-known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained; and he, with beating heart and anxious look, had twice already explored the intricacies of each apartment which the castle contained, in search of the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend, despair, he was in the act of doing so for the third time, when summoned, and upon refusing to obey, forced into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant with such a noble and majestic mien as awed all those around; and even the mind of Cromwell seemed for an instant to be undecided. But that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated.

"Now, then, proud cavalier," cried he, "has not the promise which I made been kept? Hath either maid or courtizan, for whom you dared insult the troops of Cromwell, been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and it has been granted. Remember, when my word was pledged to this, *thou* was not one among them, therefore I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenger, and not from love to me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other motives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I *hate* the traitor. Take then a traitor's just reward!" Quick as thought, the pistol of the tyrant left his belt,—flashed—and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring, at the spot alluded to in the commencement of our narrative, all that now remained of the once brave, but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work, by the unlooked-for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward flung herself upon the lifeless corpse as it lay upon the green-sward, in the dress it wore while living. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to soothe her afflictions. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of all his entreaties, she clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp, and even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while their fellows unfeelingly consigned the corse to its "mother earth." The hapless maiden, immediately after the soldiers had closed up the earth and departed, returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming, in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had "*found* her Walter,"—but alas! fair maid, she had lost her reason.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

JOAN OF ORLEANS.

The ferocity with which her captors sought this wretched woman's life can be explained in no other way than by reference to the gross superstitions which disgraced the age in which they lived, and to the extraordinary influence she had obtained over the populace and the army of France. Months had

elapsed after her falling into the hands of the English; and every day had seen her exposed to privations and indignities which were disgraceful to humanity, and too shocking to be recorded. Her enemies, knowing the odium they would incur by putting her to death, and being now convinced that although she was a visionary woman she was of so simple and pious a heart that they could find nothing in her conduct to justify her condemnation, resolved to lay plans for her destruction which it was hardly possible she could evade.

All the mischievous ingenuity of the clerical lawyers of that day was employed in preparing charges against her. She was examined in prison, and her two most deadly enemies, the Cardinal of Winchester and the Bishop of Beauvais, were at the head of the tribunal. The honesty and simplicity of her answers baffled the malice of her accusers; and, as they could extract nothing from her own mouth, they perverted, or falsified, or suppressed her replies. Some parts of her examination have been preserved by the very few of her judges who were not also her persecutors; and these show forcibly the mildness of her temper, the purity of her intentions, and the vigour of her understanding.

She was asked, among other questions, if she was within the grace of God.

'To answer such a question,' she replied, 'is a serious matter.'

'It is indeed,' replied Jean Fabri, one of the assessors; 'the accused is not obliged to reply.'

'You would do better to hold your tongue,' cried the bishop in a fury; 'let the accused answer.'

'If I am not,' replied Joan, 'I trust that God will yet receive me into his grace; if I am, I trust that he will preserve me there. And,' she added, 'but for his grace, how could I endure my sufferings?'

At another time, when they examined her concerning her standard, she replied, 'I carried it instead of a lance, that I might not be induced to slay in the heat of the battle; I have never slain any one human being.' When she was asked what virtue there was in her banner—'This,' she answered: 'I showed it to the soldiers, bidding them fall on the English; and at the same moment I dashed into their ranks myself.' They asked her why she placed her banner against the high altar at the coronation at Rheims. 'It had been in the place of peril,' she said; 'it was entitled to be in the place of honour also.'

Her accusers were soon convinced that they must abandon the charge of sorcery, for which there did not appear to be the slightest pretence; and the accusation was confined to two points: the first, that of wearing a man's habit, in which she persisted with astonishing pertinacity; and the second, her refusal to submit to the authority of the church. By means of intrigue of the basest kind, and of falsehoods glaring and gross to the last degree, a sentence was procured on both accusations, and Joan was decreed to be cut off from the church as an infected member, and handed over to the secular arm.

Still the work was not done. To put the wretched girl to death would not answer the purpose of her murderers; they wanted also to obtain from her such a confession of the crimes they charged her with as would destroy the people's confidence in her. A priest, who went (it does not appear for what reason) by the singular appellation of Nicholas the Fowler, was employed as her confessor; and under the faith of his assurances that he was a partizan of the French king, he gained some influence over her which he exercised to her destruction.

It was on the 24th of May, in the year 1431, that a spectacle was exhibited which drew forth the whole population of the city of Rouen. Two large scaffolds were erected in the great square. On one of them was seated the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, the Bishops of Noyon and Boulogne, and the members of the court of assessors. On the other stood Joan, pale, and worn out with suffering; but yet with an air of composure and resignation which formed a striking contrast to the almost demoniac expression of the countenances of her judges. Her arms were loaded with chains, her feet bare, and she was dressed in the plain military garb which she had always worn; but now long usage and the filthiness of her dungeon had soiled and torn it, so that it was in a deplorable plight. A rude iron cross was clasped to her bosom with one

arm; and the other hung listlessly by her side. An ecclesiastic of most forbidden physiognomy stood beside her. This was the priest who had been selected to address the populace. Some of the notaries and clerks were ranged behind; and on her left hand stood the smooth-faced hypocrite Nicholas, with another churchman, who was one of the assessors. At the foot of the scaffold the public executioner was seated in a kind of cart, and immediately opposite, but at some yards distant, was the stake surrounded by faggots. A large troop of English archers and men at arms, dismounted, and bearing axes instead of their lances, formed a guard round the scaffolds, and kept back the people, who pressed eagerly to see and hear the fated girl of Orleans.

The ugly priest began an address which was remarkable for its length and its dullness, and was only relieved by the bitter virulence which the preacher occasionally introduced. Joan listened unmoved to the reproaches which this pious person in his zeal cast on her; but, when he attacked the king, and called him a heretic, she broke silence.

'Speak of me,' she said, 'as you will; but of the king, I swear and will maintain with my best blood that no truer Christian, no braver nor more virtuous heart, breathes in the world. It suits not your office, holy father, to defame your king in the hearing of his subjects.'

'Gag her, if she will not be silent,' cried the angry bishop.

The priest proceeded, and at the end of his address asked Joan if she would now sign an abjuration of her errors in the face of the people. At the same time the horrible preparations for her death were shown to her, and were offered as the alternative in case of her refusal. For a long time she persisted in refusing. The false priests, by whom she was surrounded, endeavoured, by means of falsehood and artifice, to make her believe that the abjuration was not inconsistent with her former declarations. She wavered; the horrors of such a fate as was before her mastered her resolution, and she expressed her submission to the church, and her readiness to abjure any errors she might have committed. On the moment another form of abjuration was substituted for that which had been read and explained to her. The latter contained a full acknowledgment of all the crimes which had been alleged against her, and besought pardon for her crimes. To this the wretched young woman most unwittingly affixed a mark of the cross, for she could not write; and, the object of her tyrants being so far accomplished, she was carried back again to the Tower while the crowd dispersed. The animosity of the English soldiery had been excited against her to the highest degree; and they were taught to look upon her in the light of a person who had brought the powers of hell to the field to fight against them. They regretted that their prey had escaped them; the people of Rouen, on the contrary, generally rejoiced that her life was, as they thought, saved.

She had promised to reassume the habits of her sex, and on her return to her dungeon she kept her promise. Her cruel persecutors knew that she was not only fond of wearing men's clothes, but that the real cause of her refusing to put them off was, that they protected her better than her own dress from the violence and indignity to which she had often been exposed by her unmanly captors. Having, however, promised to lay them aside, she did so. Still the favourite dress was left in her chamber, in the hope that she might be induced to put it on; and, when they found that she avoided the snare, they took away her female garb when she was in bed, and left her only the other. When she awoke she perceived this, and complained of it; as, however, she was obliged to rise and dress herself, she put on the forbidden habit. This was enough for her enemies. She was immediately accused of having relapsed into her former errors, and was threatened with instant death.

When she perceived that her fate was determined, and that she had been cruelly deluded into a belief that they meant to spare her life, her firmness and composure left her, and in the irritation of her feelings she reproached her enemies with their perfidy. This was the moment for the completion of their designs. In this state of exasperation they asked her again about her visions and her conferences with angels, which she now avowed and in-

sisted on. They then told her she must prepare herself for the most painful of all deaths—by fire. The poor creature wept and tore her hair, and for some time remained in an agonising transport of grief. The bishop came into her cell. 'Bishop,' she said, 'it is by your means that I die; but, by God's will, I shall this day be in Paradise, where you can never come.'

On the 30th of May, a bare week after her abjuration, she was drawn in the cart of the executioner from the Tower to the great square. A confessor, not Nicholas, who had betrayed her, but Martin L'Advenu, who had, to his own great peril, protested against the process, was with her. Eight hundred English soldiers, heavily armed, escorted the cart.

She prayed all the way to the square with so much devotion and so touching a piety, that the French people who were about her could not restrain their tears, and even some of the assessors were unable to proceed to the place of execution. A priest was seen to make through the crowd towards the cart, which he mounted. It was the false priest Nicholas, who, repenting his perfidy, came to avow it, and to beseech the pardon of his victim. The English soldiers, who heard him, would have slain him; and but for Lord Warwick, who had great difficulty in saving him, he would have encountered the fate he so justly merited.

When the procession stopped in the square, Joan lifted up her eyes, and, gazing about for a moment, exclaimed softly, 'Ah, Rouen! Rouen! it is here then that I am to die.'

The Cardinal of Winchester, and several of the French prelates were on one scaffold, and the ecclesiastical and secular judges on the other. Joan was led before them. A long sermon was then preached, the tendency of which was to reproach her for her relapse, which she listened to with patience and in calm silence. 'Depart in peace, Joan,' said the preacher, as he concluded; 'the church can defend thee no longer, and delivers thee over to the secular arm.'

She knelt down and prayed, recommending herself to God, to the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints, particularly St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. The resignation and piety which she displayed drew tears even from the iron-hearted cardinal, and some of her other persecutors. The Bishop of Beauvais read her sentence. She then begged that a cross might be given her. An English soldier tied two sticks together in the form of a cross, and handed them to her. She took it and clasped it to her bosom; but afterwards another was brought to her, which she kept until her last moments.

The English troops began to be tired with the delay, and murmured loudly to the priests to finish their offices. They also bade the executioner do his duty. Without any other command, nor waiting until the secular judge had read the sentence, the headsman seized her by the arm, and dragged her, still clasping the cross, to the stake, which was placed in a kind of platform which had been built for the occasion. Here she was bound, and on her head was placed a mitre painted with these words, 'Heretic! Relapsed! Apostate! Idolatress!' Her confessor stood near her. The executioner set fire to the pile; and as the crackling of the wood was heard, and the first wreath of smoke ascended, she shuddered, and exclaimed, 'Oh Jesus!' She then begged the confessor to go below, and to hold up the cross, so that she might see it in her last moments; and she besought him to continue his pious consolations to her.

The bishop approached the pile, and again she said to him with vehemence, 'It is by thy hands that I die.' Then she protested loudly that the voices she had heard came from God, and that all she had done was by his commands. The flame was now spreading rapidly. She exclaimed aloud, 'Ah Rouen! I fear that my death will lie heavily on thee!' and beyond this nothing was heard from her but the low murmuring of her prayers, and frequent invocations of the name of Jesus. The flame and smoke soon obscured her form, and a few moments put an end to her sufferings.

The impression which her death made was exactly the reverse of that which her murderers had intended it should produce. Even the English sol-

diery were moved; and the French people were confirmed in their belief that she was a saint on earth. Miracles were believed to have attended her dissolution. Some persons saw through the flame angels holding her head; others saw her name written in letters of fire in the sky; and an English soldier deposed that he saw her soul fly to heaven in the shape of a white dove.

A more foul and execrable murder does not stain the history of any people; and four centuries have not yet been able to make Englishmen forget that it was perpetrated by men who bore the same name, and belonged to the same nation as themselves.

THE GLEANER.

POETS.—“Moore, who is a poet by inspiration, could write in any circumstances.” “there is no man of the age, labours harder than Moore. He is often a month working out the fag end of an epigram. ‘Pon my honour, I would not be such a victim to literature for the reputation of Pope, the greatest of them all.’” “Don’t you think that every man has his own peculiarity in writing, and can only write under particular excitements, and in particular ways?” “Certainly. Pope, who ridiculed such a caprice, practised it himself; for he never wrote well but at midnight. Gibbon dictated to his amanuensis while he walked up and down the room in a terrible passion. Stephens wrote on horseback in a full gallop; Montaigne and Chateaubriand in the fields; Sheridan over a bottle of wine; Moliere with his knees in the fire; and Lord Bacon in a small room, which he said helped him to condense his thoughts. But Moore, whose peculiarity is retirement, would never come here to write a song he could write better elsewhere, merely because it related to the place.” [Maturin.]

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY. Baron Holbach in a conversation on theatrical works thus describes comedy and tragedy:—The business of a comedy is always a marriage, and that of a tragedy a murder. All the intrigue turns on this question—Shall they marry, or shall they not marry?—Shall they kill, or shall they not kill? They shall marry—they shall kill; and so ends the first act: they shall not marry—they shall not kill, concludes the second act. A new means of marrying and killing presents itself, which is the substance of the third act. A new difficulty arises, and prevents the marriage and the murder; and this forms the fourth act. At length, wearied with the contest, they marry and the kill, which completes the piece.

THE WORLD. Remember the world is a Theatre, and that your part in this play of Life is determined by the poet. Upon him it must depend whether you shall act a long or a short one, whether your character shall be high or low. If, therefore, he assign you the lot of a beggar, take care to humer it well; if a cripple, or a prince, or a private obscure man, or whatever it be, make the best of it; for consider that the playing of the part assigned you commendably depends upon yourself. This is your business—but the giving out of the parts, and choosing the actors, is not your’s, but another’s.

[Stanhope’s Epictetus.]

OTHELLO SAVED FROM SUICIDE. I was behind Covent-Garden one evening in my boyhood, when a gentleman made his *debut* in Othello, Mr. Hull played Gratiano. In the last scene, the new actor, naturally bewildered on such an occasion, had neglected to provide himself with a dagger with which to kill himself; and before he recollected this oversight, had got as far, in his concluding speech, as—“I took by the throat the circumcised dog,” when almost at his wits end for something to “smite him” with, he looked round, saw a drawn sword in Mr. Hull’s hand, and snatched it by way of substitute for the weapon he ought to have had. It happened to be a true Toledo, and indeed a very sharp one; and on Othello’s abruptly seizing it, Mr. Hull, in most benevolent terror and agitation, losing sight of his assumed character, and anxious only for the personal safety of the *debutant*, rushed forward, seized the rapier, and exclaimed, in his richly energetic, though somewhat tremulous style of voice—“For God Almighty’s sake, dont, sir!—it is a *real sword*!”

and the curtain dropped amidst the convulsed laughter of the whole house. [T. Dibdin.]

THE PRESS. A free press is the parent of much good in a state. But even a licentious press is a far less evil than a press that is enslaved, because both sides may be heard in the former case, but not in the latter. A licentious press may be an evil, an enslaved press must be so; for an enslaved press may cause error to be more current than wisdom, and wrong more powerful than right; a licentious press cannot effect these things, for if it give the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. An enslaved press is doubly fatal, it not only takes away the true light, for in that case we might stand still, but it sets up a false one, that decoys us to our destruction. [Lacoe.]

There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences, by saying less than the truth on others. But the fact is, that they are, in both instances, as fraudulent, as he would be, that exacted more than his due from his debtors, and paid less than *their* due to his creditors. [Ibid.]

The word *afford* is a wonderful explainer on a thousand occasions. When Voltaire, in a fit of animal spirits at the success of his play of Trajan, met Louis XV. coming out of the theatre, and applying the character of his hero to the French Monarch, said, “Is Trajan satisfied?” His Majesty turned off without saying a word. The fact was, he had nothing to say; *he could not afford it*. On the other hand, when Count de Fontanes, the poet, and President of the University of Paris, was attending on Napoleon, at a performance of Talma’s, and in answer to the Emperor, who quarrelled with him for always thinking of actors gone by and not praising Talma enough, said, “Your Majesty does not find me apt to be thinking of Caesar.” Bonaparte, not being content with taking the compliment, with an air of gracious acceptance, rose in his seat before the audience, and made the Count a bow of acknowledgment.

The English Judges have laid down two important rules in cases of breach of promise and seduction. One is, that the parents of daughters shall not recover damages if they have neglected to inform the parents of young men of their proposals or intentions, while they were encouraging their addresses. The second is, that parents cannot substantiate a claim to compensation, if they have been so careless as to leave their daughters sitting up with their suitors for hours after themselves and the rest of the family have retired.

MARCHIONESS OF WELLESLEY. We have heard frequent mention made of the distinguished honor conferred upon this lady by her union with a nobleman of such rank as her husband. Now with regard to this kind of honor, such as it may be, the Marquess of Wellesley is the party honored by the union. The lady’s grandfather, Charles Carrol, of Carrolton, is descended from the ancient kings of Munster, a higher lineage than the Wellesley family can boast.

It is a curious fact that men stationed in light-houses, are not permitted to have their wives with them, probably because it is apprehended that the trimming of the lamps would be neglected for the trimming of the husbands—and yet none but married men are to be found in these posts, which are greatly sought after by persons coveting a quiet life, and who, by a long course of curtain lectures have been trained to watchfulness and accustomed to sleepless nights.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Some courtiers were talking of their household affairs, and in particular of the wages they gave their servants. One of them observed he gave his *maitre d’hotel* a hundred pistoles—a second that he allowed his six hundred—“And I,” said one, “I go far beyond either of you, for I allow mine four thousand francs per annum.” At first the whole party were astonished at this exorbitant allowance. At last one of them thought of putting the question, “But do you pay him?” “Oh, no,” said he.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1827.

FRANCE. The present situation of political affairs in this kingdom, is truly alarming. The late abolition of the corps of National Guards, a corps of volunteer citizens, equipped and furnished by themselves, enjoying certain privileges granted and stipulated to them in the strongest terms on the return of the Bourbons—has created an excitement which proves that the Frenchman who one day bowed to the nod of Napoleon, and the next cringed beneath the sceptre of Louis, is not yet wholly hardened to the yoke of legitimacy. The return of Lafayette as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, has given the ministerial party a modest hint, that Frenchmen claim some rights, whether nationally free or not. Immediately on this event, the quailish spirit of intolerance, fearing that a public and liberal discussion of the merits of so important a triumph, might open the eyes of the nation, restored the censorship of the press. Every public journal by this regulation is to be submitted to the examination of six censors, having authority to throw out all such sentiments, as appear to their loyal sagacity, in any way derogatory to the interest of the royal cause. Every art that corruption could reach was exhausted to defeat the election of this great champion of Liberty. The ministers are so chagrined at the result, that they have threatened, (whether seriously or not, we can express no opinion,) to abolish the Chamber of Deputies. Were Napoleon living we believe they would never dare the issue of such a contest with popular claims. They may yet rue the onset. They have carefully concealed the cloven foot for a long time, but this scuffle has thrown aside the disguise, and discovered it, with the tail and horns.

LAFAYETTE. After penning the above article, we could not forbear a retrospective look at the character of this great man. His is a name the world will never forget. It has been more dreadful to tyrants than even that of Napoleon; more welcome to the oppressed than ever was that of Wellington. This is a truth that Americans know, and those not Americans will allow us to dwell on it with our own enthusiastic gratitude. Nothing but his unbending spirit, which never shrunk at the most appalling crisis, has created a jealousy against him in the French Cabinet; and the fact that the most tyrannical and unprecedented force is necessary to keep him down, and yet prevent him from participating in the councils of his country, is a full proof, not only of the intriguing propensity, but also of the weakness of the Bourbon cause. We hope that his last efforts may yet be crowned with success; and that he may go down to the grave, in the happy consciousness of having done nothing in vain.

Of his loyalty to France there can be no doubt; and to the present dynasty his cool and salutary conduct at the restoration of Louis XVIII. is enough to inspire even them with confidence, if they are worthy of his allegiance. He has never been contending for any cause, that time has not proved to be the right one; and had his prudence been seconded by the strength of his contemporaries, Europe might tell a tale to his honour, far different from the bloody narrative she now holds up to the world. The torrents of blood which for years have deluged her plains, carry up a testimony in his favour, that will not be rejected at the court of Heaven.

THE NEW STEAM PACKETS. This sort of conveniences may be called "all the go" at present. The new and elegant packet *VICTORY* has commenced her regular trips, and promises fair to be of no ordinary importance to our enterprising citizens who have ventured in her stock. In the article of speed, she is said to exceed the most sanguine expectations of her proprietors. She is every way worthy the patronage of our citizens, and more particularly so, by being owned and built here.

THE NORTH AMERICA, owned by the Messrs. Stephens, has re-commenced her trips this week for the season. She is the largest boat on the river, and we have no hesitation in saying is excelled by none in the world, either in accommodations, richness of furniture or beauty of appearance. In all probability these useful conveyances have arrived at a perfection in point of speed, that will admit of little room for further improvement. We have five or six steam boats now running on this river, which may run some seasons before any fair decision can be made in favour of either as possessing the greatest velocity. Till then, each will probably claim the honour, and reap its full share of the praise usual on such occasions.

Yesterday the wretched *Strang* expiated his crime, in pursuance of his sentence. The scene was witnessed by thousands of that class of community whose insatiable curiosity brought them many miles, to prove them possessed of no other ruling principle. It is estimated that thirty thousand souls, one fourth of whom were females, were within sight of the execution.

Mr. HADDOCK is now in town, and intends exhibiting his celebrated *Androids*, in Knickerbocker Hall, on Monday evening next. Some years ago we attended an exhibition of them in the Capitol, and, together we believe with all who visited them, left the exhibition much amused and gratified.

The melo-drama of *Paul Jones* is to be performed this evening at the Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. M. S. Phillips. It is a splendid nautical piece, and we hope may draw a profitable audience.

THE PARTHENON. A scientific and literary paper has been established in New-York, under this title, edited by Samuel Woodworth, Esq. and printed by Woodworth and Webb, No. 56, Nassau street. Mr. Woodworth was the original editor of the *New-York Mirror*. The *Parthenon* is intended to embrace somewhat more scientific subjects than the *Mirror*. It contains 16 octavo pages, stitched in a coloured printed cover, for \$4 00 per year. The utmost success we can wish it, is, that it may compass as extensive patronage, and as fair a character as the *Mirror*.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO MANUFACTURERS. In Natchez, Mississippi, the following premiums are to be awarded on the first day of December next by three gentlemen of that county:

For the best piece of Cotton bagging not less than 50 yards, \$50. For the best pair of Cotton blankets to be equal in size to the largest 3 1-2 point English blankets, usually called machine blankets, \$25. For the best piece of Cotton Denims, not less than 25 yards, \$25.

AGRICULTURAL PREMIUMS. In Ohio, the Hamilton county Agricultural Society have offered a silver cup of the value of fifty dollars, or fifty dol-

lars in cash, at the option of the successful claimant, for the best crop of barley on ten acres of ground, and also a silver cup of half that value, for the best crop on five acres, all to be raised in Hamilton, and the four adjoining counties.

The list of Lodges in New-York, on our first page, is extracted by permission.

ERRATUM. In the introduction to the Masonic Address in the last number of the Record, the date is erroneously made to read *August*, instead of *June*.

CHIT CHAT.

Massachusetts has 197 incorporated manufacturing companies, with an aggregate capital of \$80,000,000.—Vermont contains 1,000,000 of sheep, which produce 3,000,000lbs of wool. New-York contains 3,500,000 sheep, producing 10,000,000lbs of wool.—Mr. Johnson Stout, of Canandaigua, mowed on the 6th inst. half an acre of grass in 36 1-2 minutes—816 feet of which was cut in one minute—swath 8 1-2 feet wide—A young physician lately took it into his head to look for an opening. As he advanced, physicians grew thicker and thicker, till he met two on one horse! We need not add, he "came away then," highly satisfied.—The agents of the Boston Banks made their appearance at the counter of the Mount Vernon Bank, (R. I.) with a plump demand for \$13,000 in specie, which, to the astonishment of the runners, was cheerfully, and promptly handed to them. If \$13,000 in specie were suddenly demanded from some of our big wigs, they would put on their specs and say, "Hey! what! stop! let me see—\$13000 in specie—will you take pistareens?"—The story of the Superintendent of the Sing-Sing State Prison, we copied not long ago, is stated, on his own authority, to be a pure fabrication.

LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

The complete works of Napoleon have just appeared at Paris, containing three pieces written by him at the respective ages of 20, 21, and 23, a selection from his reports to the Directory, during his campaigns in Italy and Egypt; all his Proclamations as General-in-Chief, Consul, and Emperor; history of the "Hundred Days;" his opinions on War, Religion, &c. &c; Curious Anecdotes, Confidential Letters, &c.

A New Comet.—M. Gambart at Marseilles on the night of the 21st of June, and M. Nicolle at Paris on the night of the 22d, discovered a new and very small Comet, invisible to the naked eye. On the night of the 21st, it was near the star *Epsilon* of the constellation *Cassiopea*, by two hours and two minutes right ascension, and 65° 30' of north declination. It appeared to increase rapidly as it declined.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY THE LATE ARRIVALS.

An express reached London on the 25th of June from Paris, confirming the report relative to the armament of the European powers against Turkey. It is said to be on the most extensive scale. The French squadron were about leaving Toulon for Algiers. A letter from Constantinople, dated 29th of May, says, the steam vessel *Perseverance*, in the service of the Greeks, was attacked by four Turkish vessels and captured. One of the first shots carried away her paddles, and resistance, of course, became useless.

Paris, June 24.—Accounts from Trieste by the way of Syria say that General Church had been able to collect 4000 men in the Piræus where he has entrenched himself. He has besides put 5000 men in the defiles, to intercept the supplies of provisions which come to the Turks from Negropont. Lord Cochrane, was ready to set sail from Peros with the *Hellas* frigate and other vessels. The steamboat had taken five other vessels, laden with provisions and ammunition, and sunk a corvette.

Corfu, May 26th.—Letters from Syria and the Island of Egeina, inform us that the accounts circulated on the affair of Athens are exaggerated. It is true that the number of Turks killed is less than that of the Greeks; but in spite of all the Seraskier's advantages, the Greeks have taken from him all the positions he occupied on the coast; and they retain those which they occupied on the continent.

London, July 9th.—The treaty of the great European Powers for the protection of Greece, has been signed in England.—Three British ships of the line, from the Tagus, have probably by this time, sailed for the Dardanelles, under Admiral Beauchamp.

If this is true, the sufferings of Greece will be speedily terminated. It is time to expect another splendid stroke of policy from Mr. Canning,—and where is a sifter field than Greece? *Vienna, May 23.*—The Austrian Observer gives accounts from Constantinople, which contains the capitulation of Athens. The citadel was evacuated: on the 6th of June; 2000 persons of all ages and both sexes, half of whom were ill, or exhausted by hunger, left the place and were embarked on board the Austrian and French ships of war.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Rubbing cheese with red pepper preserves it against mites.—A letter from Samuel Wood to Thomas L. Winthrop, Esq. published in the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository, vol. IV. page 374, states, that "red pepper, so called, is a complete antidote against flies impregnating cheese so as to produce maggots. Take one and put it into a delicate piece of linen, moisten it with some fresh butter, and rub your cheese frequently. It not only gives a very fine colour to your cheese, but it is so pungent that no fly will touch it."—N. E. Farmer.

To take mildew out of linen.—Rub it well with soap; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that in the linen; lay it on the grass, and as it dries wet it a little. Repeat the operation.

To prevent cider-bottles from bursting.—When you bottle cider, place the bottles on the ground in the northern part of the cellar, and cover them with moss, which you must keep constantly wet with cold water.

To destroy flies.—Dissolve two drachms of the extract of quassia in a half pint of boiling water, add a little sugar or sirup, pour the mixture on plates, and set them in places infested by flies.

Plums, Peaches, &c. how kept fresh through the year.—Beat well up together equal quantities of honey and spring water; pour it into an earthen vessel, put in the fruits all freshly gathered and cover them quite close. When any of the fruit is taken out, wash it in cold water, and it is fit for immediate use.

To remove the taste of turnips from milk and butter.—Dissolve a little nitre in spring water, and put it into a bottle. A tea-cup-full in eight gallons of milk, warm from the cow, will remove the taste of turnips.

To clean the teeth and improve the breath.—To four of fresh prepared lime-water add a drachm of Peruvian bark, and wash the teeth with this water in the morning before breakfast, and after supper. It will effectually destroy the tartar, and remove the offensive smell from those which have most decayed.

Cure for the sting of Wasps.—It has been found, says the London Mechanic's Magazine, that the best remedy for the sting of the bee and the wasp, is an application of salt moistened with a little water; and even in a case where a person has been stung in the pipe, by accidentally swallowing one in a draught of any kind of liquor, the alarming symptoms that ensue may be almost instantly relieved by swallowing repeated doses of water saturated with salt.

Cheap Aromatic Vinegar for purifying large Buildings, Manufactories, &c.—Take of common vinegar any quantity, mix a sufficient quantity of powdered chalk or common whiting with it, as long as bubbles of carbonic acid gas arise. Let the white matter subside, and pour off the insipid supernatant liquid; afterwards let the white powder be dried either in the open air, or by a fire. When dry, pour upon it, in a glass or stone vessel, sulphuric acid as long as white acid fumes continue to ascend. This product is similar to the acetic acid, known in the shops by the name of aromatic vinegar.

For sulphuring Wool, Silks, Straw-Bonnets, &c.—Put into a chafing dish some lighted charcoal; put this chafing dish into a small close room without a chimney, a closet, or a large box. Then strew an ounce or two of pulverized brimstone on the hot coals. Hang up the article to be bleached, close the room, closet or chest, and let it hang three hours or longer. All fine coloured woollens should be sulphured in this way, previous to being dyed.

A method of making Candles of a durable nature.—Melt together ten ounces of mutton tallow, a quarter ounce of camphire, four ounces of bees-wax, and two ounces of alum; they will be very hard, and burn with a clear light.

To take out grease spots from a carpet or any other woollen cloths.—Dissolve a piece of pearlash, the size of a pea, in a half a tea cup of warm water; or a piece twice the size in a full cup. Pour some of the solution on a grease spot, and continue to rub it with a clean brush or woollen cloth until it is nearly dry, and your carpet or garment will be as clean as ever.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Martin, Mr. JEFFERSON MAYELL, to Miss BETSEY B. HEMPESTED, daughter of the late Isaac Hempsted, esq. all of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Young, Mr. THOMAS S. RANNEY, Printer, to Miss MARIA GAGER, all of this city.

[In the festivities attending a wedding the printer is generally forgotten; he is the only one whose labour is not remembered. But in each of the above alliances, we were agreeably disappointed, by receiving some of the *Wedding-Cake*, from the contracting parties. We acknowledge the compliment, and wish them a long and happy life.]

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at No. 3 Green-street, the Confession of *Jesse Strang*, convicted of the murder of John Whipple, comprising a minute relation of all the circumstances connected with the murder; and which be most solemnly affirmed contains nothing but the truth.

By CALVIN PEPPER, One of the Counsel.

LAMP OIL.—Of the first quality, for sale by the single gallon or smaller quantity, at 5 shillings a gallon, for cash only, at the store of

D. P. MARSHALL, Corner of State and Dean-sts.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE SLEEPING CITY.

Midnight and silence in sublimest gloom
Brood over thy bright towers; and now the gay
Who thronged thy walks and made thee bright to-day,
Alike are reckless of thee and the tomb,
Thou city of the sleeping! And yet one
(There may be many, but I know them not—
And he ere many days may be forgot—)
Is sleepless now, and his task but begun.
And while the dim lamps glimmer on the walls,
And wind-torn clouds move sullenly along,
Above thy looming spires, and empty halls,
Which morn shall fill with life, and evening throng
With worshippers of mirth—while the dew falls
Unseen,—he woos the spirit-muse of song.

He is not of the world, though born of dust,
And reared amid her vanities; and yet
The seal of earthliness is deeply set
On his shrunk eye and cheek—and the stern rust
Of vanishing desire has wrought a change
On the whole spirit, which was wont to range
More widely and more warmly through that sphere
Of fallibility which it was formed
To move in;—but to him its wonted cheer
Has lost the fervency that erewhile warmed
And wound him up to all the enthusiasm
And inspiration of eternal youth;—
For transient Hope left in his heart a chasm,
Not to be filled again by earthly truth.

This is no sphere for him;—he fain would seek
A refuge from repose, and would delight
To view the storm-torn ocean, shattered and white
By every vengeance that the winds can wreak!
For the wild elements and his wrong breast
Are like to like, save that where tempests sweep,
Wind, rain, the thunder, earthquake, and the deep,
Are roused at once,—but on his broken rest
There comes no wind but thought,—yet that alone
Is whirlwind, torrent, lightning, and the rent
Of the broad ocean's fleecy mantle bleat,
And seems a thousand elements in one.
—But sleep on, mighty tomb of living clay,
While he hangs over thy dreams and dreads the day!

What are thy splendid domes, and glittering fanes,
And multitudes which like an ocean roll
Along thy living walks and crowded lanes,
To him who has an empire in his soul?
And night, under the star-built firmament,
Is but his hour of audience, when he brings
Love, Memory, Vision, and all holy things,
Whose life and power are with his being bleat,
To scan the councils of that realm. They come
Not like the kneeling courtier, nor the ape
Of kings; and they are ministers who shape
No fetters for their country.—In this dumb
Deep solitude, he seems to smile like Death,
On all his thousands, like to like, save breath!

Aug. 21, 1827.

G.

DEATH'S RAMBLES.

One day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair—
His body was lean and lank—
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spilled man's blood, and he killed
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughtered it made him laugh
(For the man was a coffin maker)
To think how the mutes and men in black suits
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church—
Quoth he, "we shall not differ."
And he let them alone, like figures of stone—
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother,
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal;

Said Death—"he may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow that his fair grew sick;
But he let him stray on his tedious way—
For Death only wars on the quick.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though summoned to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further—
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pulled out his purse,
And a Doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew that "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust—
For himself by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he marked him out for slaughter—
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game was not worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump.

BURIAL OF ARNOLD.

Member of the Senior Class of Yale College.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer,
With slow and measured tread;
Your ranks are full, your mates are there,
But the soul of one is fled!

He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon up the days since he
Strode up the foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip marked with a smile.

Oh! had it been but told you then
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh lipped men
Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung,
Yet not for glorying?

Whose heart, in generous deed or thought,
No rivalry could brook,
And yet distinction chiming not?
There lies he: go and look!

On, now; the requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said;
On to his burial, comrades, on,
With the noblest of the dead!

Slow—for it presses heavily—
It is a man ye bear:
Slow—for our thoughts dwell heavily
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades! we have laid
His dark locks on his brow,
Like life, save deeper light and shade—
We'll not disturb them now.

Tread lightly; for 'tis beautiful
Those blue-veined eyelids sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now. His journeying is done,
Your feet are on his sod;
Death's chain is on your champion,
He waited here his God.

Nay, turn and weep; 'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here;
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

TO THE RHONE.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

Rush on, rush on, heaven-tinted Rhone!
Ye deep, blue waves, rush on, rush on!
O'er many a weary league I've past
To gaze upon thy face at last;
And many a league must traverse still,
By spreading main and soaring hill,
Ere aught the enraptured eye shall see
So bright, so blue, save heaven and thee!

Child of the Alps! loveliest of all
The streams that down their steep sides fall,
The heaven so near thy nursing place
Has left its brightness on thy face,
And earth, exulting in her guest,
Gathering her noblest and her best

Of lake, mead, mountain, wood, has thrown
All o'er thy path, majestic Rhone!

Sweet stream! born midst the eternal hills,
The brightest of a thousand rills;
Heaven still reflected in thy face,
What course soe'er thy swift waves trace;
And still to the unfathomable sea
Speeding, methinks I read in thee,
And thy blue waters, as they roll,
An emblem of the human soul.

Like thee, a thing whose source is found
Far, far above terrestrial ground;
Like thee, it ne'er should, while on earth,
Lose all the splendour of its birth;
But ever bear upon thy breast
Celestial images impress;
Till mingled with the illimitable sea,
The swelling ocean of Eternity!

ANECDOTES.

THE IRISHMAN'S GAMECOCK. The following anecdote amused us not a little; if it has the effect of producing a smile on the countenance of a single reader, our purpose will be attained.

A gentleman residing in the vicinity of N. York, was desirous of raising some gamecocks, and accordingly despatched his Irish servant to the city to purchase a quantity of eggs. The Irishman returned highly pleased with the success of his mission, and placed the eggs under a hen to hatch. He watched the process of incubation with great impatience, and when the future prize-fighters emerged from their oval prisons, he seized upon one and hastened with joy to exhibit it to his master.

"Master, Master," cried Pat, "ounly jist look here!"

The gentleman cast his eyes upon the bird, and discovered it to be a *duck*! Astonishment and indignation prevented him from replying, and Pat continued,

"The paraty orchards of ould Ireland never seed the like of this—look at his bill, and look at his fut—(turning up the webbed toes of the biped) what a jewel of a fighter he'll make—the holy St. Patrick couldn't trip him up."

EXPEDITION REWARDED. Lewis the Fourteenth, who loved a concise style, met on the road, as he was travelling into the country, a priest, who was riding post: and ordering him to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you! Where are you going! What do you want?" The other, who perfectly well knew the King's disposition, instantly replied, "From Bruges—to Paris—A Benefice!" "You shall have it," replied the King, and in a few days presented him with a valuable living.

"Who," said a lover of light reading to a literary friend of ours—"who is this Mr. Anon whose name is attached to such a variety of clever articles in the newspapers?" "His birth-place and parentage are more than I can tell you," was the grave reply; "but one thing I know, that he is nearly allied to Mr. *Ibid*, a gentleman of equal celebrity." "*Ibid*! his works are quite familiar to me. Such men are worthy of each other—*Ibid* and *Anon*—fellows of talents both."

LEMAN, — *Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter*, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 2lt

SECOND AND LAST TIME. *Ladies' and Gentlemen's Writing Academy*—just opened, next to, and north of the Bank of Albany: will continue one month, and all who engage for 14 lessons, will, after the expiration of those lessons, be entitled to continue on and establish (or if possible, perfect) their hand writing without any additional charge over the one dollar; or in other words, persons may attend one or more lessons each day, for one month, and acquire a correct, free, and extremely expeditious style of writing. Lessons are given to suit convenience, at any hour, between sunrise and 9 at night. Nearly one hundred are already engaged. For further particulars, please to call. August 11. 2S 4t

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office, with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1827.

[No. 31]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Jur. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the celebration of St. John the Baptist, in Cazenovia, Madison county, New York, June 25th, 1827.

BY DOCT. TAYLOR.

Why have we this day assembled ourselves together? Why this lengthened procession, and these distinctive badges? Why have we come up to this place, consecrated to the pure worship of the christian's God? This is no unmeaning ceremony; no formal and imposing display, designed to attract the attention, and excite the idle curiosity of those who are strangers to the mysteries of our order. Neither have we come together merely to extend to each other the hand of cordial friendship, and to regale ourselves around the board of festive entertainment. No, Companions and Brethren, far more exalted our object, and important our design. It is that we have come up hither at this time, in accordance with a custom of ages. It is to observe a day of masonic festivity. It is to celebrate a day sacred to the memory of an illustrious and distinguished patron of those great and fundamental principles, which have ever been inculcated by our ancient and honourable institution. It is to examine some of those principles, and, by the light which they may shed upon the tablet of our hearts, to read the record of our deeds and the just sentence pronounced by the unerring voice of conscience. It is to inspect with scrutiny and care that work which thus far in life we have been preparing, and wherein found defective, to endeavour to improve it before called to present it to the Grand Master Overseer of the universe, for its final approval or rejection. Such then being our intentions, the sacredness of this place is well befitting the solemnity and the importance of the occasion.

Needless indeed would be the task to attempt a history of the progress of masonry from its first systematic organization: or to dwell upon those eventful periods of its history when the glory of Israel shone in its splendour, and the magnificence of her temple was the admiration of the world, or when by it the sacred records were preserved, and the second temple arose upon the ruins of the former. Or when that moral darkness which overspread the world, had nearly caused the genius of the arts and sciences to depart from the society of men, and refuge and protection chiefly was afforded her in the sanctuary of our order. Nor need I at this time dwell upon the long catalogue of those illustrious individuals, whose names are inscribed on the scroll of masonic history, and whose worth and virtues are written in gilded letters durable as time. For I will not doubt but this enlightened auditory, who are not of us, are well convinced that the institution of masonry is of very great antiquity, and that it has been at different periods of time peculiarly advantageous in many things, which relate to the civil and moral improvement and happiness of men; and that through different ages it has received the patronage of many of the great, the wise, the powerful, and the good. And to you my brethren such an attempt would be more than needless, for if successful, I should "but tell you that which you yourselves do know."

While on this festive day due honours should be paid to the memory of him who was declared to be "a prophet and more than a prophet," and to those highly distinguished individuals in all ages who have worn the badges of our order, yet I would not at this time rest the claims of our institution to public confidence solely on its ancient glory, or its exalted patrons in other ages. And, although the genius of masonry will not permit us to raise the curtain, and to expose to public view the inner beauties and glories of the temple, yet we confidently hope and trust that those without, those who are

willing to "examine all things and hold fast that which is good," those whose opinions we regard, and whose approbation we desire, will be satisfied, with a view of the order and regularity of its external proportions, and a contemplation of its practical virtues.

It is then, in the excellence of those pillars of "*Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty*," which have sustained it; in those virtues of "*brotherly love, relief and truth*," which it inculcates; and in the consolations of that "*faith, hope and charity*," which it exercises, that its votaries chiefly have confidence, and which should entitle it to the favourable regard of a liberal and enlightened community.

Wisdom, the first pillar in the vast edifice of our institution, is most clearly manifest in its organization and design. For, what but wisdom could have devised a system that should harmonize and bring into the closest bond of union and of friendship, men of different nations, of conflicting opinions, of jarring passions, of discordant political feelings, and of strong sectarian prejudices? What else could cause the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the noble and the common, the sceptred monarch and the humble subject, to meet on one common level, and strive only, "who best shall work and best agree," in promoting the welfare and happiness of each other? What other than wisdom could unite materials so varying and discordant into one universal society, and incorporate into its system a method of forcibly impressing upon the mind those moral precepts, and practical virtues, which are calculated to polish the manners, improve the heart, and exalt dignify and adorn the character of man? It is in wisdom that the plan was conceived. It is an emanation of that *Wisdom*, which called light out of darkness, order out of chaos, and which "spoke the word and nature moved complete."

In the durability of the materials constituting the supporting pillar of strength, we rely with confidence as affording incontestible evidence of the stability, and permanence of our institution. The firmness of this masonic column has been tested by the experience of ages. While empires have arisen and fallen, and the glory of nations has departed: while time has thrown its oblivious pall over the splendour and magnificence of cities that once existed: while the marbled columns and lofty domes which once arose in solid and majestic grandeur, seeming to defy the corroding influence of time, have crumbled to decay, and lie in piles of mouldering ruins,

"Where now in desolation cold
The desert serpent dwells alone,
And grass o'er grows each mouldering stone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown
Are gray and death-like old."

Yet the pillar of masonic strength like a rock amidst the waste of ages remains firmly fixed, steadfast and immoveable. And what other human institution, what other society of men organized for any purpose whatever, (save christianity,) has so long preserved its primitive landmarks, and withstood the mutations and revolutions of time? And what other society has sustained itself with more calmness and moderation, with more stability and firmness, against the hostile attacks of its inveterate enemies.

The opposition to masonry has summoned to its banners the passions, the ignorance, the superstition, the prejudice, and the bigotry of men; and has often called to its aid the arm of civil power, and the influence of ecclesiastical authority. But notwithstanding this formidable array, notwithstanding the decrees of princes and papal denunciations; notwithstanding the terrors of the inquisition and the engines of torture, the institution still has an existence in almost every civilized nation on the earth.

While masons in these United States have often had their sensibility agonized, and their sympathy excited at the recital of the sufferings and persecutions of their brethren, in those countries where

tyranny holds her dominions, and where liberty cannot dwell, it has at the same time been our consolation and our boast, that "the voice of tyranny had died on the ocean breeze, and that it mingled not with the breath of our western winds," that we lived in a country where freedom dwelt, and where the genius of liberty had erected her banner, stained with the blood of our fathers. In this land, favoured of heaven, where both civil and religious freedom are enjoyed to an extent unequalled in any other quarter of the globe; where full liberty of conscience is allowed, and a spirit of tolerance has prevailed; where we find a safe protection to our persons, property, and equal rights, in the supremacy of law; where a liberal, enlightened, and well directed public opinion has all controuling influence, masonry has enjoyed a season of more calm and quiet repose. But even here, it has not been exempt from the attacks of prejudice and superstition, the evil surmises of a self tormenting jealousy, and the vain conjectures of a scrutinizing curiosity. And although at this time the angry clouds of oppression appear gathering about the temple, and with a lowering aspect seeming to those without to threaten its destruction, yet its faithful votaries with a firm and unshaken confidence in "Him who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm," behold, calm and undismayed from its lofty torrents, the clouds breaking around them, the bow of promise encircling the east, and the pillar of strength steadfast and immoveable.

That the public mind should be excited and aroused to a just indignation at the perpetration of a violent outrage upon the liberty, or the person of any individual, is to be expected, and desired; and may be regarded as a favourable indication of that general intelligence, soundness of moral principle, and vigilance of public spirit, which are calculated to protect our civil rights, and perpetuate our political freedom. And when under such circumstances, a popular excitement shall be produced, and the deep tone of public execration heard, a suitable regard to the feelings and reputation of our neighbour, should cause us duly to discriminate, and not to confound the innocent with the guilty.

Is the conduct of individual masons deserving of censure, and are they guilty of gross immoralities? let them, and them alone, suffer the ignominy and disgrace which their conduct deserves. Has the folly, imprudence, or misguided zeal of any, brought upon them suspicions of a foul and blackening nature? let them, and them alone, bear the imputation. Has the majesty of the law been violated, and the foul deed charged upon individuals of our order? let the guilty be brought to condign punishment, and let them suffer the just reward of their crime. But why seek to fasten by imputation, the guilt of individuals upon a whole community to which they may belong? Why this effort to produce an undue excitement, to inflame the public mind, arouse the angry passions, and to excite the prejudices of men? And why endeavour to enlist in this crusade against masonry, not only the political, but also the religious feelings of a christian community, and to pervert those feelings, by directing them into the current of hostility to an institution, which by its principles, and labours of love, has ever been the firm supporter of the laws and liberties of our country and the constant attending handmaid to christianity. In all this, it is to be feared, or rather it is believed, there are those, influenced by other motives than considerations of public good, whose object is to embrace the opportunity afforded by the present unhappy excitement, to gratify their selfish ambition, their personal resentment, or their unhallowed hostility to the institution of masonry; and who are unwearied in their vain endeavours to fasten upon the whole fraternity, the infamy of a transaction, repugnant to their feelings, contrary to their well known principles, and by them utterly discountenanced and condemned. Hence it is, that at this time all the engines of opposition are called into action

and all those objections to the institution, which so often have been urged, and as often refuted, are again and again reiterated, with an unblushing boldness and confidence, by such as judge without investigating, condemn without proof, and "speak evil of things, which they know not." These objections have so often and so ably been refuted by an host of mighty champions in the cause, that it is deemed inexpedient and useless at this time to dwell upon them. And besides it is hoped that to the enlightened and liberal, a satisfactory refutation to the calumnies of our enemies will be found in an observance of that "silence, and circumspection," which is enjoined upon us, and a strict adherence in heart and life, to the principles and practices which masonry inculcates; and instead of rendering evil for evil, in the pure spirit of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," may ascend from the altar of our hearts the fervent ejaculation, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Let then the designing enemies of masonry rage, and the unenlightened imagine a vain thing, soon we trust the cloud which has been raised will pass away, the storm abate, the guilty be brought to the bar of justice, and the innocent, before approved of conscience, will stand acquitted of men. Then shall the supporting pillar of our edifice be seen standing firm like some towering and majestic rock, based in ocean's bed, against which, the tempestuous surge, and raging billows, have spent their force in vain.

[Conclusion next week.]

LODGES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 234.)

Morton Lodge, No. 108.

John H. Thompson, W. M.; John Dixon, S. W.; Garrison Lyon, J. W.; James Wright, Secretary; Joel Curtis, Treasurer; Walter Hicks, S. D.; Robert Barnes, J. D.; John Philips, P. H. Frederick, M. C.; George S. Hutty, Robert Jamison, Stewards; John Degez, J. M'Laughlin, John Dixon, G. Lyon, William Barnes, Standing Committee; Alexander Bruce, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays, at St. John's Hall.

Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 132.

Simoon Van Buren, W. M.; Elliot Green, S. W.; Jotham Garthwait, J. W.; William Armstrong, Secretary; George W. Hyer, Treasurer; Noah B. Ross, S. D.; W. D. Hughes, J. D.; Abraham Frazee, Jas. Patterson, M. C.; William Patterson, Tyler; W. B. J. M. Lester, J. M'Mullen, E. Green, J. Garthwait, N. B. Ross, Standing Committee; J. M'Mullen, G. W. Hyer, Ab'm Frazee, Trustees of the Charity Fund.

Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays, at Union Hall.

Benevolent Lodge, No. 142.

James Spence, W. M.; R. H. Stewart, S. W.; William Lester, J. W.; William Soper, Jr. Secretary; Henry Marsh, Treasurer; Horace W. Booth, S. D.; Joseph Weaver, J. D.; Joseph Meritt, Chap.; William Lloyd, Clark J. Horton, M. C.; John White, C. W. Carpenter, Stewards; F. Wemmel, R. H. Stewart, William Lester, Alexander Fraser, H. W. Booth, Standing Committee; Gavin Spence, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays, at St. John's Hall.

Clinton Lodge, No. 143.

James Herring, Jr. W. M.; H. W. Cauldwell, S. W.; Richard Rudd, J. W.; Zophar Bixby, Secretary; David Hart, Treasurer; E. H. Moores, S. D.; Stephen Rockwell, J. D.; Maurice Hoyt, Chas. Colgate, M. C.; C. Cauldwell, Wolcott, Stewards; Maurice Hoyt, Edward Cooke, T. Price, A. W. Jones, S. Rockwell, Standing Committee; Joseph Jacobs, Tyler; W. G. Henshaw, Assistant Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Mondays, at Union Hall.

Mechanic Lodge, No. 153.

John E. Solomons, W. M.; Richard D. Smith, S. W.; Luther Halsey, J. W.; Francis Videll, Secretary; Richard Ellis, Treasurer; William Guardham, S. D.; Alexander M'Donald, J. D.; Peter Rikeman, Arthur M'Arther, M. C.; Azariah Jones, Peter Vidal, Stewards; Elliot Higgins, R. D. Smith, Luther Halsey, J. E. Solomons, Richard Ellis, Standing Committee; William G. Henshaw, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays, at Union Hall.

[To be continued.]

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY.

(Concluded from page 235.)

Having thus given a short but comprehensive view of the history of Chemistry down to our own times, we shall conclude this article by taking a retrospective view of some of the most distinguished theories of the Ancients, the various modifications which they have undergone at different times, and the steps by which chemists have been led to the opinions which they hold at present.

It seems to have been an opinion established among the most ancient philosophers, that there are only four simple bodies, out of which all others are formed, or to which all others may be reduced; viz. fire, air, water, and earth. To these they gave the name of elements.

This opinion variously modified was maintained by all the ancient philosophers. It is, however, well known now that all these supposed elements are compounds if we except fire.

Air is a compound of oxygen and nitrogen; water, of oxygen and hydrogen; and earth, of many different substances.

The doctrine of the four elements seems to have continued undisputed till the time of the Alchemists.

This class of men having made themselves much better acquainted with the analysis of bodies than the ancient philosophers were, soon perceived that the common doctrine was insufficient to explain all the appearances which were familiar to them. They therefore substituted a theory of their own in its place. According to them there are three elements of which all bodies are composed; namely, salt, sulphur, and mercury, which they distinguished by the appellation of the *tria prima*. These principles were adopted by succeeding writers, particularly by Paracelsus, who added two more to their number, namely, phlegm and *caput mortuum*.

It is not easy to say what the Alchemists meant by salt, sulphur, and mercury; it is probable they had affixed no precise meaning to the words.

Every thing fixed in the fire (i. e.) on which the fire had little or no effect, they called salt; every inflammable substance they called sulphur; and every substance which flies off without burning was mercury. Accordingly they tell us, that all bodies may be decomposed by fire, into these three principles; the salt remains behind fixed, the sulphur takes fire, and the mercury flies off in the form of smoke. The phlegm and *caput mortuum* of Paracelsus were the water and earth of the ancient philosophers.

Mr. Boyle attacked this hypothesis in his *Sceptical Chemist*, and in several other of his publications, and proved that the Chemists comprehended under each of the terms salt, sulphur, mercury, phlegm, and earth, substances possessed of very different properties; and that these principles themselves are not elements but compounds.

Mr. Boyle's refutation was so complete, that the hypothesis of the *tria prima* seems to have been almost immediately abandoned by all parties. About this time a very different hypothesis was proposed by Beccher, in his *Physica Subterranea*, which has been already mentioned.

To this hypothesis we are indebted for the present state of the science, because he first pointed out chemical analysis, as the true method of ascertaining the elements of bodies.

According to him all terrestrial bodies are composed of water, air, and three earths; viz: the fusible, the inflammable, or sulphurous earth, and the mercurial. The different combinations of these, with a universal acid (which he believed to be composed of fusible earth and water), composed all the different substances which are to be met with in nature.

Stahl modified the theory of Beccher considerably. He seems to have admitted the universal acid as an element; the mercurial earth he at last discarded altogether, and to the sulphurous earth he sometimes gave the name of ether.

Earths he considered as of different kinds, but all of them as containing a certain element called earth. So that according to him there are five elements: air, water, phlogiston, earth, and the universal acid.

He speaks too of heat and light; but it is not clear what his opinion was respecting them.

Stahl's theory was gradually modified by succeeding chemists.

The universal acid was tacitly discarded, and the different known acids were considered as distinct, undecomposed, or simple substances: the different earths were distinguished from each other, and all the metallic calces were considered as distinct substances.

For these important changes Chemistry was chiefly indebted to Bergman. While the French and German chemists were occupied with theories about the universal acid, that illustrious philosopher and immortal friend of Bergman's (Scheele of Sweden) loudly proclaimed the necessity of considering every undecomposed body as simple, till it has been decomposed, and of distinguishing all those substances from each other which possess distinct properties.

Thus the elements of Stahl were, in fact, banished from the science of Chemistry, and in place of them were substituted a great number of bodies, which were considered as simple, because they had not been analysed. These were phlogiston, acids, alkalies, earths, metallic calces, water, and oxygen.

The rules established by Bergman and Scheele are still followed; but subsequent discoveries have shewn, that most of the bodies which they considered as simple, are really compounds; while several of their compounds are now placed among simple bodies, because the doctrine of phlogiston (in which they believed) is now entirely abandoned.

A NEW FIRE.

Capt. Parry, in preparing for the singular expedition in which he is now engaged, found great difficulty, we believe, in providing for the necessary process of cooking during the period he and his companions would be likely to be absent from the ship. At length he fixed on the lamp with incombustible wick, which is fed with spirits of wine. This sort of fire is not only very weak but very expensive, and is, of course, incapable of being applied upon a large scale. We have very recently seen another description of fire, which is procured from a very cheap and common liquid, without the interposition of wicks of any kind. The heat which it produces is so intense, that it boils a kettle of water in a few minutes, and causes a much greater ebullition than coal fire. It is applicable to all the purposes of cookery, to any extent that may be required. It would, therefore, be peculiarly convenient to the naval and merchant service. In the summer season, it would be the most agreeable and economical fire which families could wish for, as it may be kindled in a moment, and extinguished merely by closing a valve. It is free from all danger, as the liquid will ignite only in the cauldron in which it is used. Experiments are about to be undertaken for applying it to the boilers of steam engines, and if they be favorable, as there is no reason to doubt that they will be, steam boats may soon traverse all the seas on the face of the globe, as the liquid that supplies the fire may be contained with in a very moderate compass. This important discovery has, as yet been exhibited only to 2 or 3 persons—we were of the number, and received permission to describe it to this extent. We have only to add that we have repeatedly seen it in operation, and that we have no doubt whatever, that it will fully answer the expectations entertained of it. Like all extraordinary things of the kind, this discovery was the result of accident, and it is so simple, that when it is made public, every body will be surprised that it has not been in use since the beginning of the world.

[London Monthly Review.]

CURIOUS INVENTION.

Lieutenant Helwig, of Prussia has invented a process for measuring the time occupied by a ball or bullet in passing through a certain space. His process consists in making the ball liberate the works of a time-keeper at the moment when it quits the mouth of the piece, and in making it also stop the time-keeper at the moment when it strikes an obstacle. The numerous experiments he has made already, offer interesting results. He finds, for instance, that a light body of the same calibre with the bullet, moves at the commencement, with much

greater velocity than the latter, equal charges being used. He finds, also, that small bodies move more promptly; a circumstance which causes a considerable deviation of the ball, where there is sand or any light body within the piece used.

[*Bulletin Universel.*]

THE TRAVELLER.

"TOUGHTALE" OUTDONE.

We have read "John Bull in America," with the impression that it was a caricature over done; but in the London Literary Gazette, lately received at the office of the Masonic Record, we find a review of a "Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States, &c. By the Hon. F. De Roos," just published in London. This narrative has quite reconciled us to the extravagancies, as we thought them, in the work of Mr. Paulding; for it is but little less loaded with the absurdity necessary to constitute a caricature, than that of "Mr. Thoughtale." We shall make a few extracts by way of illustration. Very probably the *Honourable* writer may find a class of females in most large cities, London for instance, to whom he may be introduced with as little "formality and restraint" as in the example following:—

"In American society there is far less formality and restraint than is found in that of Europe; but I must observe, that notwithstanding the freedom of intercourse which is allowed, the strictest propriety prevails both in conversation and demeanour. It is not only permitted to young women, both married and single, to walk out in the morning without a servant, but to be accompanied by a gentleman. Walking arm-in-arm is not generally customary, so that the pleasure of the excursion is frequently damped, when the streets are crowded, by being compelled to walk in the gutter. I had an opportunity of witnessing an instance of the cordial and unreserved communication which exists among the upper classes of this delightful city. During the course of a walk which I had the honour to take with a young lady, I happened to express a wish to see a celebrated beauty, whose charms I had heard frequently quoted. My companion immediately conducted me to her residence, and introduced me to her, although it was evident their acquaintance was very slight."

Like Mr. Thoughtale, and many others, he suffered amazingly from the merciless barbarity of Stage drivers and the wretched accommodations of public inns. On the road "to Albany and Boston," no language is adequate to express his sufferings but his own inimitable description, heightened by the inspiration of blue devils, and bad roads.

"At Cheshire" (says the author,) "by dint of most active exertion, I secured a bed to myself, the narrow dimensions of which precluded the possibility of participation, and plunged into it with all possible haste, as there was not a moment to be lost. Secure in 'single blessedness,' I was incredibly amused at the compliments of nocturnal arrangement which passed around me among my Yankee companions. They were nine in number, and occupied by triplets the three other beds which the room contained. Whether it was with a view of preserving their linen unrumpled, or of enjoying greater space, I cannot tell; but certain it is that they divested themselves of clothing to a degree not generally practised in Europe. A spirit of accommodation appeared to prevail, and it seemed to be a matter of indifference whether to occupy the lateral portions of the bed, or the warmer central position; except in one instance, where a gentleman protested against being placed next to the wall, as he was in the habit of chewing tobacco in his sleep! At four o'clock in the morning we again set off, and, as much rain had fallen in the night, the roads were in a dreadful state. The coach company now consisted of nine passengers inside, one on the top (which from its convex form is a very precarious situation,) and three on the box, besides

the coachman, who sat on the knees of the unfortunate middle man,—an uneasy burthen, considering the intense heat of the weather. It matters little to the American driver where he sits; he is indeed in all respects a far different personage from his great-coated prototype in England. He is in general extremely dexterous in the art of driving, though his costume is of a most grotesque description. Figure to yourself a slipshod sloven, dressed in a striped calico jacket, and an old straw hat, alternately arranging the fragile harness of his horses, and springing again upon his box with surprising agility; careless of the bones of his passengers, and confident in his skill and resources, he scruples not frequently to gallop his coach over *corderoy* roads (so called from being formed of the trunks of trees laid transversely,) or dash it round corners, and through holes that would appal the heart of the stoutest English coachman, however elated with gin, or irritated by opposition. I was once whirled along one of these roads, when the leathers (barbarous substitutes for springs) which supported the carriage gave way with a sudden shock. The undaunted driver instantly sprang from his box, tore a stake from a rail fence by the road-side laid it across under the body of the coach, and was off again before I had properly recovered the use of my senses, which were completely bewildered by the jolting I had undergone. I can compare it to nothing but the tub of Regulus without the nails. When the lash and but end of the whip fail him, he does not scruple to use his foot, as the situation of his seat allows the application of it to his wheelers. The manners of my companions in the coach were rude and coarse. There was, however, a kindness and cordiality about them, which pierced through their rough exterior, and reconciled me insensibly to their company. They always designated me as 'the Englishman.'"

But his account of the Episcopal clergyman and church at Washington, we opine, is a touch or two above "John Bull" himself. His remarks and comparisons must be truly edifying to the pious fox-hunting, cock-fighting, and racing bullies who wear gowns, on the other side of the Atlantic.

"The next day (Sunday) a gentleman, to whom we had been introduced, was so good as to call and take us to church: the building, which was small, was the only episcopal establishment in the city. We saw the President of the United States, and Mr. Rush, at their devotions. In manner and appearance the clergyman bore a strong resemblance to Liston in the character of Maw-worm. The Americans have altered, and I think not improved, some parts of the Liturgy. The sermon was worthy of the preacher; it treated of the oppression which the United States formerly endured while under the yoke of England, whose downfall, discomfiture, and damnation, he confidently predicted. He referred to Young, whose poetry he quoted copiously, and then diverged into an impious allegory, which he fathered on a Welsh curate. But, as in no English church such allusions would be tolerated, I strongly suspect that the blasphemous absurdity was the produce of his own brain. I was sorry to learn that this man was considered much superior to American preachers in general."

THE ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION. Captain Franklin, of the British Royal Navy, and Dr. Richardson, the celebrated and enterprising travellers to the Polar Basin, arrived in New-York on Thursday last. They are to leave New-York this day, in a packet for Liverpool. Capt. Franklin travelled from M'Kenzie's river to the Icy Cape, and was within 250 miles of the spot the ship Blossom was to have touched, where he remained nine days, in consequence of a fog. He saw nothing indicating an obstruction to the navigation; for as far as he could see at any time, an open sea presented itself. In January last, when the thermometer was 54° below zero "the weather was more comfortable," than when it ascended to 12°; for, in the latter case, their clothing was burthensome.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CAMELEOPARD.

The Cameleopard which we now possess, and which has excited the astonishment and admiration of all those that have beheld it, was caught in the environs of Sennaar, in Africa, by the troops of the Pacha of Egypt. It was found along with another, the mother being shot in order to get possession of the little ones. The skin of the mother was brought to Cairo by four camels; the flesh of the animal is good to eat. Our cameleopard, when taken, was about two months old; it was conducted to Cairo, along with its companion, partly by walking from one caravan to another, and partly by the Nile, in a boat constructed for the purpose. When they arrived, the two animals were brought to the Pacha, who offered them as presents to the King of France and the King of England. The Consuls of the two nations drew lots for their choice; the French Consul had the good fortune to be favoured by chance, and his choice was a lucky one, for the cameleopard destined for the King of England is since dead. The French Consul embarked with four Africans, to accompany the animal to Marseilles, there it performed a quarantine of 25 days, after which it was allowed to enter the city, where its arrival was welcomed with fetes.

The neck is that which most surprises spectators, by its extreme length. Nature having destined the cameleopard to be nourished almost exclusively upon the leaves of trees, has gifted it with a gigantic statue. The neck is not stiff, as the greater part of naturalists have described it, on the contrary, it is extremely flexible and graceful. It is spotted like the rest of the body. It has also been said, that this animal cannot feed off the ground, and that it must kneel while drinking. The whole of this is false—the cameleopard eats and drinks off the ground as easily as other animals by spreading its fore legs. The nourishment of the animals is principally composed of tree leaves—nature seems to have created it for that kind of aliment. That at present in Paris, however, was fed at first solely on milk; at present its food consists of maize, beans, and barley—milk is its only drink. Three cows brought from Alexandria still furnish the milk for its use. This quadruped is ruminant—almost all leaves serve as food for it, but it prefers those of the acacia, an African tree. Other animals in general do not alarm the cameleopard, and it looks upon the crowds that press around to admire it, with pleasure and tranquility.

Its submissions ate without bounds, only it cannot resist the desire of catching at the leaves of every tree that comes in its way, and its keepers are obliged to rein its head, which is always turning to one side or another after its natural food. It appears to seek relief for this privation by continually passing its tongue over its lips, and sometimes pushing it out in a very remarkable manner. The cameleopard is two years and a few months old, and will grow, it is supposed, for many years to come. Its flesh, especially when young, is excellent food, and the bones are filled with a marrow which the Hottentots look upon as exquisite. Those tribes are in the frequent habit of chasing the cameleopard, which they bring down with their poisoned arrows. [*Paris Quotidienne.*]

A Quaker having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the Quaker, "that the laws and liberty of my country indulge people of my religious mode of thinking in." "If I had it in my power," replied the justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," said Obadiah, drily, that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

LORD RUSSELL. Immediately before lord Russell was conveyed to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, saying with a smile, "Now I have done with time, and must henceforth think only of eternity."

COMFORT FOR TRAGEDY WRITERS.—"If you did not like my tragedy, why did you not hiss?"—"My dear sir, no man can hiss and yawn at the same time."

POPULAR TALES.

GEOFFREY RUDEL.

The first awakening light which fell upon the modern world, when the dark ignorance in which it had been wrapped for many centuries was about to be dispelled, was shed by the genius of the Provençal poets. Nothing can be more unjust or ungenerous than to try their compositions by those rules of criticism which an acquaintance with the classical writers (whose names and existence were unknown to the troubadours) and the successful efforts of later and more gifted poets has enabled us to arrive at. The disadvantages under which they wrote, with no other than their own taste, no other inspiration than their own feelings, should be taken into the estimate; the state of the society whose applause they sought should be considered; it should be remembered, too, that the language in which they wrote has become obsolete, and that its lighter graces are not felt nor understood even by the natives of the land in which they lived. With all these considerations every candid mind will be inclined to award to the troubadours of Provence the reputation which they have enjoyed, without cavil, until some critics have thought fit to impugn their merit, upon no very clear or satisfactory grounds. An elegant modern writer, although he confesses that he does not always understand and seldom relishes their productions, admits that they possessed individually great merit for the age in which they lived, and unhesitatingly acknowledges the obligations which the literature of Europe owes to them. "The most intricate disposition of rhymes," he says, "were at the choice of the troubadour. The Canzoni, the Sestini, and all the lyric measures of Italy and Spain, were borrowed from his treasury. With such a command of poetical sounds, it was natural that he should inspire delight into ears not yet rendered familiar to the artifices of verse; and even now the fragments of these ancient lays quoted by M. Sismondi, and M. Ginguene, seem to possess a sort of charm that has evaporated in translation. Upon this harmony, and upon the facility with which mankind are apt to be deluded into an admiration of exaggerated sentiment in poetry, they depended for their influence; and, however vapid the songs of Provence may seem to our apprehensions, they were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a portion of its habitual language."

No poet of the times in which he lived illustrated more strikingly in his life, and in his verses, the beauties and the defects which belonged to his age and his profession than Geoffrey Rudel. Dante and Petrarch have borne testimony to his genius, and the latter has bewailed his miserable fate with that pathetic grace which adorns every line he has written.

He was one of the poor relatives of a noble family, and thus obtained such an education, and acquired such accomplishments, as soon distinguished him among the troubadours of his time. At a very early age he had devoted himself wholly to compositions, and the most brilliant success crowned his efforts. He was caressed and rewarded by the nobles of his native land with that prodigal liberality which was a characteristic of the times. He was flattered and distinguished by the ladies, to whom a license was then given by the common consent of society, which too frequently degenerated into extreme dissoluteness of morals. To a common mind this would have been the topmost height that his ambition would have chosen to mount; but Rudel's heart pined for an ideal excellence, which he found not in the world. The glittering insecurity of his position made him restless; he knew that he was the plaything of fashion, and that the same caprice which had raised could cast him down again. His heart was filled with passionate sentiments which found no responsive feelings in those which surrounded him. Love which was the very essence of his being, and which was the inspiration as well as the theme of his poetry, consumed him for the lack of something to feed upon. The grosser and more sensual passion which men commonly call by that name, might indeed have been fully satisfied; but the pure spirit of love, which refines and graces the world, does not mingle with such unhallowed

materials. Rudel starved in the midst of plenty; and at length constant meditation on some model of fancied beauty and goodness in the fairer sex produced a morbid tone of thinking, which is common enough to minds which the rays of genius have penetrated, and which the world, not altogether unjustly, calls madness. To the world, and to the world's inhabitants it is madness; for it neither begins, nor ends, nor is connected, with any of the notions which they commonly entertain.

It was while his mind was in this state of agitation, a prey to the visionary imaginings of a distempered fancy, that he was present at a grand festival given by one of the barons of Provence. Among the gallant revellers were some who had lately returned from travel, and who introduced the name of the Queen of Tunis in their discourse. The praises which they lavished on her beauty, her art, and her virtue, caught Rudel's attention. He listened eagerly, and his imagination instantly suggested to him that this fair queen must be the incarnation of that fancied glory and excellence which he had been so long dreaming of. Wrapped in these contemplations, he leaned his head on his hand; and unmindful of the company by which he was surrounded, gave himself up to the sweet and bitter fancies which crowded on his brain. He was roused from them by a person sitting next him, who handed to him a portrait magnificently adorned with jewels. It was the likeness of the youthful Queen of Tunis; and, unskilful as the artists of that day were, the beauty of the original was such that even a faint resemblance was enough to justify the travellers' praises. Rudel, having learnt whose portrait it was, sat for a few moments like one entranced. Big tears of wild transport rushed into his eyes, and fell rapidly on his beard; then, as if in a phrenzy, he seized his lyre, and burst into a passionate rhapsody of admiration, concluding his song with a solemn devotion of himself and his lyre to the Queen of Tunis, to whom, as to a saint, he vowed to make a pilgrimage. The beauty of the verses, the passionate and touching manner in which he sang them, wholly captivated the company, and they hardly perceived in their applause that the object of it had departed, and, to the great alarm of the owner, that he had taken the portrait with him. His eccentricities had of late become so frequent that this excited little astonishment among his friends. On the following day the costly setting and frame of the picture was returned by one of the vassals of the baron, but the picture and Rudel were heard of no more.

An event like this made no small noise. Rudel's fame was at its height; the beauty of the Queen of Tunis now came to be universally associated with it, and both was a subject of conversation and interest throughout Provence. Inquiries were made every where for Rudel, but in vain; months elapsed, and still he was not heard of.

A stately ship was on its course for Tunis. Barons and knights, and ladies, crowded its decks, and were impatiently looking out for the port at which they were to land. The Christian Queen of Tunis had published throughout the European courts her intention of holding a solemn joust and tournament, and all Christendom was hastening thither to share in the festivities. The golden sun was sinking in the west, and the vessel was moving slowly and steadily on with the slight breeze that had just sprung up. At the prow sat, or rather reclined, a wretched-looking man, in the course garb of a pilgrim. The scallop shells around his hood, the staff and scrip, denoted that he was engaged in the fulfilment of some vow—a practice which was so common in those days as to excite no wonder among the other passengers of the vessel. But the bright and wild eye of the pilgrim, the emaciated and care-marked features, the hectic flush on his cheek, and his enfeebled form, seemed to denote that his mortal pilgrimage was near its end; and that his vow, whatever it was, must be fulfilled speedily or not at all. A boy, who seemed to be his attendant and his only companion, stood near him.

The pilgrim gazed intently on the sinking luminary, and made a sign to the boy, who brought him a lyre. The pilgrim took it in his hands, and, after a short prelude, began to sing an ode to the sun. After a few lines, expressing his admiration of its splendour, his voice sank, and he bewailed, with a most touching pathos, his own fate, which he seem-

ed aware was at hand, when the light of his existence should set in the grave. The melody and beauty of his lay had attracted most of the passengers to his side, and among them were several who, by his voice and his poetry, discovered that which otherwise they could never have imagined—that the expiring pilgrim was the once handsome and gay Geoffrey Rudel the prince of Provençal troubadours. The story of his vow was well known, and it was not necessary to ask him whether he was journeying. When he saw he was recognised, he prayed such of the knights as he knew best, to have him conveyed to Tunis as soon as they could, that he might once gaze upon the beauty of the queen, the contemplation of whose image, he said, had kept him alive. He had been wandering about in search of a ship, keeping up such disguises as were necessary to prevent his being discovered, in which event he knew he should be stopped at any of the Provençal ports. He had journeyed on foot through a great part of Spain; and this exertion, joined to the distress of his mind, had reduced him to the deplorable condition in which he then was.

In the times of which we speak, a romantic feeling pervaded all classes; but, even if this had not been so, the sight of the poor troubadour was enough to have interested every beholder in his favour. The ship reached her port, and, while the emaciated form of Rudel was carried on shore, with all possible care and tenderness, a messenger was despatched to the court to inform the queen of his arrival.

The songs which he had composed in celebration of her beauty during his wanderings, and which had been diffused as rapidly as was then usual with all the productions of the troubadours throughout Europe, had reached also the court of the Queen of Tunis, where all the arts of polite life were encouraged. The queen was perfectly acquainted with Rudel's devoted passion for her, and had given in to the feeling which so romantic and distinguished a lover was calculated to inspire, until she found she had really for the bewildered poet a warm and serious interest. On receiving the news of his arrival, and of his illness, which prevented his coming to court, she hastened down to the port.

In a small building on the sea shore she found the hapless troubadour. The knights and ladies who had been his companions on the voyage stood by him as he lay on the floor, unable to move, and exhausted by the fatigue of having been borne from the ship.

The queen rushed into the room, and, when she beheld the dying man, forgetting every thing but the emotions of her heart, she knelt down beside him, and imprinted a kiss on his pale cold forehead. "Live for me," she cried: "I beseech you to live for her whom your verses and your devotedness have inspired with a like passion! Here, at your feet, I lay my power and my crown, and ask only to share them with you!" Tears and sobs prevented her proceeding.

The dying man raised himself as well as he could, and gazed, as if he would gaze away his soul, upon the eyes which bent weeping over him. "I die," he said faintly, "I die happily, for my vow is kept, and heaven is in my sight. Bright saint I am thine!" He bowed his head till his lips touched the fair hand of the still kneeling queen. One of the attendants came to raise him, but the spirit had fled, and the ill-fated poet was no more.

The festivities at Tunis were changed to mourning. The queen, with a constancy and earnestness which in these days may seem absurd, remained inconsolable for his death. The most marked honours were paid to his memory; and, embalmed as it is in the verses of Dante and Petrarch, his name will live as long as the literary history of Europe shall exist.

MISCELLANY.

ENORMOUS OBESITY.

The following is an abstract of the history of a case of enormous obesity, which affords some curious and interesting physiological facts, and may serve to warn folks of the danger of excessive eating:—

Krocker (of Berlin)—for that was the fellow's

name, did not, like Bright, Ahrens, Clay and other truly great personages, signalize himself much in his youth, but was content to eat and drink the same quantity of food as his neighbours. About the age of thirty he began to give way to a disposition to devour immense masses of meat, and the more he ate, the more his appetite increased, until his time was consumed in little else than eating and sleeping. His occupation was that of a butcher, and animal food was his favourite repast, contrary to the usual habits of such people. Krockner, however, would devour from eight to ten pounds of tripe at a meal, or from six to seven pounds of beef and sausages. He continued in this way to stuff himself, gradually becoming fatter, until it required sixteen pounds of beef daily to satisfy his hunger! For a bet he has frequently devoured the *boiled flesh of an entire calf* in a day, seasoned only with salt, in the presence of many persons; and on one occasion he declared himself ready to attack a second, but could get nobody to bet against him. He could not trust himself in the sausage manufactory, as he would eat the minced meat by the pound, spreading it over bread with as little ceremony as the people spread treacle. By way of breakfast, or supper, he would clean from two to three dozen of the petti-toes of pigs; and it appears, at last, to have puzzled his friends to know how to supply him. His usual drink was beer, of which he daily drank from two to three quarts. In this way he continued to feed himself, gradually increasing in bulk, his breathing becoming daily more difficult, and his power of locomotion daily diminishing, until he was at last obliged to confine himself to his large chair and his bed. Every now and then he was in great danger of suffocation; and it was on one of those occasions that Graefe, who has related the case in one of the recent numbers of his journal, was called to him.

He found the man stretched out upon a bed; complaining of a very difficult respiration, to such an extent, as to express his fear of being absolutely choked. His lips were of a dull violet colour, his eyes appearing to start from his head, the conjunctival lining being of a bright red colour; the entire countenance was of a dark crimson; and the pulse was tremulous, irregular, and frequently intermittent. He complained also of great palpitation of the heart; although, from the immense projection of the abdomen, and the huge pendulous breasts, it was impossible to bring the hand upon the part of the chest covering it. He could only speak at intervals, and that with great difficulty.—The abdomen protruded, so as to cover the upper half of the thighs; and on several parts of its immensely distended surface were round reddish spots, of about the fourth of an inch in diameter, hard and painful to the touch, somewhat resembling small lipoma or fatty tumours. Although the chamber in which he lay was kept very clean, and his linen frequently changed, the odour exhaled was exceedingly offensive, and resembled much the smell of a dissecting room, or a butcher's shop on the evening of a hot day. Krockner was five feet four inches high; the circumference of his abdomen was five feet five inches; the circumference of his thigh two feet four inches; of the calf of his leg one foot seven inches; his breasts measured one foot eight inches in circumference at their bases, and were eight inches long, being almost as pendulous as those of the Hottentot women. His weight, at the time he was put under Graefe's care, was about 400 pounds; but immenso as this weight may appear, other instances are on record of those who have exceeded it. The fat man of Leeuwarden, who was exhibited before the medical faculty of Leyden, and taken about from place to place in Holland in a boat as a show, weighed 503 pounds; the woman whose history is given by Gunz, weighed 492 pounds, Ahrens 450, and our countryman, Edward Bright, the fat man of Essex, as he was commonly called, weighed 616 pounds.

This patient, Krockner, was rescued from his immediate danger by copious and frequent bleeding, by large doses of calomel, and the substitution of fasting for his enormous stuffing. Purgative medicines were frequently given, a strictly vegetable diet and vegetable acids, were ordered; and, in about four weeks he was reduced to about 316 pounds. In the space of four months, during the half of

which time he took large doses of iodine, with occasional purgatives, the iodine being found very much to accelerate absorption, he was reduced to about 267 pounds, and enjoyed good health; was active, cheerful, and able to resume his former business. At the time the history of the case was concluded (August 10, 1826,) he was reduced to 209 pounds, his health good, and his appetite moderate. [London Lancet.]

CAUSES OF ASSASSINATIONS.

The following causes (says Robertson in his history of Scotland) gave rise to the frequency of deliberate assassinations, so common in the 14th and 15th centuries; particularly among the French and Scots:—

Resentment is, for obvious and wise reasons, one of the strongest passions in the human mind. The natural demand of this passion is, that the person who feels the injury should himself inflict the vengeance due on that account. The permitting this, however, would have been destructive to society; and punishment would have known no bounds, either in severity or in duration. For this reason, in the very infancy of the social state, the sword was taken out of private hands, and committed to the magistrate. The earliest and most simple punishment for crimes was retaliation: the offender forfeited limb for limb, and life for life. The payment of a compensation to the person injured, succeeded to the rigor of the former institution. In both these the gratification of private revenge was the object of law: and he who suffered the wrong, was the only person who had a right to pursue, to exact, or to remit, the punishment. While laws allowed such full scope to the revenge of one party, the interests of the other were not neglected. If the evidence of the guilt did not amount to a full proof, or if he reckoned himself to be unjustly accused, the person to whom a crime was imputed had a right to challenge his adversary to single combat, and on obtaining the victory vindicated his own honor. In almost every considerable cause, whether civil or criminal, arms were appealed to in defence, either of the innocence, or the property of the parties. Justice had seldom occasion to use her balance; the sword alone decided every contest. The passion of revenge was nourished by all these means, and grew, by daily indulgence, to be incredibly strong. Mankind became habituated to blood, not only in times of war, but of peace; and from this as well as other causes, contracted an amazing ferocity of temper, and of manners. This ferocity, however, made it necessary to discourage the trial by combat; to abolish the payment of compensations in criminal cases; and to think of some milder method of terminating disputes concerning civil rights. The punishment for crimes became more severe, and the regulations concerning property more fixed: but the princes, whose province it was to inflict the one, and to enforce the other, possessed little power. Great offenders despised their authority; smaller ones sheltered themselves under the jurisdiction of these, from whose protection they expected impunity. The administration of justice was extremely feeble and dilatory. An attempt to punish the crimes of a chieftain, or even of his vassals, often excited rebellions and civil wars. To nobles, haughty and independent, among whom the causes of discord were many and unavoidable, who were quick in discerning an injury, and impatient to revenge it; who esteemed it infamous to submit to an enemy, and cowardly to forgive him; who considered the right of punishing those who had injured them as the privilege of their order; and a mark of independency; such slow proceedings were extremely unsatisfactory. The blood of their adversary was, in their opinion, the only thing which could wash away an affront; where that was not shed, their revenge was disappointed, their courage became suspected, and a stain was left upon their honor. That vengeance, which the impotent hand of the magistrate could not inflict, their own could easily execute: under governments so feeble men assumed, as in a state of nature, the right of judging and redressing their own wrongs. And thus assassination, a crime of all others the most destructive to society, came not only to be allowed, but to be deemed honorable.

LADY-LOVE.

"I saw there Aristotle also
Whom that the queen of Greece also
Hath bridled, that in thulke time
She made him such a syllogisme
That he forgot all his logike."

The story whereon this sentence was founded was among the most popular of the times. The delights of love had made Alexander pause in the career of ambition. His host of knights and barons were discontented at the change, and Aristotle, as the tutor and guardian of his youthful course, endeavored to arouse anew the spirit of the hero. The prince attempted no lengthened reply to this appeal to his chivalry;

"Sighing, alone he cried, as inly moved,
Alas! these men, methinks, have never loved."

The grave saws of the sage took root, however, in Alexander's heart, and he absented himself from his mistress. She wailed her fate for some time in solitude, but at length assured that it was not the mere capriciousness of passion which kept him from her, she forced herself into the presence of her lord. Her beauty smiled away all the dreams of glory from his mind, and in the fondness of his love he accused Aristotle of breaking in upon his joy. But the dominion of his passion was only momentary, and recovering the martial tone of his soul, he declared the sad necessity of their parting. She then requested a brief delay, promising to convince the king that his tutor's counsel derived no additional recommendation from his practice, for that he stood in need of as much instruction as Alexander himself. Accordingly with the first appearance of the next morning, the damsel repaired to the lawn before the chamber where Aristotle lay. As she approached the casement, she broke the stillness of the air by chanting a love-ditty, and the sweetness of the wild notes charmed the philosopher from his studious page. He softly stole to the window, and beheld a form fairer than any image of truth which his fancy had just previously been conceiving. Her face was not shrouded by veil or wimple; her long flaxen tresses strayed negligently down her neck, and her dress, like drapery on an ancient statue, displayed the beauty of a well-turned limb. She loitered about the place on pretence of gathering a branch of a myrtle tree, and winding it round her forehead. When her confidence in her beauty assured her that Aristotle was mad for her love, she stole underneath the casement, and, in a voice checked by sighs, she sang that love detained her there. Aristotle drank the delicious sounds, and gazing, again her charms appeared more resplendent than before. Reason faintly whispered that he was not born to be loved, and that his hair was now white with age, his forehead wrinkled with study; but passion and vanity drove away these faint remonstrances, and Aristotle was a sage no more. The damsel carelessly passed his window, and in the delirium of his love he caught the floating folds of her robe. She affected anger, and he avowed his passion. She listened to his confession with a surprise of manner that fanned his flame, and she answered him by complaining of the late coldness of Alexander. The greybeard, not caring for a return of love, so that she accepted his suit, promised to bring his pupil to her feet, if she would but confer some sign of favor upon himself. She feigned an intention of compliance, but declared that, before she yielded, she must be indulged in a foolish whim which had long distracted her fancy. Aristotle then renewed his professions of devoted love, and she in sentences, broken by exclamations of apparent shame at her folly, vowed that she was dying to mount and ride upon the back of a wise man. He was now so passionately in love, that the fancies of his mistress appeared divinest wisdom to his mind, and he immediately threw himself along the ground in a crawling attitude. She seated herself in a gorgeous saddle, which she placed on his back, and, throwing a rein round his neck, she urged him to proceed. In a few moments they reached the terrace under the royal apartments, and the king beheld the singular spectacle. A peal of laughter from the windows awoke the philosopher to a sense of his state, and when he saw his pupil he owned that youth might, well yield to love, as it had power to break even the frost of age.

Such was the lay of Aristotle: which the wander-

ing minstrel chanted in the baronial hall, and the damsel in her lady's bower, and the pleasing moral of the fable was not more sincerely echoed by the shouts of the gallant knights and squires, than by the broken sighs of beauty.

"Mark ye, who hear me, that no blameful shade
Be thrown henceforth on gallant or on maid;
For here, by grave example taught, we find
That mighty love is master of mankind.
Love conquers all, and love shall conquer still,
Last the round world how long see'er it will."

[Mills' Chivalry]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

MASONRY IN VERA CRUZ. The "Illustrious Congress of Vera Cruz," have made an unwarrantable attack on Mr. Poinsett, our Minister to Mexico, and accuses the United States, of sending him there for the truly politic and statesman like purpose of disorganising and overthrowing that Republic, through the formidable means of the Lodge of York masons. They call him a "foreign minister,—cunning and hypocritical—as zealous for the prosperity of his own country, as hostile to that of Mexico; jealous of the friendly relations between Great Britain and the other nations"—and denounce the "secret order," as "a hundred fold more dangerous and destructive, than twenty battalions of the perfidious tyrant of Spain."

In their *MANIFESTO*, a pamphlet of more than twenty pages, they allude to our government in a manner too rude to receive any other notice than contempt, were it not for the high source from which it emanates. "Observing," it says, "that it is the interest of a certain nation [meaning the United States] that Mexico should shelter in her bosom those traitorous vipers that are even now rending her vitals without pity, and the discredit into which we are about to fall in the estimation of the cultivated and enlightened nations of Europe, [*Quere, Russia, Austria, and Spain?*] the Congress saw itself under the necessity of issuing a decree of state, in which it prohibited all secret associations, of every rite and denomination." It therefore "concedes to them two month's indulgence, during which they may quietly and unostentatiously break their mysterious relations with those hotbeds of revolution and anarchy."

The manner of this attack was more the result of a growing jealousy towards the United States, than the fact of Mr. Poinsett's efficiency in the establishment of any masonic lodges in Mexico. The truth is, it was no innovation of his. He found on his arrival in that country, five York Lodges, already organised. His only public act among the fraternity, was the installation of the Grand Lodge of Mexico, at which he assisted. But the weight of abuse was aimed at the policy and public acts of our government. To these Mr. Poinsett deemed it his duty to come out in an exposure of their mis-statements, and a vindication of his government from the charges contained in them; a duty which we need not say to those who know his firmness and ability, he performed in a manner truly creditable to his nation.

These facts, which we have neither the leisure nor the inclination to comment largely upon, may serve in some measure to illustrate the jealousy and precipitation of the Spanish character. Born as

these men were under the triplicate ban of superstition, ignorance, and slavery, it is not strange that some of their relative propensities should hang about them yet. A new nation may make bungling work in her first essays at self government, and it is not out of the ordinary course of events, that a little of the accursed leaven may remain to sour her first legislative batch. Our own country has had her *gag-act*; and there are yet a few among us who would gladly imitate Vera Cruz, in this very proof of her imbecility.

AURORA BOREALIS. On Tuesday evening last we witnessed one of the most beautiful phenomena of this kind that probably ever appeared to the inhabitants of this latitude. An arch bearing much the appearance of a chain of light clouds, appeared in the north about half past nine in the evening; and gradually rising and widening in its reach, and at the same time becoming brighter and narrower in its breadth, it displayed, at half past ten, a brilliant belt passing through the zenith in a direct line due east and west from horizon to horizon. At this period it was at its brightest, being little broader than the diameter of the moon's disk at full, and nearly as luminous. There was a constant undulatory motion, similar to the gentlest fluttering of a streamer or pennant, clearly perceptible about the zenith, and passing westward, which gave it some the appearance of a web of gauze, hanging and stretching out, before a gentle easterly wind. Bright as it was, the stars seen through it shone with their usual brilliancy; the moon had already set, or was too low for us to ascertain whether her light would have affected it in any considerable degree. On the evening preceding, there was a very brilliant display of the *Aurora Borealis*, but in its usual manner, and in no way remarkable either for appearance or continuation.

SHIP CHANCELLOR. This vessel, the first ship sent out from New-York, carrying supplies for the famishing Greeks, has returned, bearing despatches from Mr. Miller, who went out as the Agent of the Committee of the Greek fund. These despatches will be published forthwith. In a private letter to the editor of the *Statesman*, Mr. Miller says, "Alas! could the sensible and happy daughters of my own ever dear country know what their sex suffers here, they would even forget their ornaments, and be induced to send the proceeds of them to cover the nakedness of those who once were 'as soft as the roses they twined,' but who are now reduced to the most abject want." His letter is dated Island of Paros, June 1st. Our readers will recollect that we have given them melancholy news, of a much later date, from that oppressed people. Their sufferings at this moment must be incredibly more pitiable than at that date.

CLERICAL INTESTINE COMMOTIONS AT ROME. The dominions of his Holiness the Pope have witnessed an insurrection of a novel nature. Rebellions in manufacturing establishments, in slave plantations, in military establishments, and in public as well as private schools, are events not altogether new to the world, but a rebellion in the sacred walls of a convent has an originality about it worth notice.

It appears that an ambitious Capuchin, while preaching and enforcing the doctrine of starvation, otherwise called fasting, had not scrupled to secure to himself so much of this world's good, as to hold two fat clerical offices, contrary to the rules of the Franciscan order, to which he belonged, and even

exercising, in the office which should have been vacated by his subsequent promotion, a degree of severity in discipline beyond his former very oppressive regimen. This gave much dissatisfaction to his lay brethren, and whether their hearts were aching for the seat he had declined the honour of giving up, or otherwise, retrenchments of diet, and a suppression of certain other petty comforts and indulgences, were made the pretext for a revolt.

Anonymous remonstrances were presented to the Pope, setting forth their grievances, and from one degree of oppugnacity to another did this excitement proceed, till it broke out in a shower of knives, plates, flagons, and the other paraphernalia of the refectory, which happened to be the field of the riot. It is rumoured that two were killed, and his Eminence (for the offensive Franciscan was no less than a Cardinal,) knocked down by a large jug, and narrowly escaped vacating both his offices at once. The fracas was terminated by the intervention of certain *gens d'armes*, who happened to be passing, and at the instance of the porters, subjected themselves to a *præmunire*, by entering the consecrated walls in their public capacity.

It is also said that a more serious conflict had happened in a nunnery at Caprarola. The female combatants fought with drawn knives, and seventeen were seriously wounded. It is not uncommon for females of a certain temperament to fall out by dozens; but it is rare that the damage ever extends beyond a few marks of the finger nails, some tattered caps and the loss of sundry locks of diverse coloured hair. This is a more serious instance of female wrath than, to the honour of womanhood, rarely happens. The scenes of these bloody contests, the peaceful convent and the yet more peaceful nunnery, have often seen the shedding of blood; but it was the savage hand of persecution or robbery that dealt the blow; and when persecution has refrained his iron sceptre, and the sword of the bandit has been wrested from him, the demon of rapine has sharpened the knives of the sisterhood, and given weight to the deadly flagons and jugs of the brotherhood, to second his purposes of brutal sanguinity.

THE RATTLESNAKE. An article on this reptile is copied into several papers which originated in the Bunker-Hill *Aurora*, and as the *serpentine dignity* of the rattlesnake is somewhat called in question, we shall take the liberty to correct the article, so far as we can, with good and indisputable authority. The writer states that their bite has been known to kill a man in a few minutes; that the Indians make an application of the knife; that a dog was killed in a quarter of a minute. There may be some species of this reptile more fatal than any we are acquainted with, but from the best information we can collect, the stories of the rapid mortality of their bite have been more frequently drawn from the exaggerations of travellers, than from actual observation. They are more venomous at certain seasons than others, and there is a difference too in the effect of their bite arising from the constitution of the person bitten. This may be illustrated by the well known fact that the sting of a bee is much more afflicting to some persons than others; in some only leaving a trifling blotch; in others swelling to a considerable degree. The venom of a rattlesnake and copperhead are allowed to be of the same nature as that of the bee, differing only in the quantity, and has much the same effect upon the flesh of the person bitten, only operating to a greater extent.

The Indians seldom use any other cure for their poison than the snake itself. If this cannot be procured, an application of tobacco, or some other herb of a powerful antidotal effect, generally removes all danger in a few hours. A friend of ours of undoubted veracity, says he has known several persons that have been cured both of the bite of the rattlesnake and the copperhead. One man who was bitten by a rattlesnake on the leg, while mowing, was nearly three days without any other relief than a tight bandage of ash bark above the wound. His cure was, however, long and afflicting, and the injury done to his constitution has never been thoroughly repaired. Another within his immediate knowledge was bitten by a copperhead in the back of the hand, and cured himself by the application of sections of the snake, applying the raw flesh to the wound. The first piece applied turned green, and swelled so in a few seconds, as to turn completely inside out; other pieces swelled only in proportion as the poison diminished, and after a continued trial of this mode, all the swelling was taken from the part affected by the bite, and all danger from the poison was removed. Their venomous teeth are not long enough to reach any principal vein, unless about the temples, in which case there is but little hope. We have heard too that people have been killed by the sting of a bee in these parts. It is universally allowed that swine are invulnerable to their bite; and it is certain that they attack and devour them without any perceptible effects from their venom. Dogs are frequently bitten, but seldom fail of curing themselves, by digging in the earth and covering the wounded part with the fresh mould. They are often known to attack every copperhead falling in their way,—rarely failing of a scratch from their poisonous fangs; and our informant says that some dogs to his knowledge, have cured themselves repeatedly, for more than a dozen times.

These unwelcome inhabitants are yet found in all the limestone counties lying on the river, this side of the Highlands. The rattlesnake seems to have greatly diminished, but large numbers of copperheads are killed every season. There may be varieties of the species whose bite is more mortal, of which, however, we have some doubt. It is certain that the rattlesnake of Georgia, where there is probably the greatest chance for variety, is not believed to be so dangerous as the accounts of some naturalists would insinuate. The negroes will not only effectually cure any person bitten, for a glass of rum, but are ready for that trifling compensation, to satisfy the curiosity of the traveller, by trying the experiment on themselves; provoking the snake to bite them, and then applying their antidote.

The most serious case, and that most dreaded by those who are acquainted with their manner of attack, is a bite in the sinew of the heel, called by anatomists *tendon achilles*. The poison may be so far extracted by the common means, as to remove all danger of immediate death, but its operations in the sinew are sure to make the patient a cripple, unless eradicated—the only discovered means for which, says our informant, is the *head of the snake* applied to the wound. This may seem singular, but it is no wonder that the seat of the poison should have the strongest attraction for it. It has also been well tested, and we are told is now accepted by some of the best surgeons of this state.

Some writers state that the bite of the copperhead is absolutely incurable. This opinion must certainly owe its origin to the wonderful propensity of

travellers to exaggerate. If we may draw any inference from matters of fact, it must shake our faith in one half the accounts of the ferocity of animals, venom of reptiles, and poisons of other climates, which are at this day so firmly believed in by some of our best informed naturalists.

☞ The late Morgan trials at Canandaigua have resulted in the *acquittal of all the individuals put upon trial*. Four or five other persons, not residents of the county of Ontario, were indicted at the same term. The "proprietors" will thereby be enabled to keep up the excitement until the *Election* has gone by.

THE ANDROIDES. The exhibition of these animated automata still continues at Knickerbacker Hall. The lover of amusement, as well as of scientific instruction, will be agreeably entertained by visiting them.

☞ The exhibition of the *American Automaton Chess Player*, at Knickerbacker Hall, closes this evening.

TABLE-TALK.

A gentleman who left Albany a few days since, at 6 A. M. and reached New-York at 7 P. M. counted two hundred and seventy sloops under way, or lying in the stream waiting for a favourable wind or tide. The number lying at the wharves in the city, and along the river, at the same time, was probably much greater than this.—The young Count de Verme, is on a visit to this country. His father, of the same title, visited the United States in 1782.—Com. Rodgers returned to Washington on the 21st ult.—The complaint of *light bread*, in some of our cities, is singularly contrasted by the editor of the *Berkshire American*. The bread in that region, he thinks, is quite too "heavy," and that "an ordinance is imperiously called for, forbidding any person, whether mistress or maid, to make any sort of bread, whether black, brown, or white, heavier than a *grindstone*, under the pains and penalties of living on such bread eight and forty hours, without the benefit of a physician.—By the *Milledgeville Statesman*, it appears, that 1672 revolutionary soldiers, 570 widows of revolutionary soldiers, 336 illegitimates, and 49 idiots and lunatics, have drawn prizes in the late land lottery. The total number of draws were 75,153.—A black man who attempted to get into a store at Cheraw, S. C. through the chimney, stuck so fast in the flue that they were obliged to pull the chimney down to extricate him.—A white swallow has attracted the attention of the curious at Salem.—Two living *Ostriches*, one ten feet in height, have just arrived at Boston, from the Cape de Verd.—The North-Carolina 74, is to be laid up at Norfolk.—A New-England Editor places beside a marriage notice the sign † to denote the reception of a slice of wedding cake.—It appears that 1341 passengers have sailed from the port of Newry, since the opening of the season, in nine vessels, for America.—*My kingdom for a horse!*—A gentleman in Ohio gives notice that he will exchange a terrestrial globe for a horse.—The population of Germany is 36 millions. The universities are 22, and the number of students 15,766.—Fine peaches were sold in Philadelphia, last Saturday, for 25 cents per bushel.—It is with great pleasure we learn that some of the unfortunate sufferers of St. Domingo, who took refuge in our territory, are beginning to experience some remuneration for their total loss of property in that struggle. M. Valae, resident in New Haven, (Conn.) has had awarded to him, by the French commissioners, 550,000 francs, as his portion of the sum guaranteed to France by the Haytian government.—A countryman lately finding his horse apparently in excessive pain, proceeded to rub the poor beast with an embrocation of Spirits of turpentine. The afflicted animal gave some *overwhelming* demonstrations of his sensibility to the kindness of his friends, and for half an hour kept his heels displayed in the "intrenchant air," as if he had been sired by Pegasus.—About 2000 bales and boxes of woollen and cotton goods, the manufacture of the New-England States, were sold at auction, not long since, at the New Faneuil Hall, Boston, by the New-England Society for the promotion of Manufactures and Mechanic arts.—☞ *Melancholy!!!!*—The editor of the *Darien Gazette*, whose manifold mishaps, during a short abdication of his arm-chair, attracted the universal sympathy of the graphic brotherhood, has again been subjected to the malignant influence of his unkind stars:—On Sunday last, as the editor's boy, Davy, was bringing the editor his dinner, in a calabash, consisting of pea-soup and a pig's ear, a squall of wind struck

him and upset the calabash on his head, and the contents over his hide. Thus, in one unlucky moment, was our editor deprived of his hard earned dinner. Miss Burnpins, who witnessed the accident, is of opinion the boy would have been scalded, if the soup had been hot.—The *Virginia Advocate* contradicts the rumour that Mr. T. J. Randolph has been offered one hundred thousand dollars for the MSS of Mr. Jefferson. Mr. R. denies having any offer whatever for them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

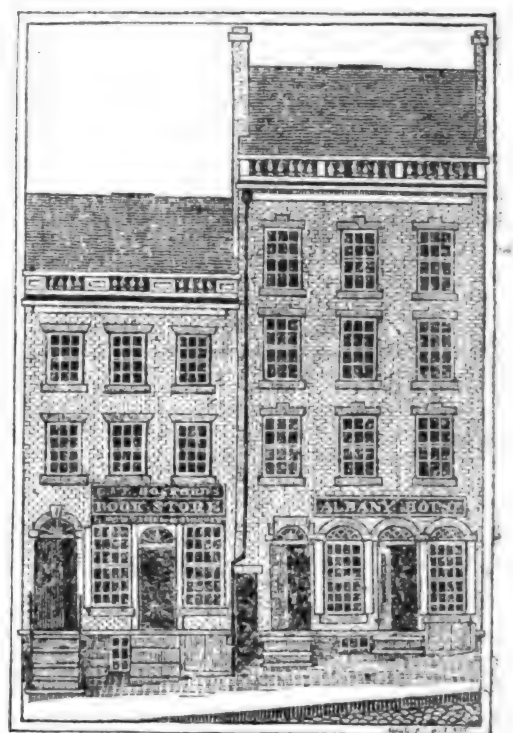
The affairs of Greece present a more favourable aspect than they have hitherto assumed. The great Christian powers, at length, says the *Liverpool Albion*, have taken upon themselves the pacification of this wretched country, and the scenes of bloodshed and rapine which have been so long witnessed will now, we trust, have an end. A treaty, having this object in view, has been concluded at London between England, France, and Russia, in which the high contracting parties, stipulate, that, should the armistice they are about to propose to the belligerents be refused, they will use all the means that circumstances may put at their command to prevent any collision between them, without taking part with either.

The treaty sets forth, that the arrangements to be proposed to the Sublime Porte shall rest on the following bases, viz:—The Greeks shall hold of the Sultan, as a superior lord: and, in consequence of this superiority, they shall pay to the Ottoman empire an annual tribute (relief) the amount of which shall be fixed once for all by common consent. They shall be governed by the authorities they shall themselves choose and nominate, but in the nomination of whom, the Porte shall have a determined voice.

The Greeks had evacuated the Phalerus. In embarking, the transports were subjected for three hours to the enemy's fire. Several of the Turks were killed, while the Greeks lost but one man.

Nuremberg, July 7th.—M. de Tatischeff has addressed a peremptory note to M. Metternich, informing him that a further delay, to the end of July, would be allowed the Porte to receive its final answer, in consequence of new representations from the Austrian Intermuncio. But that if, at that time, the efforts of the Divan should be unsuccessful, the Russian army should positively cross the Pruth.

A Cameleopard, which measures 12 feet in height, has arrived at Paris, a present from the Pacha of Egypt to the king of France. This is said to be the first animal of that species ever brought to Europe since the conquest of the Roman Empire. [Our readers are referred to our third page for a description of this curious animal.]



ALBANY HOUSE, No. 110 & 112 State-street, Is now fitted up in a superior style for a public BOARDING HOUSE. Boarders and Travellers who may please to call, can be accommodated by the day, week or month, on liberal terms.

☞ A Bar, and Stable, are attached to the above establishment.

Albany, September 1st, 1823.

SL-2

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO A LAUGHING CHILD.

Hush! glad one, for thy noisy glee
But ill befits a child like thee,—
A child, whose sire, day after day,
Has cast his proudest hopes away—
All that was promising and kind—
Yea, every wreath that peace entwined
To crown the social cup, or bring
Sooth to the generous sorrowing
O'er all that madness could destroy
Of love or hope, but thee, my boy!

But, glad one, couldst thou look beyond
These little joys which smile so fond;
Couldst thou anticipate one throe,
That, if thou livest, thou needs must know,
And feel one moment the regret
That destiny will not forget
o give thee gratis,—or the tears
That burn within the brain, when years
Have dried the fountains whence they flow
So freely forth in childish wo,—
Who then would hear thy noisy glee?
I know that thou wouldst weep like me!

But smile on; for thy soul is now
A shrine at which even angels bow!
And well mayst thou, who yet must know
And taste the bitter streams which flow
Through every future path of thine,
Be brilliant as thy young stars shine!
Quaff deeply of the cup of truth,
Ere its sweets vanish with thy youth,
Leaving the cold dregs to be drained,
When many a moon has waxed and waned,
And thou art lonely and bereft
In darkness, as thy sire is left;
For every star, my boy, save thee,
Is set, forever set to me!

TO MRS. HEMANS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Lady! if I for thee would twine
The Ivy-Wreath,—can feeling trace
No cause why on a brow like thine,
The muse might fitly place
Its verdant foliage—"never sere,"
Of glossy and of changeless hue!
Ah! yes—there is a cause most dear
To truth and nature too.

It is not that it long hath been
Combined with thoughts of festal rite;
The cup that thou hast drank, I ween,
Not always sparkles bright!
Nor is it that it hath been twined
Round Victory's brow in days gone by;
Such glory has no power to blind
Thy intellectual eye.

For thou canst look beyond the hour,
Elated by the wine-cup's thrall;
Beyond the victor's proudest power,
Unto the end of all!
And, therefore, would I, round thy brow,
The deathless wreath of Ivy place;
For well thy song has proved—that thou
Art worthy of its grace.

Had earth, and earth's delights alone—
Unto thy various strains given birth;
Then had I over thy temples thrown
The fading flowers of earth:
And trusting that even these—portrayed
By thee in song, would spotless be,
The Jasmine's, Lily's, Hare-bell's braid,
Should brightly bloom for thee.

But thou to more exalted themes
Hast nobly urged the muse's claim;
And other light before thee beams
Than Fancy's meteor flame.
And from thy harp's entrancing strings
Strains have proceeded more sublime
Than e'er were awakened to the things
Which appertain to Time!

Yes! Female Minstrel! thou hast set,
Even to the masters of the Lyre,
An eloquent example!—yet
How few have caught thy fire!—
How few of their most lofty lays,
Have to Religion's cause been given,
And taught the kindling soul to raise
Its hopes, its thoughts to heaven!
Yet this, at least, has been thy aim;
For thou hast "chosen that better part."

Above the lure of worldly fame,
To touch—to teach the heart!
To touch it by no slight appeal
To feelings—in each heart confest.
To teach—by truths that bear the seal
God hath himself impress.

And can those flowers which bloom to fade,
For thee a fitting wreath appear.
No!—wear thou then the Ivy braid,
Whose leaves are never sere!
It is not gloomy—brightly play
The sunbeams on its glossy green;
And softly on it sleeps the ray
Of moonlight—all serene.

It changes not, as seasons flow
In changeless, silent course along;
Spring finds it verdant,—leaves it so—
It outlives Summer's song:
Autumn no wan or russet stain
Upon its fadeless glory flings,
And Winter o'er it sweeps in vain,
With tempest on his wings.

"Then wear thou this"—THE IVY CROWS!
And though the bard that twines it be
Unworthy of thy just renown,
Such wreath is worthy thee.
For hers it is, who, truly wise,
To virtue's cause her powers hath given;
Whose page the "Gates of Hell" defies,
And points to those of HEAVEN!

DEATH OF WOLSEY.

At Leicester Abbey, November 29th, 1530.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The tint of Autumn's closing day,
On Leicester Abbey shone,
And pensively that fading ray
Gleamed o'er the fretted stone;
While slowly, 'neath the portal arch,
The mitred Abbot came,
With crosier leading on the march
Of all his ghostly train.

Each monk in sable stole appeared,
With studious care arrayed,
For tramp of coursers' feet were heard
To echo through the glade.
A martial band, with measured tread,
Approached that lone abode,
And sad and silent at their head
The prelate Wolsey rode.

He, at whose nod the noble blood
Of Buckingham* was shed,
That princely peer, who boldly stood
Next to the crowned head;
He, who with arrogance unblamed,
Saint Peter's chair had eyed,
Alike for wealth and learning famed,
For policy and pride.

But where the silver cross, and plume?
The costly velvet pall?
The gaudy train to cry, "make room
For my Lord Cardinal!"
Why doth he with dejected air,
Thus bend on earth his eye?
And to the Abbot's greetings fair,
Where is the prompt reply?

For faintly was he heard to say,
With voice of faltering sound,
"I come these weary bones to lay
Within your hallowed ground."
His sadness damped their welcome free,
With folded arms they stood,
A broken-hearted man was he,
Bereft of earthly good.

Then softly to his guarded cell
The holy vesper stole,
But who the fatal strife may tell
Which racked that mighty soul?
Ambition's rankling goad was there
To break the dream of rest,
And death came on with dark despair
To blanch the haughty breast

What gleamed upon his glazing sight?
His proud cathedral towers?
Or York-house, rich with golden light?
Or Richmond's royal bowers?
Did visions of perverted powers
Wake penitence to pray
With streaming eyes o'er sinful hours?
Spirit of Mercy, say!

Suffolk and Norfolk, fiery peers,
Their rival's exit blest,
And stern Northumberland with tears
His vengeful joy expressed.
But bluff King Hal, with vacant eye,
Gazed long on Ann Boleyn,
And in a deep and sorrowing sigh
Forgot his spoused queen.

Yet light as air that monarch's wo,
And lighter still his love,
And ah! how false his holiest vow
The scaffold oft did prove.—

How vain that king who proudly swerves
From paths by wisdom trod,
But vainer still, the man who serves
His king before his God.

* Charles V. Emperor of Germany, at hearing of the execution of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, said "the butcher's dog hath worried the fairest hart in England," alluding to the low parentage of Wolsey.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death,
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part;—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—ah! 'tis strengthless now.
Spare them each mouldering fragment spare
Of God's own image—let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forest here,
Rivers and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generation sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD MAN.

Attempted for the music of Rousseau's Dream.

Young he left thee—poor he left thee,
Sad he left thee, Emerald Isle—
When oppression's cloud bereft thee
Of thy last and saddest smile.

Here he came, but Ireland ever
Warm'd his heart and fill'd his thought—
Wandering son of Erin never
Sought his heart and found it not.

Fast by Liffey's lovely borders,
Broad of wave and darkly deep,
Fast by Leixlip's leaping waters,
Parents, friends, and kindred sleep.

Here he dwelt, and all around him
Blest his warm and honest heart—
Here he died as first we found him,
Free from guile and void of art.

Touch'd but now with death's cold finger,
Here he walks with us no more—
But if spirits ever linger,
His will haunt the Liffey shore.

[Con. Mirror.]

LEMAN,—Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23.

SECOND AND LAST TIME. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Writing Academy—just opened, next to, and north of the Bank of Albany: will continue one month, and all who engage for 14 lessons, will, after the expiration of those lessons, be entitled to continue on and establish (or if possible, perfect) their hand writing without any additional charge over the one dollar; or in other words, persons may attend one or more lessons each day, for one month, and acquire a correct, free, and extremely expeditious style of writing. Lessons are given to suit convenience, at any hour, between sunrise and 9 at night. Nearly one hundred are already engaged. For further particulars, please to call—
August 11. 28 4t

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office, with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1827.

[No. 32.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the celebration of St. John the Baptist, in Cazenovia, Madison county, New York, June 25th, 1827.

BY DOCT. TAYLOR.
(Concluded from page 242.)

In turning our attention from this subject, an emotion of pure delight is enkindled in our hearts, as we contemplate the remaining pillar of "beauty," studded like bright and sparkling gems with those masonic virtues, which shed a softening lustre over the magnificence of the temple, and which, like the gloomy walls of some ancient and deserted castle, might perhaps protect us from the "pitiless storm" without, but would afford nothing to console, animate, and cheer us in our lonely retreat.

In the exercise of "brotherly love and relief," the heart of the mason glows with a principle pure and holy, expanding with every heaving breath until it embraces in the scope of its affection the whole family of man. The sordid calculations of avarice, the contracted and selfish views of covetousness, and a cold indifference and disregard to suffering humanity, find here no resting or abiding place. No vain and ostentatious display mark his progress in the dispensation of his munificence; no herald sounding the trump of his fame is heard in the way before him;—but in the lonely and wretched vale of misery and suffering humanity, is to be found the theatre of his most splendid and exalted actions. Having been enlightened in the governing principles of his profession, having felt their influence strongly impressed upon his mind by the most solemn and forcible symbolic representations: having applied with assiduity and zeal, the implements and working tools of the craft to his individual advancement and improvement, in virtue, truth and honesty; and having received the sacred treasures of inspection as the rule of his constant faith and practice, he is richly "furnished unto every good word and work," and well prepared to officiate, according to his ability, as the almoner to the needy, and as the minister of consolation to the afflicted. Although in his feelings, principles and obligations, he has stronger incentives to benevolent actions towards those to whom he is allied by affinity of principle, and to whom he is connected by cords stronger even than the ligaments of life: yet it is not such alone who feel the kindly influence of his liberality. But within the sphere of his action, and the extent of his ability, it is not with him, is he Jew, or is he Gentile? is he bond, or is he free? is he of this religious sect, or is he of that?—but is he needy and in distress? is he suffering and in affliction? And with a heart glowing with generous sympathy towards such of the children of misfortune as may have fallen by their own wickedness and folly, he seeks not to wound afresh their already tortured sensibility, but as he extends to them the hand of relief, he casts over their imperfections and frailties the mantle of charity, and with a mild and persuasive compassion, he directs them to "go and sin no more." It is in the possession of this principle, in the warm glow of brotherly love and charity, and in extending that needful relief which it prompts, that man on earth is exalted to his true dignity and glory, and appears as the angel of mercy bending in generous compassion over the misfortunes of suffering humanity.

In the pursuit of that truth which masonry teaches, the persevering and faithful brother finds at every step of his progress, additional light bursting upon his understanding, and confirming him in the correctness of those principles which he has received. And while surveying with admiration the beauty, the utility and excellence of that moral edifice into which he has been conducted, and witnessing the peculiar fitness, and the application of its emblems

to the moral objects designed, his attention is continually attracted by the superior refulgence of the first great light in masonry, that sacred word "which alone can make him wise unto salvation." Convinced how admirably the two great systems of masonry and Christianity harmonize, and having the volume of both open before him, he pursues his enquiries after truth with additional zeal, success and satisfaction; and, cherishing with lively emotions of gratitude those moral precepts which may be impressed upon his mind and conscience, he will avoid with extreme care that delusion, that vanity, and self-righteousness, which might cause him to be offended at, and to reject with a sanguinary Jewish mob, "that tried corner-stone, which has been laid in Zion." And happy indeed will he be, if, in pursuing his inquiries, he become acquainted with the indispensable use and importance of this stone, and learns the excellence, and the mystery of that "new name, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Then may he by faith anticipate the joyful hour, when "the building fitly framed together, and grown unto an holy temple in the Lord," shall be complete, and the cap-stone raised to its eternal resting place, with shouts of triumph, and of joy. Having thus faithfully and perseveringly pursued his object, truth, he is well prepared to travel the remainder of his pilgrimage, through the rough, difficult and dangerous way of darkness and of tears; and with a firm and unshaken confidence in that faithful conductor, "who leads the blind by a way they know not," he will safely pass the "veils of mystery," and finally experience the happy truth of that monitory lesson which so forcibly had been impressed upon him, that "whosoever humbleth himself, the same shall be exalted."

Companions and Brethren—

Much of the glory and renown which the institution to which we belong has hitherto possessed, has depended upon the reputation, character, and zeal of its votaries. Hitherto its character has been well sustained, and it has been handed down to us unsullied in its reputation, and unimpaired in the purity of its principles. Seeing then that so valuable and important a deposit is committed to our care, let us evince to the world by our faithfulness and zeal, that we are not unmindful of the magnitude of the charge, and the responsibility of the trust. From the declarations freely made to the world, of its principles, designs and beneficial tendency, they have a right to expect in our lives and conduct, a rich and abundant harvest of its happy fruits. And although we do not, neither can we expect among masons, an exemption from the frailties and imperfections of human nature, yet, having taken upon ourselves a solemn profession of a strict and rigid morality, it is, and it will be expected that we shall in some measure exemplify in our practice, that which appears so praiseworthy, and excellent in theory. Let us then this day while surrounding the altar of virtue, resolve that while we will more faithfully endeavour "to divest our own minds and consciences, from the vanities and superfluities of life," we will guard with renewed and untiring vigilance the portals of the temple, that its inner courts may not be polluted by the unballowed footsteps of the immoral, the irreligious and the profane.

Let us endeavour so to demean ourselves as the citizens and subjects of a free government, as fully to comply with the charge given us at our initiation, "to pay just obedience to our superiors, and act in subordination to the laws of our country." That in the arbitrary governments of Europe, masonry should be proscribed, and charged with a partiality to republican institutions, and with hostility to the oppressive designs of monarchs, is not so much calculated to excite our astonishment and surprise. But in this country, where a WASHINGTON, a WARREN, a GREENE, and an host of other worthy patriots of our order, sustained their country in "the fearful hour," and passed through scenes of blood, of carnage and of suffering, to obtain for

themselves and us, the rich boon of our political inheritance; where a bright galaxy of like patriots and statesmen have shared in common with others of their fellow citizens the confidence of the public, and have administered faithfully and to general satisfaction the trust committed to their charge, and where masons have been found in all the opposing ranks of political parties, and divided in sentiment on questions of a public nature;—it is most extraordinary that it should now be charged with political designs and machinations hostile to the best interests of our country. But notwithstanding this new and unfounded charge, and the political proscription of our brethren in certain sections of our country, by continuing faithful in our endeavours to maintain the character of the friends of order and of law, and to discharge our duty as "good men and true," as faithful citizens and subjects, we shall continue to merit and to receive the confidence of a liberal people.

Let us continue to cultivate the principles and practice the works of benevolence and charity, thereby offering to the christian world, continual proof, (if proof indeed be wanting,) that masonry is too closely allied, and too strongly bound to christianity by the ligament of principle, even to be found in the ranks of her enemies; and that wherever that gospel which bringeth life and immortality to light, shall be proclaimed, there the genius of masonry is, and shall continue to be found, co-operating with christianity in the great work of human reform; and that she does, and will continue to hold a conspicuous rank among those mighty moral engines, which are in operation for the benefit of the human family, and which in their progress are calculated to enlighten and overspread with their happy influence, the whole habitable globe. Finally, companions and brethren, let the emblems of our order, those external ornaments of an honourable brotherhood, and the jewels and implements of the craft, have their appropriate and constant application to our hearts and lives, and continually remind us of our duty to our God, our neighbours, and ourselves. And by a strict compliance with those duties,

"We'll dissipate each dark and threatening cloud
That prejudice and calumny can raise,
By radiant probity of heart and life,
And persevering deeds of love and peace."

Thus the institution shall be handed down through all succeeding time, as safely protected, as though guarded by the mystic cloud by day, and the miraculous fire by night. And when at last the principles, the secrets, and the *momenta* of our fraternity shall be fully disclosed, and stand confessed before an assembled universe, then shall those who are found the most faithful, hear the soul enrapturing declaration, "*these shall walk with me in white for they are worthy.*"

LODGES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 242.)

New Jerusalem Lodge, No 158.

James Flanagan, W. M.; Oliver Wilson, S. W.; Wm. S. Redden, J. W.; Edward Farley, Sec'y; John Moore, Treas.; Andrew Walker, S. D.; Ja's Meachem, J. D.; R. Wauchope, Wm. Mannig, M. C.; Stephen Hustis, Wm. Scott, Stewards; Hugh M'Cormick, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday, at St. John's Hall.

Concord Lodge, No. 304.

Thomas C. Williams, W. M.; H. A. Simons, S. W.; Austin Melvin, J. W.; Sylvester Spencer, Sec'y; Samuel Clark, Treas'r; William Dymock, S. D.; William A. Mercein, J. D.; M. Osborne, William Ransom, M. C.; J. L. James, William Trowbridge, Stewards; L. Chapman, T. C. Williams, H. A. Simons, Trustees of Perm. Fund; T. C. Williams, H. A. Simons, Austin Melvin, L. Chapman, W. A. Mercein, Standing Committee; Bryan Rossiter, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Mondays, at St. John's Hall.

German Union Lodge, No. 322.

John G. Rohr, W. M.; John Seidel, S. W.; Frederick Leise, J. W.; H. Gaveils, Secretary; Paulus Hedl, Treasurer; H. Winkler, S. D.; F. Hartman, J. D.; D. Klausberg, J. A. Seidel, M. C.; H. Chapman, C. V. Saltzon, Stewards; C. Meday, B. Leistner, J. Tiemann, C. Blanche, F. Mickel, Standing Committee; H. Fechtman, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Thursdays, at Union Hall.

Hibernia Lodge, No. 339.

John Gilmore, W. M.; — S. W.; J. Rourke, J. W.; Joseph H. Forbes, Secretary; William O'Connor, Treasurer; Thomas Church, S. D.; P. Mangin, J. D.; — Anderson, — Bulger, M. C.; — McGrath, — Sterling, Stewards; — Rourke, — Neiles, — Wardlow, — McAuley, Standing Committee; — McCormick, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Wednesdays, at St. John's Hall.

Silencia Lodge, No. 360.

Charles Adams, W. M.; Robert Newell, S. W.; Samuel K. Gaston, J. W.; Orlando Warren, Secretary; Hampton Dunham, Treasurer; Levi Strangman, S. D.; William Boggs, J. D.; Charles Holbert, Benjamin Marsh, M. C.; S. V. R. Holmes, William Lyon, Stewards; H. Dunham, J. C. Osborn, William Lyon, B. Struter, Charles Holbert, Standing Committee; James P. Higgins, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Mondays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

York Lodge, No. 367.

James Bowers, W. M.; G. G. Sickles, S. W.; J. Blanchard, J. W.; J. Gould, Secretary; J. W. Timpson, Treasurer; W. Runyon, S. D.; G. Gerou, J. D.; T. Haviland, J. Thomas, M. C.; J. Taylor, J. Knerriger, Stewards; A. Andreas, G. G. Sickles, J. Blanchard, W. Runyon, C. Harris, Standing Committee; Peter Shaver, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays, at St. John's Hall.

New-York Lodge, No. 368.

David M. Prall, W. M.; C. W. Timpson, S. W.; N. G. Miles, J. W.; William P. Hawes, Secretary; Gideon De Angles, Treasurer; John A. Miller, S. D.; Charles A. Peck, J. D.; Henry Q. Green, J. N. Van Antwerp, M. C.; J. C. Stoneall, B. Armitage, Stewards; V. Vandewater, Niel Gray, U. Wenman, W. P. Luff, Charles A. Peck, Standing Committee; V. Vandewater, Niel Gray, U. Wenman, M. P. Luff, D. M. Prall, Trustees of the Perm. Fund; A. Couley, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Thursdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Manhattan Lodge, No. 370.

Gilbert Reynolds, W. M.; J. L. Tashiera, S. W.; Wm. Belden, J. W.; John J. Gantz, Secretary; D. W. Townsend, Treasurer; Benjamin Barrell, S. D.; James P. Gisner, J. D.; George W. Gantz, Thomas Pepe, M. C.; Lewis Sutton, J. Van Winkle, Stewards; Lewis Belden, William Belden, Augustus Cornwell, J. L. Tashiera, Stephen Ketcham, Standing Committee; William G. Henshaw, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Fridays, at Union Hall.

Minerva Lodge, No. 471.

William C. White, W. M.; Augustus H. Ward, S. W.; William Burgess, jr. J. W.; Alexander T. Bearnes, Secretary; George W. Ives, Treasurer; James Brown, S. D.; J. K. Moore, J. D.; J. D. Meeker, C. A. Hunford, M. C.; F. L. Wilsey, A. H. Ward, H. P. Downes, Valen. Robbins, John. F. Grey, Standing Committee; P. Shaver, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Lafayette Lodge, No. 373.

Silas Butler, jr. W. M.; John Olmstead, S. W.; R. J. Whittimore, J. W.; Benjamin Tucker, Secretary; George C. Morgan, Treasurer; Charles Benton, S. D.; Peter King, J. D.; Drake V. Wilson, Chap.; J. C. S. F. Frey, Assistant Chap.; Henry Dolez, Amos Hoyt, M. C.; James Hill, Joseph Hill, Stewards; Silas Butler, jr. W. F. Piatt, Amos Hoyt, Charles Benton, John Sniffen, Standing Committee; Anthony Chapple, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Thursdays, at St. John's Hall.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

TREES.

SIGNS OF INCREASE, MATURITY, AND DECAY.

BY M. BAUDRILLANT.

The qualities of wood depend much on the state of the tree when cut down. It appears from the experiments of M. Hartig upon wood applied as fuel, that trees which have attained maturity without passing into decay, are the best for the production of heat. Thus the value of an elm of one hundred years is to that of one of thirty years, as twelve is to nine; that of an ash of one hundred years, as fifteen to eleven. When the trees begin to decay, their value rapidly diminishes; thus if an oak of two hundred years yields wood worth two hundred francs per cord, a tree of the same kind passing to decay yields wood only worth twelve francs. When the wood is used for other purposes, the advantages conferred by a mature but healthy state are still more considerable.

The common elm, growing in a forest and in good earth, acquires its full increase in about one hundred and fifty years, but it will live many ages, even five or six hundred years. Large forest elms are cut down with advantage when of an age between one hundred, and one hundred and thirty years, and then furnish a large quantity of building wood. The duration of the life of the elm depends much upon the soil; in a dry soil it becomes aged, as it were, in forty, fifty, or sixty years. Elms which have been lopped live for a shorter period than the others. Those which grow by the road side, or in thin plantations, may be cut when seventy or eighty years of age. In general, the increase of hard woods, as the oak and the elm, is small at first; it successively augments until the twentieth or twenty-fifth year, is then uniform until the age of sixty to eighty years, after which it sensibly diminishes.

For these and other reasons, it is important that trees should be cut down, when they are at their mature state, and not simply when they undergo no farther increase. When the period has arrived after which the increase of the tree would be less and less from year to year, then the tree should be felled for no advantage accrues from its remaining longer in the ground. The indications of the mature state of a tree are by no means so evident as those of decay, but still certain signs of these states as well as of the vigorous condition of the tree, may always be observed.

I. *Signs announcing the vigour of a Tree*—The branches, especially towards the top, are vigorous; the annual shoots strong and long; the leaves green, vigorous and thick, principally at the summit, and falling late in autumn; the bark is clear, fine, united, and nearly of the same colour from the foot to the large branches. If at the bottom of the veins or divisions of the thick bark there appear smaller divisions which follow from below upwards in the direction of the fibres, and live bark be observed at the bottom of these divisions, it is an indication that the tree is very vigorous and rapidly increasing in size. If some of the lower branches stifled by the others are yellow, languishing, and even dead, this is an accidental effect, and is no proof of the languor of the tree. Finally, it is a sign of vigour when branches are seen at the summit of the tree rising above and being much longer than the others; but it is to be observed that all trees with round heads do not throw out branches with equal force.

II. *Signs which indicate that the tree is mature*.—Generally, the head of the tree is rounded; the shoots diminish in length each year, and the furthest shoots add to the length of the branches only by the length of the bud; the leaves are put forth early in spring and become yellow in autumn before those of vigorous trees, at this time the lower leaves are greener than the upper. The branches incline towards the horizon, and form angles sometimes of sixty or seventy degrees. These apparent signs, and the thinness of the layer deposited by the sap, indicate that the tree makes but small additions to itself, and now it should be cut down. The nature of the earth should be examined, as well also as the kind of tree, to enable a judgment whether the tree

should be left to increase still further, or whether it would be more proper to fell it. An exact age cannot be assigned for each species; but it has been observed, that an elm situated in an insulated plantation may be felled with advantage when between seventy and eighty years of age.

III. *Signs of decay in a tree*.—When a tree becomes crowned, i. e. when the upper branches die, it infallibly indicates, especially for isolated trees, that the central wood is undergoing alteration, and the tree passing to decay. When the bark separates from the wood, or when it is divided by separations which pass across it, the tree is in a considerable state of degradation. When the bark is loaded with moss lichen, or fungi, or its marked with black or red spots, these signs of alterations in the bark justify suspicions of alterations in the wood within. When sap is seen to flow from clefts in the bark, it is a sign that the tree will soon die. As to wounds or gutterings, these defects may arise from local causes, and are not necessarily the results of old age.

THE INDIA CASHMERE SHAWL.

The valley of Cashmere is surrounded by lofty mountains, which divide it from Little Tibet on the north, from Ladak on the east, from Punjab on the south, and from Puckle on the west.

The Cashmerians are a distinct nation of the Hindoo stock, and differ in language and manners from all their neighbours. The men are remarkably stout, active and industrious. They are excessively addicted to pleasure, and are notorious all over the East for falsehood and cunning.

The city of Cashmere is the largest in the Doornanee dominions. It contains from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand inhabitants.

The most remarkable production of Cashmere is its shawls, which supply the whole world, and which are said to be manufactured at sixteen thousand looms, each of which gives employment to three men.

The following is an extract from the report drawn up by Mr. Strachey, who made many inquiries on this subject, and who had some shawl stuffs made under his own inspection, of wool procured at Umrtsir. The manufacturers were pioneers, belonging to the embassy, and they worked in a common tent; yet they appeared to find no difficulty in their employment. "A shop may be occupied with one shawl, provided it be a remarkably fine one, above a year, while other shops make six or eight in the course of that period. Of the best and most worked kinds, not so much as a quarter of an inch is completed in one day by three people, which is the usual number employed at most of the shops. Shawls containing much work, are made in separate pieces, at different shops; and it may be observed, that it very rarely happens that the pieces, when completed, correspond in size.

"The shops consist of a frame work, at which the persons employed sit on a bench: their number is from two to four. On plain shawls, two people alone are employed, and a long, narrow, but heavy shuttle is used: those of which the pattern is variegated, are worked with wooden needles, there being a separate needle for the thread of each colour: for the latter, no shuttle is required. The operation of their manufacture is of course slow, proportionate to the quantity of work which their patterns may require.

"The Oostand, a head workman, superintends, while his journeymen are employed near him, immediately under his directions. If they have any new pattern in hand, or one with which they are not familiar, he describes to them the figures, colours, and threads which they are to use, while he keeps before him the pattern on which they happen to be employed, drawn upon paper.

"During the operation of making, the rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame, notwithstanding which, the Oostand never mistakes the regularity of the most figured pattern.

"The wages of the Oostand, (the employer furnishes materials,) are from six to eight pieces per day; of the common workmen, from one to four pieces. (A piece in Cashmere may be about three half pence.)

"A merchant, entering largely into the shawl

trade, frequently engages a number of shops, which he collects in a spot under his eyes; or, he supplies the head workmen with thread which has been previously spun by women, and afterwards coloured, and they carry on the manufacture at their own houses, having previously received instructions from the merchant, respecting the quality of the goods he may require, their colours, patterns, &c.

"After the goods are completed, the merchant carries them to the custom office, where each shawl is stamped, and he pays a certain duty, the amount of which is settled according to the quality and value of the piece. The officer of the government fixes the value beyond what the goods are really worth. The duty is at the rate of one fifth of the price.

"Most shawls are exported unwashed, and fresh from the loom. In India, there is no market for unwashed shawls, and at Umrietin they are better washed and packed than in Cashmere. Of those sent to the westward, many are unwashed.

"The wool of which these shawls are made is imported from Tibet and Tartary, in which countries alone, the goat which produces it is said to thrive. That which is brought from Rodauk is reckoned the best. Its price in Cashmere is from ten to twenty rupees for a turruk, (which is supposed to be about twelve pounds)—the whitest sort is the dearest.

"It would perhaps be difficult to determine with accuracy the quantity of shawls manufactured annually; supposing however, that five of all kinds, are on an average made at each shop or loom in the course of a year, the number would be eighty thousand, which is probably not far from the truth."

FLORIDA SUGAR.

A gentleman recently from Florida, has left with us a sample of sugar made on the plantation of Col. Henry Yonge, of Gadsden county, East Florida. That part of Florida, in which this sugar was made, was a wilderness when the territory passed from the Spanish to the U. S. Government; indeed, Col. Yonge, who has only resided there three years, was among the first settlers. It is now rapidly settling by intelligent and enterprising men, who are turning their attention to the cultivation of sugar, and a sample of the result of the first experiment is now before us, which is a specimen of a crop of thirty barrels made last year by Col. Yonge. The sugar appears to us to be superior to that of Louisiana, in strength, though its color is not so fine as some of the latter, owing to its having been packed up before the molasses was sufficiently drained off.—Its flavour is peculiarly delicate, resembling that of candy; and, indeed, its granulation seems to have been more a process of crystallization than that of any sugar we have seen, the particles being uncommonly large, transparent, and perfectly formed crystals. From the gentleman who favored us with the sample, we learn that the experiment thus far has demonstrated, that an acre of land which would yield 20 bushels of corn, will turn out a hoghead, or a thousand pounds of sugar, the molasses paying the expense of cultivation, and the sugar being worth to the planter, upon an average, seven cents a pound. Nearly all the land in that part of Florida, and probably the greater part of the whole territory, is capable of producing the same results.

[Baltimore Patriot.]

BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

This celebrated composer was born of low parentage, at Rhorau, in Austria, in 1733. At an early age he was received into the choir of the cathedral in Vienna. He afterwards got his living by teaching music, and by composition. In 1791, he went to England, and published several of his works; in consequence of which the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music. In 1796 he returned to Germany, where he commenced his sublime oratorio of "The Creation," and "The Seasons," and died in 1809. His works are very numerous and valuable. While Haydn was in England, a ship-captain entered his chamber one morning: "you are Mr. Haydn?" "Yes." "Can you make me a march to enliven my crew? You shall

have thirty guineas! but I must have it to-day, for to-morrow I start for Calcutta." Haydn agreed; the seaman left him; the composer opened his piano, and in a quarter of an hour the march was written. Haydn appears to have had a delicacy, rare among the musical birds of prey and passage, who go to feed on the unwieldy wealth of England; he thought so large a sum, for a labour eventually so slight, a species of plunder—came home early in the evening, and made two other marches, in order to allow the liberal seaman his choice, or to give them all to him. At daybreak the purchaser came—"Where is my march?" "Here try it on the piano." Haydn played it. The captain counted the thirty guineas on the piano, took up the march, and went down stairs. Haydn ran after him; "I have made two others, both better, come up and hear them, and take your choice." "I am satisfied with the one I have." The captain still went down. "I will make you a present of them." The captain went down only the more rapidly, and left Haydn on the stairs. Haydn, from one of those motives not easily defined, determined on overcoming this singular self denial. He immediately went to the exchange, ascertained the name of the ship, made a roll of his marches, and sent them with a polite billet to the captain on board. He was surprised at receiving, shortly after, his envelope, unopened from the Englishman, who had judged it to be Haydn's. The composer tore the whole in pieces on the spot. The anecdote is of no great elevation; but it expresses peculiarity of character; and certainly neither the captain nor the composer could have been easily classed among the common, or the vulgar of men. Haydn soon adopted the custom of shopping, and frequently wandered in the morning, from house to house of the music-sellers. He used to mention his dialogue with one of those persons. He had enquired for any particular good music, "you are come exactly at the right time," was the shopkeeper's answer, "for I have just printed off Haydn's sublime music." "Oh! as for that, I will have nothing to do with it." "How, sir, nothing to do with Haydn! what fault is to be found with it?" "Oh! fault enough; but there is no use in speaking about it now; it does not please me, show me something else." The music-seller who was an enthusiast about Haydn's compositions, looked at the inquirer, "No, sir, I have other music, no doubt, but it is not fit for you," and turned his back upon him. Haydn was going out of the shop, laughing, when he met an acquaintance coming in, who pronounced his name. The music-seller, whose vexation had revived with the sound, turned round and said, "yes, sir, here is a gentleman who actually does not like that great man's music." The mistake was of course soon cleared up, and the person was known, who alone might presume to object to Haydn's music.

VARIETY.

Mrs. JORDAN'S "OLD HABITS." "How happens it," said I to her, when last in Dublin, "that you still exceed all your profession even in characters not so adapted to you now as when I first saw you? How do you contrive to be so buoyant—nay, so childish, on the stage, whilst you lose half your spirits, and degenerate into gravity the moment you are off it?" "Old habits!" replied Mrs. Jordan, "old habits! had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me; so, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at her service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features: to her I left the whole matter; I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed at myself: they laughed again, and so did I: and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation.

[Barrington's Sketches.]

CROSSING THE LINE. I may here relate an amusing anecdote of the crew of a ship whilst they were crossing the equator. They planted the car-

penter's mate (a green horn) on the jib boom end, and with a great hatchet in his fist, in order to cut the line and let the vessel pass. The lieutenant of the watch was let into the joke, and every now and then he sang out from the quarter-deck:—"Jib-boom there!"—"Sir," from Chips. "Are you ready to cut away?"—"All ready, sir."—"See you do it cleverly then, boy."—"Aye, aye, sir." After some time:—"Can you see it yet?"—"In half a minute, sir." And thus was the unfortunate carpenter's mate kept astride the boom for half the day. On the same solemn occasion, Neptune and his crew being a long time in coming aft, the captain inquired what they were about. "Shaving the figure-head, sir, and making the ship free:" and so they were; they lathered and shaved the old champion's chin in due form, as the vessel had not before crossed the equator. [Alexander's Travels.]

NAMES. We have heretofore noticed the extreme confusion into which society is thrown from the application of one name to several individuals. Every once and a while you see a notice in the papers that A. B. who is sentenced to the penitentiary is not A. B. the son of C. D. and that E. F. who runs away with a horse and gig, is not E. F. who lives at No. 1, Blank street. Some names have spread so far that they are almost as general as *homo*. The name of Smith for instance. There are thirty-one John Smiths in our city, and fourteen John Johnsons! What interminable confusion must this create in the delivery of letters and the management of business. Whenever we meet a man to whom we have been introduced, but whose name we have forgotten, we always call him Mr. Smith or Mr. Johnson, and in nine cases out of ten we are right. The "Friends" have a very simple and yet very efficient remedy for this evil. John Smith the 1st, John Smith the 2d, and so on to the 500th, if necessary. There are however, some happy people in this world who have names peculiarly their own, which no man would think of stealing—witness the following which we find in a Western paper; Hendrik Vollenhoven, Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, Walrave Van Heukelom, Nicolaas Van Beeftingh, Jan Van Eeghen. [N. Y. Morn. Courier.]

TOBACCO. This herb was first used in England by Sir Walter Raleigh; who became acquainted with its virtues, in his intercourse with the Indians. On his return to his native country, being unwilling to lose his pleasure of smoking, he provided himself with a large quantity of tobacco, which he placed in his study, and generally smoked in secret a few pipes, every day; at which time, he ordered his servant to bring him a tankard of ale; always laying by his pipe, as he heard him coming. But, one day, being intent on something, which he was reading, the servant entered hastily, and surprising Sir Walter, as the smoke ascended through the bowl of his pipe, threw the whole of the ale into his face; and running down stairs with all possible haste, frightened the family excessively, by communicating the information that his master was on fire in the inside, and that before they could get up, he would be burnt to ashes.

GOOD PAY AND LITTLE WORK. A dignified clergyman going down to his living to spend the summer, met, near his house, a comical old chimney sweeper, with whom he was in the habit of chatting whenever they came in contact. "So John," said the Doctor, "whence came you?" "From your house, your Reverence," replied Mr. Soot; "for this morning I have been sweeping all the chimneys in your Reverence's house." "How many were there?" asked the Doctor. "Not less than twenty," quoth John. "Well, how much do you charge for each?"—"Only one shilling, your Holiness."—"Why, then," observed the Doctor, "you have earned a great deal of money in a short time, and very easily too."—"Yes, Sir," answered Sooty, with a grin upon his countenance, at the same time throwing his bag across his shoulder, "we black coats get our money easily enough."

THE QUEEN OF WIRTEMBERG. "What sort of woman is the Queen?" said Lord ——— to the ——— at Greenwich "Why said ———, "imagine the fattest woman you ever saw."—"Well—I do."—"Double that."—"I do."—"Then you have the Queen of Wirtemberg."

LITERARY.

THE EPICURIAN.

This elegant little work is now before us. We have not given it a thorough perusal, and can of course say but little in the way of review; but as far as we can judge, from occasionally dipping into it, its language and style will not shrink from the ordeal. We select the sixth chapter, not because we believe it possesses beauties which are not common to all, but partly that it best suits our limits, and partly that we have not seen it quoted before; it is probably a candid specimen of the style throughout. The Epicurean is pronounced by correct critics as an astonishing production, even for the splendid talents of Moore; combining all the brilliant hues of his genius,—his fine perception, his eloquent expression, an unaffected sublimity,—and, the whole, totally free from the licentious sallies, too conspicuous in some of his minor productions.

[ED. MAS. RECORD.]

"Can this," I thought, "be the sojourn of any thing human?"—and had scarcely asked myself the question, when the path opened into a long gallery, at the farthest end of which a gleam of light was visible. This welcome glimmer appeared to come from some cell or alcove, in which the right hand wall of the gallery terminated, and, breathless with expectation, I stole gently towards it.

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes, for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I had, unseen myself, a full and distinct view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loves to shadow out the History of the Soul—the winged globe with a serpent,—the rays descending from above, like a glory, and the Theban beetle, as he comes forth, after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

In the middle of the chapel stood a low altar of granite, on which lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal,—as they preserve their dead in Ethiopia,—and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus-branch, broken in two, and a bird, just winging its flight from the spray.

To these memorials of the dead, however, I but little attended; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were most intently fixed.

The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and, between its light and me, stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline my heart beat high,—and memory, as it proved, had as much share in this feeling as imagination. For, on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall on the features, I saw with a transport, which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she—the young worshipper of Isis—the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

The movement, by which she had now given me an opportunity of recognising her, was made in raising from the shrine a small cross* of silver, which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with an inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with heaven, they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies.

What a power hath innocence, whose very help-

lessness is its safeguard—in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns worshipper at the altar which he came to despoil. She, who, but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination, as something I could have risked immortality to win—she, whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and defied all punishments, both human and sacred, to make her mine,—he was now before me, thrown, as if by fate itself, into my power—standing there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard! Yet, no—so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august that protection which the dead seemed to extend over the living, that every earthlier feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

Entranced, indeed, as I felt in witnessing such a scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth, seemed a wrong, a sacrilege—and, rather than let her eyes meet the flash of mine, or disturb by a whisper, that sacred silence, in which Youth and Death held communion through Love, I would have let my heart break, without a murmur, where I stood. Gently, as if life depended upon every movement, I stole away from that tranquil and holy scene—leaving still tranquil and holy as I found it—and, gliding back through the same passages and windings by which I had entered, regained the narrow stairway, and again ascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and, from the summit of the Arabian hills, was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters,—as if proud of the homage that had been paid to his own Isis, now fading away in the superior light of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly from this dangerous spot, and in new loves and pleasures seek forgetfulness of the scene which I had witnessed. "Once out of the circle of this enchantment," I exclaimed, "I know my own susceptibility of new impressions too well to doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is around me."

But vain were my efforts and resolves. Even while I swore to fly, my steps were still lingering round the pyramid—my eyes still turned towards the secret portal, which severed this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour, did I wander through that City of Silence,—till, already, it was noon, and, under the sun's meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.

Again did those wild and passionate feelings, which had, for a moment, been subdued into reverence by her presence, return to kindle up my imagination and senses. I even reproached myself for the awe, that had held me spell-bound before her. "What would my companions of the Garden say, did they know that their chief,—he, whose path Love had strewn with trophies—was now pining for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to give utterance to a sigh, and who had vanquished the victor, without even knowing her triumph!"

A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought, and my determination was fixed to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of these gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any issue from their depths but by the pyramid. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among these tombs, contrasting, in many a mournful reflection, the burning fever within my own veins with the cold quiet of those who slept around.

At length, the fierce glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever restless agitation in my heart, were too much for even strength like mine to bear. Exhausted, I lay down at the base of the pyramid—placing myself directly under the portal, where even should slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear, might still be on the watch, and her footstep, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep—but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape, with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now like Neitha, upon her throne at Sais, she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from that brow, which mortal had never, till then, beheld,—and now, like the beauti-

ful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise out of the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages,—

"Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
The bright, unearthly nymph, who dwells
Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid."

So long, amid that unbroken silence, did my sleep continue, that I found the moon again shining above the horizon, when I awoke. All around was silent and lifeless as before, nor did a print upon the herbage betray that any foot had passed it since my own. Refreshed by rest, and with a fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this illusion that haunted me.

Having learned from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering those labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found, not only my lamp, but some dates and dried fruits, with a store of which, for my reviving life upon the waters, I was always supplied,—and which now, after so many hours of abstinence, were a welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to search out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the echoes of the cemetery answered. It came, I knew, from the Great Temple on the shore of the Lake, and was the shriek which its Gates—the Gates of Oblivion, as they were called—sent forth from their hinges, in opening at night, to receive within their precincts the newly-landed dead.

I had heard that sound before, and always with sadness; but, at this moment, it thrilled through me, like a voice of ill omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary;—even while it passed through my mind, I had touched the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more, I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid, and being enabled by my lamp to follow the windings of the way more rapidly, soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, still awed, though there was now nothing living within. The young Priestess had fled—had vanished, like a spirit, into the darkness. All the rest was as I had left it on the preceding night. The lamp still stood burning upon the crystal shrine—the cross lay where the hands of the young mourner had placed it, and the cold image beneath wore the same tranquil look, as if resigned to the solitude of death—of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross, and kindling with the recollection, I raised it passionately to my own;—but, at the same moment, I fancied the dead eyes met mine, and, saddened in the midst of my ardour, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

POPULAR TALES.

A LOVE STORY.

[From the Nantucket Inquirer.]

When the old Colonel Potts departed this mortal life, in the year sixteen hundred and seventy odd, at a village not far from Salem, an universal gloom was spread over the whole face of the country, for at least three miles round. The great mansion house with all its appurtenances, became the inheritance, on certain conditions, of three bereaved maiden sisters, full grown, and somewhat lapsing beyond a certain age. A faithful guardianship of their niece, the Colonel's only child, Miss Admirable Potts, was the tenure upon which the elder ladies were "to have and to hold the afore-granted premises during their natural lives." Now Miss Admirable was of that age wherein it is customary to think tenderly of being thought of: and that the indulgence of this pensive mood by the damsel in question, may be deemed no transgression of the canons of modesty, the reader hereof is adjured to ransack the most romantic corner of his memory, for such notions of feminine grace as shall contribute to the formation of a very pretty picture of Miss Admirable Potts. Under such circumstances it behoved the three aunts to be especially scrupu-

* A cross was, among the Egyptians, an emblem of a future life.

lous in regard to the behaviour of their ward—a duty which they resolved to exercise with the utmost vigilance and rigour.

Long sanctioned practice among matter-of-fact novelists, demands a personal description of those characters wherewith the writer chooseth to adorn his tale. As for the Colonel, his demise is already recorded—and no further interest in what he *was*, can be supposed to engage the present generation. The heroine herself, as hath before been remarked, being wholly indescribable, is abandoned to the dreams of fancy. But there was a triumvirate of responsible spinsters, with whom the world longeth to become acquaint—to wit, in chronological gradation, Miss Experience, Miss Waitstill, and Miss Silence, daughters of the once late Faithful Potts, Esquire, and Deliverance his wife. The eldest was a prim, sharpnosed, fidgetty antique, who took much pains and some snuff; the next, a comfortable, round-faced, solid body, with a pleasant temper and a good appetite; the third, a dried poppy, wrinkled, soporific, taciturn and forbidding. Such were the remnants of an ancient race—the ultimate fragments of the Pottses.

Hard by their family residence, lived the reverend Jeshurun Snarltext, a tough, long-limbed, gaunt bachelor of two score years and upwards. This gentleman, by reason of numerous accidental calls, and divers voluntary counsels in domestic matters, had succeeded in fascinating nearly all the old ladies in the parish. To this charming faculty he added great literary taste—serving up his weekly homilies to the highest gratification of his auditory; being graciously assisted thereunto by certain devout and learned divines, whose accommodating folios and quartos performed wonders similar to that which the angel wrought upon the beast of Balaam. Moreover, his reverence religiously remembered many rare scriptural injunctions, considering himself worse than an infidel should he neglect making provision for his own bodily comfort; and deeming it above all things prudent to make to himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Moved by considerations so weighty, he had long gloated askant upon the person and supposed chattels of Miss Silence Potts—which she, nothing loath, perceived with all due quietude and complacency. But, when this project had nearly reached its contemplated crisis, parson Snarltext, in conversation one day with Deacon Adonijah Pitcher, grand-uncle of the celebrated Mary Pitcher, ascertained to his unspeakable horror, that the whole Potts estate was entailed upon Miss Admirable. The Deacon, an honest, substantial, straight-forward yeoman, unconscious of the terrible blow already inflicted by his disclosures, proceeded to descant largely upon the charms, both inherent and acquired, of the young heiress—finishing his eulogium with a vehement hope that she might never become the prey of a fortune-hunter, nor marry for aught but love. The astounded clergyman, seized with a fit of rumination, stared through his spectacles and went his way.

Deacon Pitcher's seventh son, Rejoice Hardy, a robust swain of two and twenty, had for some months fostered a sneaking predilection towards young Miss Potts. The sentiment was reciprocal; though no one, as yet, but aunt Waitstill, possessed the momentous secret: and in what manner she became its repository, it is not material to relate. That she did obtain it, is beyond a doubt—yea, it hath become a matter of history, that she also kept it for a whole week. And why? Because Rejoice, in her opinion, was a very proper, fair-spoken youngster; and an earlier development might have retarded that union which she hoped to see accomplished. The parson's exclusive attentions to Miss Silence had ceased, and Miss Experience was busily plotting a match between his worship and the heiress; but parenthetically speaking, she might have plotted to this very day—for Admirable was inexorable.

One Sunday evening, the Reverend Mr. Snarltext was gossiping as usual with the ladies at the mansion house.—As the evening waned, Miss Waitstill withdrew to an adjoining apartment whither she had privily invited the Deacon's son. Through an opposite door, Silence retired from pique, and Experience followed from design.—Slowly they traipsed onward in solemn stateliness to their respective couches—and straightway all was

still. The tall clock at the staircase had told eleven, and the moon reflected a mysterious sort of brilliancy. Now for a love scene.—Mr. Snarltext commenced a discourse on the subject of ghosts—averring that, for two nights in succession, precisely at midnight, he had distinctly observed a huge apparition marching round and round a little hillock, then visible. He then amplified on the inconvenience and dangers of solitude—on the advantages of conjugal life, the duty of young ladies to provide themselves with protectors, and all that sort of disinterested argumentation; talking without interruption, for the space of forty-five minutes, when he departed in high spirits. All this harangue was overheard by Miss Waitstill Potts and Mr. Rejoice Hardy Pitcher, seated, as before intimated, in an adjacent room. Presently it was midnight, and as the clock announced the hour, Miss Admirable, still alone, unwittingly looked out upon the haunted knoll. Nothing could be more romantic—here, a forest throwing its giant shadows across fields and copses and little streams stealing forth into the broad moonshine—there, a gorgeous lake throwing up millions of sparks among the zephyrs that wanted upon its bosom—and yonder, a tall figure in white, stalking moodily over the base of a delapidated dunghill!

"Ah!" sighed the damsel, audibly—"I wish to the *marcy* I was married to Rejoice Pitcher! But all the goblins in the whole parish an't a-going to make me have that 'ere old hypocritical gander." "Say thee so, my *gairl*?" exclaims Rejoice, bursting into the room, "then I'm thy boy; aunt Waity's got a licence, and I'll fetch the parson in a jiffy!"—and away he sped, while Miss Waitstill unravelled the whole matter. In a few minutes, the stout younger reappeared, dragging in his reverence, wrapped in amazement and a homespun sheet; the latter happening to be just withdrawn from the neighboring hedge, and marked at one corner, *F. D. P.* "This young lady hath need of a protector against ghosts," said Miss Waitstill, addressing the clerical spectre. "And if thee don't marry us right away," added Rejoice, "I'll wallop thee for a counterfeit wizard." The saint was forced to comply, and rolling up his eyes, as he ejaculated "The—devil!" He turned on his heel, and has not since been heard of. There followed festivities and merry-makings without number at the various dwellings of the Pitchers and the Pottses. But what signifies?—It is a melancholy fact, that all the actors in these scenes, even the youngest and most hale, have been dead and buried more than fifty years.

MISCELLANY.

THE BAKER AND THE POT-BOY.

An imitation of Hood's "Whims and Oddities" has recently made its appearance in London, entitled *Absurdities: in Prose and Verse*. By A. Crowquill. Of the prose sketches we select the following as a fair sample of the style, and of the playful humour that runs through the whole.

[ED. MAS. RECORD.]

The baker is an almost universal favourite among the female habitants of the kitchen department. He is looked upon by them as the very *flower* of gall-ntry. His hat, whether white or black, is always worn *smartly*; and there is a dandyism (peculiar to this class of the community) about his *boots*,—and the most indifferent observer may perceive he is vastly particular in this part of his accoutrement—the cream-coloured tops, deep as a quart-pot, display the care and attention in cleaning them—and then his large, double-cased silver watch, which he often draws out, and proudly, though apparently unintentionally, exhibits when gossiping—and the pendant chain and gingling bunch of large seals and choice coins thereto belonging, all proclaim his pardonable vanity, and tend to exalt his consequence in the curious and admiring eyes of giggling 'Betty,' who good-humouredly retorts his half-whispered 'nothings'—by an exclamation of 'What nonsense!' or, 'A-done you foolish fellow—do!'—and trips down the area in glee—hugging the brick or quartern in one hand, and perhaps a pen and ink, and *check-book* in the other—the latter of which is of little utility in the hands of such an Argus, or steward, as Betty, who would probably take serious

offence at hearing the young man's strict honesty called in question;—and cares little how many 'dead-men' he makes, so long as he continues to keep the women *alive* by his flirtation and pretty sayings. The very creaking of his wicker-basket as he wheels it round and casts it at the door, is pleasing music, and an overture of an agreeable chat to the maid—who never keeps him waiting, and indeed scarcely gives him time to knock or ring before she makes her appearance with a—'good mornen, mister baker!' He is in every respect a most fortunate and favoured man, for he can do no wrong; and if there be any complaint to be made (as it often happens) concerning the badness of the bread or the bakings, the maid softens it down by beginning—'Tell your *master*—my *missus* says—thus holding mister baker himself guiltless of any participation in the fault—Happy man!—Nay, even if his *knæes* be accidentally *knocked*, or his legs form an X, or St. Andrew's Cross, from his having carried a heavy basket when he was green and growing—he can, by a dexterous twist and interposition of the said basket, cunningly conceal from observation the warped fashion of his *understandings*.—How different the fate of the unfortunate *pot-boy*. He is held in no respect by any, but as a plague to all. He is often a sturdy, thick-set, thick-headed boy, coarse in converse, and not an iota of the baker's '*mealy-mouthed*' manners about him—and is *nem. con.* considered the most vulgar of the comers. The very clanking and rattling of his pewter measures is the forerunner of discord and squabbles 'twixt him and the scullion, or dish-water, (none of higher grade in servitude willingly attend him), for he is always grumbling about the manner in which his pots are returned—the servants always bruising blacking, or burning, them. He hates *them* for the trouble they give him, and they *him* for the trouble he takes in telling them of it. The morning of his 'life' is no enviable one; but in the evening he starts a different creature; his cares and rebuffs are forgotten, and he glides through the dark streets with his lantern and beer-trays, like a glow-worm. But still he is the pot-boy, and the maids despise him: notwithstanding he whistles the most popular airs, or *double shuffles* between his partner-trays, in his hob-nailed, *high-low* shoes, to while away the time they keep him waiting, and the sole chance he possesses of obtaining a smile or a good word is, when they want to wheedle him to let them have the 'yesterday's' newspaper, *first*!

KELLY AND THE SURGEON.

When Mr. Kelly lived near the Opera House, I remember his calling on me one day, about Christmas, in a hack, to take me to his home to meet Madame Bolla, Signora Naldi, Morelli, and some other musical 'stars,' at a dinner party. As our way lay through Windmill-street, I asked Kelly to permit my making a momentary visit to the late eminent surgeon, Mr. James Wilson, with whom I had the pleasure of many year's intimacy, and who then occupied the spacious mansion, museum, and anatomical theatre of the celebrated John Hunter. Kelly, of course, made no objection to my calling, but begged to wait for me in the coach, which I would not hear of: Kelly gave as a reason, that he had an insurmountable antipathy to the bare idea of any thing relating to anatomy; and having heard of many frolics practised by surgical students upon their friends, he felt averse from entering a house which he understood was full of subjects, skeletons, and preparations. I assured him that all those affairs were at the back of the premises, and perfectly detached from the part of the house we should visit. The door opening while I spoke, we walked in together; and I left Kelly in a parlour, while the servant conducted me to Mr. Wilson. In the apartment where this able professor of the knife and probe (which he applied only, as the critics do, [ahem!] to 'mend, and not to wound,') was sitting, was a large table, on which I distinctly saw three naked bodies extended, their heads hanging over the edge of the board, and an attendant, who instantly, on my entrance, threw a cloth over them, at the same time remarking to his master, that they were the finest and cheapest he had ever seen. How much I was surprised, and whether or not as greatly alarmed as poor Kelly would have been, the reader will hereafter determine: at the time, I affected to take no notice, but

briefly paid my compliments, and stated the cause of my intrusion, which was a message to the surgeon from my friend Mr. Lewis, then an invalid. Wilson pressed me to stay to dinner; I told him of my pre-engagement; and Mr. Wilson, on learning Mr. Kelly was in the house, went and fetched him into the *sanctum sanctorum*. I then jokingly rallied Kelly on his fears, the nature of which I related to Wilson, who laughed heartily, adding, 'I am sure, Mr. Kelly, upon reflection, would be more pleased than alarmed if he were to inspect three subjects I have bought this morning.' 'B-b-bought?' stammered Kelly. 'Yes,' replied Wilson; 'I purchased them of a man who provides me with such things from a ground in the country.' 'But how do you get them conveyed?' asked I. 'By the stage,' said Wilson, very coolly; 'and as these are uncommonly beautiful and perfectly fresh, though they came a great way, if you have a coach at the door, you shall carry which of the three you please home with you.' Kelly was too much astonished to make any reply; but, his back being towards the table, which he had not yet perceived, and to which Wilson advanced, Mike kept retreating, and deprecating any further mention of the subject, or rather subjects: when his retrograde progress, *Hibernice*, being suddenly impeded by the board behind him, he instinctively extended his arm to save himself from a fall; and never shall I forget the climax of horror his countenance exhibited when his hand pressed on the clay-cold bosom of as beautiful a ready-plucked Christmas turkey as ever came from the poultry-ground of a Norfolk dealer. Wilson immediately removed the cloth; and I need not attempt to describe the hearty laugh which followed the unlooked-for *eccleisiasmen*, nor the complete change of sentiment in Kelly as to admitting the finest of the three unplumed corpses into the coach with us.

[*Dibdin's Reminiscences.*]

BURMAN PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

[From Alexander's Travels from India to England.]

The culprit is led to the place of execution (which is commonly an open spot on the banks of the river,) where a bamboo grating is set up, to which his extended arms and legs are tied; sometimes he is made to kneel in front of the grating, and the hands alone are pinioned to it. The eyes of the culprit are not bound, so that he witnesses all the appalling preparations for his death. The executioner, who is distinguished by a red cloth crossing the body over one shoulder, and armed with a *dar* or sword, which he holds in both hands, retires about twenty yards from the criminal, and making a rush at him, inflicts a frightful wound in a diagonal direction, from the upper part of the thorax to the bottom of the abdomen, which exposes the viscera: a piercing shriek follows the blow, which is not immediately fatal, the culprit lingering sometimes for several hours after. This is the punishment for heinous offences. The most common punishment for more trivial crimes is decapitation by a single stroke of the *dar*; or a target is painted on the naked body of the culprit, who is fixed to a tree and fired at. In the latter case, if the executioners miss their object, after a certain number of shots (which they are very ready to do if well bribed,) he is permitted to escape. It is extraordinary to observe the apparent unconcern which the Burmese exhibit when led to execution; they smoke a cigar on their way, and continue to do so with perfect *sang froid*, till the fatal moment.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

[A fable of Kaswini, translated from the Arabic.]

I passed by a very large and populous city, and inquired of one of its inhabitants by whom it was founded. Oh, replied the man, this is a very ancient city! we have no idea how long it may have been in existence; and our ancestors were on this point as ignorant as ourselves. In visiting the same place five hundred years afterwards, I could not perceive a single trace of the city; and asked of a countryman, whom I saw cutting clover, where it stood, and how long it had been destroyed. What nonsense are you asking me? said the person whom I addressed: these lands have never been any other-wise than you see them. Why, returned I, was

there not formerly here a magnificent and populous city? We have never seen one, replied the man, and our fathers have never mentioned to us any thing of the kind. Five hundred years afterwards, as I passed by the spot, I found that the sea had covered it; and perceiving on the beach a party of fishermen, I asked them how long it had been overflowed. It is strange, answered they, that a person of your appearance should ask us such a question as this; for the place has been at all times exactly as it is now. What, said I, was there not at one time dry land in the spot where the sea is at present? Certainly not, that we know of, answered the fishermen, and we never heard our fathers speak of any such circumstance. Again I passed by the place, after a similar lapse of time,—the sea had disappeared, and I inquired of a man whom I met at what period this change had taken place. He made me the same answer as the others had done before; and, at length, on returning once more to the place, after the lapse of another five hundred years, I found that it was occupied by a flourishing city, more populous, and more rich in magnificent buildings, than that which I had formerly seen. When I enquired of its inhabitants concerning its origin, I was told that it lost itself in the darkness of antiquity! We have not the least idea, they said, when it was founded, and our forefathers knew no more of its origin than ourselves.

MUSINGS.

What is death? A release from toil and labour? A state of quiescence? A dreamless sleep, or a change of our restless and unjoyous existence here to an active and conscious existence elsewhere? Whither does the eternal spirit go, when it leaves its cold clay? To a temporary rest? It is the *animal* part of man which requires rest—it is the *body* which is fatigued by exertion, not the *mind*; how can that which is *immaterial* suffer weariness or fatigue? "What can we reason, but from what we know?" and what *do* we know of death? It strikes down friend, and father, and mother, and sister; their earth is commingled with earth, but where is the spirit? Does it inhabit another body—or does it sleep in unconsciousness until the great day of doom? We know not—*living* man can never know—the sepulchre hath no secrets to disclose—the tenantless corpse hath no voice to tell us

"What vast regions hold
The immortal soul which hath forsok
Its mansion in this fleshy nook."

But what does bland religion tell us about death?—Whatever the change of existence it may bring, it is one of joy to the pure, sainted, and the upright. Life's thousand trials, its pangs, its anxieties, are over; the pure spirit finds a realm of purity, where all is light and peace—the hot arrow of envy, the web of cunning, the snare of falsehood, are not there. Let man, then, whatever be his trials and toils, so guide himself, that he can with an approving conscience,

"Wait the great teacher—Death!"

And what is life?—Why is it hugged with fondness, and yielded with reluctance? Is it for the pleasure which it affords, or a fear of "those evils that we know not of?" What is there in life, that we should cling to it so fondly?—What are its enjoyments?—do they over-balance its pains? Let experience answer.

[*N. Y. Morn. Courier.*]

TRUTH.

If a man be sincerely wedded to Truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for this is an union that must survive not only Death, but Time, the conqueror of Death. The adorer of truth, therefore, is above all present things—Firm in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them, decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought, and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin, which is always painted more *crooked* than a ram's horn, although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

[*Lacon.*]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

SEPTEMBER.

A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.

[*Thomson.*]

The spell of Autumn is imposed on our heads at our entrance upon this month,—a month full of the sweet, the bitter, the hot and the cool, the humble and the grand, which mingle themselves so subtly in our cup, as to form no inconsiderable share of the real delights of life. Now are the orchards assuming the ripening glory of their unbounded wealth, and the fortunate lord of the soil may in a single day, collect the liberal wages of many a toiling month. The grapes hang from the walls of the garden, and the eaves of the summer-house, having become filled with the purple richness, both of flavour and colour, which the sultry rays of many a noon has imparted to them, or are waiting the finishing aid of the first frost to complete what heat alone would never do. This is the month when regiments of motly hue go forth into the fields, to enact feats of relentless valour, to the inevitable demolition of breastworks of gingerbread, and magazines of brandy, hitherto deemed invulnerable! Ah! a soldier's heart must at times be hardened, even to the cry of a vanquished enemy; for in vain do the empty decanters and exhausted demijohns cry for quarter: neither pity, nor remorse, nor the consciousness of superior strength, can awaken honour enough to restrain his quenchless thirst for—for [ahem!] brandy! In this month too the elements throw off the dominion of summer, and resign themselves to the cool but grateful etiquette of the court of autumn. The very clouds are so enamoured with the hues of earth, that they come down from their celestial walks, to taste the sweets of a night below,—and lay their white forms along the deep valleys, or on the calm surface of the lake or river; nor do they retire from their adopted couch, till morning reminds them of their higher sphere, and sends them upward to their daily range. The salutary coolness of this season must soon strengthen, like the infant winter acquiring new ability with every passing week. The chilling rains of the equinox will be succeeded by the transient rule of Jack Frost, and barefooted urchins will postpone their morning sports till the sun has banished the unwelcome elf from their wonted walks. We can say in the spirit of other commentators on the seasons,—Go on, ye varying months; 'tis true ye bring with you your own peculiar ills, but ye have for every one your own peculiar bounty, and if any one may boast that its bounties outnumber, in an unmeasured degree, the greatest possible privation it can impose, surely it is the generous and happy month of SEPTEMBER.

MR. POINSETT'S VINDICATION. We have read Mr. Poinsett's "exposition of the policy of the United States towards the new Republics of America," with a pride which we knew not before we had a right to exercise. From indisputable documents he proceeds to prove that in spite of the boasted friendship, and priority of interest on their behalf, which is claimed by British statesmen, our government was not only the first,

and the most constant, but the most efficient friend to their emancipation.

After a thorough vindication of the policy of his government, he proceeds to refute the aspersions thrown on his individual character. This he accomplishes with ease; all the accusations against him being so grossly false that they needed but a fair disposition of their terms to contradict and refute themselves. He is accused of introducing the rite of the York masons, in order to breed a dissension among them, to favour his plans of diplomatic intrigue. So far from this he found the institution already introduced; and what must add to his credit for a patriotic and impartial minister, he states, "that he never has assisted in any lodge where political principles were discussed, or political combinations formed, and that since the public has accused the York masons of following the pernicious example of the Scotch masons, by using their institution for political purposes, he has withdrawn himself entirely from their meetings."

It seems that the party opposed to the Yorkists is composed of the disappointed and disaffected fag-ends of every party which has failed, in the commotions which have so long shaken Mexico:—European Spaniards, monarchists in disguise, the old aristocracy, the higher orders of the Clergy who were so sadly disappointed at the result of the revolution of Iguala, the Iturbidists, and in a word, all who exercise an unbending resolution to be dissatisfied while the government is in any form subject to the Creoles or natives. To meet an opposition composed of such a variety of materials, was not a situation in which a man might trifle; and when we see the masterly manner in which Mr. Poinsett has put his accusers to shame, we think no observing man will differ from us when we presume to pronounce him worthy the confidence and support of his government.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES. To a city like ours, the utility of Circulating Libraries will be readily acknowledged as soon as known. Most of the light reading publications of the day are of such a kind as are seldom read but once; such as the novels of Sir Walter Scott, Cooper, &c., and very many purchase them for no further use than the first perusal, afterwards giving them over to the hands of the auctioneer, contenting themselves with a moiety of their original cost. This is very well for those who can afford it, but many of our reading community, and not a few of the most acute judgement and taste, would incur an expense by this management which all would pronounce unwarrantable. A Circulating Library, properly selected, and following the numerous improvements of the day, is perhaps the only corrective for this evil. With the amount the reader must sacrifice on a single volume by purchasing and selling again, he may have the perusal of a dozen of equal merit and interest, and of equal advantage to himself. We congratulate our neighbours, on the establishment of a Circulating Library in this part of the city. One has recently been opened at Mr. Denio's book-store, No 303 North Market-street, three doors below the Masonic Record Office. We hope his expectations from the liberality of the public, will be, as his exertions deserve, more than realised.

☞ The Western Medical and Physical Journal for July has been received. We take the liberty of repeating our sentiments of respect for the able Editor of this work. Our readers will excuse us for again calling their attention to it, and we can assure them it promises well for the interests of the science at the West. For the information of such

of our medical friends as feel disposed to encourage such a work, it may not be improper to repeat, that the Medical and Physical Journal is published at Cincinnati, Ohio, for four dollars per year, payable in advance; by Daniel Drake, M. D. in monthly numbers of from fifty to seventy pages octavo. Medical gentlemen will find it a truly interesting, and learned auxiliary to their labours for the improvement of the science.

☞ **MORGAN.** Several "horrid" accounts are at present going their length in some of the papers, west, originating in such papers as are interested in keeping the excitement alive. As they all promise something more horrid yet to come, we shall await the fulfilment of that promise; but if it does not appear soon, we may publish those we have on hand for want of better, and these are "horrid" enough in all conscience for common taste, false or true.

☞ We have been informed that the Grand Jury of Ontario county, (on the oath of a person who appears to be, if not a *principal*, certainly a very close accessory to the transaction as related—possibly a man who contemplates making money under the proclamation of the Governor) found bills of indictment against several individuals for the MURDER of Morgan. The sheriff of that county is now in pursuit of some of the persons so indicted. David C. Miller, and Parson Cochrane, after undergoing an operation of Chamber's Medicine, have renewed the publication of the *Batavia Republican Advocate*, on the strength of the coming *electioneering* excitement. The "Bellows of Wind" in this city still continues *☞ BLOWING!*

THE STEAM PACKETS. The unexampled speed to which these commodious conveyances have arrived is worthy of attention. We understand that the Independence and the Albany came through together from New-York, the Independence in eleven hours, and the Albany in eleven hours and two minutes. Persons on board the Albany at the time, say that small advantage resulted from the fact that in landing at Hudson, the Independence sent her boat ashore, while the Albany came to the wharf.

CAPTAIN PATRIDGE'S corps of CADETS arrived in this city on Thursday, in the Safety Barge Lady Clinton, from New-York. They were on a tour of camp duty to Niagara. After visiting the public places, and marching through the principal streets of the city, they dined at several of the principal Hotels, after which they paraded, and took up their march for Schenectady. This promising young corps, contains upwards of one hundred and fifty active young men, many of very puerile stature but all of real manly carriage. Their martial appearance was highly creditable to the institution, to their teacher, and to themselves.

☞ **ANDROIDES.** The mechanical exhibition termed *Androides*, is highly worth the notice of a polite and liberal audience. Indeed the fashionable circle which repair thither every evening, at Knickerbocker Hall, will corroborate the assertion. It affords that species of amusement which will delight the ingenious and inquiring mind. Rational in itself, it invites the attention of a rational and independent people; and it is pleasing to observe that persons of every religious denomination have honored the exhibition with their company. Its venerable proprietor merits that respect which his amiable wishes to please, have deservedly gained.

MONTAGUE.

☞ Mr. D. M'GLASHAN proposes establishing a weekly paper in this city, to be called the "*Signs of the Times*," to be published every Saturday morning, for \$3 a year, payable in advance. The design of this paper will be to aid in the election of Gen. Jackson to the presidency. Mr. M'Glashan will deserve, and we earnestly hope may receive success.

☞ **AND YET ANOTHER.** Our friends may believe that the number of Newspapers already established in this city, is drawn to its extreme. We think different. It has long been our wish to see a respectable Journal established, whose principal design, together with the general interests of the community, shall be to support and strengthen the two main pillars of national prosperity,—MANUFACTURES and AGRICULTURE. This duty, the Editor of the Record has now resolved to attempt. The prospectus for the work shall be forthcoming, as soon as convenience and propriety will allow, when the public may rest assured that no pains or expense shall be spared to render it worthy the patronage of those who aim at a real and permanent National Independence.

TABLE-TALK.

A fine example of systematic and fashionable duelling was lately started at the south. It began as usual with two or more columns of correspondence in the *Winyaw Intelligencer*; proceeding to discuss the preliminaries in a very learned and precise manner,—and had they not unluckily disagreed and quarrelled on the "fifth clause," the public would probably have been diverted by the exhibition of their bravery.—The foreign papers say that, in Bohemia, it has been discovered that sugar may be made from the sap of the maple! Mr. Noah supposes that some future Quarterly may say, "The art of making sugar from the syrup of the maple tree, recently discovered in France and Bohemia, has been introduced into America with some success. American genius is imitative, and not original. It borrows from the superior genius of Europe, but never improves on the loan. We have a great affection for the Yankees, and charitably hope that their present sugar-making project may prosper."—Mr. J. Birdsall of Sing-Sing, killed a Rattlesnake last week. Just before he came up with her, he saw several young snakes making their way down her throat. On opening the snake, thirty three young ones were found, each ten inches long.—The following appeared in the *Newburyport Herald* the 26th ult.: "*Strong*, the murderer, to elude if possible, the punishment of death, has very ingeniously be thought himself of petitioning the Governor of New-York for a commutation of his sentence of hanging, to that of exposure aboard the vessel to be despatched in September over the Falls of Niagara. He probably recollects the old song—[*Quere, saying?*] He that's born to be hanged will never be drowned!" [Seems to me these Yankees know e'en a-most every thing I guess.]—Mr. Jacob Gourgas, of Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, (Penn.) has made a pair of scissors which weigh less than the sixteenth part of a grain. [Small business enough!]—A Rutland (Vt.) paper states that a bear and two cubs were lately seen to enter the woods from a field, about three miles from that village; notice was immediately given, and about one hundred persons turned out and surrounded the place, and killed four bears and took a cub prisoner.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet ship *Columbia*, Captain Delano, arrived at New-York on Thursday; sailed from Cowes on the 9th, and brought London papers to the 5th of August.

A manifesto of the Ottoman Porte had been published, intended as a reply to the representation made by the Ambassadors of the allied powers, urging the expediency of an amicable interference between the Porte and its Turkish subjects. It is supposed to have been designed as an anticipatory answer to the provisions of the treaty which has been published.

The Swedish government has recently concluded a treaty with Turkey, for the free admission of their flag into the Black Sea.

A treaty of Commerce and Navigation between Sweden and the United States, has been concluded on a system of perfect reciprocity.

On the 25th of June, Lord Cochrane had an action with an Egyptian squadron of 120 sail, off Candia, and having troops on board. The Greek squadron consisted of 80 sail. After a very brisk cannonade for 48 hours, he succeeded in dispersing them, and sunk several of their vessels.

UTILITY AND ORNAMENT.—The Writing Academy, next to the bank of Albany, is open at all hours, from 6 in the morning till 9 at night, affording individuals and classes the convenience of devoting one or more hours each day, according to their own convenience. The Institution will finally close in Albany the first of the ensuing month. The manuscript books of three hundred ladies and gentlemen now attending, may be examined. The whole expense for fourteen lessons or (if scholars commence immediately) for one month, is one dollar. D. HEWETT, sept. 8. 32 21.

POETRY.

THE MOUNTAIN TOMBS.

[From "The Desolation of Eyam, &c." a new work.]

How strange that thronged tombs should lie
Amidst these lonely hills!
Beneath this solitary sky,
And where this river fills
The air with its perpetual coil,
And ever through the thirsty soil
Its desert tide distills!
The river here alone is heard;
The river and its haunting bird.

The shepherd, as he goes his round,
May halt at times to trace
How years depress the circling mound,
And from each stone efface
The names of those who sleep below;
Memorials graven long ago,
When in this silent place
Perhaps far other sounds were heard
Than the swift river's haunting bird.
Sounds of man's pleasures and distress;
The living frequent tread:
But where are they? This wilderness
Shews scarce a single shed.
And, save the shepherd to the fold
Or mountain passing, few behold
This city of the dead.

Peace to their sleep! from year to year,
How quietly they slumber here!

And yet, above these desert graves
A hurricane hath swept,
Worse than the summer storm that raves
When tempests long have slept.
Wrath, horror, storms of fire and steel;
Storms, such as warring spirits feel,
Long after to be wept;

Storms which tradition, kindling tells,
Aroused these slumberers from their cells.

They came in dreams, they met by night
The shepherd on his roam;
They breathed abroad the soul of fight
For altar and for home.

Power sought their children to enthral,
To cast o'er cot, and kirk, and hall,
From its minacious dome,
Its subtle chains, contrived to awe
Proud nations, in the form of law.

Power on that chainless mountain trod,
And sought to interpose
Betwixt their spirits and their God,
And then the tempest rose!
Then lovers, in the gloaming, here
Loitering, beheld a scene of fear;
They saw the tombs disclose
Their awful guests, stern forms that vowed
Death to the tyrant and the proud.

Then from the hills and wild moors came
The flashing of fierce blades;
Then cries which set the soul on flame
Were heard; and flitting shades,
In martial troops, and forms more bold
Than shades themselves are wont to mould,
Marched out from dens and glades:
And every hut and shieling high
Thrilled to the spirit of that cry.

The war-shock came—the fury burst,
And, far and wide, the fire,
In secret to combustion nursed,
Smote thousands in its ire.
It raged—it spread—the assailing now
Lowered to the insulted earth his brow;
And now the oppressed retire,
Their baffled heads in wilds to hide
From maddening power's resurgent pride
It came in vain. 'Tis thus the dead
Still for their children strive;
Thus, from the darkness of their bed,
Keep liberty alive;
Thus, even as in the present hour,
They live in victory and in power,
And from past years arrive
With deathless memories—like a flock,
Peopling the desert and the rock.

HONNEUR AUX BRAVES.

[From "The Draught of Immortality," &c. By H. M. Parker.]

Honour unto the brave!
Honour to those who fall,
Where freedom's banners wave,
Where glory's trumpets call;
The laurel, that alone
Should shade a hero's grave,
Will bloom when we are gone—
Then "Honour to the brave!"

Honour unto the brave!
Honour to those who bleed,
Their native land to save;
Oh! theirs is fame indeed!
Who that could perish so,
Would live to be a slave?

Could brave men crouch so low?
No!—"Honour to the brave!"

Honour unto the brave!
Who bore their banner high
Above the stormy wave,
Beneath a stormy sky;
They sleep the hero's sleep,
In many an ocean-cave,
But their fame is on the deep—
Then, "Honour to the brave!"

Honour unto the brave!
Where'er they draw the sword;
Honour to those that crave
But fame as their reward;
In camp, in regal hall,
On mountain, or in cave,
At beauty's festival—
Still, "Honour to the brave!"

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

There was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"
—This was the free and joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen."

"We will rear new homes, under trees that glow
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline,
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children played
'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all, our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roe-buck free!
None shall say, 'hither, no father pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass!
We will chase the Elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But oh! the grey church-tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath bell,
And the shelter'd garden bower—
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods;
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indian's graves lay alone before!"

"But who shall teach the flowers,
Which our children lov'd, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
—Home, home, and friends, farewell!"

THE CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.

[From "Absurdities in Prose and Verse."]

A Cabbage loved a Cauliflower!
(How far beyond my muse's power
To tell how much they loved!)

"Oh! list unto a lover true,
To one, whose heart was formed for you!"
He said—she seemed unmoved.

"Ah think not 'cause my wounds are green,
I speak thus warmly, fairest queen,
Nor think me insincere;
For oh! my love is firmly rooted;
Nor is there one so aptly suited
To be my wife—my dear."

Said she, "I heard the gardener say
Your heart was hard, the other day;
Then can you love but me?"
Said Cab, "You did not comprehend;
The gardener, love, you may depend,
Did merely wish to cut me!"

"Oh! then," the Cauliflower sighed;
"Do you deem worthy of your bride
One of such small renown?"
"Of small renown! What is't you say?
The gardener said the other day,
Your head was worth a crown!"

"Then take me for thy wife, my love!
What rapture! can I ever rove?
No—no—I swear by Venus!"
"But why so distant?" Cabbage cried.
"So distant!" said the lovely bride,
"We've but one bar between us!"

How little thought the luckless pair
The cruel gardener was so near,
(He came at set of sun;)

His knife from leathern case he drew,
And cut off both these lovers true,
For fear that they should run!

THE GENIUS OF NIAGARA.

BY A VISITOR AT THE FALLS.

Proud Demon of the waters! Thou
Around whose stern and stormy brow
Circles the Rainbow's varied gem,
The Vapour Spirits diadem;
While rushing headlong at thy feet,
The everlasting Thunders meet!

Thron'd on the mists, around thy form
Is dashing an eternal storm—
Ceaseless and changeless—and whose shock
The Tempest of old Ocean mock:
And the dark Sea-King yields to thee
The meed of might and Majesty!

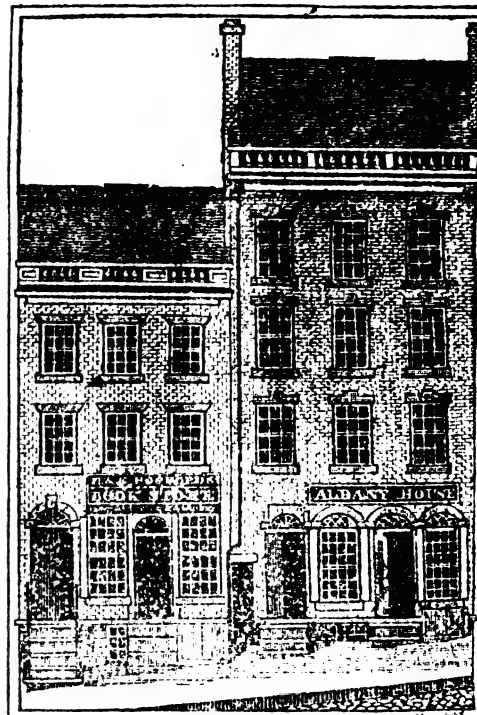
Depth, Sound, Immensity, have lent
Their terrors to the element—
Thy congregated waters yell
Down caverns fathomless as Hell;
While Heaven's glorious hues are set
About thy gorgeous Coronet!

Emblem of Power! the mighty Sun,
Hath left and found thee roaring on—
The Giant, Time, hath never yet
His footsteps on thy waters set;
For thou remainest still the same—
Unchanged and unchangeable.

[Buffalo Journal.]

WILD OATS. Henry Lord Flankland having been brought into the House of Commons at a very early age, a grave Senator objected to his youth, remarking, that "he did not look as if he had sown his wild oats." His Lordship replied with great quickness, "Then I come to the properest place, where there are so many old geese to pick them up."

LEMAN.—Military Standard, Fancy Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 21st



ALBANY HOUSE, No. 110 & 112 State-street, is now fitted up in a superior style for a public BOARDING HOUSE. Boarders and Travellers who may please to call, can be accommodated by the day, week or month, on liberal terms.

A Bar, and Stable, are attached to the above establishment.

Albany, September 1st, 1827.

31st

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1827.

[No. 33.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita. [Juv. Sat.]

MASONIC ADDRESS.

Extract from an Address delivered before the fraternity of ARK LODGE, in Geneva, Ontario county, on the festival of St. John the Baptist, and the dedication of the new Masonic Hall, June 25th, A. L. 5827.

BY REV. COMP. JOHN A. CLARK.

If associations for benevolent purposes are deemed requisite, and the testimony of good men are in their favour, I feel confident that masonry cannot but be viewed favourably by an audience of such enlightened views and discriminating judgment, as the one I have the honour to address on this occasion. And my confidence is founded upon this fact, that the object for which masonry is instituted is none other than to make better and happier the human race—to diminish the sum of human misery and increase the sum of human happiness.

We have already remarked that that moral fabric which God's own hand reared up, has been fractured by the tremendous shock of sin. It has fallen down—it lies in dilapidated ruins before us. The sole design of the masonic institution, is to rebuild this moral edifice with such order and proportion, that it may again bear on its columns the image of JEHOVAH, and on its arches the inscription, "*Holiness to the Lord.*" It by no means claims the ascendancy over, or attempts to supersede the necessity of religion. God, as our creator, has a rightful claim to *our faith, our trust, our worship, and our obedience.* In the proper exercise of these consists our religion. There are, however, other duties which we owe remotely to God, but *immediately to ourselves and our fellow men.* Among these, are *temperance, chastity, truth, justice, and charity.* The faithful discharge of our duties, in popular language, is called *morality.* It is the professed object of masonry to take charge of this class of duties; it therefore has the same connection with religion that morality has. The morality that is not based upon a belief in God, and in the accountability of man, must necessarily be built upon the sand, and is liable therefore to be swept away by the first flood of feeling or tempest of passion. In entering this institution, therefore, all the candidates are required, ere the veil that concealed its sacred mysteries is drawn, to avow their *belief and trust* in God, as the moral governor of the universe.

Masonry does not pretend to prescribe our religious creed, or investigate our mental exercises. It sends to us the Bible for our religion. As a moral institution it possesses decided and unquestionable excellencies to recommend it. These chiefly consist in

1. Its mode of inculcating duty, and
2. In the peculiar advantages of its discipline.

1. Its mode of inculcating duty. Do not imagine that we suppose there resides in its unseen apparatus, a mysterious influence or magic power, by which the moral tastes of the beings that are brought into contact with it, are instantly transformed.

Masonry can exert no influence over a man that has not a *sense of moral obligation.* This is the prop upon which its level must rest. With this prop and its own level, it can lift the man into the pure clear sky of virtue. This is not accomplished by one daring and successful effort, but by long and continued training. The bettering of the moral condition of one human being, is considered worth all the pains and patience that can be expended upon it. The idea is adopted which we have already advanced, that the merit of this deed is enhanced just in proportion to the pains that are taken, and the difficulties that are encountered in its accomplishment.

The peculiarity of the masonic mode of inculcating duty, consists in its being accommodated to man with a specific reference to his known habits of

thought and action. We are creatures of sense rather than of intellect. Truths of the most interesting nature can be fixed in the mind scarcely one fleeting moment, unless aided by the impression of sensible objects.

Whether this is owing to the debasing influence of sin, or the necessity that is laid upon most of the human family, of being constantly conversant with objects and employments that shrink the intellectual powers and limit the field of their operation—the fact is evident, that the majority of mankind cannot be made to feel the force of truth that stands naked and unconnected with something *sensible.*

Masonry has kept this fact full in view, and endeavoured to meet the difficulty in its mode of inculcating duty. This mode consists in the use of sensible signs, addressed to the *eye, the ear, and the touch,* expressive of moral truth and duty. By an arbitrary association, the moral duties are connected with acts and objects with which we are all familiar. Whenever any of these acts or objects are presented to the eye, the ear, or the touch, the moral duty associated with that act or object is immediately brought before the mind. Familiar objects thus become powerful mediums of instruction. You are all aware of the increased vivacity and impressiveness imparted to discourse by *metaphors, similes, and comparisons.* The mode of teaching by sensible objects is as much more impressive than this, as the actual presence of some grand or beautiful scene is, than the mere description of it.

It is of no consequence what may be the symbols employed, whether they be the visible heavens, the productions of nature, or the movements of the human body. Whether they be mathematical lines, or the implements of husbandry and architecture—If they are addressed to the senses, and the truths associated with them understood, they will produce an impression. It was by such symbols that all the world was preserved for ages. The hieroglyphics inscribed upon the colossal structure that outlives the ravages of thousands of years, contained a summary of the most sublime inventions of man.

The symbolic hieroglyphics however, must have been defective as vehicles of human knowledge, on account of the great multiplicity of the subjects of human learning. Not so as the vehicles of moral instruction, for the moral duties, involving a single general principle, are in numbers few. They can therefore all be inculcated in this way with great effect.

As these mediums of instruction constitute in part the secret and undivulged signs of recognition in this fraternity, it may not be improper to observe, that the objection frequently brought against masonry on account of its being a secret association, must appear to every judicious mind without validity. It is not a part of my present design to enter into a full development of the reasons that support the propriety of the *secret* convocations of this association.

On this article I shall barely mention, that that part of masonry over which the veil of profound secrecy has forever hung, is free from every stain. It does not dread the light—its deeds are not evil.

But as in the original formation of this institution, its mysteries constituted one of its essential parts—these cannot be removed without demolishing the whole fabric. I know not that these remarks will satisfy those who think that there must necessarily be something *wrong* in all that is *concealed.* But apply this principle to the sciences and see if its correctness will then be acknowledged. I can readily imagine one unacquainted with the method of investigating the relations of quantities, by arbitrary signs, bending with perplexed and irritated feeling over the pages of an algebra. In his eye there rests upon its symbols and various processes an inexplicable mystery. He may ask you to bring the matter down to his entire comprehension, and require you to do it by abandoning those arbitrary symbols which constitute the whole machinery of algebra,

and without which a single operation could not be performed.

In the same manner one may ask us to bring the mysteries of masonry down to his entire comprehension, and require us to do it by abandoning those conventional signs, which enter into the very texture of the system, and which if removed, would necessarily destroy the whole establishment. Upon the propriety of such a requirement, I make no comment.

2. We said that one of the excellencies of masonry, as a moral institution, consisted in the peculiar advantages of its discipline. Its disciplinary powers extend no farther than *reproof, suspension, and expulsion.* In all associations formed, either for conferring benefits or receiving improvement, a new tie is mutually fastened upon the individuals composing them.

There is a growing attachment between the individuals, who weekly meet for purposes of worship under the same roof, and listen to the same truths, and feel stirring within them the same emotions. Men who have a common interest will be united in feeling.

These remarks apply with peculiar force to the masonic fraternity. They profess to be a band of *brothers.* Their social compact is professedly formed for purposes of improvement and benevolence. These objects of themselves will necessarily endear to each other those who are engaged in the pursuit of them.

This institution takes its designation from an art, the operations of which consist entirely in the act of *uniting* separate species of the same material, and in its very designation therefore, there is an allusion to that *cement* of feeling, which is spread through all its ranks, uniting in one every heart.

In all social communities, the happiness of an individual must depend upon the esteem in which he is held in the community to which he belongs. He will therefore be influenced in his conduct by public sentiment. He will avoid taking any step by which he would forfeit the esteem in which he is held, and bring upon himself disgrace.

It is in this way that lodges can hold an almost perfect control over the moral deportment of their members. Only let a high sense of virtue pervade the general body, and a fear of disgrace will keep men from vice. A man unites himself with a masonic fraternity—he admires its mysteries—he is attached to its members—he holds in high esteem their friendship—now he knows he cannot infringe upon the laws of morality without cutting himself off from this association, and drawing upon him the contempt of those who had once been his friends.

Therein consists the peculiar advantages of masonic discipline. From the great regard the members of this institution have for each other, the force of public sentiment is here almost omnipotent. The frown of public sentiment in civil society is more dreaded than the rigours of the law.

There is nothing that can plant a deeper dagger in the heart, than to receive evidences of contempt and dislike from our fellows. So true is this, that this idea is employed in the Bible as a symbol to represent hell. When those that have long slept in the dust, shall start from the bursting grave, they that have done evil shall awake amid the surrounding throngs of glorified spirits, "to shame and everlasting contempt."

Should it be said that the pure principles which masonry inculcates are not adhered to by masons, and hence the standard of public sentiment among them is let down and vice stalks through their midst unabashed? I have barely to reply, that if this is the fact, it is a lamentable fact. Yet this is not the fault of *masonry*, but of *masons.* And this is not a solitary instance, evincing the possibility of men's being associated for purposes of moral improvement, and having before them the symbols of all that is holy, while their hearts are filled with uncleanness, and their hands stained with guilt. I look

back five hundred years, and I see the same strange phenomena in almost every chapel and cathedral in Christendom. No valid argument can be drawn from the conduct of an unworthy member against the excellencies of any institution.

Masonry, therefore, as far as its object is attained, bears the same relation to religion, that he whose nativity we this day celebrate, bore to the Saviour. John came to *prepare the way for Christ*. The plan he pursued to bring about this preparation, was to inculcate the moral duties. Will it be said that this was not the proper course to be pursued: that it is folly to attempt a reformation of life, before the reception of faith? Remember in saying this the wisdom of God is arraigned, whose accredited servant John was. John did not tell his hearers that the performance of the duties he enjoined upon them would entitle them to heaven. He told them of an instructor that was coming after him, "mightier than himself, who would baptise them with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The design of masonry being the reformation of human conduct, and improvement in moral virtue this institution has a direct tendency to lead men to the love and practice of holiness. Like the precursor of the Saviour, to those who ask what shall we do, masonry answers—"He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat let him do likewise. Exact no more than is due. Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely." If any muse in their heart, whether this be all that is required to entitle them to heaven, to them masonry says—"the religion of Jesus Christ is mightier than I, whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose. You never can enter heaven until through its sacred influence, you have been baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Such is masonry in its design and effects. Did I think otherwise, I should not stand here to-day its advocate, for I have not forgotten that I am rapidly hastening to the bar of the Judge Eternal, where I shall have to give an account of the part I have taken in the transactions of this day. Was I conscious that there was lurking any thing in this institution demoralizing in its tendency, I would not hesitate to place upon it the seal of reprobation. Aye, I would not hesitate to do it, though in doing it I saw a thousand brows knit in anger, for I dread the frown of my God more than the angry look of millions. But I know no evil of masonry. It is an institution worthy of my warmest approbation, and I cheerfully give it this testimony.

Brethren and Companions, I have been trying to give some transparency to that veil which hides from common eyes the excellencies of your ancient and honourable institution. I fear the effort has been a fruitless one. These excellencies can meet those eyes only as they shine forth in your conduct.

I have said that this institution possessed a superior mode of inculcating duty. I believe the remark is true. Still in making it, I am conscious that I have drawn upon you the eyes of all this assembly. Each one of you are as a city set upon a hill. Your character must undergo a scrutiny. You will not shrink from this scrutiny, since by the badges you now have on, you challenge it. As masons, we profess to be men of *temperance, of chastity, of veracity, of justice and charity*. If your institution does not possess peculiar advantages in its mode of inculcating these duties, where will be found the evidence of it, if not found written on the doings of its members? Ah, rail not at the censoriousness of the world. If we remain true to our own principles, the hostile ranks of millions cannot shake the firm pillars upon which the sacred ark of masonry rests. If its friends are true to their principles, it will remain firm as the everlasting rock—or like some gigantic forest tree, that standeth alone fearlessly spreads its branches abroad and lifts them to the sky, and the more the wind and the tempest shake its top, the deeper its roots pierce downwards and the closer their spreading fibres cling to the firm earth. But a practical abandonment of these principles will most assuredly rive and rend in sunder masonry. You are about to witness the interesting ceremony of the dedication of your Hall to masonic purposes. You have selected for its dedication, a day more appropriate than any other that could have been selected, as it is the day on which was

born the great preacher of morality. But this preacher came to prepare the way for Christ, and I have said that masonry was calculated to prepare the way for religion. I hope that in the members of this institution assembled here to-day, there may be found a practical illustration of this remark. I hope that my brethren have not stopped in the outer porch of morality, but have gone within the veil of the inner courts of religion. If we wish to recommend masonry, we can do it in no way so well, as by putting on the white robes of pure and undefiled religion. But this is not the only consideration. Life is short. The awful scenes of eternity will soon burst upon us. Every breathing and animated form that is now before me, will in a few fleeting years be mouldering in the grave, and your disembodied spirits will be in the presence of that God, who to the wicked "is a consuming fire." Rely upon it, when you come into that presence, you will want clothing—ye will want the white robe of the Lamb. Admittance can never be gained in the celestial lodge above, without the pass-word of "Christ crucified." Your work will not be approved unless you bring that "white stone which has in it a new name written that no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." No one but Jesus can give you that stone. No one but the Holy Spirit can reveal to you "that new name."

Travelling upon the level of time, you will soon reach the boundaries of the eternal world. Where, where, my brethren do you expect to take up your abode? In that city whose gates are pearl—whose streets are pure gold, and transparent glass—whose temple is the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb; which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. Remember it is the declaration of God—"There shall in no wise enter into that city any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they only whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life." "He that hath an ear to hear let him hear," and MARK WELL this saying,

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

INDICATIONS OF RAIN.

1st, *By Birds*. When the large black sea-mew, the cormorants, aquatic birds, and birds generally, go to the rivers, and water and bathe noisily; ducks, geese, and moor-hens plunge into the water, flapping it about with much noise; wild geese fly high in the air and in disorder; the plovers become restless, flying here and there and uttering their peculiar cry; the ravens and the rooks assemble in groups, and then almost immediately separate; the ravens in the morning, and the rooks in the evening, utter continual cries, and walk solitarily on the ground; the swallows fly low in the air; the magpies cry much at other seasons than at pairing time; domestic birds rub themselves in the dust; partridges, pigeons and smaller birds bathe themselves in sand; the cock crows immediately after sunset (when, on the contrary, the cock walks about during rain, it is a sign it will not continue long); the melancholy cry of the chaffinch is heard; the woodlark, linnat, sparrow, and robin, cry or sing during the morning; the peacocks and owls cry more frequently and strongly than usual during the night; the poultry are longer engaged searching out the insect beneath their feathers the later penetrating deeply into the skin.

2dly, *By other animals*. When the cattle pant for air toward mid day pastured cattle, sheep and goats, leap much and quarrel with each other; pigs are restless, and disperse their food; cats rub their ears and press their bodies against obstacles; dogs become restless, scratch the ground, eat grass and bark in a growling manner; the foxes bark; the wolves howl; the moles raise the earth higher than ordinary; the frogs croak much, and hide themselves in the meadows; the bats do not leave their retreats in the evening; the spiders-work but little; spin short threads, and retire to their corners; the flies bite horses and cattle on the legs, are agitated and fly confusedly together; the fish (*cobitis fossilis*) trouble the water; and the worms disturb the earth. It is considered as a presage of wind, when aquatic birds of the sea and marshes fly together towards

the land and play especially in the morning; birds at sea take shelter on vessels; wild geese fly very high, and in bands, going towards the east; water-fowls cry, and are agitated; the lapwing cries loudly; the king-fisher flies towards the earth: the rook (*corvus frugilegus*) pass rapidly through the air, and play on the borders of water. It is well known that hares have a presentiment of wind and will often set ten hours in advance on the place where it will blow. [*Sylvan, jahrbuch fur Fast Maenner.*]

EXCISION OF TEETH.

The following remarks on the Excision of Teeth, are copied from Mr. Fay's communication on the subject to the Society of Arts:

In the centre of every tooth is a little cavity, in which is expanded a nervous pulp, forming the principal seat of sensation in that organ; the nervous twigs pass through the roots of the teeth by very minute passages into this cavity, where they are spread out. The base of this cavity is situated a little above the level of the neck of the tooth, and it struck me that when caries had extended so far as to expose this nervous matter to the various agencies, from which, in the healthy state of the parts, it is protected, it would be easy to remove that part of the tooth containing the cavity, the seat of the pain, and thus allow the sound roots to remain in their sockets undisturbed, to support the adjoining teeth; as it is a notorious fact that the entire removal of one tooth, however easily performed, causes the adjoining ones to become prematurely loose, and ultimately to fall out, in consequence principally of the absorption of the alveolar process. Minutely to describe how this happens would occupy too much space, and I mention it merely as a well-known fact, to show the value of allowing the root or fangs of a tooth to remain. This operation I have called the *operation of excision*, and I recommend it as a most valuable substitute for the extraction of the teeth in the majority of cases of caries; but by no means to supersede it altogether, as there are, and must ever be cases requiring the entire extraction of the teeth; when disease has proceeded beyond a certain point, as for example, beyond the common cavity, which I have cursorily described; or when the jaw itself is diseased.

The instruments employed by me in this operation are forceps accurately fitted, like those for extraction, to the necks of the teeth, but having fine well-tempered cutting edges; these edges must be carefully applied on the necks of the teeth as close to the gums as possible, taking care to keep the edges parallel to the edges of the gums, which are to be depressed a little with the inferior surface of the blades of the forceps, so as to bring the cutting edges fairly beneath the enamel, which in the adult is the criterion of being below the common cavity of the tooth. Then, with a gradual application of pressure on the handles of the forceps, the tooth is in an instant snapped off at the neck, and the common cavity, the seat of pain, is thus removed, leaving the patient a painless bony surface for mastication, a firm prop for the support of the adjoining teeth, and a basis for an artificial tooth if it should be required. I may mention here a fact never before noticed, namely, that the openings by which the minute canals terminate in the common cavity, become, soon after the excision of the crown, *plugged up with bony matter*, which thus affords a permanent protection to the interior of the stump, and presents a continuous and firm surface for after-life. In addition to these advantages, the operation is performed on the largest teeth in a moment, and consequently, at a great saving of suffering, which should be the grand object of all sound surgery.

DIRECTIONS FOR TANNING.

Green Hides. Take them immediately from the carcase to the pond, and let them remain twelve hours: then put them into lime. One peck of black-jack ashes to a hide, if large, or half a bushel to three hides.

If the season is warm, in three or four days the hair will come; as soon as it will come, take it off. The first, second, and third day, work them well in the lime; do this by taking them quite out, and replace them; if necessary, add ashes, and always wa-

ter enough to cover them. After they are haired, take them to the pond: the second and third day work each side well, till the water or lime appears to ooze out of the hide, of a dryish cast. The fourth day put them in beaten bark, so that no part of the hide lies on another bare. Here they are to lie nine days, and then be replaced in a second bark. Six weeks after, replace them in fresh bark, and let them remain in the tan.

Dry Hides. To be soaked in the pond, in warm weather, seven days; in March, nine days; seven days in lime, and seven to take it out for warm weather; in March, nine or ten: every thing else the same as for green hides.

JEW HARPS.

A Mr. Eulenstein, a professor of the Spanish Guitar, in London, has improved this simple instrument in such a manner as to be able to produce from it full and fine harmonies, and combinations of tones, which have excited much admiration. He has arrived at this perfection by inventing a method whereby four harps can be used at the same time. He connects them by a silk thread, and places two on each side, where they are held by the lips. The four tongues are struck at the same time, or singly, and the breath acts upon them so as to vary and prolong the notes in a delightful manner. The music thus produced, has been compared to that of the Æolian Harp, and to some tones of the finest musical snuff boxes—while it sometimes swells forth with the rich melody of a distant choir.

CHARACTER.

DR. ADAM FERGUSSON.

Dr. Adam Fergusson, the author of the History of the Roman Republic, was a distinguished member of the literary society in which the poet Home, and the philosopher Hume, made such a figure. The son of a clergyman at Logierait, in Athol, he was himself destined to the Church, took orders, and went as chaplain to the Black Watch, or 42d Highland Regiment, when that corps was sent to the continent. As the regiment advanced to the battle of Fontenoy, the commanding officer, Monro, was astonished to see the chaplain at the head of the column, with a broadsword drawn in his hand. He desired him to go to the rear with the surgeons, a proposal which Adam Fergusson spurned. Sir Robert at length told him that his commission did not entitle him to be present in the post which he had assumed. "D—n my commission," said the warlike chaplain, throwing it towards his colonel. It may be easily supposed that the matter was only remembered as a good jest; but the future historian of Rome shared the honours and dangers of that dreadful day, where, according to the account of the French themselves, "the Highland furies rushed in upon them with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."

Professor Adam Fergusson's subsequent history is well known. He recovered from a decided shock of paralytes in the sixtieth year of life; from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. He survived till the year 1816, when he died in full possession of his mental faculties, at the advanced age of ninety-three. The deep interest which he took in the eventful war had long seemed to be the main tie that connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nunc dimittis*.—From that hour the feeling that had almost alone given him energy decayed and he avowedly relinquished all desire for prolonged life. It is the belief of his family that he might have remained with them much longer, had he desired to do so, and continued the exercise which had hitherto promoted his health. Long after his eightieth year he was one of the most striking old men whom it was possible to look at. His firm step and ruddy cheek contrasted agreeably and unexpectedly with his silver locks; and the dress which he usually wore, much resembling that of the Flemish peasant, gave an air of peculiarity to his whole figure. In his conversation, the mixture of original thinking with high moral feeling and extensive learning, his love of

country; contempt of luxury; and, especially, the strong subjection of his passions and feelings to the dominion of his reason, made him, perhaps, the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. His house, while he continued to reside in Edinburgh, was a general point of re-union among his friends, particularly of a Sunday, where there generally met, at a hospitable dinner party, the most distinguished literati of the old time who still remained, with such young persons as were thought worthy to approach their circle, and listen to their conversation. The place of his residence was an insulated house at some distance from the town, which its visitors (notwithstanding its internal comforts) chose to call for that reason, Kamtschatka.

VARIETY.

DR. BAILLIE AND A LADY PATIENT.

The late Dr. Baillie, when in the hurry of business, was sometimes rather irritable, and betrayed a want of temper in hearing the tiresome details of an unimportant story. After listening to a prosing account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, and was descending the stairs, when he was overtaken by the lady's sister exclaiming, "Dr. Baillie! Dr. Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat an oyster? only one oyster, Dr. Baillie?"

Doctor—"Yes ma'am, your sister may eat one oyster."

Having recommenced his descent, he was stopped before he got to the first landing place, with another exclamation from the lady, who had ran to the top of the stairs:

Lady—"Dr. Baillie, Dr. Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat two oysters. Only two oysters Dr. Baillie."

Doctor—"Aye ma'am, your sister may eat two oysters."

The Doctor then made for his carriage, thinking his escape certain, but as his foot was on the step, he was stopped by a servant who requested him to return one moment as his mistress had one word more to say to him. The Doctor returned.

Doctor—"Well ma'am has any thing extraordinary occurred within the last half minute?"

Lady—"Oh Dr. Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat three oysters. Only three oysters Dr. Baillie."

Doctor—"Three, ma'am! aye a barrel, shells and all."

PAY OF A ROMAN ACTOR.

The daily pay of Roscius, the greatest actor of Rome, was somewhere about thirty pounds sterling. His annual profit, according to Pliny, was four thousand pounds, but five thousand according to Cicero. Roscius was a generous, benevolent man, and a great contemner of money; for having amassed sufficient to satisfy his wishes by the exercise of his art, he for ten years bestowed his labours gratuitously upon the people, thus voluntarily sacrificing the sum of £50,000.

DEATHS ON THE STAGE.

The singular manner of John Palmer's death on the stage has been recorded, in repeating the sentence. "There is another and a better world!" That of Bond the translator of Zura was equally extraordinary. He was an excessive admirer of the French theatre, and greatly attached to amateur performances. His repeated endeavors to have Zura brought forward at the public theatres had wholly failed; but, after overcoming many difficulties, he contrived to procure a company of private performers, and, at his own expense, it was brought forward in the year 1734, in York Buildings. The public were highly interested on its announcement, and the first night the crowd assembled exceeded any thing that had been known at Drury Lane or Covent Garden. The translator personated Lusignan; and when he fainted on recognizing his daughter, long and repeated shouts of applause attested the impression his acting had made on the audience; plaudits continued as the actor remained motionless; at length, the cheers relaxed, but he

stirred not—attempts were made to arouse him, but he was dead!

TRAGEDY REALIZED AND TYRANNY AVENGED.

The following most, extraordinary scene of tragedy is reported to have occurred upon the stage in Sweden, in the reign of King John the Second. That Prince having commanded the performance of the "Mystery of the Passion," the actor who performed Longis, carried away by strange enthusiasm, actually killed the person who was nominated to act with him; and who, in the struggles of death, suffocated the female who represented the Magdalen. The intemperate character of the Prince led him to rush from his seat, and, with one blow of his cimeter, he severed the head of Longis from his shoulders; but the spectators of that rude period, from vexation of being deprived of their favorite amusement, or shocked at the conduct of their sovereign, precipitated themselves upon the stage, and beheaded the monarch himself upon the spot.

A HUNDRED TO ONE.

"There were a hundred justices," says one, "at the monthly meeting." "A hundred," says another. "Yes," says he, "do you count, and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cipher, he is nobody, justice House, you may put down another cipher for him—one and two ciphers are a hundred."

A PLAIN CASE.

Mr. Sergeant Gardner, being lame of one leg, and pleading before Fortescue who had little or no nose, the judge said to him, "He was afraid he had but a lame case of it." "Oh, my lord," said the Sergeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as plain as the nose on your face."

A FIGURE TO PAINT.

"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

HEREDITARY INSANITY.

By great temperance in living and avoiding mental emotion and exertion as much as possible, insanity may be prevented, even where predisposition to it is strongly marked; till, at length, the predisposition itself is worn out. By looking at the subject in this point of view, that dread of insanity which exists so strongly in many minds may be greatly lessened, as it holds out a reasonable ground for expecting that the tendency to the malady may be gradually overcome, and that by simple and practicable means. [Lancet.]

CRIM. CON. IN SPAIN.

The offending parties in a late trial of this description, at Madrid, were sentenced, the Lady to close confinement in prison for ten years, the Gentleman to eight years hard labour on the Coast of Africa, and both to costs of the trial.

An Irish Dignitary of the Church (not remarkable for veracity) complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a liar, Macklin asked him what reply he made. "I told him," says he, "that a lie was amongst the things I dared not commit." "And why, Doctor," replied Macklin, "did you give the rascal so mean an opinion of your courage?"

At a corporation dinner in England, one of the visitors proposed a toast, "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country never see distress with the other;" but the person whose duty it was to read the toast, by omitting the word "distress," completely changed the sentiment, and caused great merriment by the blunder.

A gentleman on horseback finding himself at a spot where four roads met, asked a countryman, who was working on one of them, where it run to. Cleddpole raising himself from his stooping posture, scratching his head, replied with a grin. "I doesn't know where it runs to Zur, but we finds it here every morning."

Light, whether it be material or moral, is the best Reformer; for it prevents those disorders which other remedies sometimes cure, but sometimes confirm.

POPULAR TALES.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

A RURAL TALE.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond life's dim uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled for ever. [Delta

Maria Merton was allowed to be the prettiest girl for many miles around the country. She was an only child, and lived at a short distance from the village of F—, in a small, but neat cottage, which had been given to her parents for life by Squire Hardy. Her father was, and had been gardener to the Squire for a considerable number of years; and here was Maria Merton born—here did she pass her days, from infancy, in one unclouded sunshine of love and happiness. But, alas! happiness is not the constant lot of human beings. Maria Merton was soon to prove this; for, though she had spent her youthful days in comparative bliss, yet the time was approaching when her troubles were to commence.

She had just attained her sixteenth year, when it was the will of heaven that her mother should be taken from her. This event, so heart-rending, completely effected a change in her manners and character. Before, she was all mirth and gladness—light and frolicsome as the sportive zephyr; but now, the roses had vanished from her cheeks. Oft would she sit gazing pensively on vacancy; and, instead of the innocent laugh that told of peace within, oft would the unbidden sigh escape her bosom, and the big tear stand trembling in her eye. If before she had been accounted beautiful, that beauty was now more than ever interesting from her melancholy appearance. She had the same lightness of form, the same features; but these were softened and mellowed down by the hand of grief.

Her occupation now consisted in taking care of the house, and in providing for her father, who was now alone left to her, and of course was doubly dear. It was some pleasure to her to have the frugal meal placed ready for his coming, to observe his look of satisfaction, to receive his kind advice, and to anticipate his every want. In this manner passed two more years of her life; she had felt the subduing influence of time, which had helped to heal her woes; and she had now assumed her natural appearance when fate was again preparing a heavy blow for her.

The winter had been uncommonly severe, and the following summer was no less parched and hot. A violent fever raged through the village of F—, that swept away many, both old and young, to their graves. Maria Merton was not without her fears, and oft did she offer up her prayer that her father might be spared to her. But the ways of Providence are mysterious and inscrutable, and it is not for vain man to murmur or repine at them, but to bow his head in all humility, well knowing that "whatever is, is right."

It was one calm evening, when they were sitting, as they were wont, on a bench before the front of the cottage, that she thought her father looked low and dejected. She observed this to him, but he laughed it away, saying that it was only a slight head-ache and sickness that he felt, and that it would go off before morning. This did not satisfy her anxious doubts, and she resolved, if he was no better, to procure medical assistance. Morning came, and with it a confirmation of all her fears; her father was in a high fever, and on the point of being delirious. Now it was that she proved her affection: she was, indeed, his ministering angel. Night and day did she watch by his bed-side: medical aid was procured but all would not do. For three days he lay delirious; on the evening of the fourth he recovered his senses; and, perceiving his daughter, he called her to him. "Maria," said he, "I am about to quit this world for ever; if there is any thing that makes me wish to live, or that renders this hour bitter to me, it is the thought of leaving thee, alone and unprotected, to meet the storms and insults of an unfeeling world. I have not, however, made bad use of the time I have been allowed; and it is one consolation that thou wilt not want for the necessities of this life. In thy mother's closet, thou wilt find sufficient, honestly procured, for thy future maintenance. Place it in the squire's

hands, and tell him that it was my dying wish that thou shouldst continue to live in this cottage, where thou wast born, and perhaps were thou mayest die. Now let me have the last kiss these lips shall take: farewell! I go to meet thy mother: may God above bless thee, and watch over thee for good!" He pressed her hand, laid his head back on the pillow, gave an expiring sigh, and his soul quitted her earthly tabernacle.

Time fled; Maria Merton had seen her father deposited in the grave by the side of her mother; the first burst of grief was over, and her mind had sunk into a settled melancholy. She had according to her father's wish, placed all her money in the squire's hands, who not only granted her wish to remain in the cottage, but offered her an asylum in his own house. This, however, for sundry reasons, she refused; and she therefore took up her abode with the new gardener and his wife, who had lately come to the cottage.

It was on a bright and breezeless eve, in the month of September—the sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, and gilding, with his parting rays, both hill and valley—the birds were flying to their leafy habitation, and all Nature seemed sinking to repose—when Maria Merton was seated in her favourite bower in the garden, enjoying the cool of the evening, and looking with softened feelings on the scene before her. The sound of the village bell smote upon her ear, which brought to her memory numerous and painful recollections. She thought on her parents, on her past and present life, and on what would befall her in the future. She thought also on one who had long been absent—she almost wished for his presence, and then she gave a sigh to his memory. She started up afraid, for the sigh was audibly answered by another from behind the bower. She had just reached the entrance, when a figure stood before her that fetched the colour into her cheeks. She was almost denied the power of utterance, so overpowering were her feelings. At last she said, "Oh! Mr. Hardy, is that indeed you?"

"Dearest Maria, it is!" and the next moment they were locked in each other's arms.

Frank Hardy, the person whom we have now introduced, was the only son of Squire Hardy, whose mother had died in giving birth to him. He had always been a great favourite with Maria Merton's father and mother, and a welcome visitant at their cottage. He had early observed their daughter's beauty, which was the cause of his frequent visits, and had secretly sighed for the possession of her heart, and at last obtained it. He observed with no small degree of satisfaction that he had created some interest in her bosom, and that his society was very agreeable to her; for whenever he came, a smile from her was sure to welcome him.

About this time her mother died, and then it was that he completely won her heart. His frequent visits of condolence, both with her and her father, placed him in such an amiable light that she could not but admire him for his sorrow and sympathy for her mother's death.

But the period was coming which was to part them from each other, when she should declare openly that love which she felt inwardly for him. Frank Hardy had received all the education a private tutor could give; and as he was now about sixteen, it was told him by his father that in a month's time he must set off for college. He therefore made the best use of his time, and the evening before his departure contrived to have a private interview with Maria. 'Twas in her favourite bower; the moon was shining in all her majesty; 'twas an hour favourable to love. "Maria," he said, "our time has passed pleasantly, but it must end; to-morrow I must leave you for two years at the college, but never, whilst life shall last, will I forget you, or the happy, blissful moments I have spent in your society. But to what use will this be, if Maria thinks not on me? Oh! if I might but be assured that you will not banish me from your remembrance, but that you will sometimes think kindly on me, it would soften this hour of parting."

"You ask me if I will think on you," said Maria; "be assured I will, for I must own that I have spent many happy moments in your company; but oh! Mr. Hardy, do you mean to mock or insult me? I am but a poor gardener's daughter, and you a rich

man's son? What would your father, what would my father say, if they were to know of this?"

"Love allows of no distinction; and as for knowing, who will ever know, or what difference if the whole world knew? Come then, Maria, once more I beseech you speak, for my mind is on the rack."

She turned on him her beauteous face, blushing like the morn, and softly murmured, "I cannot speak my feelings—you can guess them."

"It is enough; then let a kiss seal the contract."

Swift flew the minutes, until the voice of her father made her remember that they must part. Frank Hardy led her back into the house, and bidding a good-bye to her father, he hastened home, to muse in solitude on his successful operations.

On the following morning he departed in the travelling carriage; and it was now, when he was alone, his home fast receding from his view, that he first thought seriously on the steps he had taken. Did he intend to make Maria his wife? No, that could never be. Why then had he sought and obtained her love? In the first place, she was very pretty, and it was something to be loved by a handsome girl. Then again it was gratifying to his vanity, that he could boast of having made one conquest. But did he really and truly love her? He had said so, yet he felt that he could love any other pretty girl equally as well. He therefore did not love her to the exclusion of every other.

It is needless, and would be tiresome, to follow him through all his 'hair-breadth escapes' at college. Suffice it to say, that, when he arrived there, he entered into all the vices so temptingly laid out with an avidity which appeared never to be satisfied. If there was any excess to take place, or any thing to be done that required more than an ordinary share of impudence, Frank Hardy was sure to be the chosen hero.

Thus passed his two years at the college, when he left it for ever and returned home a completely 'finished gentleman.' He had not long been arrived before he was informed that Maria's father had been dead about a month, and that she yet lived in the cottage. He therefore hastened there, and found the gardener and his wife at home. On making himself known to them, he received all the most servile testimonials of respect and duty which fawning sycophants pay to their masters. He saw directly through them, that they were the very persons for his purpose. He asked them where Maria was, and on being informed, he immediately went into the garden, and waited for some time behind the bower, until the circumstances which we have before described took place.

Their meeting was bliss; they had not seen each other for two years; and, during that period, time had effected a change in both. They had both ripened into maturity, and received all the embellishments that Nature could bestow on them. He left her with a promise of calling on the morrow, and secretly determined in his heart to effect her ruin. Yes, crime had so hardened Frank Hardy's heart, that what he would before have shuddered at the idea of, he now contemplated with as much satisfaction, and set himself to work with as much earnestness for the possession of her person as he had before done for the possession of her heart.

It were unnecessary to detail the steps and plans he took to effect his object; it is enough that he was successful.

Numerous now were their meetings, and many 'their stolen hours of guilt.' But, ah! no more did she retire to rest in peace; her life now was becoming a burden to her. The time was now come when her eyes were opened to her true condition, and she began to see and feel the situation her fall from virtue had reduced her to. There was only one way now for her ever again appearing before the world, and that was as his lawful wife. When she mentioned these circumstances to Frank Hardy, he laughed aloud, and told her the only alternative, namely, that she might be his mistress; that they would seek some secluded spot, and there live, disdaining all formal ceremony of marriage. To this she consented, and the following morning was fixed on for their departure.

Maria Merton appeared more than usually gay that evening, and yet there seemed to lurk some fixed purpose of her soul in the steadfast gaze of her eye. She retired to bed, and there it was she took

her fatal resolution. She saw there was no more peace of mind for her in this world; she thought her God had forsaken her; she was tired of her life; she felt she was an abandoned wretch, and that there was only one way of putting an end to her present miseries. Terrible thoughts flashed across her mind, her brain was on fire; she felt her life a burden, why then should she live? Her firm resolve was taken. She unlocked her mother's closet, and from amongst several bottles which had been used during her father's illness she picked out one—it was laudanum. She knelt down by her bed-side, repeated her last short prayer, drank off the contents of the vial, and laid herself down on the bed. In the morning Frank Hardy came according to his promise; but finding no answer to his repeated calls, he burst the door open, and then the secret was discovered. He carefully put the bottle by, and removed all signs of suspicion, and then he took a last look of these well known features, beautiful even in death. There she lay, 'Love's Sacrifice,' her soft blue eyes were partly open, and a smile seemed to curl round her lips. He kissed those lips, but ah! they returned not the pressure. He could no more; he turned his head, and hastened away from the scene of death and desolation. It had been in contemplation that he should take a tour on the Continent; he therefore got every thing prepared, and the next day he set off for France.

Maria Merton was deposited in the grave by the side of her parents, no suspicion having been entertained but that she had died a natural death.

In the course of time Frank Hardy returned, but he was an altered man. He had drunk deep at the fount of crime, but he had paid the price of guilt. He had repented truly, and sought and obtained forgiveness; and now he spent the remainder of his days in doing good wherever he came, and in attempts (which, vain and feeble as they were, yet were sincere) to expiate the crime with which his conscience was burdened.

THE TRAVELLER.

FUNERAL OF A PERSIAN KING.

For the last two days, guns had been fired at intervals, preparatory to the removal of the late prince's corpse for interment at Neshed Ali. This morning having been appointed for the setting out of the *cortege*, we put crape on our left arms and sword-hilts, and mounting our horses, set off at an early hour, anxious to witness the novel ceremony of a prince's funeral procession two years after his decease. As our eagerness to be in time brought us out much sooner than was necessary, we dismounted in a garden near the road side, and whiled away a couple of hours in observing the various chatting parties around us, all dressed in black, their merry faces being somewhat curiously contrasted with their mournful garb. Our attention to these groups was diverted by the appearance of a blind horseman of about sixty years of age; he was attended by a train of servants, one of whom held the rein of his bridle; upon inquiry, we learned that he was a counsellor of the prince's, by name Hassan Khan, to which was added the epithet of *Khord* (the Blind,) to distinguish him from the numerous courtiers of the same name. In the brief interval of anarchy that, according to custom, followed the death of the late king, Hassan Khan, at the head of what forces he could collect, became a competitor for the crown; but being conquered, was deprived of sight by order of his more successful rival. A sudden discharge of cannon followed by loud shrieks and lamentation, announced to us that the prince had left the palace with the body of his father. We took our station near the gates of the town, ready to fall in with the procession. Near this place, riding a handsome charger, was Nasir Ali Meerza, the youngest son of the late prince, a pretty boy of about five years old. His little highness was attended by a pigmy train of courtiers of his own age and size, who seemed as well versed in the art of rendering homage, as their little lord and master was in receiving it; as for himself he appeared to be quite indifferent either to the noise of the crowd or the occasion of it, all the time preserving a serious and dignified demeanour; and, as we approached him, he returned our salute with the easy air of one long accustomed to this sort of attention.

But—little highnesses are always great people. The Duc de Bordeaux, a boy of the same age as the young Persian, when he reviewed his troops, was graciously pleased to compliment them on their skill in military evolutions; and the King of Rome, just escaped from the go-cart, reviewed the marshals of France with that precocious dignity so inherent in royal progenies. In the meanwhile the procession issued slowly out of the town, led by the artisans; each craft had with it a black banner, and a horse equipped in the same mournful trappings. Next came two men renowned for their strength, carrying a large brass ornament representing a palm tree. After them two hundred Coordish soldiers, who were to escort the corpse to Meshed Ali: they wore blue jackets, cut in the European fashion, and the rest of their dress was according to the custom of the country. The escort was preceded by a corps of drums and fifes, playing a variety of tunes, principally English: Rule Britannia was one; and there were several country dances. After the military, came the representatives of the church—a large body of mounted Moolahs (priests) headed by their Bashee (chief), a jolly drunken looking fellow, who, with a voice amounting to a scream, recited verses from a Koran, in which he was joined by his followers, who made the air resound with their vociferous lamentations. Behind them was the corpse of Mahumud Ali Meerza, borne by two mules, in that sort of covered litter called in Persian a *lukhte ruwaun*. Immediately behind the corpse were Mohumud Hosein, the ruling prince, and two of his brothers; the principal officers of the court closed the procession. At intervals the cavalcade stopped, when every one baring his breast, struck it so violently with his hand, that the flesh bore visible marks of the severity of the discipline: at these times the shouts were redoubled, and tears flowed copiously from every eye. Large groups of women veiled from head to foot, and huddled together almost into shapeless heaps, were seated on each side of the road, and were by no means the least silent mourners of the party. We fell in with the French officers in rear of the troops; two or three chiefs were in the same line with us. Immediately on my right was a handsome young man, whose eyes were red with weeping. He had been a favorite follower of the late prince, for whom he had entertained a most sincere attachment; and I was beginning to sympathise with him in his sorrows, when it was insinuated that it was just possible, wine and not grief had caused his tears to flow—a surmise that his subsequent behaviour in some degree warranted. After proceeding about a mile, we quitted the procession, and halting on one side of the road, waited until the Prince had given us the *murukhus*, or permission to depart. His eyes were much inflamed, and tears chased each other down his cheeks. Thus far the ceremonial of grief had been conducted with the greatest propriety; and any one witnessing the mournful demeanor of the prince this morning, would have been impressed with a high opinion of his filial piety. The day closed on a scene of a very different description. The funeral procession arrived at Mahidesht near sunset, when his highness ordered the caravanserai to be cleared of its inmates; and, taking with him several boon companions, this sorrowing son passed the night in drinking and singing, determined to keep his father's wake in the true Irish fashion, and if any care or grief remained, to drown it in the bowl. The following morning, these merry mourners remounted their horses, and reached Kerman-shah without accident; though the prince was so intoxicated, that on arriving at the palace gate he fell off his horse into the arms of his attendants, and was by them conveyed to his own apartment in a state of drunken insensibility. Foremost on the list of persons selected by his highness to assist him in the celebration of these funeral orgies, was the Moolhoi Bashee, once his tutor, and now his associate in every species of debauchery. He who as chief of the religion had, in the day, with weeping eyes and melancholy howl, sung the requiem to the soul of the father, was, in the night, administering spiritual consolation to that of the son. He who, in the morning, chanted verses from that book which inculcates wine as an abomination, was in the evening so overcome by its influence as to be scarcely able to hiccup out the licentious songs of his country. The person from whom we received this infor-

mation was likewise one of the party, no other than Suleiman Khan, the chieftain whose grief had attracted my attention at the funeral. We were sitting after dinner in the evening, when this person, in the same 'suit of solemn black' as of the preceding day, staggered into the room. Interrupting his relation here and there with an occasional roar of laughter, he described to us those scenes of revelry of which he had been so willing a participator.

[Keppel's Journey.]

MISCELLANY.

ANTIPATHIES.

Astrologers, who pretend they can explain every thing, although they seldom know any thing, assert that that natural feeling of antipathy which men have for certain persons or things is produced by the stars. Thus, two persons born under the same influences, will have a mutual desire of approaching each other, and will feel a reciprocal regard, without knowing why—in the same manner that others will hate each other without any motive, because they happen to be born under opposite conjunctions. But will they account for the antipathies which great men have had for things the most common? Many instances which cannot be rationally explained might be mentioned. Lamothe-Levayer could not endure the sound of any instrument, and yet he experienced the most exquisite pleasure in the noise of thunder. Cæsar could not hear the crowing of the cock without shuddering. The Lord Chancellor Bacon fell into a swoon whenever there was an eclipse of the moon. Mary de Medicis could not endure the sight of a rose, not even in painting, although she fond was of every other kind of flowers. The Duke d'Epemon fainted at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albert was taken ill at a public dinner on seeing the attendants serve up a young wild boar or sucking pig. Henry III. could not remain alone in a room where there was a cat. Uladislaus King of Poland, was uneasy and fled at the sight of apples. Scaliger shuddered in every limb on beholding water-cresses. Erasmus could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever. An Englishman once expired from the impression that was made upon him by the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Cardinal Henry de Cardonna fell into syncope from the smell of roses. Ticho-Brabe sunk down from weakness on meeting a large hare or fox. Cardan could not bear eggs;—the poet Ariosto, baths;—the son of Crassus, bread; Cæsar of Lescallas, the sound of cymbals. The cause of these antipathies is sometimes found in the first sensations of infancy. A lady, who was a great admirer of paintings and engravings, swooned when she met with pictures in a book. The reason she thus explained: while she was very young, her father one day perceived her turning over the books of his library, to seek for pictures in them: he abruptly took them from her, and told her, in a severe tone of voice, that there were in the books devils, which would strangle her if she dared to touch them. These foolish menaces, which are but too common with parents, always produce injurious effects, which cannot afterwards be destroyed. Pliny, who was as credulous as he was eloquent, tells us that there is such an antipathy between the horse and the wolf, that if the former passes where the latter has just been, he feels a numbness in his legs which prevents him from walking.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude has always been esteemed by all nations as a crime of the deepest dye. Even the unenlightened savage detests the man who proves ungrateful for benefits received. The savage frequently shows gratitude to his benefactor in a manner which evinces the strength of his feeling, though the favor bestowed was but trifling and soon forgotten by the bestower. We remember reading an account of an Indian who, half famished, stopped at a tavern in Litchfield, Conn. and asked for something to eat. The landlady refused to give him any thing because he had nothing to pay. A gentleman present however, paid for the poor fellow's dinner—received his thanks and thought no more on the subject. Some time after this the gentleman was taken

prisoner by a party of Indians and carried to their settlements, and was condemned to be burnt; led out to execution; when he was claimed as a son by an elderly squaw, who had lost her own son in war. Such a demand is always acceded to, being a custom among them, it being the duty of the rescued to support his benefactor, and he is treated with maternal affection. One day, after the gentleman had been in captivity some time, a strange Indian requested him to meet him at such an hour and at a certain place. He did so—found the Indian—who commanded him to equip, pointing to a powder-flask, shot-bag and rifle, and other things necessary for a journey. He did so—the Indian then commanded him to follow him. Their route was altogether through the woods; the Indian said but little, and the gentleman was in doubts as to the good or bad designs of his guide—after travelling several days, all at once the Indian changed his course and in a few minutes was on the turnpike—then calmly pointing to a distant village, asked the gentleman if he knew it. To his joy he recognised his native place. Then said the Indian, looking him earnestly in the face—"Do you remember giving a dinner to a half-starved Indian in that place a long time since." On the gentleman's replying in the affirmative—the grateful son of the forest said, "I am that Indian." Before the gentleman could say a word, his deliverer turned, darted into the woods, and was immediately out of sight. This was gratitude.

DAVID, THE LATE FRENCH PAINTER.

The following interesting conversation (says a foreign journal) between this artist and the first consul, Buonaparte, has not been noticed in any of their biographies, and may be considered as authentic. After his return from the campaign in Italy, the first consul wished to be painted by David, and appointed him an audience, in order to speak to him on the subject. "What are you doing now?" he addressed him when entering the room. "I am occupied with representing the Battle of Thermopylæ," was the artist's reply. "This is of no use; you do wrong to waste your labours in representations of the conquered." "But, citizen consul," cried David, "these conquered were not the less heroes who died for their country; and, notwithstanding their having been defeated, still the Persians were driven from Greece for more than a century." "It does not matter," replied the first consul; the name of Leonidas alone remained—all the rest are lost to history." "All! except the high-minded resistance offered against a very numerous enemy; all!—except their resignation to die for the glory of their memory; all!—except the regularity and strict habits of the Lacedæmonians; to have a constant recollection of which, would be useful to our warriors," retorted the artist. David now promised to lay aside this picture, and to set about painting the portrait of the first consul, requesting that he would favour him with a few sittings. "Why do you want me to sit for the picture?" asked Buonaparte; "do you suppose that those great men of the ancients, whose pictures we have, ever sat to their painters?" "But I have to paint you for our own time, for people that have seen and known you; and they will require a likeness." "What does that signify? the likeness is certainly not to be looked for in the faithful representation of the features, or of some little spot on the nose of the person represented; but only in the character, physiognomy, and in the manifestations of the mind." "The one does not exclude the other," answered the painter. "Alexander certainly did not sit to Apelles: no one cares whether the portraits of great men are good likenesses, if their minds be but alive in them," continued the first consul. "You teach me the art of painting," exclaimed David; "indeed, I have not yet considered it in this point of view: you are right: no! you need not sit; I will represent you on the field of battle, sword in hand." "No," said Buonaparte; "now-a-days, battles are not won with the sword; but paint me sitting calmly on a spirited horse." David having finished the picture, representing the first consul on horseback riding over the St. Bernard, presented it to him; who having looked at it attentively for a considerable time, turned himself to the artist, with expressions of great approbation

and praise; then, again looking at the troops that are represented in the picture mixed up with the clouds passing over the mountain, and placed by the painter in the back-ground, according to the rules of perspective, and therefore appearing to be very small,—he said, laughing, "But, citizen David, what are yonder little men as large as the shoe of my horse?—it can crumble them to dust with one tread." This observation of Buonaparte was not altogether wrong.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

The Earl of Caernarvon, who in the profligate reign of Charles II. was behind no man in dissoluteness of life, delivered a curious and singular speech in the house of lords, preserved by Torbuck, in his parliamentary debates.

This harangue was singular, not only from the circumstances by which it was preceded and followed, but in the literal meaning of the word, for it was the first and last time this noble lord ever addressed the house.

Having dined with the Duke of Buckingham, and other bon-vivants, who circulated the bottle briskly, Lord Caernarvon, in the buoyancy of high spirits, or the restless rashness of intoxication, made a considerable bet with the favourite, that he would speak in an important debate, which was expected to come on that very afternoon in the house of peers, on the subject of a proposed impeachment of the Earl of Danby, an ancestor of his Grace the Duke of Leeds.

The wager was confirmed by half-pint bumpers, and the joyous party repaired to the scene of action; the debate had commenced before they entered, but Lord Caernarvon catching the Chancellor's eye at the moment of a peer's sitting down, who had concluded his speech with a Latin quotation, he thus began:

"I understand little of Latin, my lords, but a good deal of English, and a little of English history, which has taught me the mischief of such prosecutions, and the general fate of persecutors."

"I could bring many instances in support of my assertion, and from very ancient times, but I will go no further back, my lords, than the reign of Queen Elizabeth: at that period, the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon ran him down, and your lordships know what became of Lord Bacon; the Duke of Buckingham ran him down, and your lordships know what happened to his Grace of Buckingham."

The Earl of Strafford ran down the duke, and we all knew what became of him; Sir Henry Vane ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Henry Vane; Chancellor Hyde ran down Sir Henry Vane, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor; Sir Thomas Osborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde, but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell."

As soon as the orator sat down, the surprised and disappointed Buckingham, who wished rather to ridicule than serve Lord Danby, stepped towards Caernarvon, and patting him on the back, exclaimed, "The man's inspired, I have lost my money, my claret has done the business."

A BURMAN FUNERAL.

A good deal of ceremony attends a Burman funeral. The corpse is deposited in a curious coffin, three feet deep, covered with a profusion of cut paper, tinsel and other ornaments, and borne on men's shoulders. This is preceded by several priests, dressed in their yellow robes, with a black-beaded rosary in one hand, and a fan in the other, who now and then chaunt or pray in concert with some of the attendants. The chief mourners sob, cry, and howl, in a manner that would reflect credit on the most perfect adepts in the mourning art of the Emerald Isle; and a large concourse of the friends of the deceased forms a long string in the rear. On arriving at the place of interment, the body is either buried, when a gaudy coffin is placed outside the tomb, most probably with the view of preventing the attack of dogs, who often scratch up the corpses; or else is burned with its attendant paraphernalia, and the ashes deposited in a grave. The Burmahs are not in the habit of erecting lasting memo-

rials over the ashes of the dead; some few of the greater personages have mausoleums built to their memory, and sometimes a pagoda is dedicated in recollection of a lost friend or relation; but the practice is not general: and the consequent absence of monuments and tombs deprives the traveller of one source of gratification and inquiry, which is felt when contemplating the memorials of ages long gone by. Persons of very high rank are often embalmed after their decease, during which time the body is laid out in state in some kioum, or public edifice; but this ceremony we had not an opportunity of viewing during our stay in Ava. I heard, however, that the body of a priest at Rangoon was embalmed in this manner, and that honey was the principal ingredient. [Two Years in Ava.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1827.

(J) Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

(J) Owing to the length of the Masonic Address, published this week, the List of Lodges in the city of New-York, is unavoidably omitted. The remainder shall appear next week.

DEATH OF MR. CANNING. This event, aside from the sensation usual on the death of a great man, is remarkable for its striking coincidence to that of Mr. Fox. Each of the great English statesmen died on the same month, about the same period after his advancement to the highest station in the councils of Britain which can be filled by a subject,—in the same place, and indeed in the same room, and nearly of the same age; a coincidence which seldom has a parallel and probably was never exceeded, except in the instance of the American Ex-Presidents.

Mr. Canning's demise must be a source of regret to all the admirers of his liberal and enlightened policy; in a word to all advocates of civil freedom and religious toleration in the world. Rising from comparative obscurity, and by the force of talents alone, against all the obstacles which aristocratic prejudice and purse-proud legitimacy could throw in his way, he arrived at, and stood upon the very pinnacle of diplomatic glory, without a superior,—perhaps without an equal in the world. The world will feel his loss in the same proportion its respective welfare is connected with the interests of England, and posterity can record no brighter memorials for his fame, than the exultations which the enemies of England will show at his death. Next to the immediate honour and prosperity of England, which has always been his primary aim, he has always strenuously and indefatigably advocated the cause of civil and religious liberty. If England has aided either by her countenance or her funds, towards the independence of South America, to him they may look as the primal spring of her measures. If she has awed the despotic advisers of the House of Braganza into a passive support of constitutional policy, to Mr. Canning may so much of this triumph of principle be awarded. If public opinion has lately experienced a change in the favour of Catholic emancipation, Ireland may give him large credit for the weight and influence of an enlightened and liberal mind; and if the present policy of the nations of Europe effects any thing to meliorate the condition of the Greeks, it was, without doubt, his hand that gave the first impulse to a project so full of every thing appertaining to patriotism and philanthropy.

DESCENT OF THE MICHIGAN. This imposing spectacle was witnessed on the 8th instant by a collection of people, estimated by the western papers at from ten to fifteen thousand. She was dressed out in the colours of the United States and Great Britain, with the black flag flying at her foremast head. These, with two effigies fixed in her main chains, designated by the names of the Presidential candidates, and others stationed in different parts of the ship, with a figure in the foretop to "look out for breakers," were her complement of hands; now for her cargo. A Buffalo from the Rocky Mountains; a Bear from Green Bay; another from Grand River in Canada; two Foxes; one Raccoon; a Dog; a Cat, and four Geese; all cut loose before her descent. At 3 o'clock P. M. she was towed down within a quarter of a mile of the upper rapids, and then left to her own skill in navigation. Down the first rapid she passed in fine style and without injury, but when she struck upon the second she received such a shock that her masts went by the board, and shattered her so considerably that her growling inmates deemed her no longer tenable, and the two bears, the dog and the buffalo took to the water. The bears and dog reached the shore without receiving any material injury, while the buffalo passed onward, ahead of the wreck down the great fall. Here the vessel was literally dashed to atoms, and floated down the river, with the effigies, cargo and all;

"Apparent rariantes in gurgite vasto."

The cat and two of the geese were picked up alive below the cataract, and it is possible some of the other animals have been preserved through the same fall.

It is altogether probable that a strong new built vessel might descend without being materially broken, and in such a case, the animals on board would encounter less danger from the shock. But as it was in an old and rickety wreck, it is a wonder to us that any who weathered out the voyage should escape alive.

It is said that the immense concourse of people were very orderly, showing no other symptoms of disorder than eating and drinking the neighbourhood to use an every day expression, "out of house and home." In fact they could not be accommodated with the necessary comforts of the time, with every exertion which had been made to satisfy all.

A file of the *London Literary Gazette* to the 1st of August, and the August number of *Arbiss' Magazine* have been received at this office by a late arrival. Such selections as will probably best suit the taste of our readers will be made forthwith. These and other rare European periodicals will be regularly received, and, by their means, the Record will be enabled to present its readers with many literary treats, not before published on this side of the Atlantic.

THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK: On Tuesday last both houses of the Legislature met pursuant to adjournment, for the purpose of acting upon the Revision of the Statutes. A quorum of both houses appeared at 12 o'clock, when each proceeded to organise and prepare for active business. Since their organization they have been industriously employed in preparing the necessary rules to prescribe the course of their proceeding, in relation to the reports of the Revisers; in appointing the necessary committees, and making other preparations for an expeditious and prompt attention to

the business of the session. It is not probable that the whole body of the statutes will come under the eye of the legislature at this session, but we are assured that the residue may be acted upon without any uncommon delay to an ordinary session. So far as we have examined the plan of the work, it promises much for the judicial character of our state, and will place the whole of our statute law within the reach and comprehension of every individual.

We have received the August Number of Flint's *WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW*. Our readers are aware of our good opinion of this periodical, and we can assure them that we have as yet no reason to retract it; on the contrary, every number strengthens our belief that it will yet receive the attention and patronage it so richly deserves. The contents of the present number are:—The Northern Lakes and Niagara Falls; Thoughts upon Prejudice; Sketches of Indian Manners; Natural History of the Mississippi Valley; The Feast of Booths. **REVIEWS:** of "America;" History of Tennessee; Reed's Address; Deming's Oration; Curtis's Oration; Kirkham's Grammar.

The Editor of the Western Monthly Review is preparing for the press, a condensed **GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF THE WESTERN STATES**, in two large octavo volumes, of 550 pages each. It will be handsomely printed, on good paper, and delivered to subscribers at Six Dollars the set, in boards. From the known talents and industry of Mr. Flint, and the extensive as well as fertile field he has entered, for historical speculation, we may safely predict for him an extensive and profitable circulation of his work.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH. We have received information through the medium of Mr. Haddock's Telegraph, that he intends finally closing his much admired exhibition of animated automatons in Knickerbacker Hall, after next Saturday. We would suggest to such as have not seen those wonderful pieces of Mechanism that they have yet a rare treat in reserve, and it is to be hoped that all who have a taste for rational and innocent entertainment, will embrace the present opportunity of witnessing one of the most astonishing exhibitions ever presented to the public. See advertisement.

We understand that the establishments of the National Observer and Microscope have been united. They are both now, and have heretofore been, published from the same office. The following is a specimen of the *slang* contained in the Observer of yesterday, from the *chaste and classical* pen of Solomon Southwick! :—

"**NEDDY CHILD.**—In Neddy's last *Magazine of Moonshine*, he talks of David C. Miller and Parson Cochrane, in a style that shows the innate meanness of his grovelling soul. This masonic *Jackall* speaks of the *Bellows of Wind*, meaning this paper—very good. One of our correspondents will blow him a blast (!!!) in our next which if it do not blow him into a non-entity, it will be because he is already one."

TABLE-TALK.

The celebrated female preacher, Miss Livermore, is now in New-York.—Prince Hohenlohe, of miraculous fame, has not been able with all his faith and magic to avert the effects of lightning. His splendid palace at Schlauenitz was burned to ashes on the 2d of June.—A regular physician being sent for by a maker and vender of "Universal Specifics," "Grand Salutariums," "Infallible Panaceas," &c. &c. expressed his surprise at being called on an occasion so apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack, "for to tell you the truth, I have taken some of my own pills."—"I have seen enough," said the indefatigable Doctor E. D. Clarke, "to know, that the great secret of human happiness is this:—never

suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many,—poker—tongs and all—keep them all going."—The daily quantity of salt made at Salina, in this State, is about 7000 bushels: 1800 bushels of which are coarse; and the residue fine. The engineer is now boring for salt water in the village of Syracuse, and has already descended more than a hundred feet.—A line of packets is about to be established between New-York and Washington.—At a great public dinner lately given in Westminster, (Eng.) just as Sir Francis Burdett gave for a toast, "The liberty of the press," a third edition of the Sun was put into his hands, containing more than four columns of the speeches! Only two hours had elapsed since the speaking commenced, when this extraordinary illustration of this sentiment was produced.—The person who threw arsenic into the well-pump of the Shakers, in Enfield, Conn. has been apprehended.—A new weekly paper has been commenced in Willardsburg, (Penn.) the three first pages of which are edited by one man, and the fourth by another. [A very fair division of labour.]—Four or five Mermaids have been seen on the rocks in the Bristol channel, off the coast of Cornwall.—Died, at the age of 72, Mr. D. Laing, the far famed priest of Greta Green. He had officiated 36 years, and going to the trial of Mr. E. G. Wakefield, he caught a cold which terminated in his death.—It is not generally known, that Mr. Canning was the first minister who banished the French language from our diplomatic correspondence, and asserted, before Europe, the dignity of his native tongue.—M. Malot has recently died at Paris, leaving behind him a rare proof of conjugal tenderness. There was found in a secret chest, of which he alone kept the key, the body of his wife, who had been dead for twenty-five years, embalmed and admirably preserved.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The fast sailing ship United States, Capt Wilson, arrived at New-York on the evening of the 7th, in 22 days from Liverpool, bringing the unexpected and unwelcome news of the **DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING**!! Prime Minister to the King of Great Britain, and probably the greatest statesman in Europe, possibly, in the world.

The ship Robert Wilson, capt. Arnold, arrived at New-York on Thursday, brings dates from London and Liverpool, to the 16th of August inclusive.

M. Dupin has proposed to the French people, that a medal be struck in grateful memorial of the benefits conferred on the world by Geo. Canning.

Under the head of Constantinople, July 10, it appears that the Divan is already informed of the measures which the courts of London, Paris, and Petersburg have taken to enforce their intervention.

Under head of Vienna, Aug 2, it is stated that the fall of the Acropolis has greatly discouraged the Greeks. The confusion is greater than ever. The new government is daily expected at Napoli.

The Russian corvette Kroiky has returned from a two years voyage round the world. An officer and two men were murdered by the natives of the Marquesas islands, without provocation.

POSTSCRIPT.

STILL LATER.

On Thursday night, the ship Thomas Dickason, arrived at New-York, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on Sunday, 19th ult.

NEW MINISTRY.

London, Aug. 18 His Majesty proceeded yesterday afternoon to the state apartments of Windsor Palace to hold his Court; Viscount Goderich was presented to the King, and kissed hands upon being appointed First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. J. O. Herries was presented to His Majesty by Viscount Goderich, First Lord of the Treasury, and received the seals of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord William Bentinck was presented by the Right Hon. Charles Wynn, the President of the Board of Control, and kissed hands on being appointed Governor General of India, in the room of Lord Amherst; Captain Conroy, Secretary of the Duchesse of Kent, was presented by the Marquis of Londesborough, principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, and was knighted. Mr. Herries and Lord William Bentinck were sworn in as Privy Counsellors. It was understood that the Duke of Portland was declared to be the Lord President of the Council.

MARRIED.

At Long Point, near Montreal, on Wednesday the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. Betham, Mr. LAWSON ANNESLEY, of this city, to Miss MARY ANN LA CASSE, of the former place.

At Sidney, Delaware co. on the 26th ult. by the Rev. N. H. Adams, Mr. JOHN ST. CLAIR of Cincinnati Ohio, to Miss ANN CROCKER of the former place.

In St. Matthew's church, Unadilla, Otsego co. on the 2d inst. by the same, Mr. ARNOLD B. WALTON to Miss SUSAN F. HAYES, daughter of Isaac Hayes, Esq.

In Springfield, Otsego co. on Sunday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. HENRY M. BENNET, of Westerlo, to Miss SARAH, daughter of Rufus Tracy, esq. of the former place.

LAST WEEK. Androides or animated Automotons.—MR. HADDOCK takes the earliest opportunity to inform the public, that his other concerns will oblige him to close the above exhibition, next Saturday, the 22d inst. Doors open every evening at half past 7 o'clock, and the exhibition commences at 8. Admission 25 cents; Children under 12 years, half price. sept 15. 8341.

POETRY.

AFTER THE TEMPEST

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The day had been a day of wind and storm;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope and cast
My eye upon a broad and beautiful scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers; the cheerful rivolet sung
And gossiped, as he hastened ocean-ward;
To the grey oak the squirrel, chiding clung,
And chirping from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket where
The violent rain had pent them, in the way
Strolled groups of damselfs frolicsome and fair,
The farmer swung the sithe or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beautiful scene; while, far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft golden light.

I looked and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When, o'er earth's continents and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony.
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlaboured captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,—
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past;
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And like the glorious light of summer, east
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

TIME'S CHANGES.

"But aye he looked back to the days o' lang syne."
By the side of his cheerful winter's hearth
An old man sat with a tear-dimmed eye;
He took no heed of his children's mirth,
But mournfully thought of the days gone by.

Sadly he fixed his sorrowing gaze
Where his useless sword now rusting hung:
A trophy of prouder happier days,
Whose memories yet around him clung.

Though his nerveless arm could no longer wield,
With a warrior's grasp, the conquering blade,
He had borne it so oft in the battle field,
That it grieved him to see its lustre fade.

"Rest thou in peace! my trusty steel,"
At length he said with a faltering tone;
"Well does my time-worn spirit feel
Its powers, like thine, have past and gone.

Great is the change that in thee I trace,
Since first I girded thee on to my side;
And for me!—the crutch has taken thy place,
My weak and tottering steps to guide!"

The veteran paused in his pensive mood,
Wrapped in the visions of former years—
While his favourite son beside him stood,
Mutely watching his falling tears.

But as soon as he saw the transient feeling,
Like a shadowy cloud, from his brow depart,
Then at his feet in silence kneeling,
He pressed his hand to his throbbing heart.

A change in the old man's mind was wrought;
And he said, as he looked at his darling boy,
"Do I speak of the griefs that years have brought,
And forget that they also have yielded joy?"

Oh! is it not sweet to be thus beguiled
Of the pangs that embitter a long life's close,
By the tender cares of a dutiful child,
Who soothes so kindly a parent's woes?

Then wherefore should I, like one forsaken,
For the vanished glories of youth repine;
When the vigour that time from my arm has taken—
It has given, my noble boy, to thine?"

THE DEMON SHIP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked
black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the
brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went the helm—close reefed—the tack held freely in
my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steepes
behind!

Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the
cloud

A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a
wave!

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below
the foam!

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

"Where am I in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a real ship, whose tackle seemed around
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face that mocked the human face, before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of men that looked against my
own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze when first I looked on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot by fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare,
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their
tombs—

All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, leures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and
hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked
beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black except his grinning
teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky
waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's
sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, as black as any coal?
Is it Mahmood, the Evil One, and hath he won my soul?
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child:
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea.

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crowded their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the
whole:—
"Our skins," said he, "are black you see, because we carry
coal;
You'll find your mothers sure enough, and see your native fields,
For this-here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of
Ethiopia!"

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[St. Luke vii. 37, 38.]

Thou, that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,
And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,
From their long wanderings won,
Before the All-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth, oh lost and found!

When thou wouldst bathe his feet,
With odours richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's burning tears,
And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear
From the crowded beauty of its festal year.

Did he reject thee then,
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head was cast?
No, from the Saviour's mien,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last!

For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore,
Voices, once kind, had learned the stranger's tone,
Who raised thee up, and bound
Thy silent spirit's wound?
He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone!

But which, oh erring child!
From home so long beguiled,
Which of thine offerings won those words of Heaven,
That o'er the bruised reed
Condemned of earth to bleed,
In music passed, "Thy sins are all forgiven?"

Was it that perfume fraught
With balm and incense brought
From the sweet woods of Araby the blest?
Or that fast flowing rain
Of tears, which not in vain
To Him who scorned not tears, thy woes confessed?

No, not by these restored
Unto thy Father's board,
Thy peace, that kindled joy in Heaven was made;
But costlier in His eyes,
By that best sacrifice,
Thy heart, thy full deep heart before Him laid.

TO MY OWN NOSE.

O Nose! thou rudder in my face's centre;
Since I must follow you until I die:—
Since we are bound together by indenture,
The master thou, and the apprentice I,
O be to your Telemachus a Mentor,
Though oft invisible, forever nigh,
Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,
From hostile tweak, or Love's blind mastery.
So shalt thou quit the city's stench and smoke,
For hawthorn lanes, and copes of young oak,
Scenting the gales of heaven, that have not yet
Lost their fresh fragrance since the morning broke,
And breath of flowers "with rosy May-dews wet,"
The primrose—cowslip—blue-bell—violet.

LACONICS.

Dull authors will measure our judgment not by our
abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their
rapidity, is to have superior taste; to despise it, is to
have none.

Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue,
but every rogue does not know how often he has
been a fool.

The more we know of history, the less shall we
esteem the subjects of it; and to despise our spe-
cies, is the price we must too often pay for our
knowledge of it.

Three great apostles of practical atheism that
make converts without persecuting, and retain them
without preaching, are Wealth, Health, and Power.

Truth is the object of reason, and this is one; beau-
ty is the object of taste, and this is multiform.

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st. Albany. June 23. 216

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1827.

[No. 34]

MASONIC RECORD.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

BRIEF ANALYSIS OF MASONIC PRINCIPLES.

AN EXTRACT.

And will your candor and patience indulge the orator of the day, in a momentary, concluding address: An address, whose primary object is to exhibit an epitome of masonic principle, disrobed of the veil of mystery; and whose secondary aim impels the crimson blush to the marble front of Baruel. This demon of detraction first sounded the tocsin of falsehood against masonry; and Robinson reechoed its malignant tones, from the cliffs of Albion to the shores of the western world. The general charges of both are, that masonry is equally hostile to the altar and the throne; and that all her secret energies are directed to prostrate religion in the dust; and overwhelm government by the arm of rebellion, leading onward the Genius of anarchy.—To these charges, we plead not guilty, in the presence of heaven above, the earth beneath; and lodge our last, most solemn appeal, to the dread tribunal of an omniscient God! who knoweth, as "the searcher of all hearts," that religion, in her every form, is treated by masons with awful reverence; and that government in its every mode, receives the faithful obedience of the craft; for at no time hath the stroke of the axe of religious bigotry been heard within our peaceful walls; nor the sound of the hammer of political intolerance, disturbed philanthropic harmonies; while in all the conscious pride of innocence and truth, we dare to affirm before assembled worlds, that the banners of the mystic order emblazon these mottoes, to the blaze of solar day: "Fear God; love the brotherhood; reverence deity; respect magistrates; do good unto all, and perfect glory in the heights of the highest, by peace and good will upon earth."

These true sayings, my brethren and my friends, contain a brief analysis of masonic principles; and principles of so benevolent a nature can involve no dangerous mysteries; for beneficence of practical deed excludes secret conspiracy, and abhors open insurrection: neither is it possible for us to be contaminated by the vices that mar the happiness of individuals, or polluted by those crimes which blast the felicities of wretched millions; for friendship, morality, and brotherly love forbid the first; and brotherly love, relief, and truth forbid the second. In a word, the Wise Grand Master of ancient Israel has impressed a moral seal on every power of operative art; and his amiable successor St. John inscribes speculative truth on the chisel and the mallet, the rough ashler and the polished stone; while the line, the rule, the plumb, the level, and the square, possess the gift of tongues.

MASONIC FUNERAL.

Whoever has attended a Masonic Funeral, must be aware that the sensations created on such an occasion are peculiarly solemn and affecting especially to those who belong to the Fraternity. We have several times been present and witnessed these sacred ceremonies, and have seldom found, among the crowd, who attended, one whose feelings did not appear to mingle with the heart-felt expressions of grief, incident to the melancholy scene. We well remember the first time we followed to the grave the remains of a departed brother, interred with masonic rites. He was a member of the Royal Arch Chapter, and a highly respected and valuable citizen in society. One hundred and fifty masons assembled to pay him the last tribute of respect and bear witness to the world how much they esteemed and loved him. Slowly and solemnly the drum beat up an ancient and melancholy air, accompanied

by the plaintive strains of the flute and claronett, as the long procession moved from the hall, where they had so often met their deceased brother and greeted him by the right hand, with that thrilling token which none ever felt but the mason.

The white and red banners were displayed, the insignia of the degree of Master Mason and Royal Arch, and the blue and red sashes of their order, together with the mystic emblems on their aprons, produced those reminiscences which never can fail to awaken, in the mind of every mason, associations awfully pleasing. We saw, as we passed, the crowd gathering around the place of burial, all of whom seemed to be affected at the scene which was passing before them, and now and then, very many of them shed a tear as the music swelled and sunk upon the breeze as the procession approached the spot.

The deep silence which reigned among the multitude, during the closing ceremonies at the grave, gave evidence that the feelings inspired on the occasion were of a less transient nature than those which are usually produced by witnessing more ceremony. Charity is the great principle, the spirit and the soul of masonry, and is powerfully impressed, by every thing connected with the order; and we are exhorted even to the last, while bending over the corpse—while we drop a sympathetic tear on the grave of a deceased friend or brother, to let charity incline us to throw a veil over his foibles, whatever they may have been, and withhold from his memory the praise that his virtues may have claimed, to suffer the apologies of human nature to plead in his behalf and to remember that on earth, no one can attain to the summit of perfection.

The mournful beat of the drum again called the procession to move. They had encircled the grave and as they passed it, let fall a sprig of evergreen, upon the coffin and raised the hand over it in token of an everlasting farewell.

The remarks we have made on this subject have been induced by a recent exhibition, in Providence, of the same rites and ceremonies at the burial of a much esteemed and beloved brother, Philip Potter. As a citizen and a member of society he had uniformly sustained the fairest reputation wherever he was known. From his masonic brethren, he received the highest honours and offices. He was a knight Templar, and was buried by the Providence Encampment. Not less than three hundred of the fraternity moved in the procession at his burial and the numerous multitude that collected to witness the interment gave demonstration of the esteem they bore for him while living, and the recollection of his worth was sacredly cherished by them, when in his grave.

[Pawtucket White Banner.]

LODGES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

(Concluded from page 250.)

Hoffman Lodge, No. 378.

Daniel F. Lee, W. M.; Charles N. Baldwin, S. W.; John G. Haight, J. W.; J. P. Persson, Secretary; Samuel Brower, Treasurer; Thomas Kendall, S. D.; John Dick, J. D.; A. A. Carpenter, Samuel Forbes, M. C.; Rev. J. Truair, Chaplain; E. Windust, William Freeman, Stewards; Job Sheldon, C. N. Baldwin, John G. Haight, J. P. Persson, Samuel Brower, Standing Committee; C. N. Baldwin, J. G. Haight, Samuel Brower, Committee of Charity Fund; E. Norcross, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Eastern Star Lodge, No. 379.

Cornelius B. Timpson, W. M.; Abraham Lameaux, S. W.; Andrew Williams, J. W.; Samuel Harned, Secretary; E. G. Dannel, Treasurer; Hugh Parks, S. D.; John Strickland, J. D.; J. S. Inglee, Benjamin Brown, M. C.; Alexander Brown, Thomas Winship, Stewards; John Green, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays, at Eastern Hall, Manhattan Island.

Franklin Lodge, No. 380.

Charles Cleeve, W. M.; Pallin Sims, S. W.; O. Donnington, J. W.; J. Cumberford, Secretary; William Hibbard, Treasurer; Abraham D. Brower, S. D.; John Conklin, J. D.; J. C. Stanly, L. Nettleton, M. C.; A. H. Castaing, J. N. Magee, Stewards; Charles Cleeve, M. D. Hosp.; Jacob Shinkle, Pallin Sims, O. Donnington, William Bloodgood, A. D. Brower, Standing Committee; William G. Henshaw, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, at Union Hall.

Greenwich Lodge, No. 381.

Daniel H. Weed, W. M.; John, H. Martine, S. W.; P. Underwood, jr. J. W.; F. M. V. Pfister, Secretary; Daniel French, Treasurer; Joseph Bender, S. D.; John Stewart, J. D.; F. R. West, John Boyce, M. C.; David D. Page, S. D. Trowse, Stewards; P. Underwood, jr. J. H. Martine, Richard B. Fosdick, Robert Addams, George Weed, Standing Committee; R. D. Clements, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays, corner of Sixth and Fifth-street.

Mariners' Lodge, No. 386.

Samuel Morton, W. M.; Thomas D. Johnson, S. W.; Jacob Moore, jr. J. W.; Joseph Allen, Secretary; William Miller, Treasurer; John Waydell, S. D.; James King, J. D.; John Harrison, W. Whittimore, M. C.; Joseph Henderson, W. S. Seaman, Stewards; William G. Henshaw, Tyler.

Meet 2d and 4th Wednesdays, at Union Hall.

Bolivar Lodge, No. 386.

Lemuel Wells, W. M.; John M. Seabury, S. W.; A. H. Bennet, J. W.; Oliver State, Secretary; Samuel B. Flemming, Treasurer; Isaac B. Weeks, S. D.; Joshua Sawyer, J. D.; R. S. Hubbard, L. D. Gale, M. C.; J. W. Douglass, William A. Baker, Stewards; James Wilkie, J. M. Seabury, A. H. Bennet, George Gordon, E. C. Chapman, Standing Committee; W. G. Henshaw Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Mondays, at Union Hall.

Montgomery Lodge, No. 387.

Daniel M'Lean, W. M.; Charles O'Conner, S. W.; James J. Ryan, J. W.; Thomas M. Doyle, Secretary; Alexander Dwyer, Treasurer; John Darley, S. D.; William Pountney, J. D.; John Haven, William Macken, M. C.; John Harbinson, John Meehen, Stewards; John Largey, Daniel M'Lean, Charles O'Conner, James J. Ryan, Joseph Hunt, Standing Committee;

Meet 2d and 4th Thursdays, at St. John's Hall.

Tompkin's Lodge, No. 388.

Ebenezer Sturges W. M.; James T. Moore, S. W.; William M'Donald, J. W.; John Gaynor Secretary; Jeremiah Miller, Treasurer; John Tryon, S. D.; John Davidson, J. D.; Alexander M'Curdy, R. Ormsbey, M. C.; John W. Gibbs, Chap.; Francis B. Hall, George Dollinger, Stewards; H. B. Harrington, James T. Moore, William M'Donald, D. S. Tuthill, John Davidson, Standing Committee; Jonathan Hall, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Fridays, at St. John's Hall.

Mystic Lodge, No. 389.

Henry C. Attwood, W. M.; Daniel Tuttle, S. W.; J. F. Henry, J. W.; William C. Burnet, Secretary; John Johnson, Treasurer; Giles Lindelay, S. D.; Stephen P. Yerks, J. D.; William C. Robinson, M. C.; E. D. Rees, A. B. Hathaway, Stewards, H. C. Attwood, Daniel Tuttle, J. F. Henry, J. W. Bloomer, A. B. Hathaway, Standing Committee; N. P. Furber, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 3d Mondays, at St. John's Hall.

Locke Lodge, No. 390.

John F. Sibel, W. M.; Jacob Wyckoff, S. W.; Samuel F. Wilson, J. W.; Samuel D. Jackson, Treasurer; Henry P. Lowerre, Secretary; A. R. Mesier, S. D.; E. S. Mesier, J. D.; Freeman Dodd, James Anderson, Masters of Ceremonies; Jesse Oakley,

E. S. Mesier, Freeman Dodd, James Mowatt, Jacob Wyckoff, Standing Committee; Robert Young, Tyler.

Meet 1st and 2d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, Broadway.

Columbia Lodge, No. 392.

Abraham D. Wilson, W. M.; Richard Hobbs, S. W.; Thomas J. Morton, J. W.; Jacob P. Jones, Secretary; M. McCroskery, Treasurer; J. McCroskery, S. D.; Isaac D. Boyce, J. D.; A. D. Wilson, Hospitalar; James Connor, M. Van Wezel, M. C.; John Stote, G. B. Lothean, Stewards; Richard Hobbs, Thomas J. Morton, J. McCroskery, A. M. Harris, Standing Committee; Bryan Rositter, Tyler.

CONNECTICUT.

Pursuant to previous arrangements delegates from the several Encampments of Knights Templars in the state of Connecticut, assembled at the Masonic Hall in New Haven, on the 13th of September, inst. and proceeded to form a Grand Encampment for the state. The following Sir Knights were duly elected officers, viz:—

Sir John R. Watrous, Grand Master; Sir Laban Smith, Deputy Grand Master; Sir D. G. Brinsmade, Grand Generalissimo; Sir Thomas Hubbard, Grand Captain General; Rev. Sir Benjamin M. Hill, Grand Prelate; Sir John Barney, Grand Senior Warden; Sir Andrew Harris, Grand Junior Warden; Sir Frederick Lee, Grand Treasurer; Sir Amherst D. Scovill, Grand Recorder; Sir William H. Jones, Grand Standard Bearer; Sir Leonard Handee, Grand Sword Bearer; Sir Joel G. Candee, Grand Warder; Sir Darius Higgins, Grand Sentinel.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

A work entitled "*Elements of Physics; or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, Explained, independently of Technical Mathematics*," by N. Arnott, M. D., has recently been issued from the London press. It may be considered, (says the *London Literary Gazette*), as made up of lively descriptions of the most interesting phenomena of nature and processes of art, and where the mind's eye can trace clearly the philosophical links which connect them, while no disgust can arise to common readers, from the frequent occurrence of pure abstractions or dry scholastic propositions. We give below some extracts of interest both to the scientific and general reader.

ED. MAS. RECORD.

MEDICAL ART.

Physics is an important foundation of the healing art. The medical man indeed is the engineer pre-eminently; for it is in the animal body that true perfection and the greatest variety of mechanism are found. Where is there, to illustrate mechanics, a system of levers, and hinges, and moving parts, like the limbs of an animal body; where such a hydraulic apparatus as in the heart and blood-vessels; such a pneumatic apparatus as in the breathing chest; such acoustic instruments as in the ear and larynx; such an optical instrument as in the eye; in a word, such mechanical variety and perfection as in the whole of the visible anatomy? All these structures the medical man, of course, should understand, as a watchmaker knows the part of the machine about which he is employed. The latter, unless he can discover where a pin is loose, or a wheel injured, or a particle of dust adhering, or oil wanting, &c. would ill succeed in repairing an injury: and so also of the ignorant medical man in respect to the human body. Yet, will it be believed, that there are medical men who neither understand mechanics, nor hydraulics, nor pneumatics, nor optics, nor acoustics, beyond the merest routine; and that systems of medical education are put forth at this day which do not even mention the department of physics! That such is the case, furnishes illustration that the sciences and arts are progressive, and that perfect methods of education must arise gradually, like all other things of human contrivance. It is within the recollection of persons now living, that political economy was discovered to be a grand foundation of the art of government, and a security against many national misfortunes common in former times, yea, even famine and war. And the day is not far distant when the members of the

medical profession generally will understand how much the correct knowledge of animal structure and function, and of many remedies, must depend on precise acquaintance of physics.

ATOM.

The smallest portion of any substance which the human eye can perceive, is still a mass of many ultimate atoms or particles, which may be separated from each other, or newly arranged, but which cannot individually be hurt or destroyed. A particle of powdered marble, hardly visible to the naked eye, still appears to the microscope a block susceptible of indefinite division; and, when broken by fit instruments, until the microscope can hardly discover the separate particles of the fine powder, these may be yet farther divided by dissolving them in an acid, until the whole become absolutely invisible, as part of a transparent liquid. A small mass of gold may be hammered into thin leaf, or drawn into fine wire, or cut into almost invisible parts, or liquefied in a crucible, or dissolved in acid, or dissipated by intense heat into vapour; yet, after any and all of these changes, the atoms can be collected again, and the original gold can be exhibited in its pristine state, without the slightest diminution or change. And all the substances or elements of which our globe is composed may thus be cut, torn, bruised, ground, &c. a thousand times, but are always recoverable as perfect as at first. And, with respect to delicate combinations of these elements, such as we see in animal and vegetable substances, although it be beyond human art originally to form or to imitate many of them, still, in their decomposition and apparent destruction, the accomplished chemist of the present day does not lose a single atom. The coal which burns in his apparatus until only a little ash remains behind, or the wax taper which seems to vanish altogether in flame, or the portion of animal flesh which putrefies and gradually dries up and disappears; all these phenomena are now proved to be only changes of connexion and arrangement among the indestructible ultimate atoms; and the chemist can offer all the elements again, mixed or separate, as desired, for any of the useful purposes to which they are severally applicable. When the funeral pile of the ancients, with their charge of human relic, appeared to be wholly consumed, and left the idea with survivors that no base use could be made in after time of what had been the material dwelling of a noble or beloved spirit, the flames had only, as it were, scattered the everlasting blocks of which a former edifice had been constructed, but which were soon to serve again in new combinations.

ATTRACTION.

Logs of wood floating in a pond approach each other, and afterwards remain in contact. The wreck of a ship, in a smooth sea after a storm, is often seen gathered into heaps. Two bullets or plummets, suspended by strings near to each other, are found by the delicate test of the torsion balance to attract each other, and therefore not to hang quite perpendicularly. A plummet suspended near the side of a mountain, inclines towards it in a degree proportioned to its magnitude; as was ascertained by the well-known trials of Dr. Maskelyne near the mountain Sكهalion, in Scotland. And the reason why the plummet tends much more strongly towards the earth than towards the hill, is only that the earth is larger than the hill. And at New South Wales, which is a point on our globe nearly opposite to England, plummets hang and fall towards the center of the globe, exactly as they do here, so that they are hanging up and falling towards England, and the people there are standing with their feet towards us. Weight, therefore, is merely general attraction acting every where. But it is owing to this general attraction that our earth itself is a globe. All its parts being drawn towards each other, that is towards a common centre, the mass assumes the spherical or rounded form. And the moon also is round, and all the planets are round; and the glorious sun, so much larger than all these, is round: proving that all must at one time have been fluid, and that they are all subject to the same law. Other instances of roundness from this cause are—the particles of a mist or fog floating in air, these mutually attracting and coalescing into larger drops, and forming rain; dew-drops; water trickling

on a duck's wing; the tear dropping from the cheek; drops of laudanum; globules of mercury, like pure silver beads, coalescing when near, and forming larger ones; melted lead allowed to rain down from an elevated sieve, which cools as it descends, so as to retain the form of its liquid drops, and becomes the spherical shot-lead of the sportsman. The cause of the extraordinary phenomenon which we call attraction acts at all distances. The moon, though 240,000 miles from the earth, by her attraction raises the water of the ocean under her, and forms what we call the tide. The sun, still farther off, has a similar influence; and when the sun and moon act in the same direction, we have the spring tides. The planets, those apparently little wandering points in the heaven, yet affect, by their attraction, the motion of our earth in her orbit, quickening it when she is approaching them, retarding it when she is receding.

INTERESTING TO HATTERS.

We have examined at the hat manufactory of Mr. Steele, in this place, a very ingenious and neat apparatus for the application of steam to the planking kettles of his establishment, which merits particular notice and recommendation, for its many useful and economical properties in the process of hat making.

It consists of a small boiler fitted up in a furnace, in the usual manner of those for steam engines, to which is attached a line of pipes, having smaller ones connected to carry the steam into the planking kettles. The principal kettle is of wood, of an oblong square form, and has several divisions, which may be heated separately or all at once, and the degree of heat regulated at pleasure, by means of brass cocks attached to the pipes. Mr. Steele has tried it sufficiently to be satisfied of its complete efficiency, and believes it will produce a saving to him of at least \$200 per annum in fuel, copper, &c. while it will add greatly to the comfort of the workmen, during warm weather, in this unpleasant part of the process, and enable them to do considerable more work. By an additional pipe, the steam can be conducted to the basining plate, and used in that part of the process, and indeed in almost every other where heat is required, and the expense and risk in additional fires thereby saved. With some little machinery annexed of comparatively small cost, the steam may be used in propelling a carding machine, and afterwards applied to all the above purposes. This apparatus was contrived and fitted up by our ingenious townsman, Mr. Barlow, who has lately put into operation several steam engines, in this place and neighbourhood, for various purposes with great success, and whose mechanical genius and industry, it is hoped, will meet with the patronage and encouragement they deserve.

[Lexington (Ky.) Reporter.]

THE TRAVELLER.

THE NORTHERN LAKES AND NIAGARA FALLS.

[From Flint's Western Monthly Review, for August, 1827.]

This chain commences on the northeast with lake Ontario. Its extent is 180 by 40 miles. At its eastern extremity, is a group of islands, known by the name of the 'thousand island.' From this lake we ascend by a strait, called Niagara river, a mile in average width, very swift and deep, and thirty-six miles long to lake Erie. This is a broad and beautiful sheet of water, equally transparent with the former, but falling short of it in general depth. Its extent is 230 by 45 miles. In various central positions on this lake, the voyager is out of sight of land, as on mid ocean. It embosoms a number of considerable islands. Ascending still farther west, we find another strait, as the French word Detroit imports. It connects lake Erie with lake St. Clair, and is twenty-seven miles in length. Lake St. Clair is another clear and beautiful basin of water, thirty miles in diameter. The strait between this lake and lake Huron is thirty-two miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth, with a deep and rapid current. Lake Huron is the second on the continent in size, being 220 by 90 miles in extent. It has the usual cold, transparent and deep waters, is

studded with many islands, and of a depth to be every where navigated by the largest vessels. At its western extremity, by the straits of Michilimackinac, it communicates with the singular lake, Michigan. This lake seems to be a supererogatory, a kind of episode in the great chain, not appearing necessary for the expansion or conveyance of the waters collected above in lake Superior. It is wholly in the limits of the United States, while half of the rest pertains to the dominions of Great Britain. Its extent is 300 by 60 miles. It receives forty considerable rivers, has valuable fisheries of sturgeon and white fish, and embosoms some islands towards its northern extremity.

Returning to lake Huron, we find it connected with lake Superior by a strait twenty-seven miles in length. The current of this river is shallow, rapid, and rendered difficult of navigation by huge masses of rock. Lake Superior is by far the largest collection of fresh waters on the globe, being 350 by 100 miles in extent, and reputed nearly 1500 miles in circumference. The water is transparent, and is deeper and colder, than any of the rest. The shores, especially the northern, are walled with frowning and lofty precipices of granite rock. All the lakes abound, and this more than the rest, with, fine fish. They consist of different kinds of trout all of them delicious, sturgeon, pike, pickerel, carp, bass, herrings, &c. and the best kind of all, white fish, which is found in this lake in greater perfection, than in either of the rest. It embosoms some large islands. The principal rivers, that discharge themselves into it, are the Michipicoten, St. Louis, Nipigon and Pic. Beyond this lake, and stretching still farther to the northwest, towards the frozen regions of Red river of the North, and the Arctic sea, is the long and narrow Lake of the Woods, apparently the *Ultima Thule* of our continent.

These lakes, from the circumstance, that their waters possess less specific gravity than that of the ocean, and the comparative shallowness of their beds, and it may be from other causes, when swept by the winds, raise waves, if not so extensive and mountainous, more rough and dangerous, than those of the sea. It has been repeatedly asserted, that they have septennial fluxes and refluxes. From the silence of the recent, and intelligent travellers, that have explored them, touching a fact so very striking, we should be led to doubt it. It has been affirmed, also, that they have perceptible diurnal tides. We doubt this also; for were it even true, that the same causes which raised tides in the sea operated perceptibly here, the surface that could be operated upon, is so small, compared with that of the ocean any general movement of the waters would be so arrested by capes, points, islands, and headlands, that such a uniform result, as that of a diurnal tide, could hardly be calculated to take place in any sensible degree.

The waters of the lakes, in many instances collected from the same marshes as exist at the sources of the Mississippi, filtered through oozy swamps, and numberless fields of wild rice, where the shallow and stagnant mass, among this rank and compact vegetation, becomes slimy and unportable, as soon as they find their level in the deep beds of the lakes, lose their dark red color, and their swampy taste, and become as transparent almost as air. When the lakes sleep, the fishes can be seen sporting at immense depths below. The lower strata of the water never gain the temperature of summer. A bottle sunk a hundred feet in lake Superior, and filled at that depth, feels when it comes up, as if filled with ice water. Imagination cannot but expatiate in traversing the lofty precipices, the pathless morasses, and the dark and inhospitable forests of these remote and lonely oceans of fresh water, where the tempests have raged, and the surges have dashed for countless ages, unwitnessed except here and there at the distance of a hundred leagues by a few red skins, or more recently, Canadian *coursers du bois*, scrambling over the precipices to fish, or paddling their periogues in agonies of terror to find shelter in the little bays from the coming storm.

Hundreds of rivers, though none of great length, discharge themselves into these inland seas. Situated as they are in a climate, generally remarkable for the dryness of its atmosphere, they must evaporate inconceivable quantities of water. It has been

commonly supposed, that the Niagara, their only visible drain, does not discharge a tenth part of the waters and melted snows, which they receive. They spread such an immense surface, and have so much of the grand levelling power of the ocean, that neither they nor their outlet, the St. Lawrence, have any thing of that flood and subsidence, that form such a distinguishing feature in the Mississippi and its waters. Hence, too, the Niagara has little of marked alluvial character in common with the Mississippi. It rolls down its prodigious volume of waters, alike uninfluenced by droughts, or rains, by the heat and evaporation of summer, or the accumulated snows and ices of winter.

Will the shores of these vast and remote waters be ever settled, except by a few wandering trappers, fishermen and savages? Shoals of emigrants from the old world are continually landing at Quebec and Montreal, Upper Canada is becoming populous. Wave is propelled beyond wave. Much of the country on the shores of the lakes is of an inhospitable and sterile character, never to be cultivated. There are, also, along their shores and tributary waters, sheltered vallies and large extents of fertile soil, sufficient for numerous and populous settlements. It is an inexplicable part of the composition of human nature, that men love to congregate and form the most populous cities in northern and inhospitable climes, rather than in the country of the banana and the pine-apple. The astonishing advance of population and improvement, both on the American and British side of the country, has caused, that the bosoms of the remotest lakes has been whitened with the sails of commerce. The smoke of passing steam-boats is seen rising in columns among their green islands. The shores have echoed with the exploding cannon of conflicting fleets. The northern forests of Ohio have already seen the red cross of a hostile squadron giving place to the stars and stripes. Roads are constructing to reach their shores. Canals are excavating to connect the whole extent of this vast chain with the Atlantic and the gulf of Mexico. Is it too sanguine to predict, that within the compass of a century, their shores will count a hundred populous towns, where senates will debate and poets sing? That every nook of them will be visited by vessels and connected by roads and mail routes, and that the fisheries on them will become as much an object of national importance, as are now those of Newfoundland.

It is out of our plan to describe the rivers, that empty into these lakes. But it will be expected, that we shall notice the St. Lawrence, the next largest river in North America to the Mississippi, and the counterpoise and rival of that mighty stream. Commencing his course for another ocean, and moving off in an opposite direction, he seems proudly determined to resemble his mighty rival in nothing, but in bearing off the tribute of waters from a world. The former is continually swelling, or subsiding, and in his spring floods, moving with a front many leagues in width, he has no resemblance to his autumnal course in a deep channel, and winding by beaches and sandbars. His alluvial forests are wide and dark, with a vegetation of surpassing grandeur. His sides are marly and crumbling, and his bottom is oozy and of slime. His turbid waters, when united with those of the sea, discolor it for fifty miles from his mouth.

The other is perpetually the same, steady, full, clear, and his current always sweeping. His bed is worn in strata of stone. His banks rise at once to the primitive soil. Bluffs of rock impend his course, forests, in their season beautifully verdant, but bearing the more healthy, stunted and sterile character of the north, the larch, the pine and the white birch, bend over his waters, and before he meets the sea, vision can scarcely reach the opposite shore.

At the point, where this river issues from lake Erie, it assumes the name of Niagara. It is something more than three quarters of a mile in width, and the broad and powerful current embosoms two islands; one of them, Grand Isle, the seat of Mr. Noah's famous Jewish colony, containing, it is said, eleven thousand acres,—and the other, Navy island, opposite to the British village of Chippewa. Below this island the river again becomes an unbroken

sheet, a mile in width. For a half a mile below, the river seems to be waxing in wrath and power. Were this rapid in any other place, itself would be noted, as one of the sublimest features of river scenery. Along this rapid, the broad and irresistible mass of rolling waters is not entirely whitened, for it is too deep to become so. But it has something of that curling and angry aspect, which the sea exhibits when swept by the first bursts of a tempest. The momentum may be conceived, when we are instructed, that in half a mile the river has a descent of fifty feet. A column of water, a mile broad, twenty-five feet deep, and propelled onward by the weight of the surplus waters of the whole prodigious basin of the lakes, rolling down this rapid declivity, at length pours over the cataract, as if falling to the central depths of the earth. Instead of sublimity, the first feeling, excited by this stupendous cataract, is amazement. The mind, accustomed only to ordinary phenomena and common exhibitions of power, feels a revulsion and recoils from the new train of thought and feeling, forced in an instant upon it. There is hardly sufficient coolness for distinct impressions; much less for calculations. We witness the white and terrific sheets—for an island, on the very verge of the cataract, divides the fall—descending more than 170 feet into the abyss below. We feel the earth trembling under our feet. The deafening roar fills our ears. The spray, painted with rainbows, envelopes us. We imagine the fathomless caverns, which such an impetus, continued for ages, has worn. Nature arrays herself before us, in this spectacle, as an angry and irresistible power, that has broken away from the beneficent control of Providence. When we have gazed upon the spectacle, and heard the roar, until the mind has recovered from its amazement, we believe the first obvious thought in most minds is a shrinking comparison of the littleness and helplessness of man, and the insignificance of his pigmy efforts, when measuring strength with nature. Take it all in all, it is one of the most sublime and astonishing spectacles seen on our globe. The eye distinctly measures the amount of the mass, and we can hardly avoid thinking with the peasant, that the waters of the upper world must shortly be drained down the cataract. But the stream continues to pour down, and this concentrated and impressive symbol of the power of Omnipotence proclaims his majesty through the forests from age to age.

An earthquake, the eruption of a volcanic mountain, the conflagration of a city, are all spectacles, in which terror is the first and predominant emotion. The most impressive exertion of human power is only seen in the murderous and sickening horrors of a conflict between two mighty armies. These, too, are transient and contingent exhibitions of sublimity. But after we have stood an hour at the foot of these falls, after the eye has been accustomed to look at them without blenching, after the ear has become familiarized with the deafening and incessant roar, when the mind begins to calculate the grandeur of the scale of operations upon which nature acts, then it is, that the entire and unmingled feeling of sublime rushes upon it, and this is, probably, the place on the whole globe, where it is felt in its most unmixed simplicity.

It may be, that the beautiful and romantic country between Erie and Ontario receives a richer coloring from the imagination, excited so strongly to action by dwelling on the contiguity of the great lakes, and the deep thunder of the falls heard in the distance. Remembrances of the bloody field of Bridgewater will be naturally awakened by this view. Be the cause what it may, every one approaches the falls, finding the scenery and accompaniments just what they should be. Every one finds this to be the very place, where the waters of the upper world should pour upon the lower. We have figured to ourselves the bloody struggle at Bridgewater by the uncertain intervals of moonlight, and the feelings, with which the combatants must have listened to the deafening and eternal roar of the cataract, which became audible whenever the crash of the cannon was for a moment suspended. Must it not have sounded as the voice of nature, mocking in her own sublime irony, the feeble and the mad wrath of man, in attempting these murderous and momentary imitations of her thunder and her power?

POPULAR TALES.

THE PRIEST OF RATHDUNAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF IRISH LIFE."

He was a man, take him for all in-all,
We shall not look upon his like again. [Shakespeare.]

In "the good old times," when people had an opportunity of "suffering for conscience sake"—when the omission or admission of a simple monosyllable in abstract matters consigned the Christian to the flames or the halter, the Irish government, in the perfection of wise legislation, compelled Catholic ecclesiastics to imbibe knowledge, religious and profane, from teachers who were the hereditary enemies of the English nation. Whatever were the effects of this juvenile migration upon the loyalty of the Irish priests, it was thought to have a favourable influence upon their manners. The distant view of continental society, to which they were admitted, was supposed to communicate a certain polish to their minds, while it enabled them to cover the offensive barbarism of their original habits with the showy tinsel of French manufacture. At the present day it is the fashion in Ireland, both among Catholics and Protestants, to talk of the elegant manners and mild politeness of the old priests—and to lament that but few of the old school are now to be found, except in the inmost recesses of the country, where there is just as much known of the power of preaching as of the power of steam. All this is amusing, and may pass for truth, except among those who knew the Catholic priesthood of Ireland thirty years since. One of these primeval pastors yet survives: at the present moment he is performing all the sacred functions of an ecclesiastic in the parish of Rathdunan. Its lowly thatch-roofed "House of Prayer" stands conspicuously enough in the little village, through which the mail coach road runs, about thirteen miles south of Cashel.

Father Colfer is just six feet three inches high, perpendicular as his own silver-topped walking-stick; and, though bearing about him those protuberances which seldom proceed from ascetic severity, he possesses all that personal activity which generally characterises only the temperate. The word "stout" does not give a sufficient idea of his person, and his face, if painted by his countryman Shee, would pass in the next exhibition for a representation of the jolly god—so rosy, so full, so humorous is that laughing index of his mind. His dress and figure corresponds remarkably well. An unpowdered wig, and a broad-brimmed beaver hat, turned up behind by the frequent collision with the collar, compose the capital of this ecclesiastical pillar; while his blue frieze coat is made so ample that it would fall off his back were it not kept in its place by a constant and peculiar shrugging of the shoulders. His breeches, of real velvet, smooth and downy as a tabby cat, are subject to the same inconvenient defect; and those who have never seen the fabricator of sheepskin small clothes, shaking a Connaught man into a pair at Ballinasloe, can have no idea of the method by which Father Colfer contrives to keep the waistband of his inexpressibles above his hip joints. As patent braces are luxuries of which he remains ignorant, his breeches and waistcoat, like sundry married people, accord but ill together; between both there is always a great falling out—of shirt. The effect, however, is not altogether inelegant, for it appears somewhat like those sashes which the natives of some countries wear for ornament.

Nothing disturbs for any length of time, the habitual equanimity of his soul; he baptises, marries, and annoints, with the same unclouded countenance; and never was known to spend more than fifteen minutes and three quarters in saying mass—the time occupied in vesting and unvesting included; and, while he hastily mutters over the *De Profundis*, he carefully deposits the utensils of the sacred office in his check wallet.

His dispatch on other occasions is equally as remarkable: one evening, at the house of a parishioner, he had just mixed the eleventh tumbler of poteen punch, when a sick call required his immediate attendance at the bedside of a poor man's wife, who lived at the distance of a mile. There was not a moment to be lost; for the woman was in the agonies of death. Accordingly, Father Colfer mounted

his horse *Buckeen*, comforted the departing spirit, and returned in time to drink the illicit potation before it was cold.

Hospitality is the characteristic of the Irish peasant, and father Colfer is too kind to offend any parishioner by refusing to partake of what is going; consequently his stomach is frequently the depository, at the same time, of wine, beer, ale, poteen, and buttermilk; potatoes—roasted and boiled—black pudding, bacon and fowl. His digestive organs must be equal to those of the ostrich; for he was never known to suffer any inconvenience from the singular amalgamation that is perpetually going on within him.

Although possessed of a pair of legs little inferior to those ascribed to Paddy Carey, Father Colfer never walks. Like a South American Guacheco, he may be said to live upon horseback. *Buckeen* is indispensable to the good priest, and the salvation of the parishioners; for without his services in transporting his master from place to place, many a soul must have winged its flight unconscious of the last rites of the Church. This priest-ridden animal has as much sagacity as an elephant, and more natural affection than generally falls to the lot of bipeds. He knows intimately the disposition of the priest; whenever he meets a traveller he uniformly stands still, knowing that Father Colfer has a word for every one who passes. He knows every road as well as a beggar man; and, when a certain elevation of spirits—which occurs rather often—throws his rider off the centre of gravity, *Buckeen*, like a juggler, humours his burden; and, by constantly shifting his position, contrives to keep his ponderous charge perpendicular, notwithstanding his inclination to tumble.

It is true that Father Colfer was educated in France, but he despised the people of that country too much to practice any of their national habits. At any allusion to French cookery he still turns up his nose, and keeps it in that prominent and contemptuous position while he describes the *grass*—in his vocabulary the generic name for all vegetables—which he was obliged to live upon during his sojourn at college. He has been fifty years on the mission, and for the last thirty he has regulated the spiritual concerns of the good people of Rathdunan. The sun of his life was unclouded until the new lights, which began to burn around him, pained his moral vision. Not that he had much apprehension of the arts of *converters* in his parish, but that he disliked all novelties, whether in the cut of coats or creeds. His bishop, too, transmitted him pastorals more frequently than usual; and the Kildare Street Society opened a school not far from his chapel door. All this was an innovation upon the venerable system which he upheld, and accordingly displeased him, but nothing more. He read the pastorals from the altar, and merely looked obliquely at the school, until he received positive orders from his superior to prohibit the sending of Catholic children to the branch of the Kildare Street academy. He was on his way, just three years since, to chapel, on a fine Sunday morning in May, when this mandatory epistle was put into his hand. Refusal to comply was out of the question, and therefore he darted the spurs into *Buckeen's* opposite sides, and galloped forward. As he drew near the chapel he heard a confused hum from Jem Donohoe's forge. He reined up the horse, cautiously alighting, made ready his whip, and stole unperceived, towards the door of the smithy. He was not mistaken; around the anvil sat a grotesque group of gamblers, playing with a very indistinct pack of cards; while another circle, equally interested, leaned over the immediate operators, watching the progress of the game. Every thing about this rustic *Hell* was in proper keeping. The mud walls were ornamented with new and old horse shoes, plough chains, and wheel bindings. The bellows, like a tapped alderman, no longer boasted inflation; and the trough sent forth exhalations, from its medical waters, through the perforated roof. The gamesters, however, could not have been more in earnest had they been handling dice in one of Mr. Crockford's saloons; and all depended upon a single *trick*, when swift and heavy descended upon the circling group the elastic thong of Father Colfer's whip. Those who had most cause to feel turned quickly round with clenched fists, and looks of indignation; but seeing

that the priest was the assailant, the knuckles relaxed, and each sought safety in flight. Some rushed to the door; others, harlequin like, jumped through the hole which served for a window; while the less fortunate, prostrate on the floor, endeavoured to break the blows with their hands and legs. The indignant priest, though no puritan, was scandalized at such unholy doings on the Sabbath, and accordingly gave to every blow the whole force of his muscular arm.

When he had completely cleared the forge, he began to marvel at his ignorance of the persons of those whom he had just so deservedly chastised; he recalled their features, at least such of them as he had sufficiently noticed, and, after a mental pause of half a minute, he came to the agreeable conclusion, that, with the exception of three or four obstinate reprobates, none of them belonged to his parish. This discovery served to tranquilize the pious ecclesiastic's mind; and he would have ascended the altar in his wonted good humour, were it not that, on entering the chapel, he saw his niece arm-in-arm with Luke Moriarty. Luke was the son of an ordinary scollage,* who had neither a large farm nor much money. The young man himself was unexceptionable; in addition to more useful attainments, he could hurl and kick football, and suspicion had never breathed a stain upon his moral character. But still, he was not a match for the priest's niece. Father Colfer could give her a few "cool hundreds," and had a *buckeen* in his eye for her, every way, in the uncle's estimation, more suitable for such a girl as Ellen. To do the priest justice, he desired only her happiness: she had lived with him since her seventh year, and had been unto him as a daughter; she grew up, under his tuition, a pretty and agreeable girl, and never did aught that displeased the uncle, except in giving a preference to Luke Moriarty, when he wished her to bestow all her attention upon Miles Grogan. Previously to his leaving home that morning, he had expended some good advice upon her; judge then, his surprise, to see her, in defiance of his express admonition, in company with Luke Moriarty. Occurring so recently too, after the scene in the forge, it was with much difficulty the good divine subdued his temper, so as to enable him to discharge the duties of his office in a becoming manner.

The evening, however, found him restored to his wonted good humour. He dined at the house of a substantial farmer, and, in the rude hilarity of the moment, forgot the card players and the disobedience of his niece. It was late in the evening when he quitted the hospitable host, and he was trotting along, *Buckeen*, as usual, playing the part of an expert juggler, when his bridle was seized, the dreaded whip snatched from his hand, and himself rapidly pulled from the saddle, a handkerchief at the same time, being stuffed in his mouth, to prevent his giving alarm. Being a powerful man, he made a violent resistance; but he was overcome by numbers, and fairly carried off the road; one of the ruffians observing, the "Preest can't have it all his own way here, same as in the forge."

The poor man was not in a condition, exactly, to reflect much upon his situation: nor did he even possess much eloquence in cases of emergency; he usually relied more upon his whip than his voice, and of both he was now totally deprived. The party crossed a few fields, and then stopped in the shade of a furze ditch, for the moon was, at the moment, careering brightly above their heads. They released his arms and legs, from their grasp; and after a short consultation, withdrew the handkerchief from his mouth. "Soggarth,"† said one of them, "you must do us a piece of sarvice, an' for once in your life, gratis."

"What do you want you villain,?" he demanded.

"Troth, nothin in the wide world, ony to splice a couple—a boy and girl."

"Splice, exclaimed the priest, "and is that the way you've learned to speak of a holy sacrament?"

"Och, 'tis too late," returned the fellow, "for you to begin to do now what you never done—that is, preach; so just be afther puttin on the stole, an' doin the job—"

"Never," interrupted the priest.

*Farmer. †Priest.

"Don't be afther makin a rash vow," said the fellow, "for sure you don't know but 'tis a friend, maybe a relation, who wants your service; and troth you'd better be stirrin, for if not we'll be overtaken."

"Who are you, at all?" demanded the priest.

"Troth you don't know us," was the reply, though you saw us afore, and that this mornin. You remember the forge—I do, I have a mark upon my shoulder, an will carry it to my grave."

While he spoke, the virtuous indignation of the priest returned: he clenched his hand, drew in his breath, and when he had collected all his strength, as it were, into one focus, he let fly a blow at his interlocutor, and laid him on the earth. Following up this exploit, he dealt heavily about him. For several minutes it was give and take, and the good father was getting, perhaps, the worst of it, when the wild cry of "Uncle! uncle!" burst upon his ear. He was perfectly astounded; it was the voice of his niece; and, before he had time to knock down another ruffian, Ellen rushed into his arms. Instantly, however, she was forced from her protector, and the party were conveying her out of the field, when they encountered a more formidable enemy, to whom they were ultimately obliged to surrender their prize. Her champion, upon this occasion, proved to be Luko Moriarty, and the good Priest, in his excess of gratitude, forgot his former cause of enmity to Ellen's lover.

It appeared that the reputation of the priest's niece, or rather the priest's money, had crossed a neighbouring mountain, and as there was a gay, tramontane Lothario, who wanted a fortune and a wife, he thought he might as well possess himself of both without the process of courtship. Accordingly, he apprized his friends of his intention; they agreed to accompany him, and had that morning arrived at the village of Rathdunan. While waiting to hear mass, they were amusing themselves in the forge, when so disagreeably interrupted; but they had, as they thought, soon after, ample revenge. When night "had in her sober livery all things clad," they repaired to the priest's house, where they found Ellen and her lover billing and cooing; but, holding such sentimental nothings in no estimation, they seized upon the damsel, and *vi et armis*, carried her away. In any other place this would have been an astounding piece of work, but Moriarty was too familiar with such proceedings to be rendered inactive by either alarm or astonishment. He sallied out in search of friends, soon found them, and quickly pursued the fugitives. The mountain gallants found themselves so closely pressed by the enemy, that, despairing of making good their escape, they adopted the desperate resolution of procuring the services of the young lady's uncle, who was then so opportunely approaching them, judging that in the event of the ceremony being performed, their capture would be good. Fortunately their manœuvre failed, and Father Colfer, considering it no longer prudent to burden himself with the guardianship of so tempting a commodity, resigned her, in a few months, to the care of Luke Moriarty.

MISCELLANY.

THE FRAILTIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

The following is from an old edition of "The World," printed in 1761. The frailties which then existed, yet prevail. The essay is replete throughout with humour and interest:—

A very facetious friend of mine was observing the other day, that he could always discover with great certainty the shape, height and complexion of any man's wife in company, by calling for his toast. If he gives you a lean woman, depend upon it, says he, his wife is a fat one; or if he drinks his bumper to a beauty of fine height and complexion, you may safely conclude that the lady at home is little and swarthy, and so on: for, continues he, I have ever found it to be true, that when a man has been married a full half year, he will be the constant admirer of all other women, in proportion as they differ from his own wife.

I wish with all my heart there was no colour of truth in this remark; but I am afraid that the wives of the generality of men, like their other possessions, are apt to pall a little upon their hands. Fine for-

tunes, fine houses, fine gardens and fine equipages, bring but little enjoyment to their owners; inasmuch that we are every day breaking the tenth commandment, by *coveting our neighbour's house, our neighbour's wife, or any thing that is our neighbour's.*

Whence this perverseness of mankind arise, I will not take upon me to determine. My friend, who never thinks enough to perplex himself, lays the fault upon human nature. He asserts that men are in every respect just what they were intended to be, and that we have the same reason to be angry with a bear for not being a man, as with a man for having the imperfections of one.

That we are frail by nature is too certain a truth; but the comfort is, that He who made us so does not expect perfection from us, and will pardon errors that do not proceed from wilful corruption, and obstinate disobedience.

There is a humorous fable of the ancients upon the general frailty of mankind, which as I have never seen in English, I have ventured to modernize and translate for the entertainment of my readers.

"Jupiter, after he had seized the throne of Saturn, conquered the Titans, and made the universe his own, left the government of this lower world, and the affairs of mankind, to the inferior deities. Each had his separate votaries, and no one was to interfere in the department of another. Mars was captain general of the soldiery of all nations; Neptune was lord high admiral; Bacchus presided over clubs and festivals, Mercury over trade, Apollo over wit and physic, Minerva over learning, Venus and the Graces over beauty, Juno over marriage, Diana over chastity, and so on.

"In the first ages of the world the affairs of men seemed to be in a very flourishing condition; but the face of things began gradually to change, till at last a general depravity prevailed over the face of the whole earth. The gods, finding themselves unequal to the task imposed upon them, and angry with mankind, petitioned Jupiter to take the government of them into his own hands; but he frowned at their request, commanding them to proceed as they had begun, and leave the consequences to himself. The deities, perplexed at their repulse, convened a council among themselves, in which it was agreed that they should draw up a second petition to Jupiter, that for the better understanding the nature of mankind, they should have leave to pay a visit to the world, and to take upon them for a time the several natures of their votaries. Jupiter laughed, and consented to their petition, but with this particular limitation, that they should be entirely divested of supernatural powers, and that as they were to personate mortals, they should be subject to their frailties.

"The deities consented to the will of Jupiter, and having deliberated on the several parts they were to act, made their descent upon the earth. Mars bought himself a pair of colours in the guards, and being a gay handsome young fellow, and a great favourite of the ladies, was quickly advanced to the command of a company. His equipage was the most splendid that could be imagined; he dressed, danced, gamed and swore to the utmost perfection; he knocked down watchmen and constables, drew his sword upon chairmen and waiters, laughed at the parsons, bilked — hackney-coachmen, cheated taylors and lacemen, stormed towns at every tavern, and saluted at the head of his company with inimitable grace. But having unfortunately seduced the wife of his friend, and being called out on the occasion, he chose to decline fighting, and was broke for cowardice.

"Neptune was a hardy rough tar, and got early the command of a sixty-gun ship. He attacked the trade of the enemy with great intrepidity, and took prizes of immense value. His prudence was equal to his courage, inasmuch as his ship was never known to suffer by the enemy's shot, or a man to die on board her of a violent death. But as Neptune was now no more than a man, and therefore liable to error, he had the misfortune to mistake his admiral's signal to attack, for a signal to sheer off, and happening to have no interest at court, was disabled from service, and sent to live upon his fortune.

"Bacchus was a country squire, and a great sportsman; he got drunk every day, and debauched all the

wives and daughters of his tenants and neighbours; till being reduced by his extravagance, and driven to various shifts, he at last drew beer in a night-cellar to hackney-coachmen and street-walkers.

"Mercury was a linen-draper in the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune by being three times a bankrupt; but happening to be discovered in a fourth attempt, he was stript of all his wealth, and very narrowly escaped hanging. He was afterwards captain of a gang of thieves, and at last recalled to heaven from the condemned hold in Newgate.

"Apollo commenced mortal in the character of a physician, and so peopled the shades of Pluto with souls, that the boat of Charon became crazy by their weight. Jupiter grew incensed at his murders, and commanded him to begin the world again in a more innocent calling. Apollo obeyed, and became a wit. He composed loose sonnets and plays; he libelled the good, flattered the bad, blasphemed the gods, and was patronized by the great: but unhappily standing in need of their assistance, they withdrew their favours, and left him to starve in a garret on the bounty of booksellers.

"Minerva was a lady of fine parts and learning, but a great slattern. She never stuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them till they wore out. Her linen was stained with ink, her hair uncombed, her petticoats falling off, her stockings full of holes, and her feet slipshod. She talked in syllogisms, wrote in heroics, and married her footman.

"Venus, who while a goddess, had always a hankering after mortal flesh and blood, was highly pleased with this descent upon earth. She assumed the form of a beautiful girl of fourteen, took lodgings in Covent garden, and dealt out her favours liberally to all visitors. Her state of mortality was so suited to her inclinations, that heaven and the goddess were never thought of, till the loss of her nose made her sigh for immortality.

"Diana was a great prude all day, but had her Endymions by moon-light.

"Of Juno it is only said, that she scolded seven husbands to death; and of the Graces, that they were exceeding neat girls till they married, and sluts afterwards.

"Having staid the limited time upon earth they were all summoned to heaven, in their human forms and habits, to make their appearance before the throne of Jupiter. Mars and Neptune made a tolerable figure, but looked a little shy. Bacchus had a blue apron on, and a string of pewter pots thrown across his shoulder. Mercury appeared fettered and hand-cuffed; he had a woollen cap upon his head, a nosegay in his hand, and a halter about his neck. Apollo was full-drest in a suit of rusty black, a tye-wig, a silver-hilted sword, roll-up stockings, deep ruffles, but no shirt: his features were begrimed with snuff, and his mouth crammed with tobacco. As Minerva approached to make her curt'sy, Jupiter held his nose, and beckoned her to keep aloof; telling her that for the future he would have no learned ladies upon earth. Venus held her fan before her face, till Jupiter commanded her to uncover. He then enquired after her nose, and asked if the gin she had drank that morning was right Holland's. Diana complained much of a dropsy; upon which Jupiter laughed, and promised to send Lucina to cure her, adding that he hoped she had had good times. Juno looked angry at not being first taken notice of, which upon Jupiter's observing, he gave her a gracious nod, and assured her that every one of her husbands was quiet in Elysium. The Graces would have apologized for their dishabille, but Jupiter prevented them, and told them with a smile that he would have no marriages in heaven. He then restored them all to their divinities, and after ridiculing and rebuking them for their murmurings and curiosity, dismissed them to their several charges, telling them that they were now enabled to make allowances for the frailties and imperfections of human nature, having experienced in their own persons, that he had peopled the world with men, and not gods.

THE DEATH OF HATUEY.

The only obstruction the Spaniards met with was from Hatuey, a cazique, who had fled from Hispaniola and taken possession of the eastern extremity of Cuba. He stood upon the defensive at their first landing, and endeavoured to drive them back to their

ships. His feeble troops, however, were soon broken and dispersed; and he himself being taken prisoner, Velasquez, according to the barbarous maxim of the Spaniards, considered him as a slave who had taken arms against his master, and condemned him to the flames. When Hatuer was fastened to the stake, a Franciscan friar, labouring to convert him, promised him immediate admittance into the joys of heaven, if he would embrace the Christian faith: "Are there any Spaniards," says he, after some pause, "in the region of bliss which you describe?" "Yes," replied the monk, "but only such as are worthy and good." "The best of them," returned the indignant cazique, "have neither worth nor goodness; I will not go to a place where I may meet one of that accursed race." This dreadful example struck the people of Cuba with such terror, that they scarcely gave any opposition to the progress of their invaders; and Velasquez, without the loss of a man, annexed this extensive and fertile island to the Spanish monarchy.

[Robertson's America.]

A SCENE IN BOTANY BAY.

An affecting story, of which the following is the substance, was related to the editor of an English paper, by a gentleman lately returned from New South Wales.

Having occasion frequently to pass from Sydney to Cockle Bay, and being always ferried across by an old honest looking seafaring man, I was once induced to ask him the cause of his transportation. The question brought a tear from his eye and as it glistened on his cheeks, he told me he was one of the crew of the Royal George, at the time of her sinking at Spithead. I was sitting between decks, looking at some young gentlemen, who were playing cards for a considerable sum, when the alarm was given. They immediately dropped their cards and flew on deck, leaving about ten guineas on the table, which I took the liberty to put into my pocket, and seeing the water rush in at one side of the ship I jumped out of a port on the other, and was immediately taken up by a boat, which landed me and a few others, at Portsmouth. Fearing I might meet the young men, whose money I had, I set off for London, where my friends lived. The dishonest act I had committed weighed heavily on my mind: but, instead of resolving to return the money, I got into bad company, which led me to greater crimes, and in less than a year, I was capitally convicted at the Old Bailey and should have been hung, had not a friend, who, influenced by the afflicting account I gave of the loss of the brave admiral Kempenfelt, and my shipmates, and my providential escape, obtained a remission of my punishment to 14 years' transportation. I was sent out among the convicts to this colony, where I have endeavoured to atone for my violation of the laws of my country at home, by strict conformity to them here, and trust by sincere repentance and gratitude to the God of all goodness, for affording me time and disposition. I have obtained forgiveness. In this country, Sir, where there are so few incitements to sin and so many to honest industry callous indeed must be the heart which does not get rid of vicious propensities, I married soon after I got here and my wife and myself have brought up a large family, and have now several grand children, and I thank God, they are all sober, honest, and industrious; my bowels often yearn to revisit the dear land of my father, but that cannot be; I cannot leave my children; poor old John Waters will never see old England again. Forty years have I been here; praising the mercy that spared me from an ignominious death, and the bounty that has blessed my exertion to provide for my numerous offspring.

FOUNTAIN TREE.

There are no rivulets or springs in the island of Ferro except on a part of the beach which is nearly inaccessible. To supply the place of fountains, however nature has bestowed upon this island a species of tree unknown to all parts of the world. It is of moderate size, and at sunset a small cloud perpetually rests, which so drenches the leaves with moisture that they constantly distil upon the ground a stream of fine clear water. To these springs, as to perennial springs, the inhabitants of Ferro resort; and are thus supplied with a sufficient abundance of water for themselves and for their cattle.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1827.

(By Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.)

In the perusal of English periodicals, we are often amused by the variety and vacillation of opinions, entertained by their writers respecting American literature. At one time you will see them launch out in praise of some author who happens to owe his birth, education and principles to this land of Democracy, one whom they cannot but praise, and at another moment they indulge in such a series of billingsgate and sarcasm on American literature, as overturns all their finest spun compliments at once. Now this is perfectly in character with Johnny. Take him in the morning, when the moody spirit comes mightily upon him, he is ready to denounce even his own sea girt soil; especially in a gloomy day, or in the month of November. Under such influences, if he takes up his pen, he assuredly must dip it in gall, and the subject must of necessity suffer. But dinner once past, the beef being dispatched, the beer or the wine circulating freely, and the blue devils once fairly driven out, there can be no more rationally happy man or ardent flatterer than Johnny is. The Frenchman cannot show you a more smiling phiz, or the Hibernian a more fraternal greeting; for as he is happy and wise himself, so he wishes and believes every body to be as happy and wise at his will. Then fortunate it is for America if he lifts his pen and thinks of her. Her forests then are all gardens, her cities all paradises, and her authors all sages. There are not ten writers for their public journals, who have not thus contradicted and re-contradicted themselves without end in speaking of this country.

Thomas Campbell is perhaps the only one who has kept the most proper medium between grovelling censure on the one hand and sickening flattery on the other. Some of their most noted critics take one or the other of these absurd extremes, and have clung to their themes like death to humanity; but a far greater proportion have vibrated from one to the other, sometimes carrying the poison of slander and the nauseate of panegyric in the same paragraph.

It is gratifying to us that the brightest emanations of British genius during the last thirty years, have looked on our country and her institutions with a favourable—even a partial eye; if we except Moore, who, it is said once visited this country, and left it, to speak in a common phrase, in a huff. But among their best writers, we could mention many, and those not biassed by political motives, who speak not only with common respect, but with profound esteem, of that which it is the ambition of meaner spirits to deride and condemn.

We find the elegant effusion of our countryman, William C. Bryant, commencing,

"Is it a time to be cloudy and sad,"

copied and introduced by a fine compliment, into a late number of the London Literary Gazette. This is a fairer and more manly way of proceeding than is usually taken by English papers. We saw not long since the beautiful stanzas of N. P. Willis, addressed to a little child, occupying the corner of an English paper, in the form of an original publication. This has been often complained of, and we know not but the evil has been as successfully recip-

rocated by our own prints. They however give us full credit where they are obliged to, and the writings of Irving, Cooper and others are placed on a footing of the fairest equality with writers of their rank, on their own soil.

We were lately amused by looking over a theatrical notice, if we forget not, in the Liverpool Mercury, giving the plot and a description of the scenery, to a play, evidently founded on the Pilot, by Cooper. The play was so inverted as to show English entire. Long Tom was transformed into an old English tar; Barnstable, Griffith, and the Pilot, into officers of the Royal Navy, and Boroughcliff, a captain of the Yankee regulars! This is a strange dress for the Pilot, it is true, but it is much better taste than is sometimes shown by American histrionic exhibitions. Many English plays are introduced upon our stage, in which the audience must imagine themselves Englishmen, that they may have their full effect. National plays are subject to this inconvenience, and while they give credit to the genius of Cooper, we will not find fault if they turn all his novels into English plays to elicit the applause of an English audience.

CATARACTS. The late *site* at the Falls of Niagara, has prompted us to turn over some volumes, which, among other natural curiosities, treat largely on these sublime wonders of the world. It may not be wholly uninteresting to our readers to offer them a sketch of our investigation: some of them, at least, will find them new, and none, we hope, wholly destitute of entertainment.

The highest within our knowledge are on two small streams which take their rise in Mount Rosa, Italy; the rivers Orco and Evanson; and another at Staubach, in the canton of Berne, Switzerland. The Falls of the Orco, according to Pinkerton, are estimated at 2400 feet. Those of the Evanson, 1200; and those at Staubach are stated in the Edinburgh Gazetteer to be 1400. The highest cataract in America is probably that of Tequendama, on the river Funza, or Rio de Bogota, a small branch of the Magdalena, in Colombia. The river here in two successive falls pitches to the depth of 600 feet, into a deep and gloomy chasm. The cataracts above mentioned are only remarkable for their height, being all narrow, and the quantity of water comparatively small. The cataract of Montmorenci, nine miles below Quebec, and in full view of the St. Lawrence, has been too well described by Professor Silliman to allow of a description here; its height is estimated at 220 feet. We lately gave an account of a cataract in Africa. That continent has doubtless its share of undiscovered wonders, which must yet be made known to the world. The cataracts of the Nile are described by Bruce with his usual pompous style. They principally engage the mind through the wildness and desolation of the surrounding scenery. They are not otherwise remarkable, as the river is narrow, and the largest fall does not exceed 40 feet.

Some small streams pitch over precipices so high that their waters are separated into fine rain, or spray, before they reach the bottom. Such is the fall of the river Ache in Bavaria. Here the stream is hurled down a succession of five precipices, in all 200 feet, with an amazing roar, and a current of air so strong as to drive back the visitor from the gulf. Another in Tockoa Creek, Georgia, passes through a channel twenty feet wide, over a precipice 187 feet high. In a wet time, in an entire

sheet, but ordinarily, it becomes a shower of spray before it reaches the bottom.

But among all these displays of nature's grandeur there are but few which can bear a comparison with the falls of Niagara, for all that is sublime and beautiful. In height they are not remarkable, being found by a late and accurate measurement to be only 158 feet and four inches; but for quantity of water they are probably without an equal in the world. One of immense size is said to be discovered by Professor Esmark, on the river Maamelvin in Norway. It is continued through three successive falls; two upon inclined planes, and the last over a perpendicular descent; in all 800 feet. The rapids of the Missouri are likewise said to be surpassed in grandeur by none except the Niagara. Descriptions of these are already before the public, which we do not feel disposed to recapitulate.

There is an inspiration in the contemplation of these stupendous scenes, which, if it does not make all who behold them poets, certainly makes them feel like poets, if they have a single avenue through which nature can reach their hearts. Who that has looked on any one of them, does not almost involuntarily cry out,

"Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an Eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread!"

And gazing on the clouds of mists, when throwing back the tays of the clear sun, divided into the most brilliant rainbows, who has not been romantic enough to exclaim with the vagrant Childe,

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed!"

The wise man says, "answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be puffed up with his own conceit;" but as we have no disposition to fill our columns with ribaldry equal to that in the "*Bellows of Wind*" of yesterday, the merits of *Solomon Southwick* to be classed with the fish-women of Billingsgate, must be weighed by others than ourselves. Some years ago he was a respectable journalist, but a perusal of his columns at this day, will give him, in the estimation of a thinking community, no other character than that of a bedlamite and a public defamer of reputation.

QUACKERY. A gentleman of this city by the name of Hogle, has fallen a victim, either to the depravity or ignorance of a quack. On Thursday morning last, he complained of being indisposed, in the presence of a strolling impostor by the name of Warren, who, for a glass of bitters, dealt him out a dose, which terminated his existence in about fourteen hours. A young man named Webb, a boarder with Hogle, took a smaller dose, which produced the same symptoms, but he is likely to recover.

We decline any other comment than the bare remark, that, if people will be so perversely stupid as to swallow the prescriptions of such notorious impostors, merely because they can be purchased for a glass of rum, common justice ought to punish the imposition, but common sympathy can hardly be extended to the sufferer who is so fortunate as to escape with his life. People who throw away their lives in this manner may be doubly lamented, for they thus become the unwitting instruments of their own untimely end; but to those who survive, the world will usually present the taunting truth, that their sufferings are only the effects of their own foolish temerity.

AN ODD FISH. Those who are fond of fish are notified that they will have a rare treat to-night at Knickerbacker Hall, this being Haddock's last night, as will be seen by his advertisement of to-day. They will find Haddock an *odd fish*, and his *Androides*, which are neither *flesh* nor *fish*, are very mysterious little folks.

TABLE-TALK.

At the Salisbury assizes, Eng. a driver was tried for killing a passenger by upsetting his coach. The indictment was for manslaughter, and the defendant was acquitted in consequence of an unimportant objection to the indictment. After the trial was over, Lord Chief Justice Best gave notice that, in every future case in which conviction shall follow an indictment for furious driving, he will, without doubt, transport the offender for life.—We have heard of dressing flax to look like silk, but we never before heard of silk being made out of tow. It is indeed an age of inventions, as may be seen by the following extract from a Pennsylvania paper:—"Married on Thursday, the 23d ult. by the Rev. Francis Herron, Mr. William Silk to Miss Lucinda Tow, both of St. Clair township." [The Rev. Mr. Herron deserves a medal for this acquisition to the interest of Domestic Manufactures. May the web never become threadbare.]—Mr. James Radcliff, of Buffalo, has taken out a patent for the invention of a canal steam boat, so constructed as not to wash the banks of the canals.—A work entitled the "*Annals of Salem*," by the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, has just been published by Whipple and Lawrence, at Salem.—An English paper states, that no less than forty-three barristers attended a late Assizes, a large majority of which entertained their hours of leisure, at the classical game of *Leap-Frog*!—[Now do not sneer, Mr. Nonsuit, at the apparent vulgarity of this John Bull knows better the value of good health, than to sigh away his spirits, and aggravate the languor of a sedentary life, by contemning the puerility of gymnastic exercises. There are two things in them which you, and many other devotees of literary pursuits, know little about; to wit *health* and *cheerfulness*.]—A gentleman who lived in this town, (North Adams, Mass.) says the *Berkshire American*, by the name of Hathaway, *had a way* which was sometimes very amusing. Taking his rations one day at a tavern between here and Troy, and finding more hairs in his butter than were agreeable to his taste, called the landlady, and said to her, "Madam, be so kind as to set on the hair and butter in separate plates, and I'll mix them to *suit myself*!"—The wife of Mr. Isaac Peck, a revolutionary soldier and pensioner, in Berlin, (Conn.) was recently delivered of a pair of twins, who, with their mother, we understand, are doing well. Mr. Peck is in his *seventy-fifth year*! a veteran who truly deserves well of his country. [If Congress refuses to take this case into consideration, there is no gratitude in republics.]—Two divines, engaged in one of those disgraceful endless debates, which they often fall into, can be compared to nothing more properly than two sour apples roasting before a kitchen fire:—there is a constant splutter between them, as if they were arguing something of real importance, when their only difference is, that they think too nearly alike: all the noise proceeds from the same causes,—acidity and heat.—A French voyager tells us that the *Sea Elephants* are very dangerous at the bottom of the sea. Sea faring people, therefore, if they are wise, will avoid the danger by staying at the surface.—A clergyman presenting the Bible to a son of Ethiopia, visited him shortly after to inquire whether he ever used it. "Yes massa," said Darkee, "use him little—'trap my razor on him every Sabbath."—Captain Symmes advertises in a New-Jersey paper, "I undertake to maintain that animal heat originates from food, and is produced from *active heat* in the heart, and not from the lungs, as physiologists have contended." [The captain has a wonderful predilection for internal discoveries.]—An exhibition of wax figures was lately opened at Brockville (U. C.) by some itinerant show-man from the states. The collection contained, among others, likenesses of Washington, Bonaparte and Lafayette. In the evening, some riotous persons, under the cloak of loyalty, quarrelled with the keeper, threw the figures out the window, and kicked them about the street, under pretence that he had no right to exhibit the mortal enemies of the British government, in Canada. The Canadian papers are very justly censorious towards these ramping royalists, and express a wish that they may be brought to justice.

CONTENTS of the "*Western Medical and Physical Journal*" for August:—Observations on the *Modus Operandi* and Effects of Medicines, by Daniel Drake, M. D.; Observation on the *Hirudo Medicinalis*, by R. Dietz; Experiments relative to Venous Absorption, by Dr. Luzenbourg and Mr. Mail-

liard; *Traite de Nerfs et de leurs Maladies*, par M. Tissot; A case of Melanosis, by Mr. Fawdington; Ligature on the Common Iliac Artery, by Prof. Mott; Encysted Hydrocele by Mr. Brodie; Diffused Cellular Inflammation, by Mr. Earle; Communication of the Absorbing and Sanguiferous Vessels, by Dr. Rossi; Iodine in a disease of the heart; Lectures on the *Materia Alimentaria*; Phrenology; Ichthyology of North America; Death of President Holley; Health of Cincinnati; To Subscribers; Medical Lectures in the West.

VARIETIES.

ICE FRUIT AND THE SEA CAPTAIN.

An honest sea officer, attended an entertainment given by an English gentleman in the city of Agrigentum, in Italy. The desert consisted of a great variety of fruits, and a still greater variety of ices. These were so disguised in the shape of peaches, figs, oranges, nuts &c., that a person unacquainted with ices might very easily have been taken in. One of the servants carried the figure of a fine large peach to the captain, who unacquainted with deceit of any kind, never doubted that it was a real one, and cutting it through in the middle, in a moment he had one large half of it in his mouth; at first he only looked grave, and blew up his cheeks to give it more room; but the violence of the cold soon getting the better of his patience, he began to turn it about from side to side in his mouth, his eyes rushing out water, till at last able to hold out no longer, he spit it out upon his plate, exclaiming with an oath "A painted snow ball!" and wiping away his tears, he turned in a rage to the Italian servant that had helped him, with "you maccheroni-rascal, what did you mean by that!" the fellow, who understood not a word of it, could not forbear smiling, which still convinced the captain the more that it was a trick: "What do you laugh you villain" and he was just going to throw the rest of the snow-ball in his face, when he was checked by one of the company; and cooling down a little, added, "very well, I only wish I had the rascal on board ship—he should have a cool dozen before he could say Jack Robison, for all his painted *kick shaws*."

LOVE.

The Duke de Mayenne had been sent to Spain to ask the hand of the Princess Anne of Austria. When he took leave of her, he asked her commands for the King. "Assure him," said the Infanta, "that I am quite impatient to see him." "Ah Madam," said the *Gouvernante*, the Countess de Altamira, "what will the King of France think, when the Duke informs him that you are so eager to be married?" "Have you not taught me," returned the Infanta sharply, "that I must always speak the truth?" Anne of Austria was in person tall and majestic; her countenance was dignified without being haughty. Her face though not decidedly handsome, was very pleasing; her skin was extremely fair; and her hands and arms were considered remarkably beautiful. She died in 1666, aged 63.

[Illustrations of the Passions of Love.]

DIED.

In Providence (R. I.) on the 23d of August, Mr. PHILIP POTTER, merchant, in the 38th year of his age. Mr. Potter had for several years been extensively engaged in the crockery and glass ware business; and from original means, by a course of constant and active industry, prudence, perseverance and economy, had accumulated a respectable fortune. He was an excellent man, a useful member of society, amiable in his deportment and steady in his friendship. The loss of such a man will long be felt, acknowledged and deplored. He was interred with masonic honours, and never on the like occasions have we seen so large a procession of masons. The procession was composed of the various orders to which he belonged, and moved solemnly from Mason's Hall at 1 o'clock, with the earthly remains of a worthy and truly deserving brother.

[Proc. Jour.]

LEMAN,—*Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter*, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 21uf

LAST NIGHT. *Androides* or animated Automata.—MR. HADDOCK takes the earliest opportunity to inform the public, that his other engagements will oblige him to close the above exhibition, **THIS EVENING**, the 22d inst. Doors open at half past 7 o'clock, and the exhibition commences at 8. Admittance 25 cents; Children under 12 years, half price. sept 22. 84T

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE GOBLIN.

'Twas in the favoured hour of fear,—the reign
Of solitude and darkness,—and the light
Of street lamps fell on noiseless walls in vain.
An emblem of Eternity is Night;
Where all was noise, is human life or day,—
Where all is silence, Death's or Nature's sleep.
Man is through all the same dull mass of clay,
Formed but to toil, to slumber, or to weep.

I passed along the side-walks and the street,
Over the rugged pavement, round the post
That reared the blazing lamp,—and deemed my feet
At every step would raise some startled ghost!
I listened; I could hear each throbbing vein,
And that force-pump, the heart, which fills them, pour
The blood in hissing torrents on the brain:—
So mighty was the silence of that hour!

O that the thunder would break out, thought I,
O that an earthquake would arouse the world!
O that some fiendish sprite would raise a cry,
Loud as the tempests banner were unfurled,
To war upon creation! and awake
Some sound of life; for here there is a dread,
A loneliness which horrifies! I quake
Like aspen leaves at midnight o'er the dead!

Ah! wasn't indeed a groan I heard!—They come!
Millions of howling fiends! 'Tis more than man
Has strength, or wish to look on. I am dumb!

The devil take the TOM CAT! How he ran!

EPIGRAM.

ON DAVID LAING ESQ.

Blacksmith and Joiner (without license) at Gretna-Green.
BY THOMAS MOOD.

Ah me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans and flooding tears to flow?
It is to chide with stern remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!

From Prospect House there comes a sound of woe—
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by "Mrs. T's Establishment"
For six young ladies.

Is a retired and healthy part of Kent."
All weeping Mr. L. gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of graves, of convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,
And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
With the two parlour boarders and the apprentice—
So universal this mistimed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!

The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours:
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like paviers!

Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;
And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of matches against time!

Along the northern route
The road is watered by postillions' eyes,
The top-boots pace pensively about,
And yellow jackets are all stained with sighs;
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.

The post-boy's heart is cracking,—not his whip!—
To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His way-worn horses seem so glad to slip—
And think upon the dollars

That used to urge his gallop—quicker! quicker!
All hope is fled,
For Laing's dead—
Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar!

The barristers shed tears—
Enough to feast a snipe (snipes live on suction)
To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,
Nor knives inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes—or legal;
The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn,
To lose the future column

Of Hymen Smithy and its fond resorters!—
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau,
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their Chamberlaid.

Sleep—David Laing—sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee!
Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest post-boys mourn thee
Sleep David!—safely and serenely sleep

Bewept of many a learned legal eye!
To them the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry!
Especially of those that, plunging deep
In love, would "ride and tie!"—
Had I command, thou shouldst have gone thy ways
In chaise and pair—and lain in Pere la Chaise.

The following beautiful production of the late Mr. Canning, written for the occasion, was sung at a meeting held in commemoration of the birth day of England's greatest Statesman, Mr. Pitt. We have selected it (says the New-Bedford Courier,) from a Newspaper printed nearly twenty years ago.

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM.

BY MR. CANNING.

If hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past shall our gratitude sleep?
No—Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm!

At the footstool of power let Flattery fawn;
Let Faction her idols extol to the skies;
To Virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise.

And shall not his memory to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold—
A statesman unbiassed by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who when terror and doubt through the universe reigned,
While Rapine and Treason their standards unfurled,
The heart and the hopes of his country maintained,
And one kingdom preserved midst the wreck of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine,
When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall!
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;
Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall!

O! take them—for dangers by wisdom repelled,
For evils by courage and constancy braved—
O! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
The thanks of a people thy firmness hath saved!

And O! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform,
The regrets of the good and the fears of the wise
Shall return to the Pilot that weathered the storm.

KARAIKAKI.

[From the New-York Enquirer.]

I.
He should have fallen on the field,
Not wept his life-blood out upon the wave.
Thermopylae
Is Freedom's altar, not her grave;
And men whose right arms wield
Her sword and fall,
May have their bodies mangled by a slave—
But the majestic soul o'ersteps the wall;
And where it throbbed out monuments will be,
Lighting their incense from Thermopylae.

II.
Greece has her sacrifice to make;
And her atonement too.
The bitter ashes on the gloomy lake
Tell of Earth's ruin from Man's sin.
Athenian robes have not their once fine blue;
And a crown flung to earth, good deeds must win.
Yet the old form has life,
And the fine heart of other days is beating;
Hark to the cry under the butchering knife—
Hear what these say who see there's no retreating:
"Want ye the earth we tread?
Come, then, across the plains!
Seek ye the swords we hold?
Walk o'er the dead,
Come—come into our small fold,
And take them!"

Oh, that the blood from such men's veins
Should like well-springs be gushing!
And is there no defence against the crescent's rushing?
It cannot be—Heaven never will forsake them.

III.
Our God is merciful, and he
Will send the latter rain in his good time;
He is the maker of the free—
Man is the fashioner of iron crime.
Aetna may revel, and its smoke cloud-frown,
But verdure will spring forth,
And the vines trail in beauty.
Nature can never be for long kept down:
Tyrants may place their foot of wrath,
But 'tis too restless to be firm.
And the eternal germ
Of Liberty must issue forth,
When God calls for it to fulfil its duty.

IV.
Shame on the diadems that wait,
Like jackalls till the quarry's down
They have not learned that theirs may be the fate
To sleep where once reposed the jewels of their crown

Ne'er mind the ermine! there's an eagle out,
A bird of war, beloved upon the land,
Well known to every wave;
Peruvian mines have echoed his war shout;
In colder climes he ploughed the foeman's grave;
The white upon his brow has paled not his hand.
That which destroys a spark a meteor cheers;
Disaster makes the coward only weep;
A time of trial is no time for tears—
Blood-gouts may come, but drops of pity sleep.
Look at you clouds careering round the sky:
Can he who spreads a blessing on their form,
Without an object, let the brave man die?
And who will say he is a God of storm!
Home of the sisters, fashioned from the soul,
Thy feet will soon be past the shifting sand;
Storms do not always roll—
Above man's arm of wrath is held the Almighty's hand.
C. E. E.

BALLAD.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

My castles, towers, on Severn's side,
Smile in the summer sun,
Not brighter flows the silvery tide
Of thy fair stream, Garonne.
The wild bee murmurs in the bower,
The deer bounds through the wood,
And gaily blooms the primrose flower
In that sweet solitude.

I'll hang rich-jewels in thine ear,
If thou wilt be my bride—
I'll trap thy robe with meniver,
And broderie beside.
My page shall at thy palfrey stand,
And hold its silken rein,
If thou wilt quit thine own fair land,
To cross the foaming main.

Your charms shall gifted minstrelsing,
And vassals bend the knee—
Your welcome through my halls shall ring—
With shouts and revelry;
And as the festal board you grace,
Or lead the mazy dance,
The pleasures round you shall efface
The thoughts of distant France.

My lineage I will scorn to name,
Though high its boast may be—
I leave the trumpet tongue of Fame
To tell thee my degree;
For I have borne me in the fight,
Through many a tiresome day,
As best becomes an English knight,
The foremost in the fray.

Saint George's banner waves on high,
O'er tower and citadel—
The widow's wail—the orphans cry—
The midnight breezes swell—
Then, sweet, this scene of sadness leave,
For merry England's coast,
And in my arms forget to grieve
For all that you have lost.

LACONICS.

It is curious that we pay statesmen for what they say, not for what they do; and judge of them from what they do, not what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice, and make up their consciences, as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show, and another for use.

The most adroit flattery is that which counterfeits a resentment at hearing our darling opinions so sturdily attacked, yet counterfeits it, only to bestow the meed of a victory wrested from us, as we pretend, by the more forcible weapons of our opponent.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

It is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1827.

[No. 35.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered by His Excellency DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, Grand Master of Masons in and for the state of New-York on the 5th of July, A. L. 5820, being the first occasion of taking the chair in the Grand Lodge after his installation to the office of Grand Master.

Worshipful Brethren—

Aware of my inexperience, of late years, in the transactions of the fraternity, nothing but a confidence that the same courtesy and liberality which induced you to confer on me the office of Grand Master, would be extended to the performance of its duties, could have justified my acceptance of that honour. I shall ever appreciate this instance of your confidence, with the most friendly and lively recollection, not only as an honour of the highest nature, but as a gratifying testimonial of the respect and esteem of men whom it will always be my greatest pleasure to claim as brothers.

Although it belongs to more proficient brethren than myself to develop the origin and history of masonry, and to pronounce its encomium, yet it will not, I hope, be deemed irrelevant, on the present occasion, concisely to review the lofty and noble character which has hitherto distinguished our fraternity, and to indulge in a prospective view of our future destinies, and of the benefits that may result from our future operations.

The reflection that this institution is the most ancient of all moral, social, political, literary and benevolent societies, is just cause of pride and satisfaction of every enlightened and candid member. History produces no parallel of its duration.

Whatever may be the diversity of opinion as to the precise period of its commencement, it seems to be conceded by all, that it is at least coeval with the building of Solomon's temple. What thrones have not been shaken within that space of time! What empires have not forever disappeared from the political horizon! What moral, literary, or religious tribunals, formed within that interval, have not been broken into fragments or totally annihilated! Governments, civil, and religious, have been instituted and destroyed. Powers and dominions innumerable have arisen and passed away without leaving a trace behind. Every thing, but masonry, seems to have been constantly changing from the remotest periods of history. About the date of the departure of the Romans from Britain, and for a lapse of time afterwards, during the sanguinary conflicts that ensued, masonry suffered a decline, and then had its only interval of depression. But it was only in the dark age which preceded the introduction of Christianity, that this noble institution drooped for a time. When the light of religion had dissipated the prevailing darkness, masonry was again revived by the countenance and patronage of the great and learned men of the age, and has ever since maintained its pristine vigour and lustre.

It is equally a source of pleasing reflection, in the review of our past operations, that our institution is known and embraced throughout the whole habitable world; and that its votaries find brethren and friends, of the same family, wherever choice or destiny may convey them. Among the innumerable characteristics of the craft, it is not the least grateful, that besides the promotion of philanthropy, morality, friendship, benevolence, civilization, and religion, it has always been made subservient to the advancement of literature, and the promotion of the fine arts. It is our boast too, that for ages past, the most illustrious sovereigns, statesmen, divines and philosophers, of every age and country, have been proud to enrol themselves as brethren of the most benevolent and distinguished association that man ever formed, and that, notwithstanding the wide

diffusion of its mysteries to brethren of all politics, climes and religions, they have been inviolably withheld from the rest of the world.

These considerations, with others, which the heart and imagination of every member of this worshipful Grand Lodge will easily supply, ought to impress us deeply with the propriety and necessity of devoting ourselves to the preservation of its character and usefulness. To accomplish this desirable object, I shall feel myself authorised to put in requisition the united experience and wisdom of the brethren of this worshipful fraternity.

To preserve friendship, harmony and social intercourse in the bosom of a lodge, it is desirable if not indispensable, that mutual respect and esteem should be cherished among its members; and therefore the greatest circumspection ought to be exercised in relation to the moral and charitable character and disposition of candidates for the mysteries and benefits of the craft. But above all we should scrupulously examine and guard ourselves against the indulgence of sectarian or political feelings within these sacred walls. These have been the bane of all moral, charitable, and literary societies that ever were formed; and it is in vain to hope, that the pillars of our fabric, though of long duration and firmly established now, will be exempt from the downfall which the same causes have invariably accomplished in other institutions. Here we are brethren of the same family, endeared by ties that ought never to be broken. Here the lion and the lamb truly lie down together. The objects we have in view are the same, and concerning them there can be no diversity of opinion or sentiment. Let us then cordially unite our hearts in the accomplishment of the grand work and duty before us, with a single eye to their honourable and full performance; and thereby we shall preserve and perpetuate the character and blessings of this venerable and exalted association.

The members of the Salem Lodge, with many brethren from the adjacent lodges, assembled on Tuesday the eleventh instant, to lay the corner stone of a monument, in memory of the late Rev. ABRAHAM PURDY. A discourse was delivered on the occasion in the Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Brother RICH'D VARICK DEY, of Greenfield, (Conn.) The committee have published a sketch of the sermon, in the Norwich Gazette, which we take the liberty to copy below.

The Speaker having stated the object of the meeting, &c. directed the attention of his hearers to the sixth verse of the 112th Psalm, "*The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.*" After having explained the meaning of these words, and pointed out their peculiar applicability to the occasion which had assembled them together, he proceeded to consider the character of the deceased in the public and private walks of life—1st, as a faithful preacher of the unsearchable riches of Christ. 2dly, as an able instructor of youth; 3dly, as a devoted Christian; 4thly, as a tender husband and an affectionate father; and lastly, as a constant friend and warm-hearted Mason. As a friend, (the speaker called on all present who knew him to attest the truth of the remark,) "he was not a reed shaken with the wind. He was no holiday friend who would bask in the sunshine and shrink from the storm." And as a mason, he called upon his brethren to attest how zealously their departed Brother had engaged in the cause of benevolence, and how ably he had officiated as Chaplain at their private meetings, and how eloquently he had defended the principles and portrayed the beauties of Masonry at their public festivals, so that even the cold-hearted and bitter calumniator of this noble Institution secretly exclaimed, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Mason!" He then called to mind the many hours of social happiness which they had passed in the society of their departed friend, and observed—"Oh, my brother masons, while you recollect that the face which used so often to kindle into a smile at your approach is disfigured by corruption; that the eye

which has so often sparkled with affection or melted with tenderness towards you, is closed in darkness; that the voice which has so often commended you in prayer to God is lost in silence; that the hand which has so often given to yours the pressure of affection, is cold and motionless;—oh! while you think on these things, go to his grave and moisten it with your tears! Let the *Evergreen* of Immortality mark the sod that presses on his coffin. The *All Seeing Eye* will watch over it, and preserve it in eternal verdure. It will thrive and bloom alike in the storm and in the calm, in summer and in winter; celestial breezes shall blow upon it—the dews of heaven shall water it, and give it freshness and beauty; and at last it shall be transplanted into the Paradise of God! And while we mourn over the loss of him who bore us in his heart to the grave, let us not mourn as those who are without hope; but let us

—Pause and think

In what a brighter world than this, his spirit shines!
How very near he is to Jesus. For sure he must be near
To Him in heaven, who did so love his name on earth,
And now he's washed his mortal cares and sins away,
And now he drinks the consolation of a Saviour's love,
And now he tunes his voice to angel themes,
And now he joins a band, the rapture of whose song
An angel's mind can scarce imagine!"

He then concluded his sermon by referring his audience to the exemplary life of the deceased for a faithful portrait of a free and accepted mason. "I well know," said he "that slander has directed its corroding breath, like a rank mildew, across our fame; but were calumny, bearing its teeth, like a trout, upon its tongue, and encompassed with its pestilential column of pride, and ignorance, and malice, to rise up at this moment and stand before me—I would not utter a word, I would simply point to the holy life and triumphant death of PURDY, and calumny would shrink abashed into its primitive insignificance, and vanish from my sight like the baseless fabric of a vision! And shall we not endeavour brother masons, by our upright conduct, and by a strict adherence to the sublime tenets of our order to maintain the glorious eminence upon which the good deeds of our brethren have placed this institution? Shall we not, on this solemn occasion, remember our high vocation, and realize in a peculiar degree our duty and our obligations as masons—the great responsibility we bear and the grand object of our union! Shall not the sacred flame of benevolence leap from bosom to bosom?—Shall we not take the *plumb line* of justice in the one hand, and the *square* of rectitude in the other, and travel within the golden compass of equity and truth? In a word—Shall we not strive to emulate the virtues of our deceased brother? To us, indeed, it may not be given to fill the same space in society; the parts allotted to us in the brief drama of life may be more humble, and our means of usefulness more confined; but the same benevolence may mark our conduct, and we may cultivate the same universal charity. I therefore ask again—Shall we not strive to emulate the virtues of our departed brother? Shall we not seek to be with him in glory, and unite with him in chaunting the *Te Deum* of the skies? But, are we treading in his steps? Are we partakers of like precious faith with him? Has the mantle of his devotion fallen upon us? Oh! shall it be said, "The righteous PURDY perisheth, and no brother layeth it to heart?" God, O God forbid!—Let us, then, earnestly strive, my brethren, by a sound profession of the Christian verity; by a conscientious discharge of relative duties; by an ardent zeal for the good of souls, and the glory of God, to lead a life of unspotted holiness, and meet a death of calm and sainted serenity. That solemn moment will soon arrive. Time is repluming his wing for a more rapid flight! The King of Terrors is now raising his scythe! The lamp of our existence is glimmering on the grave! The last sand of our life will soon drop from the hour-glass! Justice will soon point to our clo-

sad account! and ETERNITY—dread ETERNITY, all solitary and alone, will burst upon our vision! Let me, then once more conjure you to hear and obey that voice from Heaven,—“Whatsoever the hand findeth to do in the cause of Benevolence, do it with all thy might!”—that so when the Earthly “Lodge shall close and stand closed” forever, the OMNIPOTENT GRAND MASTER may raise you from the valley of Death, and grant you a passport to the Heavenly Jerusalem—that glorious City, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens!

Blessed be the Lord! Although the dear object of our regard sleeps in the tomb, there is no sepulchre prepared for masonry—no grave for heaven-born Charity!

Blessed be the Lord! while we mourn that the chronicles of Mortality bear such a name as PURDY’S on their records, we have reason to exclaim, “Thanks be unto GOD who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!” Oh yes;

“Brother! thou hast gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown; From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released, Where the wicked cease from troubling, & the weary are at rest.”

The address at the grave was also delivered by the Rev. Brother Day. To the memory of so distinguished a mason, and so excellent a man as the late Rev. Brother PURDY, we are pleased to record a tribute, the eloquence of which speaks so well for itself, as the one now subjoined.

My Friends—

You have now paid a just and well merited tribute to Benevolence and Virtue—a tribute which wealth alone could not purchase—which no force could elicit; it was the free will offering—the spontaneous result of affection to regard. You have now laid the corner stone of a monument, sacred to the memory of one, whose exalted virtues shall be held in everlasting remembrance. To this hallowed spot shall oft resort the poor, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him, while Gratitude, leaning over the tomb of our brother, and pointing to his ashes, shall exclaim,—“There lies the man who, when I was hungry, fed me; when I was naked clothed me—when I was a wanderer from the path of duty, directed my erring feet, and pointed to my view the pilgrim’s home!” And standing, as I do, in this scene of death, and by the precious remains of departed worth, I feel myself enclosed with a holy atmosphere. The awful presence of our Great High Priest—this “solemn place of graves”—the interesting object of our assemblage—the tender recollections of a personal nature, from which I cannot and do not wish to disentangle myself—all, all press upon my heart with a weight which no words can measure.

We are now surrounding the grave of our Friend—the friend of all mankind. The stillness of Death is within his coffin, and the stillness of grief is around it. This is a time of silent and deep and pensive sorrow, sweetly mingled with the full assurance of hope. I will not intrude upon your reflections by again enumerating the many excellencies which adorned his character—I will not intrude upon your reflections by again exhorting you to follow the footsteps of him, who through faith and patience inherits the promises. Oh! no; I trust in God, that his virtues will be embalmed in your memories, and his example prove a beacon to direct your footsteps to glory! All I will add, is this. “Tis my parting advice—the parting advice and anxious prayer of Friendship: If any root of bitterness spring up hereafter to trouble you; should your affections wax cold, and your hearts become alienated from each other; remember! you are Brethren, repair without delay to this sacred spot, shake hands over the grave of PURDY, and part in peace. When your fellow creature hungers, then think of PURDY, and feed him. When he thirsts, give him drink. When he is naked, clothe him. When he is in prison, visit him. When he is persecuted, cheer and establish him. And shall we not on this occasion, resolve thus to act in accordance with the pure principles of our order? You know, my friends, that the cause of masonry is not the novelty of an hour—not the offspring of a day—not the scheme of modern and enterprising times. You know it was a cause dear to our departed Brother—a cause which he advocated with his dying breath. And will you desert it? No; by the sepulchres of the Benevolent and Good

—by the ashes of PURDY, on whose dust I seem to tread—by the agonies of Christ Jesus, the Great High Priest of our profession, you shall not—you dare not—you will not!—Ye ministering spirits, who hover over our assembly! bear this resolution to the court of Heaven. Tell it to the spirits of the just made perfect—tell it to our departed brother, for if his bliss could be promoted by tidings from this world of ours, this is the information that will best promote his joy.—O tell him his mantle fell when he ascended, and that inflamed with his spirit, and impatient to tread in his steps, we have most solemnly vowed to renounce every selfish purpose, and to devote ourselves truly to God by aiming at the welfare and happiness of mankind. Blessed Jesus! do Thou assist us by thy grace to perform our vow. And in that awful moment when the clock of creation shall strike its last hour, and the corner-stone of this Monument shall crumble in the convulsions of expiring nature—that awful moment when yonder heavens shall cleave to make way for our Judge, and the shrill summons of the Archangel’s Trump shall pierce the dull cold ear of Death with the knell of his departed reign, and the King of Terrors shall drop the chains with which his prisoners are bound—O then in that awful and tremendous moment, when the strong Arm of the Lion of Judah shall raise us from the tomb, and we shall stand before that Tribunal from whose decisions there is no appeal, may we meet our Judge without fear or trembling, and receive the inestimable sentence—“Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord!”

In reference to the effect of this address, the publishing committee remark:—“The tribute of tears, paid even by strangers, did ample and equal honor to the memory of our departed brother, and to the head and the heart of the preacher.”

The monument (since erected) is of polished marble, with masonic emblems engraved on its four sides.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

DIAMOND MICROSCOPE.

Of all the various substances furnished, either by nature or art, the diamond seems to be that most pre-eminently calculated to form small deep lenses for single microscopes, possessing a most enormous refractive power, combined with a low dispersive one, together with a very little longitudinal aberration. Mr. Andrew Pritchard, 18, Pickett-street, Strand, has succeeded in forming a very thin double convex lens, of equal radii, and about 1-25th inch focus, from a very perfect stone of the finest water. Its polish is very beautiful, and by its strong reflective power, it once informs us of the peculiar and invulnerable material of which it consists, while the large angle of aperture which it bears attests the faintness of its spherical and chromatic aberration. It appears from experiment, that, though the refractive power of different stones varies considerably, if a diamond and a piece of plate-glass are ground in tools of the same figure and radius, the magnifying power of the former will surpass that of the latter, at the rate of eight to three; so, that if the power of the glass microscope should be 24, that of the diamond one will be 64! What a lift does this give us in the construction of a deep single microscope? If a diamond was ground in the same tools which had produced a glass lens of 1-75th of an inch focus (which it would be very possible to do, and which we believe Mr. P. would undertake to effect,) it would turn out about 1-200th of an inch focus; but this is by no means the only valuable property it would possess; for Mr. G. Francis has been at the pains of calculating the value of the spherical aberration of a plano-convex diamond, with its curvator exposed to parallel rays, and finds it only 0.949 of its thickness, while that of glass is known to be 1.166 *cateries paribus*. This difference would be very considerable, even if the thickness of a glass and diamond lens of the same focus and diameter was the same; but this is, of course, far from being the case owing to the immense refraction of the diamond, which gives a very short focus with a very shallow curve, and proportional thinness. If a diagram is made of the curve of any two lenses of the same penetrating and amplifying power, formed of glass and adamant separately, it will at once show what their spherical aberration amounts to; being

enunciated in terms of their thickness, as stated above and which of course is the same, whether they have their curved surfaces exposed to parallel rays, or their flat sides to divergent ones, from a radiant point in their focus, when used as magnifiers. If we select a hemisphere of glass having its aperture equivalent to its focus, which is absolutely necessary for exhibiting certain test objects, and calculate the longitudinal aberration of a diamond of the same power and calibre, it will be found less than one-sixth of that of the glass. Again, the chromatic aberration of the adamant is very little more than that of a drop of water of the same radius, which is scarcely felt at all, when the stone is used only as a single microscope; so that we thus obtain a kind of natural aplanatic lens, capable of being carried to an enormous power, which is, in fact, the very *beau idéal* of the single microscope, necessarily the most perfect instrument of all, when divested of aberration. Of all the improvements in microscopes which have been originated by Dr. Goring, this is perhaps the most important, and the most likely to extend discoveries in minute nature.

As many individuals have chosen to doubt of the possibility of working diamonds into spherical curves, Mr. Pritchard will be proud to exhibit his instrument to amateurs of microscopic science.

[Quarterly Journal of Science.]

ELECTRO-CONDUCTING POWER OF METALS.

The following is a very simple and exact process, by which M. Arago ascertains the conducting power of different bodies for the electric fluid, when the latter is accumulated upon large surfaces, in a state of great tension. Suppose a conducting wire to be continued from the external coating of a battery, in a rectilinear direction, for a certain length, and then ramifying in a certain number of branches of the same metal, all equal in diameter, form, and length, and reuniting in one common point. Steel needles are to be placed transversely across the straight part of each wire, before and after the ramification, and the electric discharge is to be passed through the system. It will pass undivided through the first conductor, but be separated in the different branches into equal proportions. The magnetization of the needles placed on the first wire, will be the measure of the effect produced by the whole quantity of electricity; the magnetization of those placed on the ramified wires will measure the effect produced by a certain fraction of that quantity—as the third, if there be three branches, or the tenth, if there be ten. A scale will be thus formed of magnetic intensities, corresponding to a fraction of any given discharge. If afterwards, instead of using different branches of the same metal, similar wires of different metals be used, and a second discharge be passed through this system, equal to one of known effect, it will be divided unequally between the wires; and the steel needles placed transversely across them, will indicate, by their degree of magnetization, whether a particular metal has transmitted a third, another a fourth, another a tenth, or any other proportion of the whole quantity of electricity discharged.

[London Atlas.]

SENECA OIL.

This mineral oil is found in abundance in the western states, and promises ere long to become a valuable article. At present no other use is made of it than as a medicine, and that is to a very limited extent. It is one, if not the principle ingredient of which British oil is composed; and is sometimes used by Veterinary Surgeons. But it is believed, that one barrel of it would glut the American market for five years, for the purposes to which it is at present applied. When its properties and especially its abundance are considered, this fact will appear singular. It is a fact, that it is equally, if not more inflammable, than animal or vegetable oils, and when purified, which may be done by distillation, affords a very brilliant and pure flame. It readily dissolves gum elastic, and thus may be applied to a variety of useful purposes, such as rendering leather, cloths, &c. water-proof. We have seen boots thus rendered water-proof, and can speak from our knowledge of the effects; they not only kept out all moisture, and kept the feet unusually warm in

cold weather, but were much more lasting than boots not thus prepared. The discovery that Seneca oil would dissolve or combine with gum elastic, was made by a gentleman of Baltimore. Our attention, however, has been drawn to this subject at this time, by a writer in the *Pittsburg Gazette*, who recommends the lighting of that city with Seneca oil. This we conceive to be entirely practicable, and have no doubt that it will be more economical than the use of common lamp oil. The writer alluded to, thinks that an abundance of it may be obtained in *Pittsburg* at twenty-five cents a gallon, if the demand shall make its collection an object.

[*Baltimore Patriot*.]

PROTECTION FROM HAIL.

The vineyards in some districts of Switzerland and France, are always liable to destruction from the storms of hail, which occasionally desolate large tracts of territory. Hail being a phenomenon dependent upon electricity, conductors to control its effects upon the clouds were attempted in America, upon Dr. Franklin's principle of the lightning rod, in the year 1819. These were called *paragres*, and have passed from the new to the old world, where they are said to be crowned with great success. They were made of tall poles of poplar, pine or other wood, with a brass wire the twentieth of an inch in diameter, attached to the pole in its whole extent, resting in a shallow groove, channelled in the wood, and sharpened at the point which terminates three or four inches above its summit. They should be planted from one to two thousand feet apart.

As early as 1788, the erection of metallic points in the fields for the purpose of "depriving the clouds of their electricity, and thus preventing their resolution into hail," was adopted near Mantua, and it was believed with good effect. It seems probable that the concentration of the electrical fluid in parts of a cloud, may deprive other sections of it of the heat necessary to keep the suspended vapour in solution, and that it consequently is suddenly frozen and falls in hail. The improved *paragres* modify the clouds in thunder storms, by influencing and changing the electric character, or by equalizing and softening the fragments of ice into snow, or dissolving them with rain. Prior to this application of scientific truth, discharges of cannon from high summits were resorted to, in parts of Switzerland and France, for the purpose of warding off the effects of hail, and dispersing the coming storm. A great part of the vineyards of the Canton de Vaud are now guarded by *paragres*, and have thus been completely preserved, while fields adjoining those thus defended, have been cut up and destroyed by hail.

DIRECTION OF BRANCHES OF TREES.

[Extract of a letter from Professor Eaton to Professor Silliman.]

A tree shoots out its branches like all other trees of the same species, external circumstances being similar. But there is one remarkable fact in the direction of branches, which I have not seen noticed in any publication.

All trees with spreading branches, accommodate the direction of the lower branches to the surface of the earth over which they extend. This may be seen in orchards growing on the side of hills, and in all open forests. But the crowded situation of the wild woods of our country, prevents a sufficient extension of branches to exhibit this character.

This fact presents a curious subject for the investigation of physiologists. The question presented is this: What influence can the earth have upon the branches on the upper side of the tree which causes them to form a different angle with the body of the tree from the angle formed by the branches on the lower side, so that all the branches hold a parallel direction to the earth's surface?

THE SEA ELEPHANT.

In some remarks by M. Peron, on the habits of this animal, from an analysis on Freycinet's Voyage, it is stated that great dangers attend them at the bottom of the sea. Upon some occasions the fishermen report they have seen them unexpectedly come from the bosom of the deep, apparently much fright-

ened, and many of them covered with enormous wounds. They lose a great quantity of blood, and their terror and their wounds prove evidently that they have been chased by one or several most formidable enemies. What can these terrible adversaries be? The fishermen unanimously agree that no known animal could inflict wounds so large and so deep. They can only suppose that these monsters live far from the shore, and dwell in the depths of the sea, as they have never been able to discover the smallest trace of them. They add, that they have no doubt it is to preserve their young from these enemies that the trumpet seal hinders them, with so much anxiety, from going far from the shore, or to dive too deep, as we have often observed. Capt. Weddell, in his *Southern Voyage*, also gives a striking description of these animals, with which Freycinet's observations agree throughout.

[*Edinburgh Journal of Science*.]

THE TRAVELLER.

REIN DEER.

The Laplander is a wanderer from nature and necessity. His subsistence depending entirely upon the Rein Deer, his life must be regulated and his habits formed by their movements. A herd of three or four hundred, enables a Laplander to live well—he can make a supply of cheese in summer, and in the winter can afford to kill deer enough to keep his family with venison. With two hundred, a man can keep along, if his family is small, but if he have only one hundred, his subsistence is very precarious. If he has but fifty, he is poor, and must join his stock to some richer Laplander, and be considered a menial, and must watch and tend the herd, and bring them home to the milking, in return for the living secured to him. A Laplander who possesses a herd of one thousand is a rich man, and there are some who own fifteen hundred, and even two thousand.

While wandering in the summer with his herd, his food is sparing; he eats no rein-deer venison; he contents himself with a little milk and a few curds parloined from the cheese, and the whey that is obtained in the process of making it. The deer affords only a small quantity of milk, but that is so rich, and has a flavour so delicious and aromatic, that it is difficult to drink much of it at a time. It is a great luxury, and would be so considered, in more affluent regions. In colour and consistency it resembles very rich cream, and the peculiar delicacy and spicyness of it, is owing to the kind of herbage upon which the animal browses in the summer. It commands a high price, and even at any price the churlish mountain Laplander dislikes to part with it. The cheese is made by a similar process to that used by those who make cheese from cows' milk in more temperate climates. A pure rich oil is sometimes distilled from it, which is extremely serviceable in restoring parts which have been frost bitten. Butter is seldom made from the milk, and is no loss, because bread is a thing unknown. Various dishes are made of the whey, such as thickening it with long boiling, and adding whortleberries to it, likewise by making it into a soup with angelica roots, &c. They also prepare the blood of the animal in various ways, upon which they set a great value, on account of the antiscorbutic qualities which they believe it to possess. The speed of the rein deer has been variously estimated. A journey of one hundred and fifty miles over a mountainous country, was performed with one deer in bad weather, and through deep snows in four days. But that was slow travelling, the same journey was performed, when the ice and snow were smoother, in 24 hours. The greatest instance of the speed of this animal on record, is 800 English miles in 48 hours, by a Swedish officer, who was sent express from the frontiers of Norway to Stockholm. He was despatched with a sledge and one rein deer, but the faithful animal dropped down lifeless just after his arrival at the capital. The most accurate account of the speed of this animal is given by Pictet, who started four deer, each in a light sledge with a driver. The foremost accomplished 14 feet 11 inches in a second; the second, 11 feet 11 inches in a second, and the other two were distanced.

VARIETY.

INDIAN DEATH BLAST.

At Bandan in Bunderbund (one of the northern provinces of Hindostan,) there are numerous rocky hills, which during the hot winds become so thoroughly heated as to retain their warmth from sunset to sunrise. The natives, at that sultry season, invariably wear large folds of cloth, around their heads and faces, just leaving themselves sufficiently exposed to be able to see and breathe. This precaution is taken in consequence of the terrific blasts which occasionally rush in narrow streams from between the hills. Persons crossed by these scorching winds drop suddenly to the earth as if shot with a musket ball. When medical assistance, or a supply of cold water is instantaneously procured recovery may generally be expected, but if no immediate remedy be applied, an almost certain death is the result.

A CURIOUS HANDBILL.

[Published in England in 1784.]

Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight who fears the Lord, and can drive a pair of horses—he must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter in the bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands. If he can dress hair, sing psalms, and play at Cribbage, the more agreeable. N.B. He must not be too familiar with the maid servants of the house, lest the flesh should rebel against the spirit, and he should be induced to walk in the thorny path of the wicked. Wages, fifteen guineas a year.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A ROBBER.

Cartouch, the famous French robber, being told that a young man wished to become a member of his band, took him under examination, asking him where he had served? the other replied—"Two years with an attorney, and six months under an inspector of the police at Paris." "Then (said Cartouch with transport) I shall consider it the same thing, as if you had rode all that time in my troops," and the young man took rank accordingly.

THE FOX.

Plutarch, and after him Montaigne, relate a story scarcely credible of the sagacity of the fox. The Thracians, say they, when they have to pass over any frozen river, turn out a tame fox to precede them in their march. The fox approaching the edge of the river, lays his ear to the ice, to discover by the sound of the current the nearness or remoteness of the water, and consequently the thickness of the ice, and according as he finds it he draws back, or goes forward.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BAILLIE.

This celebrated physician, (not more famed for his medical skill, than for his strong, common sense mode of displaying it,) being called in to attend Frederick Reynolds during a nervous complaint, —the dramatist (anxious to ascertain the cause of his disease) said, "Pray, doctor, do you not think I write too much for my constitution?" "No," replied Baillie: "but you do for your reputation." Sheridan, on being told of this blunt opinion, remarked, "For this wholesome advice, both towards patient and public, he hoped Reynolds offered a couple fee."

A BULL.

A gentleman enquired of an Irish peasant who it was that lived in a certain house, pointing towards it. "Johnny O'Brien," replied the peasant, "but he is dead."—"How long has he been dead?" quoth the gentleman. "If he had lived 'till next Monday, he would be dead a fortnight, God rest his soul," was the reply.

The Marechal D'Estres, at the advanced age of 103, heard of the death of the Duke de Tresme, who was only 98. "I am sorry to hear it," said he, "he was always sickly when a boy. I was certain he would never live to grow old."

Erasmus, writing to the Pope, who in a private letter to him, reproached him with eating meat in Lent, replied, "I have a Catholic soul, but my stomach is altogether Lutheran."

POPULAR TALES.

THE NUMIDIANS.

[Abridged from "Tales of all Nations,"—a new work.]

Lara, a celebrated Spanish Chief, is on a night-watch; and hears the sound of a horse passing at speed. "The horse was milk white—his long mane floated upon the night wind, which was roused, almost created, by the velocity of his motion;—his make, though somewhat slight, was muscular, as well as beautiful—unchecked by curb, unfettered by harness or by housing, he bounded forward with the freedom of the desert, but without its wildness—for his master's voice was at once bit, and spur, and bridle-rein—it urged him to speed, it checked him short in a moment. Of the first of these the Spanish commander had proof almost at the moment he met his eye—of the second he was convinced very soon afterwards, for upon ordering twelve of his men forward to take the rider prisoner—extending, at the same time, the rest of his troop into a circle to surround him—the stranger with one word stopped his horse, and calmly waited the approach of his assailants. Lara had already recognised him as one of the famous Numidians who had come from the deserts of Africa to the aid of Boabdil. On his head he wore a black turban—on his body a short white tunic, crossed by a shining chain of silver, which bore his large and massive cimeta. His legs and arms were completely naked, with the exception of the golden bracelets with which they were adorned. In his left hand he held his buckler in his right three javelins. He stopped short, as we have said, and firmly awaited the attack of the twelve men who were detached against him. As they drew within reach, he threw his three darts. Each unseated a horseman and rolled him in the dust. One word to his horse, and he was off with the speed of light—while the remaining nine troopers followed dispersedly. The Numidian, however, found his progress barred: for Lara had already drawn the circle round him. He wheeled his gallant courser—avoided his pursuers—returned at full speed to the spot of the conflict—stopped without checking that speed, as he passed one of his victims—drew the javelin from his breast—and with it overthrew another of his pursuers, who now had again approached him. Meanwhile, Lara had beheld the conduct of the Numidian with extreme admiration. His bravery, his extreme skill in the management both of his weapons and his horse, had been displayed before one equally capable of estimating the excellence of all warlike exercises, and candid and generous in acknowledging it, although in the person of an enemy. Lara advanced towards the stranger; and, ordering his men to keep their ranks,—who, stung with the loss of their comrades, were on the point of charging,—he thus addressed him: "Brave African, it is enough. Do not prolong a fruitless resistance. Yield your arms to me. I can scarce restrain my soldiers—leave me the gratification of preserving so brave a life." "Life," answered the Numidian, "life is a boon only to the happy—to the wretched it is a burden. Rather than become a captive, I will lose it by thy hand!" So saying, he drew his cimeta, and urged his horse upon the Spaniard. Lara threw down his lance, drew his sword, and met him mid way. In courage and in skill it would be difficult to find two men more nearly matched: but the Castilian was sheathed in steel, while the Numidian had no defensive arms except a light buckler, which he wore upon his left arm. His javelins, in the use of which he had shewn such fatal skill—and which, at ordinary times, served as a counterbalance to the long lances and coats of mail of the Christians—his javelins had all been cast. Had they been sent from the quiver of Azrael, the aim could not have been surer or more deadly. Each had borne death upon its wing; and one might boast of a double victim. But now the African had only his cimeta and shield; his bare arms and legs—his light tunic—his linen turban—would seem to be unequally matched against the casque, and corslet, and gauntlets, and cuisses of the steel-clad Spaniard. But in activity both of horse and rider, the Numidian and his barb had vastly the advantage. There seemed, too, an unanimity, a community almost, of spirit between them, which was equally surprising and extraordinary. The

horse seconded his master in every manœuvre, both of attack and defence. He leaped into the air to give his descending blow more force—he sprang on one side to avoid that of his antagonist. The fable of the Centaur might almost be said to have been realised in them. Nor was the skill of the African inferior to the intelligence and activity of his gallant steed. His long cimeta swept through the air with a force, and descended in quick repeated blows with a weight, which rendered the armour of the Spaniard the safe-guard of his life. In defence too he was equally adroit. His solitary buckler was under Lara's blow, wherever it might fall. It served at once for helmet and cuirass—for gauntlet and for greave; but its strength was unequal to its master's skill. The mighty stroke of the redoubted Lara, delivered with his whole strength, at last cut into two the buckler which received its force; clove the shoulder of the Numidian, and threw him to the earth. His gallant horse, on seeing his master fall, uttered that piercing cry which, from its rare occurrence, as well as its thrilling and unearthly tone, is perhaps the most appalling of all the sounds with which nature has gifted the animal creation. But this noble beast, not contented with thus lamenting his master, strove still to defend him. He covered his fallen body—and, standing upon his hind feet, reared into the air, and opposed, with his fore the approach of Lara. As he turned, so did the horse; his threatening feet formed a rampart over his rider's body. At length, seeing the whole Castilian troop draw in, the horse (which almost seemed to share his master's hatred of captivity) fled with the speed of the wind across the plain, and disappeared in the distance. Lara, in the meantime, approached his prisoner; raised him from the earth—examined his wound, which he found had only penetrated the flesh,—and used towards him all those courtesies and amenities which were so familiar and so becoming to a brave and accomplished knight like this celebrated Spaniard.

The Numidian gives a spirited sketch of his life and love, and tells him how bitter his captivity; for his wife had been trusted to the care of Osman, who had dared to take advantage of the trust of hospitality to offend the ear of Zora with vows of love!—"Lara, (he continues,) if the love of an African is fierce, his jealousy is furious. In his bosom it is the concentration of every passion—it sweeps away every thing before the violence of its course. The whirlwind of his desert is not more utterly devastating. Every thing is easy to us under its sway—every thing is permitted. We are open, we are hospitable to friends and to strangers; we are fond and faithful to our wives. But if the glance of an eye, the expression of a smile, appear to us to be directed towards them—blood, blood only, can wash the offence away. And blood should have washed away the offence of this insolent Moor; blood should have atoned for his having thus forgotten all that was due to the defenders of his country—to the guest beneath his roof. I was on my way to Carthame when your soldiers surrounded me. Perhaps I might have avoided them; but from you, sir, there was no escaping. The success of your arms has more than deprived me of life—it has deprived me of my best hope. Zora is in Osman's power, and I am the Spaniard's captive. Do you then wonder that I grieve?" "Cease to grieve, brave African," Lara answered; "cease to grieve—day has broken—our camp is at hand—I will go straightway to the king, and urge your release. To your captor he will not deny it. Meanwhile, rest and refresh yourself; in a few hours you will be able to proceed!" As he spoke thus, they arrived at the Spanish camp; and, after a short time, Lara proceeded to the quarters of Ferdinand, to give the report of his nocturnal adventure. He found, however, the king just seated in his council, on affairs of great weight and moment. Lara, therefore, took his place and awaited till opportunity served to introduce his more immediate business. But the capture of the Numidian chief was, in the meanwhile productive of other consequences. Zora had been anxiously awaiting the approach of Ishmael; and, from the causes with which the reader is acquainted, had awaited it in vain. Hour after hour, she thought every sound must be his footstep, till, as day dawned upon her, hope had almost sickened in despair. She imagined to herself every misadven-

ture which might have happened to him on his way from Granada; and, at last, with that impatience of inactivity which suspense always brings with it, she determined to go forth to seek him; she hoped to meet him on his way. She procured the war-dress of an Abencerage; and, active and courageous, as husband had represented her to be, she mounted on a courser, and affecting to be charged with a commission from the governor, she passed out from the city without suspicion. She took the road towards Granada, and had not advanced far before she met an object which seemed to verify all her worst forebodings. It was the well-known horse of her husband; which, with his mane blood-bedabbled, and his air wild and terror-stricken, was rapidly approaching those towers to which his master had so often guided him. Zora recognised him at once; her heart sank within her at the sight; but she determined to know the extent of her misfortune. Placing herself, therefore, immediately across the path of the horse, as he drew near to her, she called to him by his name, in the tone in which she had so often caressed him. In despite of her dress, the faithful animal recognised her voice at once. He stopped short, and approaching her, rubbed his head gently against her knees. She patted his neck, and called upon the name of her husband aloud—"Ishmael!—Ishmael!" The horse seemed to understand her meaning, for he neighed and tossed his head into the air, as though in grief and lamentation. Zora took her resolution in an instant. She leaped upon his back, and throwing the rein loose upon his neck, the unwearied animal struck, at a rapid pace, into the direction from whence he had come. A moderate time brought her to the spot where the fight had taken place the night before, and where her husband had sunk under the blows of Lara. The bodies of the four Spaniards whom Ishmael had overthrown lay upon the ground. Zora perceived by the javelins that the blows had been dealt by him. But not far from them, she recognised his buckler, cloven in two, and, as well as the sand on which it lay, stained with his blood. She flung herself upon the ground, impregnated with that blood, and gave vent to the most passionate grief. Suddenly a groan struck upon her ear; and turning around, she perceived that it proceeded from one of the Spaniards, in whom some life was still left. She ran towards him; raised him; assisted him; questioned him. The wounded soldier, grateful for her care, collected the few Arabic words of which he was master, to inform her that it was a single Numidian, who, attacked upon his road, had pierced him and his companions, but that Lara had avenged them. The buckler was cloven, the blood washed, by the hand of Lara. Zora gathered from this that Ishmael had been slain by the Spanish leader. She asked from the wounded soldier the direction of the camp; he pointed it out, and she set off at speed to reach it, promising to send the wounded man his comrades' help. Even in her own distress, woman observes and remembers the distress of others; even when, as in this case, she dares face the dangers of war, she does all that in her lies to mitigate its horrors. Having reached the Spanish outposts, she desired to speak to the officer of the guard. He appeared:—"Tell your commander," she exclaimed, "tell Lara, that the governor of Carthame awaits him here, with his sword in his hand—that he will fight with him, hand to hand, within his own lines. If he is not the most dastardly of men, he will not shrink from my challenge. The officer was struck with extreme surprise; but such was the respect of the Castilians for all who claimed the rights of the lists, that he complied with the stranger's request, and sent one of his men to Lara's quarters with the message. Meanwhile the supposed governor of Carthame refused even to dismount. She remained motionless, awaiting Lara's coming. After some delay, during which she fulfilled her promise to the wounded man, she saw her antagonist approach. He was seated upon a noble horse, clad in casque and coat of mail, and was armed only with a sword. The day had now considerably advanced: it was twilight when the warriors met. They seemed animated by mutual enmity; without uttering one word they urged their coursers on each other, and struck a desperate blow, respectively, as they crossed. Both were wounded. On the return of their charge, the same thing again occurred; both struck, both

were wounded. But such dilatory conflict seemed unfitted to their impatience. They sprang from their horses, and attacked each other hand to hand. The struggle was fierce and desperate. The inferior strength of Zora was compensated for by the loss of blood of her opponent, who would seem to have suffered more severely in the wounds which had been interchanged on horseback. He seemed to grow weaker and weaker, till at last she observed an opening in the fastenings of his armour, near the left shoulder, and hitting the spot with perfect accuracy of aim, her sword pierced him to the hilt. She drew it forth instantly, and again perforated him as he fell. "Die, wretch!" she exclaimed, "die, barbarian! and know that thou fall'st by a woman's hand! It is Zora, the wife of Ishmael, who thus avenges Ishmael's death!" As she spoke these words, the dying man, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow in her bones, exclaimed—"Zora!—and is it by your hand I die!—and it is against your life that my blows have been aimed!" She shuddered at the sound, threw herself upon him, freed him from his casque, and the last light of the evening fell upon the face of Ishmael, already clammy with the dews of death! Yes, it was her Ishmael whom she had slain; it was that husband whose death she came to avenge—whose death she had inflicted with her own hand! The soldier who had gone in from the outpost to Lara's tent had found he was still at the council. In awaiting his return, he conversed with the Numidian chief, and mentioned the purport of his errand. The name of the Governor of Carthage struck like a trumpet-sound upon the ear of Ishmael. "Great Allah, I thank thee! thou hast delivered him into my hands!" he exclaimed. He entreated—he implored the soldier to let him go in Lara's place. He promised to answer for every thing to him; he loaded the man with his golden ornaments; the soldier yielded to the united influence of his entreaties and gifts. Ishmael clothed himself in Lara's arms. They were new to him. He was stiff and weak from his former wound, which the corslet also galled. But he heeded nothing save to be revenged on Osman. The result we know. Zora was stupified at this sight. "Alas!" said her husband, "this is a sad farewell for thee and me, Zora!—but rather would I die thus by thy hand, with the knowledge of thy all-sacrificing love, than live sultan of the whole world without thee! Live, Zora, live. You would have died for my sake; live for it. Comfort for my father—no one can, like you. Bless you, Zora!" His voice had been growing fainter and fainter; it ceased; he was no more. As he ceased speaking, Zora bent herself upon him—she strained him to her heart in a close embrace—she pressed her lips to his in a long-drawn kiss—her last breath was drawn with it!

MISCELLANY.

THE COMICAL REVENGE.

When the Duke of Alva went to Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Aulst, in Flanders, and there was a provost-marshal in his army, who was a favourite of his; and this provost had a power to put to death by commission from the duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's; and late one evening he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom; he told the captain, that he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him; the captain started up suddenly, his hair standing on end, and being struck with amazement, asked him if he had offended the duke. The provost answered, "Sir, I come not to expostulate the business with you, but execute my commission; therefore, I desire you to prepare yourself, for before you, you are your ghostly father and executioner." He fell upon his knees before the priest, and having done, the hangman was going to put the halter about his neck, but the provost threw it away, and breaking into laughter, told him, there was no such thing, and that he had done this only to try his courage, how he could bear the terror of death.

The captain, looking ghastly upon him, said,—

"Then, sir, get out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning, Captain Bolea, though a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turned grey, to the admiration of all who knew him; and of the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing.

The next year the duke was revoked, and in his journey to the court of Spain he was to pass by Saragossa, and this captain and the provost went with him as his domestics. The duke being to repose some days in Saragossa, the young-old Captain Bolea told him there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a 'Casa de locos, or Bedlam-house,' for there was not the like in the world. 'Well,' said the duke, 'go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the forenoon, and desire him to be in the way.'

The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him that the duke would come to visit the house the next day; and the chiefest occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject often-times to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well, he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do; therefore he would try whether keeping him close in Bedlam for some days would do him any good.

The next day the duke came, with a long train of attendants after him, among whom was the provost, very shining and brave; being entered into the house about the duke's person, Captain Bolea told the warden (pointing at the provost) 'that's the man;' so he took him aside into a dark lobby, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in a cloak, seized upon his gilt sword, with his hat and feather, and so hurried him down into a dungeon.

My provost had lain there two nights and a day, when a gentleman, happening to come out of curiosity to see the house, peeped in at a small gate where the provost was; the provost conjured him as a Christian to go and tell the duke, that Alva his provost was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did the errand; whereat the duke being astonished, sent for the warden, with his prisoner: so he brought my provost mad-man like, full of straw and feathers, before the duke; who at the sight of him breaking out into a laughter, asked the warden; why he had made him his prisoner? 'Sir,' says the warden, 'it was by virtue of your excellency's commission brought me by Captain Bolea.'

Bolea stepped forth, and told the duke, 'Sir, you asked me often, how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly grey: I have not revealed it yet to any soul breathing; but now I will tell your excellency.' Bolea then proceeded to relate the passage in Flanders: And, sir, resumed he, 'I have been since beating my brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could; and had he staid some days longer close prisoner in the bedlam-house, it might happily have wrought some impressions upon his pericranium.'

The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the keenness of the revenge, that he made them both friends again, and gave them a greater share of his favour.

RATIONS AND THE COMMISSARY.

General Picton, like Otway's *Pierre*, was a "bold rough soldier," that stopped at nothing—he was a man whose decision were as immutable, as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. While in the Peninsula, an Assistant Commissary, (commonly called Assistant-Commissary General, the rank of which appointment is equal to a Captain's) through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division under General Picton's command; and on being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared, with an affected consequence unbecoming the subject, "that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days." This was reported to the General, who instantly sent for the Commissary, and laconically accosted him with—

"Do you see that tree sir?"

"Yes General, I do."

"Well if my division be not supplied with rations to-morrow, by 12 o'clock, I'll hang you on that very tree."

The confounded Commissary muttered and retired. The threat was alarming: so he lost not a moment in proceeding, at a full gallop, to Head Quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington, complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Picton had held out to him.

"Did the General say he would hang you sir?" demanded his Grace.

"Yes, my lord—he did," answered the complainant.

"Well Sir," returned the Duke, "if he said so, believe me he means to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations!"

The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous useful instrument in sharpening a man to activity: and the Commissary found it so; for the rations were all up and ready for delivery, at 12 o'clock the next day.

[Military Sketch Book.]

GENERAL PUTNAM.

Gen. Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds.—At the appointed time, the gentleman went on to the ground, armed with sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods levelled his musket, and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun.

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed he—"is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honour?"

"What am I about to do?" repeated the General, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intend to murder. I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than 'twould take old Heath to hang a tory, by heaven you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breech of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder.

This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood; and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life.

If it be believed that this was the only single combat in which Putnam was ever engaged—a circumstance the more to be wondered at, as he was exceedingly fiery and impetuous in his disposition. However well established his reputation for courage might have been, association with officers of all descriptions, during a war of eight years' continuance, must have brought him into situations in which it required a great degree of forbearance to avoid personal combats. [Middlesex Gazette.]

HUMAN LUSUS NATURAE.

The British embassy who visited Ava in October of last year, give the following account of a singular *lusus naturæ* whom they saw in that capital.

In the department of curiosities, may be mentioned the existence at Ava, of a man covered from head to foot with hair, whose history is not less remarkable than that of the celebrated porcupine man, who excited so much curiosity in England, and other parts of Europe, near a century ago. The hair on the face of this singular being, the ears included, is shaggy and about eight inches long. On the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. It is singular that the teeth of this individual are defective in number; the molars or grinders, being entirely wanting. This person is a native of the Shan country, or Lao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Saluen or Martaban river: he was presented to the King of Ava, as a curiosity, by the prince of that country. At Ava he married a pretty Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters. The eldest resembles her mother, and the

youngest is covered with hair, like her father, only that it is white or fair, whereas his is now brown or black, having, however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the excations mentioned both the father and his child are perfectly well formed and indeed, for the Burman race, rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the King to the residence of the mission where drawings and descriptions of them were taken.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

The following is an extract from "Sketches of Indian Manners," by Mr. Flint, editor of the Western Monthly Review. The Indians spoken of, are of the tribes west of the Mississippi.

Like all ignorant people, unable to trace the connection between results and causes, they are, beyond all other people, superstitious. It may be laid down as a universal trait of Indian character to be so.—The warrior, who has braved death a thousand times, and in every form, in the fury of battle, carries with him into the field of combat, a little charmed bag of filthy and disgusting ingredients, in which he places no little reliance, as security against the balls and arrows that are fired upon him. They are much addicted to faith in dreams. One of their dreamers—the day before alert, confident, intrepid—awakes the next morning, subdued and timid. He paints one side of his face black. He subjects himself to the most rigorous abstinence and fasting. Nothing can induce him to any indulgence, or even to taste food, until the interdict has passed away. He has dreamed an unfavourable dream. Such an astonishing hold have these dreams upon their minds, that it is a common case, that a warrior assumes the dress, the duties, the drudgery, and what is infinitely harder and more humiliating to an Indian, the future estimation and standing of a squaw, in consequence of one of these dreams.

This strong tendency to superstition in an Indian mind furnishes a powerful inducement to ingenious and bold impostors among them, to assume the character of jugglers, quacks, medicine-men, and prophets. Our country had a terrible proof of the efficacy of this assumption, in the case of the Shawnee prophet, and inferior men of the same character, during the late war. A chief among the savages of the Missouri exercised, through the influence of fear, a long and oppressive influence over Indians, by whom he was abhorred. He had a medicine-bag of terrible efficacy, and his enemies fell on his right hand and on his left. It was a received opinion in his tribe, that his wish had a withering and fatal influence, on whomsoever it was directed. Death finally rid his tribe of the monster, and his grand medicine was found to be arsenic, which he had purchased of the traders.

Every thing among them, of great efficacy and power, that is inexplicable, is a "medicine," and "medicine-men" have the next degree of consideration to chiefs and noted warriors. We have conversed with Indians, who were clearly atheists, and treated as fabulous, all notions of the immortality of the soul, and defended their opinions with as much ingenuity and acuteness, as low and abandoned white people, who profess the same opinions. But in some shape or form, almost all savages admit the being of God, and the immortality of the soul. The Great Spirit is termed, in many of their languages, WAKONDA, or Master of Life. Storm thunder are manifestations of his wrath, and success in war and hunting, of his favour. Some of the tribes, as the Osages, have forms of prayer, in the use of which they are regular and earnest, particularly, when starting on expeditions of hunting or war. Their prophets occasionally give out, that they have had visible communications with this spirit, who has made himself sensibly manifest to them, in the form of some bird or beast. They immediately paint their faces black, and observe great mystery on the occasion. Thence they derive their claims to prophecy, and to be treated with the deference due to medicine-men.

Their notions of the condition of departed spirits, are such as we might expect from their character and condition. In some distant region of a southern temperature, they place the home of the worthy departed, in the country of the brave and free spirits, who pass to that land of game and good cheer,

over a bridge, scarcely wider than a hair, suspended over a deep gulf. They, who have hearts that are firm, feet that do not tremble, and unblenching countenances, that is to say, who have been good warriors in life, pass steadily and safely over the bridge; while the timid and trembling fall into the gulf below. They will sometimes talk of these matters with great earnestness and apparent conviction; but, we believe, of all people that have been known on the earth, their thoughts, hopes and fears dwell the least on any thing beyond this life. It appears inexplicable to them, that any part of their moral conduct here can have any bearing upon their condition hereafter. Of course, adult savages have too often been found hopeless subjects, upon whom to inculcate the pure and sublime truths of our gospel. The days of the Brainerds and Elliots are either gone by, or the southern and western savages are more hopeless subjects, than those of the north. They have certainly been found utterly destitute of the plastic docility of the Mexican and Peruvian Indians. Charlevoix gave, as a characteristic trait of the Canadian and western savages of his day, one that has been found equally applicable to those of the present time. They listen with apparent docility and attention to our expositions of our religion, our faith and hopes, and assent to all; admitting, that this may all be true in relation to people of our race. But it is a deeply rooted impression, that they also have their creating and tutelary 'Great Spirit.' They relate in turn their own fables, their own dim and visionary notions of a God and hereafter, and exact the same docility and complaisance to their creed, which they yielded to ours.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23. 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

ROGER BACON.

It is not probable that many of our young readers have ever been introduced to this ancient personage, but to most of our aged reading friends, the name must be familiar as well as his imputed character,—so odious to the puritanical consciences of our good old grandmothers. We have a recollection of a torn and smoky pamphlet, that we perused in some of our earliest essays at reading, filled with the diabolical deeds of this reputed magician. The contents of this pamphlet have nearly escaped our memory; but we recollect that much was told of his magical power, so applied as to make a brazen head to speak, besides abounding in all the other feats of devilry usually attending the power of magic. This great man lived in an age when he seemed to stand alone, a star amidst the clouds of bigotry and ignorance. It is not strange that under such circumstances he should be accused of working by diabolical agency, when it was often the boast of impostors so common in that day, that they could summon the infernal spirits from their dark dwellings, and compel them to minister to their wants. But this fame was not coveted by this philosopher. It was the unfounded imputation of some of his malicious cotemporaries; doubtless some hypocritical rival, whose practices or tenets had been severely handled by his able pen.

Roger Bacon was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, England, in the year 1214. He was descended of a very ancient and honourable family, and received his education at the University of Oxford. His thirst for knowledge was so great that he early went over to Paris for the completion of his already brilliant education, and taking the degree of Doc-

tor, he returned to his own country at the age of twenty six. He was looked upon as one of the wonders of his age, and his assiduous application to his studies, and the great progress he made in them, while it raised his credit with the better part of mankind, it excited the envy of some, and afforded plausible grounds for the malicious imputations of others. But more probably the true cause of his subsequent ill usage, was the freedom with which he treated the clergy in some of his writings, not sparing either their ignorance, or destitution of morals, both of which were probably greater at that day than at any other period of ecclesiastical history. He had taken the habit of the Franciscan order immediately on his return from Paris; but the bigotry of his cotemporaries was so great, that the study of Mathematics and the occult sciences, were believed to be allied to those magical arts which the church had condemned; and through this suspicion he was forbidden to teach his doctrines, and finally closely confined and watched to a ludicrous exactness, lest his writings should extend beyond the limits of the convent and be seen by any besides themselves and the Pope.

But in spite of this, his fame spread so rapidly over the Christian world that it attracted the notice of the Pope, Clement IV. This was in 1266, when he had already written largely; and His Holiness wrote him a letter desiring him to send him the whole of his works. To gratify the Pope, he collected together, improved and arranged in some order several pieces written before that time, and sent them the next year by a favourite disciple to Rome. This learned book procured him the favour of Clement IV. and also some encouragement in the prosecution of his studies. But his prosperity was of short duration; for on the death of that Pope, which happened soon after, his enemies renewed their designs upon his reputation, and the general of his order caused him to be thrown into prison. Others say that the general of his order, after having imprisoned him for some alchymical treatise he had written, set him at liberty and became his pupil. But this is doubtful as it is evident he was detained in prison as long as twelve or fifteen years, and then released at the interposition of some nobleman of his acquaintance.

He was certainly the most extraordinary man of his time, and it is impossible to conceive how much advantage the world might have received from him, but for the united shackles of malice and bigotry. Certain it is that many of his most valuable discoveries and inventions were wholly neglected; and their subsequent adoption, without any reference to his name, serve to prove how far prejudice may go to rob a man of his honest fame, even with posterity. He pointed out the errors of the Julian Calendar, and proposed a much more effectual and perfect reformation, than the one introduced by Pope Gregory XIII. The invention of Gunpowder, it has been incontestibly proved, was known to him, and yet it has been to this day, credited to a German monk, who lived a hundred years after him.

His character, aside from the vulgar notion of his skill in magic, no one has ventured to impeach. His talents all were compelled to admire. He was a perfect master of the dead languages, leaving marks not only of an extensive acquaintance, but of a critical skill in them. As a mathematician, he studied and wrote on every branch of these obscure

studies with solidity and clearness. In Mechanics a learned doctor says, "a greater genius has not arisen since the days of Archimedes." In Optics, Astronomy, Geography, Chronology, and History, for the age in which he lived, his ability in either would have made any author famous; and even when we look into his absurd pursuits of Alchemy and Judicial Astrology, we are more inclined to wonder that he was not wholly carried away with them, than that his very acute philosophy was unable to detect their fallacy.

There appears to be some excitement among the editorial corps in New-York, in consequence of the establishment of a new Daily paper under the name of the *Journal of Commerce*. The moral and religious pretensions of the proprietors, probably drew the names of many to their list of subscribers, and if we may credit the relations of otherwise disinterested editors, they were mere pretensions. They promised to reject all lottery notices, theatrical bills &c., as tending to the encouragement of licentious and immoral habits. They moreover promised to have no labour done on the Sabbath, which was really a considerable sacrifice for a daily paper. How well they have succeeded among a certain class, who deem themselves obliged to patronise every thing looking moral, we cannot say. In order to derive a greater support, they left their papers with many, on the condition that if they were dissatisfied with the paper, it might be stopped at the end of one month free from any charge; instances of which, to our knowledge, extended as far as this city. It is probable their lists were well filled by these means; but we now must enquire into the fulfilment of their promises. If they have rejected all lottery and theatrical notices, their columns are well lined with *rum* advertisements; and the comparison of moral tendencies, in this case, we leave for every sober and rational person to make. If they have not worked on the Sabbath, their paper comes out on Monday morning a little too early to prevent some suspicion. Their ship news, it is told as a fact, has been collected on that day; notices of the departure and arrivals of vessels on that day are inserted without giving their very candid consciences the least shade of blue; and these facts also, we leave for common reason to canvass. Other pretensions to piety they do not make, and as to the opportunity afforded to stop at a month, and no charge, who could refuse to subscribe on such terms, and how many are too much above the meanness of avicious motives to have it told, that they have read a paper for one month without paying for it.

With the principles, which this humbugging establishment has pretended to adopt, we have nothing at present to do. On that head we might differ with every body; but that is neither here nor there. Yet we detest that contemptible sycophancy which, under the pretence of an adherence to the sacred cause of religion, is only assumed to hoax the public, and fill the pockets of its inventors. Of such there are too many in every place; and while many languish whose laudable labours in the cause of Morality and Religion, have been crowned with no success but a conscious self commendation, these have often galloped into affluence, on the merest effigy of piety, and now make their boasts of their own impostures, and laugh at the gullibility of the public.

We find that Mr. Haddock is notified to give up Knickerbocker Hall, in order to give time for the

necessary arrangements prior to the Assemblies, therefore, this evening will, to a certainty, be the last opportunity the public can have to partake of that interesting exhibition, the Androides.

MORGAN.

The following remarks from the New-York Enquirer, National Intelligencer and United States Gazette, take a correct view of the horrid and improbable stories relative to this noted individual that have been vapouring through the public prints for several weeks past. The statements that we supposed were made to the Ontario Grand Jury, turn out to be, almost entirely, fabrications. The embellishments added by Miller's Batavia Advocate and the Rochester Telegraph were not warranted by any communications made to that Jury. It will be recollected that when the Rochester Telegraph made this statement, upon the authority of Mr. Weed, the senior editor, Mr. Martin, the junior of the firm, explicitly disavowed his belief of the story, and rested the entire responsibility upon Mr. Weed. If Morgan has been murdered, it yet remains to be made known to the public and to the laws.

[From the New-York Enquirer.]

The Rochester Telegraph has an article on the subject of the Morgan affair, which ought not, by any rational and just man to be passed over in silence. The editor asserts, on his own knowledge, that "William Morgan was taken to Fort Niagara, murdered and thrown into the river." The evidences of this appalling catastrophe are full, convincing and undeniable. We speak advisedly. Does the Telegraph speak "advisedly"? If so, as an honest man; as a man having an interest in the well being of that society of which he is a member; as a man abhorring murder and reverencing justice; as a man respecting the institutions, laws and character of his country; he is bound, solemnly and irrevocably bound, to come forth and tell the world "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Less than this leaves him under the weight of suspicions and imputations which must utterly destroy his fair fame. Something he does tell, but that "something" is so obscure, mysterious, and unsatisfactory, and yet, at the same time, so full of pretension to a perfect knowledge of all the facts, that we cannot see how this editor can escape from making a plain, unqualified, and complete revelation. He says:—

"At any rate, on the 17th September, the miserable man was murdered and thrown into the river."

Facts and circumstances have been combined, which indicate, unerringly, the number and names of those who assisted in perpetrating this deed of darkness. We are not now, however called upon to disclose either. Time will soon develop all."

How knows he "that Morgan was murdered and thrown into the river on the 17th day of September?" Let him tell the public, and swear to the truth of what he tells. How knows he the "names and number of those who assisted in perpetrating the deed?" That also let him tell under the confirmation of his oath. He says, indeed, that he is "not now called upon to disclose either." Not called upon to expose a murder, with the commission of which he asserts that he has a clear knowledge! Why, of what materials are this man's conscience, religion and patriotism composed? Absolutely, this is the most astonishing declaration that we have ever read. Mr. Weed has placed himself in a situation of awful responsibility. He has arraigned himself before the public and pleaded guilty to the knowledge of a murder. It is a murder, (if it be one) which has thrown the whole western part of this state into a very fearful and dangerous agitation. A good citizen would be eager to appease that excitement, by tearing off the secret veil which shrouds the transaction. A religious man cannot safely make himself the confidant of so foul a crime. A patriotic man would rescue the character of his country's laws from the suspicion of having suffered a murder to pass unavenged. The matter now rests entirely between him, his neighbour, his conscience and the police.

[From the same.]

If any thing can tire and disgust the public with this (supposed) murder, it is the gross and mischievous nonsense of some of those who have meddled in it, and whose ridiculous pretensions have thrown over it an air of absurdity and folly. If Morgan was murdered let the murderers be punished. That he was murdered is clear, if the Rochester Telegraph is worthy of credit. One of the editors of that paper says he is in possession of the proofs;—he knows the place, time and persons. He says this, not as matter of opinion, but as matter of fact. He says it not modestly nor doubtingly, but in a loud, bullying and confident tone. When we read his statement, we felt great surprise that any man assuming to be respectable, religious, moral, patriotic and loyal, would boast of possessing such knowledge, and yet refrain from laying it before the world. Either this was untrue, or else this editor deeply involved his own character, and in all good feeling towards him, we said, "it is more charitable to believe that he has asserted an untruth, than that he has concealed a murder." Had he confined himself to doubts, suspicions, and conjectures, our remarks would have been less severe—but he boasted that he knew it. The Telegraph-man responds "this is an impudent libel," and "an insolent contradiction."—Really we cannot

discover the impudence nor the insolence of our disbelief. He makes an assertion which most seriously implicated his reputation as a good citizen. If we believe his assertion we must condemn his conduct. If we rescue his conduct, we must disbelieve his assertion. One of the two alternatives we must choose, and we choose the more liberal and kindly of the two. This editor should have been grateful for our gentleness, instead of being impertinent. Again—he says he has submitted the facts of this murder. We flatly contradict him. He has done no such thing. He has submitted his assertions, but no facts. This is the ground of our censure. Give us facts—we want no assertions. He replies, "I will not give you the facts until I find that my assertions are worth less than your contradiction. We are not now called upon to make disclosures; Time will develop all."—When is this now to come? As to "Time's" developing the matter, we protest against his shoulders being made the scape-goat. Time is a very bad witness in a court of justice, and his character for concealment is better established than that for development. All this is very unsatisfactory, sneaking and absurd.

A word or two more on this matter. The Morgan affair is a libel on the police of the West. If there has been a murder committed, and if there are so many persons cognizant of that murder, why is not some efficient enquiry instituted? Must one third part of this great state be kept in fearful excitement because some persons will not or dare not tell what they know? Let Mr. Weed forget that he is disputing with us, and come forward with a full and nominal detail of every thing he knows. At present he is only augmenting an excitement which he might possibly allay.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

The mystery and fate of Morgan, the person suspected of having been spirited away last year by some misguided persons of the Masonic fraternity, has given rise to successive stories of horrible import concerning him. We observe that one has recently got into fresh circulation, by which it is made out that he was murdered. There are many who believe this; and, by an advertisement in to-day's paper, the reader will see that this is the leading article of faith of a newspaper conducted at Albany, by that veteran editor, Mr. Southwick. We incline, however, to the different view of this subject which is taken by the United States Gazette, (printed at Philadelphia) in the following article:—

There is one subject which, although we have once or twice referred to it, we would have gladly avoided: We mean that of the abduction of Morgan. Last year the excitement was kept up, not only in the town of that miserable object's residence, but through almost the whole of New York, with evident intentions of influencing the state election: and it is certain that the design of those who thus spouted with public credulity, was, in a very considerable degree, effected: The election was made to turn upon masonry, the initiated of course could not take part in such a contest, and the Morganites carried the day. The same farce is now in operation: The trial of eighteen persons, charged with being accessory to Morgan's death or abduction, has just closed; and though, as a matter of course, they were all cleared, still it was said that new proofs were elicited of the murder of the man.

A few days since, a "Morgan paper" declared that a man had gone before the grand jury, and made oath that Morgan was, on the 17th of some month, (we forget which) brought to the Fort, delivered to certain masons, maltreated, tied hand and foot, charged with heavy weights, rowed out into deep water and thrown overboard, where he was drowned; that a Knight Templar appeared soon after, with a dagger, enquired for Morgan, and lamented the manner of his death; the paper further added, that the names of the individuals concerned in the conspiracy, had been given to the grand jury, but some of them had fled. This narration, set forth with all becoming language, concluded with a denunciation of Heaven's vengeance upon the fugitives, who were given over to interminable flight from justice, with a trembling consciousness that detection was at their heels.

This tale of horror has been copied into several papers as gospel, and into one or two whose editors should have been slow to believe and cautious to promulgate, "standers of such a dye. But it turns out, that no such promulgation has been made; and the election of New-York must be indebted to another fabrication for its bias. From the first to the last of this Morgan affair, has falsehood been busy in mending the meshes of her net, and truth in destroying her nefarious labours.

The Lewiston Convention have at length been successful in one of their principal objects—the suspension of the Sheriff of Niagara. A new election is ordered by the Governor to take place in November next.

A column of Table-Talk, already in type, is unavoidably omitted.

MARRIED.

On the 27th inst. by the Rev. Wm. B. Lacy, Mr. JOSEPH STAFFORD, Merchant, to Miss AMELIA GIBBONS, daughter of the late James Gibbons, Esq. all of this city.

POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT.—*Androides*. As Mr. Haddock must give up Knickerbocker Hall for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, prior to the Assemblies, THIS EVENING will certainly be the last. Doors open at half past 7 o'clock, and exhibition to commence at 8—Admittance 25 cents; Children under 12 years, half price. Sept 23. 351.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

If from that high world, where thou now
Dwellest all beauteous as below,
Thy God permits thee yet to bow
Thy pitying look on earthly woe,
Then false the lip which says that tears
Are strangers to that happy sky;—
To scan the wretchedness of years,
I know that thou must weep or die!

It would not be a heaven to thee,
What bliss thy loved ones could not share;
If thy pure grief had no relief
To burst thine eyelids even there.

Oh! how I wept to see thee faded,
Thou brightest bud of earthly bowers!
When from the wreath which Hope had braided,
I saw thee drop like withering flowers!
Those tears have passed. The days roll on,—
And ruin sweeps my path so drear,
I weep not now that thou art gone,
But that I live and languish here!

Yet I will spurn the thoughts that burn
Like lightning through my feverish brain,—
And raise my brow to heaven,—for thou
Wilt cool it with thy tears again.

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

Thus runs the World away.—HAMLET.

Good night to the season! 'tis over!
Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows, away:
There's nobody left to invite one,
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes:
For want of a better employment,
Till Ponto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment,
And angle immensely for trout.

Good night to the season!—the lobbies,
Their changes, and rumours of change,
Which startled the rustic Sir Bobbies,
And made all the bishops look strange:
The breaches, and battles, and blunders,
Performed by the Commons and Peers;
The Marquis' eloquent thunders,
The Baronet's eloquent ears:
Denouncing of Papists and treasons,
Of foreign dominion and oats;
Misrepresentations of reasons,
And misunderstandings of notes.

Good night to the season!—the buildings
Enough to make Inigo sick;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings,
Of stucco, and marble, and brick:
The orders deliciously bleached,
From love of effect into one.
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun:
The bell where the fiend, in his glory,
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambles from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good night to the season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancing of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane,
The ice of her ladyship's manners,
The ice of his lordship's champagne.

Good night to the season! the rages
Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
The Lady Matilda's new pages,
The Lady Eliza's new song;
Miss Fennell's macaw, which at Boodle's
Is held to have something to say;
Mrs. Spicentie's musical Poodles,
Which bark, "Batti, batti, I" all day;
The pony Sir Araby sported,
As hot and as black as a coal,
And the Lion his mother imported,
In bearskins and grease, from the pole.

Good night to the season!—the Toso,
So very majestic and tall;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so so,
And Pasta, divinest of all;
The labour in vain of the Ballet,

So sadly deficient in stars;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Exhaling the breath of cigars;
The "logs," where some hearse, how killing!
Environed with Exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of her drilling,
The silly ones out of their wits.

Good night to the season!—the splendour
That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar;
Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
A card case,—a pasteboard guitar,—
A bottle of perfume,—a girdle,—
A lithographed Riego full-grown,
Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle,
That artists might draw on a stone,—
A small panorama of Seville,—
A trap for demolishing flies,—
A caricature of the Devil,—
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good night to the season!—the flowers
Of the grand horticultural fete,
When the boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was not to be late;
When all who had money and leisure
Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,
And making of beautiful speeches,
And marring of beautiful shows,
And feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes.

Good night to the season!—another
Will come with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like his brother,
In sunshine and odour and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right,
Or married or buried!—no matter;
Good night to the season!—Good night!

THE WIDOW.

[From the U. S. Literary Gazette, for September.]

"But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost:
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit:
And so he'll die."

She said she was alone within the world:—
How could she but be sad!
She whispered something of a lad,
With eyes of blue and light hair sweetly curled—
But the grave had the child!
And yet a voice she heard
When at the lattice, calm and mild,
The mother in the twilight saw the vine-leaves stirred.
"Mother," it seemed to say,
"I love thee;
When thou dost by the side of thy lone pillow pray,
My spirit writes the words above thee;—
Mother, I watch o'er thee—I love thee."
Where was the husband of that widowed thing,—
That seraph's earthly fire?
A soldier dares a soldier's fire;
The murderous ball brought death upon its wing,
Beneath a foreign sky.
He fell in sunny Spain;
The wife, in silence, saw him die,
But the blue eyes of the fond boy gave drops like rain.
"Mother," the poor lad cried,
"He's dying!
We are close by thee, father,—at thy bleeding side—
Dost thou not hear thy Arthur crying!
Mother, his lids are closed—he's dying!"

It was a stormy time when the man fell;
And the youth shrunk and pined;
Consumption's worm his pulse entwined—
"Prepare his shroud," rang out the convent bell.
Yet, through his pain he smiled,
To soothe a parent's grief:—
Sad soul! she could not be beguiled:
She saw the bud must quit its guardian leaf!
"Mother," he faintly said,
"Comenear me—
Kiss me—and let me in my father's grave be laid—
I've prayed for thee, and God will hear me—
Mother, I'll come again and cheer thee!" C. E. E.

THE THREE STARS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

There are three cheering stars of light
O'er life's dark path that shine;
And these fair orbs, so pure and bright,
Are song, and love, and wine!

For Oh! the soul of song hath power
To charm the feeling heart,
To soothe the mourner's sternest hour,
And bid his griefs depart!

And wine can lend to song its mirth,
Can joys unwonted bring,

And paint this fair and lovely earth
In charms of deathless spring.

And thou, O love! of all the throng
Art fairest seen to shine,
For thou canst soothe the soul like song,
And cheer the heart like wine!

Then deign, fair orbs, to shed your ray
Along my path of gloom,
To guide me through life's lonely way,
And shine upon my tomb!

For Oh! the song, the cup, the kiss,
Can make the night divine;
Then blest be he who found the bliss
Of song, and love, and wine!

LINES.

From a poem now in press, by a poor man of the name of Jones, a native of Wales, who, after having been for ten or twelve years in the navy, is now employed in a cotton factory in Manchester. A few years ago, a copy of his poem, called "The Cotton Mill," was given to Mr. Buchanan, of Catrine, who sent the author a present of a sovereign. This gift appears to have arrived very opportunely if we may judge from the lines it occasioned. Addressing the sovereign, the Poet says—

Hail! joy-restorer, of Peruvian ore!
Thou might the victims of distress adore.
Not Sol, when rising to a restless swain,
Nor stars to sailors on the mighty main,
Are half so welcome as thy sight to me.
What have I suffered for the want of thee?
For want of thee my clothes have worn in holes,
For want of thee my shoes have wanted soles:
For want of thee (when beasts and fowls were fed)
I've dropped and fainted for the loss of bread;
For want of thee the haughty sons of pride
Have turned their worthless empty heads aside;
For want of thee I've oft endured the scorn
Of nymphs, and frowns of dire oppressors borne;
For want of thee I've roamed the country through,
And more of sorrow than contentment knew;
For want of thee my jokes have given offence,
For want of thee I've wanted common sense;
For want of thee, when wintry terrors spread,
I've wanted shelter for my aching head;
For want of thee pretended friends have thrown
The mask aside, and what they were, have shown;
For want of thee in company I have stood
Mute as a statue, or a post of wood;
When others spoke, or sung with mirth and glee,
I've wanted utterance for the want of thee.

LACONICS.

Women that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle, from that freedom of demeanour, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself, and is resorted to, to defend the fair wearer, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own; but it is a cumbersome panoply, and, like heavy armour, is seldom worn, except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound.

We usually prefer ourselves to our revenge; but there are cases where we prefer our revenge to ourselves. This reflection ought to make us extremely cautious how we too deeply injure another; for revenge is a dreadful engine, even in the feeblest hands: and as there are injuries which make life a burthen, can we wonder if that burthen be got rid of, by the very act that also sets us even with our enemy.

True goodness is not without that germ of greatness that can bear with patience the mistakes of the ignorant, and the censures of the malignant. The approbation of God is her "exceeding great reward," and she would not debase a thing so precious by an association with the contaminating plaudits of man.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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[No. 38.]

MASONIC RECORD.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

Extracts from an Oration delivered before Mount Anthony Lodge, in Bennington, Vermont, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, 23d of June, 1827.

BY HOLLIS REED, A. M.

We do not pretend that masonry is religion. But we do pretend that it is one of the noblest systems of morality that ever flourished since our planet was spoke into existence. She is but the handmaid of religion; and I will not exalt the servant above the mistress. Though she bear on her forehead the lovely impress of divinity; though she be clothed in the sacred habiliments of religion, let her set at the feet of her venerated mistress; for there she appears the most lovely. Let her go forward with the mystic implements of our order in her hand, *squaring* the irregularities of vice; *levelling* the proud heights of arrogance; spreading with her *trowel* the cement of brotherly love, till man's enormities shall loose their iron grasp, his lofty looks be brought low, and rancour, malice and evil speaking cease to disturb the tranquility of his breast. Then shall he be fitted a living stone for that spiritual temple, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Then shall the dark chaos of his mind, enlightened by this lesser luminary, be fitted to receive that glorious light from on high, and to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

We do not mean by this that every mason consequently becomes a christian. Facts would contradict us. But we mean that the tendency, the general influence of the pure principles of masonry, like the ministration of John, is to lop off the excrescences of vice, and the superfluities of life—that she is the morning star that enlightened the dawn, the precursor of the great luminary of religion.

In vindicating the cause of masonry, I will not attempt to vindicate, nor am I inclined to palliate in the least degree the unmasonic deportment of a single profligate brother. We are censured for admitting into the penetralia of our temple unworthy and abandoned members. Taking these for their criterion, our very *charitable* enemies, ungenerous, preposterous as it may seem, would gladly stigmatize the whole masonic brotherhood. We know, as well as those who have not the means of knowing, that our institution is not what it should be—that some of its members, are not what they profess to be. And we know too, that while we can say to the world that the *foundation* of our edifice stands firm as the oaks of Bashan, or Rome on her seven hills, her superstructure is too often reared by stones which are neither "*oblong nor square*"—unfit materials with which to erect a fabric designed for durability, strength and beauty. Too many contaminate our lodges with unhallowed feet, whose daily deportment would but poorly bear the *plumb* line of rectitude, and whose hearts have never felt the mystic influence of the trowel. Too many have bowed before our consecrated altars who have no hand to relieve, no eye to pity, and whose hearts are cold as Scandinavia's rocks.

While with painful regret we are compelled to make this ingenuous confession, we would ask our opponents, if this is even so much as an argument against our institution. Let them, if they can, point to that association of men, pure indeed as it may be in principle, that has not its degenerate sons. They cannot point us to that little band of disciples that sat at Jesus' feet, for there were found a denying Peter, and a treacherous Judas. They cannot point us to the church militant on earth; her sanctuary is too often polluted by footsteps of the treacherous foe; her pure and spotless bosom too often

torn by the serpent and dragon. Shall then the sanctuary of God be deserted because sometimes trod with unhallowed feet? Shall the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus be covered with shame and reproach, because hypocrites pervert and abuse it? Every christian revolts at the thought. Every christian knows that the holy religion of Jesus, stands firm as the "pillars of heaven, immovable as the throne of God."

Vain then is the attempt to find a perfect society among degenerate men. Perfection blooms not beneath the skies. She involves the atmosphere of a purer region; flourishes in a celestial soil, far above this sin-prolific world. We lay no claim to infallibility. We know that the designing and profligate may impose themselves upon us,

"For neither man nor angels can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone."

But we ask no other indulgence than the dictates of reason and candour allow us to expect. Proscribe indiscriminately whatever you find obnoxious to abuse, and you would at once sacrifice some of the noblest institutions in our land. The liberal arts and sciences must first fall a victim to your capricious whims, because too often promoted by unsanctified genius and illiberal men. The laws and constitutions of our country you would immolate, because sometimes formed and executed by rapacious counsellors and pettifogging lawyers. The blessings of our political freedom you would excrete, because our independence was achieved and our liberties supported by some who have since become a nuisance to the world. Thus you would criminate our whole masonic brotherhood, because here and there creep into our lodges the worthless and profane. As justly might you envelope yonder city in flames because a clown insulted you in its suburbs. As justly might you declaim against the government of the universe, because the Supreme Architect formed beings that would violate the laws of that government.

Freemasonry regards not the *external* but the *internal* qualifications of the man. Though one may enter the portals of our sanctuary, and there be taught our mysteries, bear about with him our badges and our emblems, and be exalted to the sublime summit of the Chapter's Arch, and he still be as destitute of the true sentiments of free and accepted masonry, as Voltaire was of the true sentiments of the christian religion. The profession of the mason is to do good. Has dire misfortune blasted the flattering prospects of a masonic brother, it is his to be a friend to the friendless, and a brother to the distressed. Has chill penury laid his cruel hand on a neighbour; it is his, to unclinch its iron grasp, to open the bowels of his compassion, and sympathize and relieve. Has merciless affliction torn from a tender wife the partner of her joys and the solace of life, and thrown her destitute and forlorn with her little ones on a cold unfeeling world; then shall the finer sensibilities of the mason's heart, vibrate with sympathy and commiseration; then shall he dry up the widow's tears, be a father to the fatherless, and a never failing friend to the afflicted. In whatever clime he may be placed, by whatever circumstances surrounded, it is his to alleviate human suffering, and by every means in his power, to enhance the amount of human happiness.

Are principles, are designs like these censurable? Censurable indeed, and dreaded they are; and by whom? by the enemy of political freedom; by the destroyer of religion; by popes, and by despots. Yes, dreaded, and if possible, would have been exterminated by an Alexander of Russia and a Ferdinand of Spain. By that Alexander who would if possible have quenched the last spark of political liberty, who prohibited the promulgation of the Holy scriptures in his empire, and drove from his borders the messengers of the Cross; and by that infamous Ferdinand, whose throne has long since float-

ed in the blood of christians and masons. Such is the character of our most zealous persecutors. Such the character of those with whom our opposers of the present day may have the pride (if pride there can be in disgrace) of associating themselves.

But turn to the annals of our lodges and you may there find a list longer than you can read, of some of the most worthy names that ever graced the biography of man.

There in the remote ages of antiquity you may read the names of Solomon, Hiram of Tyre, Hiram Abiff, Zerubbabel, Joshua,* Haggai, and a long list of sages and prophets. Or in more modern times we select the names of St. Alban, Alfred the Great, James I. of Scotland and England, Francis Duke of Tuscany, Frederick the great King of Prussia, Locke, Newton, Woolsey, Howard and La Fayette; and in our own country, besides many others pre-eminent for their virtues and talents, and conspicuous both in church and state, we might mention a Washington, Montgomery, Warren, Franklin, Adams, Jackson, Livingston, Clinton and Hamilton. Such are the men who have espoused the cause of masonry, such the men who have not felt it derogatory to their dignity, or incompatible with their religion, to wear the humble badge of the mason, to use his implements, and observe his rites and ceremonies.

Think you that such worthies would associate their names with an Institution founded on folly and vice? Would become mere play-fellows with empty and tinkling playthings? Would statesmen and patriots renowned for their virtue and philanthropy, proffer the influence of their names, and put forth their utmost exertion to support an Institution which was secretly undermining the laws and liberties of their own state? Would christians, would christian ministers, veiled under the secrets of masonry, plot the overthrow of religion and the subversion of all morality? Let common sense speak; and she will tell you that the pure principles of masonry have no more connexion with treason, sedition, intemperance and crime, than the infamous precepts of the Koran of Mahomet have with the divine revelation of the Son of God. The fundamental principles we profess are not enveloped in a cloud; they are not veiled in mystery. They are public as the bible. There you may find them. There they originate. They are daily developed by all who choose to know them. They are discussed in public. Our printed constitutions, and charts, and monitors, are laid open to public inspection. That we have secrets, and secrets too with which the stranger intermeddeth not, we do not pretend to deny. But these concern not the world; they concern only masons. Nor are secrets peculiar to masons alone. All associations of men have their secrets; religion has its secrets, which the infidel cannot know. The secret of the Lord, says the prophet, is with those who love him. Every national compact has its secrets; all our social relations have their secrets. If, then, secrets are necessary to the preservation of Union, why not masons keep theirs inviolable? Why deprive them of those signs and tokens, and the various modes of discriminating a brother from an enemy? Why rail at their rites and ceremonies which impress stronger than language can do, their obligation to pity the cries of suffering humanity? These are all they would conceal. These they must conceal; they are the secret springs by which the whole machine is made to move. Take away the distinguished characteristics of any association of men whatever, and you destroy the vital parts, you sever the connecting ties that bind the compact. While with Argus eyed vigilance we watch the precious treasure committed to our trust, our doors are open to all who are found worthy; to all who are duly and truly prepared. All may enter our walls who will come in the straight and narrow way prescribed by the rules of our fraternity.

* Son of Josedech.

DEDICATION AND CONSECRATION.

[From the Harpers Ferry (Va.) Free-Press, Sept. 12]

On Monday last, the 10th inst., the new Masonic Hall at Harper's-Ferry, erected by the members of Charity Lodge, No. 111, was dedicated and consecrated with the usual ceremonies. A procession was then formed, consisting of about 170 of the brethren, which proceeded through a part of the town, and to the Methodist Church, where a very eloquent and powerful sermon was preached by the Rev. Brother J. E. JACKSON, Rector of Christ's Church, Winchester, and P. G. High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland. The sermon was preceded and succeeded by fine vocal music from a choir of singers composed of young ladies and gentlemen of the place. The ceremonies of consecration and dedication were performed by the Right Worshipful S. H. DAVIS, District Deputy Grand Master of Virginia, who delivered at the close, with excellent effect, a concise, but comprehensive poetical Address, in which the symbols of the Craft were very aptly illustrated and explained. The procession was escorted by the volunteer corps of Jackson Blues, under the command of Dr. J. W. ROPER, as Captain. The Amateur Band, assisted by gentlemen of the Martinsburgh Amateur Band, gave zest to the whole by their delightful music, which animated and thrilled every bosom. To this corps the village is highly indebted for many soul-inspiring strains. Brethren attended from Washington City, Fredericktown, Hagerstown, Boonsboro', Winchester, Leesburg, Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, and various other places. The day was as fine as could be desired, and the assemblage of spectators consisted of several thousands.

After the ceremonies, a dinner was served up by Mr. James Stephenson, in his usual style of elegance and profusion.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The consecration of Phoenix Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and the Installation of its officers in due and ancient form, took place on Thursday the 6th ult. at Hanover, Massachusetts. The ceremonies (says the Hingham Gazette) were very interesting and impressive. A very pertinent address was delivered by the officiating Grand Master. A procession was formed, composed of officers and members of different lodges, which moved to the church, where appropriate religious services took place. The procession then proceeded to a hall prepared for its reception, where about 150 sat down to dinner: and where, after the removal of the cloth, many excellent sentiments were given, which were interspersed with music from the band.

KENTUCKY.

Officers of the Grand Lodge of the state of Kentucky, elected at the annual communication in August, 1827:

Daniel Breck, of Richmond, G. M.; Robert Johnson, Frankfort, D. G. M.; William W. Southgate, Covington, S. G. W.; John M. McCalla, Lexington, J. G. W.; Rev. Caleb W. Cloud, Lexington, G. C.; Robert J. Breckenridge, Fayette county, G. O.; Daniel Bradford, Lexington, G. Secretary; Michael Fishel, Lexington, G. Treasurer; Philip Swigert, Frankfort, S. G. D.; Charles M. Cunningham, Somerset, J. G. D.; Leslie Combs, Lexington, G. Sword Bearer; Robert M'Nitt, Lexington, G. Pursuivant; Francis Walker, Lexington, Grand Steward and Tyler; Levi Tyler, Louisville, Robert S. Todd, Lexington, William B. Phillips, Maysville, and John Payne, Augusta, Stewards of Charity Fund.

Officers of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Kentucky, elected at the annual communication in Lexington, in September, 1827:

Thomas H. Bradford, Georgetown, G. H. P.; Oliver G. Waggener, Frankfort, D. G. H. P.; Henry Wingate, Frankfort, G. K.; Levi Tyler, Louisville, G. S.; P. Swigert, Frankfort, G. Sec'y; A. M. Jamary, Maysville, G. T.; Rev. Caleb W. Cloud, Lexington, G. C.; John Payne, Augusta, G. K.; Warham P. Loomis, Frankfort, G. C. G.; Francis Walker, Lexington, G. S. and Tyler.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.**TASTE OF ARSENIC.**

At the trial of Mrs. Smith, for poisoning her servant, in February last, the professional gentlemen who were examined, differed as to the taste of arsenic. It is singular that a difference of opinion should exist on a fact of so much importance, and, apparently, so easy to settle. On referring to systematic authors in chemistry and medical jurisprudence, it will be found that arsenic is invariably said to have an acid taste. But it is well known, that systematic writers are too apt, especially on points apparently so simple and trivial, to quote from one another without personal experiment; and accordingly, when a reference is made such medico-legal authors as have written specially on arsenic, or to the evidence of persons who have taken it when administered with articles of food, we find that some say the taste is sweetish, others that it is first sweetish and then acid, and others that it has no taste at all. The natural inference is, that the taste, whatever it actually is, must be weak; so that in fact, the poison may be swallowed without any taste being perceived. We have been informed by Dr. Christison, Professor of medical jurisprudence in this University, that in reference to the evidence on Mrs. Smith's trial, he has recently made some experiments on the subject, and that others have been made at his request, by Dr. Duncan and Dr. Turner, and the following is the general result—the quantity of the solid poison tasted varied, from two to four grains; and the duration of the tasting, from half a minute to a minute and a half. They perceived, towards the end, a very faint sweetish taste. As to the solution, its taste appeared to be sweetish. What may be its taste, when allowed to pass to the root of the tongue, is not easy to determine, as the experiment, made with a sufficient quantity, would be unsafe;—but it has certainly been swallowed without the person remarking any particular taste at the time, and the most common account has been that it tasted sweetish. [Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.]

VIRTUES OF OLIVE OIL.

An extraordinary effect of Olive Oil is reported by Mr. Baldwin, the British Consul at Smyrna, who observed that, among the numerous tribe of oil porters none were infected with the plague. Led by this hint, he proposed unction of the body with oil to keep off the plague, and the following was the result of the first trial: In 1792, twenty-two Venetian sailors lived five days with three infected persons, all of whom died; but the 22 sailors, who had been repeatedly annointed with oil, remained free from the infection. Three Armenian families, consisting of 27 persons, occupying the same floor, closely attended the sick of the plague, but being daily rubbed with oil, were preserved from the infection. The nurses in the hospitals of Smyrna, who attended the sick, night and day, have, by the same methods, been happily preserved from contagion. After this, the oil was employed in the first stages of the plague at Smyrna, and with the happiest effect. The body was rubbed all over with tepid olive oil. A pint was esteemed sufficient to effect a cure. The Caffres, who constantly smear the body with lard or oil, remain free from the yellow fever; and the Esquimaux tribes, who also regale on seal oil, remain also free: and when the plague raged in London, tallow melters and butchers were found exempt. Instead of clogging up the pores, as might be suspected by some, the pores become open, and the oil produces a salutary perspiration.

METHOD OF REPRESENTING TREES UPON POTTERY.

When the pottery has received from the workman its form, and after it has acquired some degree of consistence, the surface, on which the representation of trees is desired, must be steeped in a vessel, containing a solution of argile (clay) very much diluted, either coloured or not as may be required, until it is perfectly moist. This process will give to the pot, the same colour, as the clay, in which it has been steeped.

When this process is finished, in order that trees may be produced, it is sufficient, whilst the solution of clay is yet moist, and even at the moment when

taken from the steeping vessel, to place lightly with a brush in different parts of the surface spots of whatever colour the trees may be required; each spot producing a tree of a large or small size according to the quantity of colour used upon each, and also to the manner in which the workman acts with the hand in which the pot is held.

The trees may be of any colour whatever, but the most agreeable colour is bistre, which is thus composed: take one pound of manganese calcined; six ounces of iron rust, or one pound of iron ore; and three ounces of ground flint. The manganese and the iron rust, or iron ore, must be bruised separately in a mortar, after which they must be put together into a crucible and calcined. The mixture thus prepared may again be bruise it, and afterwards put into a small tub of water, in order to render it moist.

For blue, green, or other colours, the materials which are generally used for producing them may be prepared in the same manner as above. But to apply these different colours to the articles, it is necessary, as in ordinary painting, to use a mordant instead of moistening with water.

The best mordant that can be employed is urine, and the essence, or juice of tobacco.

In order to obtain tobacco water for this purpose, it is sufficient to steep two ounces of good leaf tobacco in a bottle of cold water for ten or twelve hours, or simply to infuse two ounces of tobacco in a bottle of hot water.

STRAFFORD COPPERAS WORKS.

Nine miles north of Norwich, Vermont, on the side of a hill, are situated the Strafford Copperas Works. The soil of the hill is thin, and covers an immense quantity of massive pyrites. Immediately above the pyritous rock, is found an incrustation of ferruginous earth, mixed with petrifications of leaves, nuts, &c. The rock is fissile and undergoes the following process, in order to be converted into copperas:—

It is first broken into small pieces, and thrown into large heaps, in which situation it is allowed to remain for some months; during which time, the sulphur with which the rock is impregnated, is partially expelled, and the pieces of rock become completely pulverised, and disintegrated. The smell of sulphur is very powerful, and the surrounding objects are covered with a sulphurous dust. This process of expelling the sulphur and pulverising the mass of pyritous rock, is very similar to that of slaking lime, heat being produced in the same manner. From these heaps the pyrites are thrown upon leaches, and the lye drawn into leaden vats. Lead is used in the construction of the vats because other metals are liable to decomposition from the action of the liquid. In these vats the lye becomes reduced to a proper degree of strength, when it is conveyed into wooden vats and left to form crystals of copperas upon the sides or upon boughs thrown in for the purpose. The form of the crystals is rhombic, and the color a beautiful green. The works are owned by a company in Boston, and have been in operation for many years, though they have been made more extensive lately. The quality of the copperas is very good and it is generally used through the country, nearly ten thousand tons being annually sent to the market from Strafford.

[Middletown Sentinel.]

COTTON.**ITS INJURIOUS APPLICATION TO WOUNDS.**

The real cause of the ill effects of cotton when applied in the dressing of wounds, is to be seen in its formation. On viewing the fibres of cotton in the microscope, and under considerable magnifying powers, it will be found that each fibre is flat, like a ribband, with sharp edges; which no doubt act in lacerating instead of healing the wound. The fibres of flax or linen, on the contrary, when viewed in the microscope, under similar circumstances, and especially when the flax has been dressed in the best manner, present the appearance of polished cylinders beautifully transparent. Hence the superiority of linen will be self evident. And it shows that the microscope will frequently afford an unerring test of the real causes of the good or ill properties of substances when applied in their examination.

A LUMINOUS BOTTLE.

The following is a method of preparing a luminous bottle, which will give sufficient light during the night to admit of the hour being easily told on the dial of a watch. A phial of clear white glass, of a long form, must be chosen, and some fine olive oil heated to ebullition in another vessel; a piece of phosphorus of the size of a pea must be put into the phial, and the boiling oil carefully poured over it, till the phial is one third filled. The phial must be then carefully corked, and when it is to be used, it must be unstopped, to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the phial will then appear luminous, and will give as much light as a dull ordinary lamp. Each time the light disappears, on removing the stopper it will instantly reappear. In cold weather the bottle must be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial prepared in this way may be used every night for six months, with success. [London Mechanics' Magazine.]

WIRE DRAWING.

A patent has been obtained for an invention facilitating the process of fine gold and silver wire drawing, through perforated gems. Holes have been pierced through rubies and sapphires as fine as the 1-1200 part of an inch. A platina wire has been reduced, by being enclosed in silver and then drawn to "the undetectable thickness of the 1-108000 part an inch."

The advantages of the holes made in gems over those in metal plates are various. Among them are the perfect polish given by the diamond powder, so that the gold is never removed from copper gilt wires, but a peculiar brilliancy is imparted to the metal. The durability of the holes is so great that a piece of wire 800 miles in length, has been drawn through a perforated ruby, without enlarging the aperture in any appreciable degree.

BIOGRAPHY.**GEORGE CANNING.**

His family is English. He was born in London, in April 1771,—and, of course, was in his 57th year when he died. His ancestor removed to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who had conferred on him the manor of Garvach. His father was the son of Stratford Canning, who having displeased his father, by marrying a dowryless beauty, was turned upon the world with an allowance of 150*l.* with the assurance that he would not be remembered in his father's will. He was a scholar, and embarked for England, where he was entered as a student in the Middle Temple; but paying more devotion to the Muses and Literature, than the law, he, of course, became poor; and died in 1771, a few days after the birth of the son—who was destined to preside over the political concerns of his country.—This son, by the care and discernment of a maternal Uncle, was placed at Eton, where he became a senior in 1786, and in 1788 was entered at Oxford. Here he acquired great celebrity for his proficiency in the sciences, and the strength and brilliancy of his declamation; and among others formed an acquaintance with Lord Liverpool then Mr. Jenkinson. On leaving the University he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, joined a Debating Society, and acquired an ease and facility of public speaking to which much of his subsequent success is owing. His manners were formed for society, and not for studious application; and he became very intimate with Sheridan, and Fox, whom he met at the table of his uncle, and who was anti-Pittite. The nephew was opposed to the politics of his uncle and cherished the acquaintance of Mr. Pitt, and was introduced to him. Pitt was struck with the talents of his new acquaintance, and determined to bring him into Parliament. At the age of 22, (in 1793) he was elected for Newport. Soon after he took his seat, Mr. Sheridan congratulated the House upon the accession of the ability which they had acquired. But although thus flattered, Mr. C. had the good sense to render himself acquainted with the forms of the house before he ventured to address them. His maiden speech was delivered in 1794, when he made a bold and manly vindication of the measures of the Pitt administration and fully justified all the anticipations of

his friends. His sentiments were afterwards always delivered on all important questions, and his intimacy with Mr. Pitt was improved into friendship, which lasted throughout the life of that eminent statesman. In 1796 he became a Joint Secretary of the Treasury under Lord Granville; and was returned a Member for Wendover. In 1801, he retired with Mr. Pitt, and at this time composed his celebrated song of "The Pilot that weathered the storm." Upon Mr. Pitt's returning to office, in 1803, Mr. C. succeeded Mr. Tierney, as Treasurer of the Navy, which he held till the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, when he again retired. In 1807, he returned to office as Secretary of Foreign Affairs. In 1809, having a rupture with Lord Castlereagh, on the subject of the Walcheren expedition, he was engaged in a duel with his Lordship, and was wounded. He then retired from office, but still continued to support the administration. In 1812 he twice refused invitations to return to office. Between 1812 and 1822 he was an Ambassador to Portugal, and President of the Board of Control, and was appointed to the splendid Vice-Royalty of Governor of India. When about to depart, the sudden and unexpected death of the Marquis of Londonderry, made a vacancy in the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. The eyes of all England were fixed on Mr. C. as his successor, and after some delay the decision of the public was ratified by the Prince Regent, and Mr. Canning accepted the seals of office. More recent political occurrences of his life must be in the recollection of all our readers.

In 1799, he was married to Miss Joan Scott, whose twin sister was married to the now Duke of Portland. These co-heiresses inherited immense fortunes from their father General Scott. Mr. Canning has left several children. His eldest son died in 1820, aged 19,—and the epitaph to his memory written by his father, will long be remembered. His now eldest son is a Captain in the Navy; and one of his daughters is married to the Marquis of Clanricarde. In private life Mr. Canning was unostentatious himself, and a lover of simplicity in others, easy of access, and distinguished for good nature and mildness of temper.

LITERARY.**THE BUCCANEERS.**

The new Romance under the title of "THE BUCCANEERS," *A Romance of our own country in its ancient day*, which was announced some weeks past as in press, will it is understood, make its appearance in about a week in the city of New-York, and will be published in London during the middle of this month, October. The scene of its action lies principally on the Island of Manhattan, or New-York, though partly at the city of Albany, and its immediate neighbourhood, during the latter end of the 17th century, and at an interesting period of the colonial history, as the work portrays the fierce struggle for supremacy between the factions of the Bayard and Leister families (the provincial houses of York and Lancaster) whose terrible controversies for power, as represented by Smith in his excellent history of New-York, convulsed the province almost to its ruin, giving advantage of annoyance to foreign and intestine enemies, as was proved by the successful inroads in the colony by the French from Canada, and the burning and massacre at Schenectady by the Indians. The celebrated freebooter Capt. Kidd is also an important personage in the Romance, and although the fame of this daring robber who was once the terror of the ocean, will most probably be handed down to an hundred succeeding generations, by the old ballad "As I sailed, &c." and the numerous fireside traditions, the coinage of fear and superstition with which our country abounds; there are few but will be gratified at the perusal of a work which describes among its character a rover so savage and relentless: indeed the name of Kidd is in part intimately interwoven with our Colonial Records. He was a pirate during the reign of King William the Third; for according to Smollett, the colonies of North America having grown rich by piracy, Kidd was despatched with a vessel fitted out for the purpose to suppress the marauders, but he turned pirate himself, and during his career had a secret place of retirement on or near a hill about

two miles south of the city of Albany, (and which still bears the name of Kiddenhoogten, as it is improperly called Kettenhoogten,) that hill according to tradition he adopted as a place of rendezvous, for those infernal spirits, to whose care he entrusted the enormous sums of money which he buried in the earth, and there it is said also, he made a cave which is hidden from all human observation in which he buried 50 boxes of gold, and laid upon them 13 human bodies of those whom he had murdered, in order to serve as a talisman against the prying curiosity of such as were in search of hidden treasure. At Coeymans also, it is affirmed, that Kidd remained during part of two seasons, secreted in a barn belonging to one of the name of Coeyman's, and afterwards in a mill called Livingston's mill, the property of Col. Livingston, and ancestor of the present family of that name, who by many was supposed (possibly without foundation) to have protected and encouraged the dangerous marauder. Eventually, Kidd was taken and sent to England, and there tried for murder and piracy, and executed in 1701. Besides an interesting story which the stirring events of the period so easily admits, it is presumed that the Romance of "The Buccaneers" will afford considerable entertainment from a humorous though faithful portraiture of the manners, customs and fashions of the honest Dutch settlers of the New-Netherlands, as many of the "Mynheers and frawes," the progenitors of many of our citizens whose names are familiar from their extraction, and as connected from the first settlement with New-York, are said to figure in the pages of this forthcoming work—and doubtless the simple manners of the olden day have given opportunities for many ludicrous though just comparisons with the fashions, luxuries, and follies of our own times.

THE LIFE OF JOHN LEDYARD,**THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.**

This work is announced in the press at Boston.—It contains Selections from his Journals and Correspondence, which have been obtained from different branches of his family, and other sources, by Mr. Sparks, the author of the work.

Ledyard was over four years with Captain Cook, and near him at the time of his massacre. He returned to this country after the American war, and was the first to propose a voyage to the N. W. Coast. His plan was unsuccessful, although he urged it here, and in Spain and France. He then proposed to travel by land from Paris to Behring's Straits, thence to America and across the Rocky Mountains. From Siberia, however, he was ordered back by the Empress, and left destitute on the confines of Poland, whence he found his way to England. Being engaged by Sir Joseph Banks to make discoveries in Africa, he went to Cairo, where, in 1790, he fell the first sacrifice to the cause of discovery in that quarter of the world, where so many enterprising travellers have since followed him to the grave.

His Siberian Journal has been preserved entire, and several letters written from Russia, to Mr. Jefferson and other persons. His celebrated eulogy on women, so often repeated, and so beautifully versified by Mrs. Barbauld, was written at Yakutsk, in Siberia. This journal also contains many curious remarks on the character and customs of the Tartars, as compared with the American Indians and the South Sea Islanders, whom he had before seen in various parts of the globe. His journals and letters while he was in France and Spain, are hardly less curious, containing observations on men and things often original and always striking. His letters from Egypt to Mr. Jefferson and the Secretary of the African Association, are equally characteristic. His journal of Cook's voyage, though not a complete narrative, abounds in lively descriptions and pertinent remarks; and his account of Cook's death is drawn up with more vivacity and apparent truth, than any other that has been published. It is believed that the papers, taken altogether, are worthy of the effort that has been made to rescue them from oblivion, and that the delineation they will afford of the character of their author, will not be unacceptable to such readers as love to contemplate the workings of an ardent mind, engaged in noble pursuits, and encountering with fortitude the obstacles incident to great and hazardous enterprises.

POPULAR TALES.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

The following Tale is from the pen of Mr. Brougham, the celebrated English statesman:—

In my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopt my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth, (the former was preferred,) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now; but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clock-wright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through: It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting of the danger of pressing too weight-

ily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sort of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellying abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsba. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half-hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him,—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about

you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or frame-work of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it was still tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at my escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupid eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding, my hair dishevelled, and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal

towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

THE REFLECTOR.

ILLUSTRATION OF LIFE.

The following beautiful illustration of Life is from the celebrated Bishop Heber's farewell sermon, delivered upon the eve of his departure for India, to his parishioners at Hodnet, in England.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides gently down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us, we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be ship-wrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of his waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which are gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find, by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as way-faring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in his mercies?

MECHANICAL PIETY.

The term mechanical may be applied to the piety of those who believe themselves to be pious, though in reality they are not so; for as their devotion is not derived from a genuine source, it should rather be called gloominess of disposition than piety. These persons mistake ill-humour for zeal; sadness for the fear of God; and fits of hypochondria for contests with evil spirits. Confirmed in their error by foolish people who imagine the consequences of a morbid state of body to be so many proofs of extraordinary virtue, their moroseness exceeds all rational bounds, they fancy themselves commissioned by God to act as censors upon earth; they rail against all mankind; they declaim with frantic extravagance against all innocent amusements; and whenever they meet with a man of happy and cheerful temperament, they denounce him as a carnal sinner, enthralled by and devoted to the devil. It sometimes happens that these persons, when their vicious humours have seriously affected their health, apply to medical men for assistance; and by dint of copious evacuations, their piety sometimes passes off with their bodily secretions.—*Memoirs of L. Holberg: Autobiography, Vol. XII.*

PROFANE SWEARING.

Some persons have, perhaps unconsciously at the time, contracted an odious, a criminal practice of

profane swearing, which they cannot but know is disgraceful to themselves as well as offensive to heaven, but of which they find it difficult to correct themselves. *Chrysostom* has an excellent rule to enable people to break off this censurable habit. "Every time you let slip an oath," says he, "punish thyself by missing the next meal. Such a course as this, though troublesome to the flesh, will prove profitable to the spirit and cause quick amendment; for the tongue will need no other monitor to make it take heed of swearing another time, if it has been thus punished with hunger and thirst for its former transgressions, and knows it shall be punished again if it ever commit the like crime hereafter."

By the way it strikes us that this might prove a valuable recipe for the cure of many other vices.

[*Christian Intelligencer.*]

MISCELLANY.

BOOKS IN GERMANY.

In the whole northern and central parts of Germany, there is but one very large city. Indeed, excepting Vienna, there is in the wide limits of the ancient empire, no one place that can be compared to New-York in point of population, still less in the splendour of new edifices, and the cheering bustle of successful enterprise. The consequences of this state of things are visible in public taste. The independence of literary action is fully established. A book derives no great advantage from being published in Berlin or Vienna. Indeed, an impulse greater than any from Vienna, has been given to the public mind by Weimar, a city not so large, and certainly not so flourishing as the town of Providence or Cincinnati. The public, that invisible, most powerful, impartial personification of the high culture and authority of a nation, is in Germany, as in the United States, to be sought for every where. In every village, cultivated minds are unfettered by the decision of a metropolis, and opinions are freely given and boldly canvassed. The fate of a book published in France is decided at Paris; but in Germany, the highest honours in letters, as with us the presidential dignity, are to be won only by obtaining the free suffrages of remote, independent and equal districts.

The arrangements of the bookselling interest are well suited to advance the purposes of letters. Leipzig is the great centre of this business: In Leipzig, every book, be it published where it may, is advertised and kept regularly for sale—not a sixpenny pamphlet but finds its way there. Nothing is so sure of a good reception, as to pretend to make its way by itself, independent of the usual mode; and nothing so small or so mean as to be overlooked. In America, if a man in an Atlantic state were to need a book printed at Nashville or St. Louis, he would stand but a poor chance of obtaining it, even by applying to a house of extensive connexions. In Germany so perfect is the system, you may receive of the smallest bookseller in the smallest town that has a bookseller, any work published in any part of the country, as surely, as soon, and on as good terms as if you had applied to the house most largely engaged in the trade. It requires no keen eye to discern what influence such a system of things must have on the literary character of the country, and the facility with which intelligence is diffused.

Nor is it unworthy of remark, that the common style of printing is a correct but not an expensive one. The charms of hot pressed paper, and the extravagant luxury of large margins, are almost unknown. By this economy the acquisition of a library is put within the reach of those who have but small means. Every work is usually printed on two or three different kinds of paper, and sold at corresponding prices; thus the rich have no cause to complain, and the poor are essentially benefited.

[*American Quarterly Review.*]

PHYSICIANS.

A celebrated Physician at Bath, upon not finding himself better for his own prescriptions, said laughingly to a friend one day, "Come, I think I will give myself a fee, I am sure I shall do better then." The Doctor put his hand with great solemnity into his pocket, and passed over a guinea to

the other hand; this had the desired effect. The same Physician, on receiving the last fee he took in this world, a few days before he died, said, holding it up with streaming eyes to a friend that was near him, "*Ultimus Romanorum*, my good friend."—*Dr. Ward* used to call Physicians "the Scavengers of the Human Race," and so indeed they are, when they condescend to visit a dram-drinking woman, or a scrupulous man, with the apparent intention with which they would visit a person in a pleurisy or a putrid fever. A late Physician of Bath (who was a fine gentleman, as well as a good scholar and eminent Physician), when sent for to a patient who indulged himself in strong drink, used to inquire of what particular liquor he was fond, and to make him drink it well diluted with water, after he had given him a pretty strong vomit; this of course, rather indisposed the patient against his beloved potation for some time. *Dr. Ratcliffe*, who indulged himself not unfrequently with a bottle or two of claret, was once called in to a lady who had the same propensity, but who was drunk. The Doctor, who was in the same situation himself, but who little dreamt of the lady's condition, approached the bedside, and finding himself unable to feel her pulse, stammered out (speaking of himself) "Devilish drunk, indeed!" The lady's maid, who was present, thinking the Doctor had said this of her lady, whispered him, "Indeed, Sir, you have hit upon my mistress' disorder; she is apt now and then to take a little too much wine." The Doctor now had his cue, prescribed as well as he could to her particular complaint some emetic tartar and warm water, and bustled out of the room as well as he could.

A very singular story is told of this celebrated practitioner. He used to go to some coffee house in the city, where he gave his advice gratis, or for half a fee. A celebrated miser who lived near London, to save his money, presented himself before him in a shabby coat, and with a fine nosegay, which he gave to the Doctor (who was very fond of flowers,) telling him that he was a poor man, and had nothing better to give him for his advice. The sagacious physician, who knew him through all his disguise, asked him if he did not live near Chelsea, and if he had never seen Mr. ———, (the disguised gentleman's real name.) On telling him that he knew him very well, "Well then," added he, "when you see him, give my compliments to him, and tell him that Old Nick will have him ere three weeks are past." The person went home, and, as the story goes, died within the time, to complete his friend's prediction.

To some court lady, who was much oppressed with a nervous complaint, then called vapours, who asked him what she was to do to get rid of them, he said, "Your Grace must either eat and drink less, take exercise, take physic, or be sick."

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

A French soldier who accompanied the armies of Russia concealed a small treasure at the entrance of a village near Wilna with the view of taking it with him on his return. After the defeat of Moscow he was made prisoner, and sent to Siberia, and only recovered his liberty at the end of last year. On reaching Wilna, he remembered his hidden treasure, and after tracing out the spot where he had hid it, he went to take it away. What was his astonishment to find, in the place of his money, a small tin box, containing a letter addressed to him, in which a commercial house was mentioned at Nancy, where he might receive the sum buried, with interest, since the year 1812. The soldier supposed this was all a hoax; he went however, to the house pointed out, where he received his capital, with twelve years interest. With this sum he established a small business at Nancy, which enables him to live comfortably; but he has never been able, though he has taken some pains, to ascertain how his money was taken away and restored to him.

PERSIAN WHITTINGTON.

Sir William Ousley, in his Travels in Persia, says, "It is not a little singular that in countries widely separated, and in various languages, the story of our English Whittington, so long the hero of a favourite nursery tale, has been related of several different persons." On the authority of a Persian manu-

script, he assigns the name of an island to the following anecdote:

"Keis the son of a poor widow in Siraf, embarked for India with his sole property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the place was so infested with mice and rats, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city; and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in the island, which, from his, has been denominated *Keis*, or according to the Persians, *Keish*.

"The worthy Florentine, (Sir William adds,) Messer Ansaldo degli Ormauni, was indebted to feline assistance for riches and celebrity: his two cats, 'duo bellissimi gatti, unmaschio e una femina, relieved the king of an island (Canaria) on which he had been cast by a violent tempest, from the plague of mice; and he was rewarded 'con ricchissimi doni.'"—Vol. i. p. 170.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

OCTOBER.

"And Nature looking round her,
Bends the bright robe that bound her."

[Anonymous.]

Month after month has entered and passed till we again find our salutation called for, as a matter of compliance with the laws of strict impartiality. There is music in all seasons. There is music in the very discord of rural or city industry; and October has its share, both to profit and to please, above the whole of her Calendar sisters. There is music in the shrill creaking of the distaff, equal to the finest touches of the church organ, at least to the jolly old farmer who loves good cider. There is music in the querulous interjections of the barn yard tenants, when mutually jostling and disturbing each other's plentiful meal, to him who is sharpening his appetite for their less noisy destruction, or already calculating the shining additions to be made to his purse by their sale. There is music in the rattling of market wagons along the town-ward way, loaded with all manner of negotiable commodities, from the mighty carcase of the fattest beef, to the high piled coops of chattering chickens. There is music in the rustling melody of the husking bout, embellished with an occasional recitative from some old practical joker, a solo from some strong winded youngster, and wound off by a full chorus from the laughter-loving boys. There is music in the forest, where the falling of the withering leaves have already given a warning for the feathered warblers to seek some sunnier clime, and the squirrel revels among the wilderness of nuts, and the partridge leads her full grown chickens from thicket to thicket, or drums away the gloomy hours on her wonted perch. There is music, and it is music indeed, coming over the hushed billows of the river, or through the foggy valley, in the silent and bright hour of moonlight—the mellow bugle,—the warbling clarion,—or the softer flute and flageolet. But who shall ever assume the confidence to emulate the music of the electioneering club, around the bar-room fire, in many an adjourned and re-adjourned display of resolutions, cheers, spouting, toasting, and, neither last nor least, hickupping? Thrice honoured patriotism! disinterested philanthropy! magnani-

mous and upright zeal for the cause of liberty! this month is the glorious jubilee of thy children, and, happy month! thrice, aye, four times happy, for recording the feats, but not the defeats of many a pillar of patriotism. Go then and confront the base insinuating defamer who would pronounce this month a season of mud and noise; and carry the truth in thunder home to the delicate ears of him, who can discern no music in the bustling sounds which characterize the cheerful month of OCTOBER.

We introduce the following communication in this place, on the presumption that it may be set to the music above, tho' more peculiarly adapted to the *legato affettuoso* perhaps than the *allegro ma non troppo* of 'October.' Such of our readers as cultivate a superior taste to our own, may sing it, with our correspondent's leave, *ad libitum*:—

AUTUMN.

Leaves are growing pale,—
Sad proof of summer's fleetness;
Flowers begin to fail
And lose their blooming sweetness;
Chilling vapours breathe
Their plaintive sighs before us,
And beauty fades from all beneath
The sky that darkens o'er us.

Oh! that aught so fair
Should for a season perish!
But they have no share
With hopes that mortals cherish;
Nay; the flowers shall bloom
When spring renews their gladness,
And above their transient tomb
Shall leave no trace of sadness.

Melancholy weaves
Her subtle texture o'er them,
Yet in mercy leaves
A train of hopes before them.
Happy were the boon
To our dark path extended;
For the elixir that reaches so soon
Is aye and ever ended!

Stay; 'tis vain to sing
The wane of human brightness,
Though there be no spring
To bring again its lightness.
Let the blossoms go
Till Time renews their gladness;—
The harp of Autumn should not flow
To Life's reluctant sadness.

G.

ORTHOGRAPHY. Our friends of the quill at the west are at present looking very savage, and venting sundry *ill-spelt* appellations at each other on the subject of orthography. There is certainly more importance attached to the subject than many are willing to allow, but as we frequently see allusions to Walker's Dictionary as a standard of Orthography, we beg leave to slip in a word on that subject. We hope we don't intrude. The truth is, that to fix a standard of English orthography was as far from Mr. Walker's mind, as it is from ours to discover the continent of Europe. This had already been fixed on a permanent basis by Doctor Johnson. Mr. Walker's aim extended no farther than to assist the speakers of the English language in acquiring what is perhaps of greater consequence to them,—an uniformity of pronunciation.

When Doctor Johnson first conceived his plan of compiling a Dictionary of the English Language, orthography was indeed in a wretched state,—scarcely two writers in the whole kingdom coinciding in all points, and all complaining of the inconveniences arising from the want of a standard authority. He undertook it with this truth staring him in the face, that if he ventured to arbitrate, or dictate on

his sole authority, the spelling of a single word, his system must fall to the ground. His only resource therefore lay in selecting from prevailing modes of orthography, and even in these he was not free from the imputation of partiality by those who happened to spell differently from the authorities he preferred. From such materials, and bound by such limits, it is no wonder that after the most laborious investigation, his work should contain some slight inconsistencies. The anomalies of the language, he did not attempt to correct, having no disposition to propose any thing to the world on his own arbitrary authority. His greatest object was to prevent their increase.

Mr. Walker drew his materials for his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary from sources, every way as variable as the authorities quoted by Johnson. Nor did he attempt to fix, by his own dictum, the orthoepy of a single word. It has been in England, and it ought to be in every country, that the study of the true orthoepy was best understood, and the taste regulated by the speakers of the senate, the pulpit, and the stage. Their usages it was the intent of Mr. Walker to receive as his authority alone; assuming no other power than the liberty of giving a preference where two or more modes of pronunciation possessed an equal weight of popular importance. And even when a bad practice had arisen from the pedantry of public speakers, he did not arrogate to himself the power of disputing the omnipotence of custom. His remarks in such cases, are well worthy the attention of the philologist, and would teach them who look on him as an upstart, and a pedant, that his whole course of lexicographical labour was over a road already beaten by the footsteps of their darling custom.

Mr. Walker did not differ from Johnson's orthography, even where he was compelled to give a gentle hint to their trifling inconsistencies. He is not therefore the scape-goat for all the incongruous anomalies, which have, and probably, always will hang to our language, spite of the correcting power of philological disquisition. But he does offer the best standard of Orthoepy which has probably ever been sent out into the world. We will not say it has no defects; for what work founded on the usages of ten thousand fickle souls can be free from them;—but we do say that its general principles and the improvements which they have already effected, are at this day, to him who will study them, the easiest, and the best guide to the pronunciation of the English Language. Let those who disclaim his Orthoepy, and revolt from foreign authority as influencing our language, go on, and manufacture a language to suit themselves; but let them also renounce the name with the purity. The English Language is, and always will be, that language which is spoken in England, and all which are made to differ from its standard purity there, must be defined by the vulgarising title of *Dialects*.

The celebrated Seneca Chief, RED JACKET, has been deposed by a council of the chiefs of his nation. His great age, and the amazing decline of Indian strength since his entrance upon the stage, have perhaps induced him to oppose the innovations introduced by the whites, and their too evident cupidity which has shown itself in the numerous attempts to compel them to sell their lands. He was born a heathen, and with a tenacity known only in great and proud minds, he has strove to maintain his own religious notions among his red brethren.

rent; and the opposition he manifested towards the missions and schools established among them, has perhaps been the moving cause of his deposition. He has appealed from the council of the Seneca tribe, to that of the Six Nations, and it is generally believed that they will reinstate him.

We fear there has been in this instance, as in many others which have resulted in the most appalling events, an officious, an impolitic and unwarrantable interposition of the whites, who under the name of Religion, and believing themselves, no doubt, advancing the cause of truth, have fermented and nourished such a jealousy as may yet overthrow all their designs of benevolence. We will say that Red Jacket was immortal; are none of his zealous accusers so? But he was averse to civilization;—very well;—could he not be allowed to live out, in the exercise of his own opinions, the few short years he has yet to abide on earth? They have no hope of converting him, and why should he be brought to hate with a more deadly hatred, the mysteries of revelation, just as he is about to test their dreadful reality in another world?

This ill fated race is dwindled down to a sickly and disconsolate handful. Where are the noble traits of character they once displayed, with such strength as to draw involuntary praise, even from their fastidious puritan destroyers? The fire of ardent spirits has raged among them, and the soul has felt its ruin. The arts of the white man, and the arms of the white murderer, have thinned—almost exterminated their numbers, and robbed them of their forests and their strength. And now, when they are just vanishing from the earth, as it were, the hands of Christians are stretched out to them, inviting them to become civilized, and be like white men. Is it a wonder they spurn at the invitation? Who is not led to observe, with a celebrated historian, "It would have been happy if they had converted some before they had killed any?"

TABLE-TALK.

For the information of geographical students, a writer in the Boston Daily Advertiser asserts, on his own personal responsibility, that Boston is at this day, as near to Liverpool and London as it ever was.—There has been a shower of chairs at New-Haven. [So say the papers, but we consider it rather doubtful.]—The use of cigars is said to have contributed much to the perfection of oratory, in a certain university about east of this.—The keeper of the Newburyport penitentiary was lately assaulted by two prisoners, who beset him on his rounds, and discharged the contents of a—snuff-box into his face and eyes. [This is a trick not to be sneezed at.]—A work has lately been published in New-York, by Mons. Loubae, on the culture of the Grape.—The editor of a Georgia paper relates an unfortunate controversy between himself and his foreman, on the orthography of the word *inquire*; the foreman, to the mortification of the editor, uniformly spelling it *enquire*. Another paper remarks that it is no wonder the foreman should prefer his *e*'s to the use of his *i*'s. [Dr. Johnson once said that the man who would be guilty of uttering a pen, is none too honest to steal a sheep!—*Eccē signum !!*]—The Spanish inhabitants of Louisiana eat the flesh of the rattlesnake, cooked in the manner of chickens,—they then make shoes of the skin, which retains all its variegated colours after being tanned.—The inhabitants of New South Wales have a singular way of ridding themselves of mosquitoes. They dim the light of their lamp, by putting a calabash over it, and then walk slowly around their room with it on their head, till the troublesome insects are all collected about the calabash; they then step gently out of doors, puff out the lamp, and jump back into the apartment, shutting the door quickly after them; they thus leave the blood-thirsty little fellows on the outside.—Mr. Timothy Twigg, of Conway, (Mass.) who is now 84 years old, has been often in the field, during the present season leading the way with his scythe, before a son and a grandson. He mowed an acre and a quarter alone, in half a day, jocosely observing that he preferred mowing alone, as the company found it difficult to keep up.—There has been a shower of herrings at Montrose, Scotland.—A maker of Aerial Phaetons lately

made his appearance in Litchfield, (Conn.) He drew the attention of the good Yankees, by talking of erecting *Fandango*. [Can any body define it?] on the Catskill mountains, and in other places, so far that he employed several mechanics to work upon it, while he took his glass of wine, smoked his cigar, and dined at the public inn; but the material part,—the application of the rhino, he unfortunately forgot, till the idea of its propriety was delicately hinted to him by some of the inquisitive, good-natured Yankees in his employ. Since then, the gentleman is not to be found, having, probably taken a rise in one of his Aerial Phaetons.—Twenty-four journeymen tailors have lately been convicted of a conspiracy at Philadelphia.—A gentleman advertises a runaway apprentice in a southern paper, and describes him as "having a nose turned up in the middle about six feet high." [Either this apprentice must be of the snipe breed, or there is an error in the punctuation of the advertisement.]—A self-nominated candidate pledges himself, if elected, "to have the taxes paid out of the treasury."—The proprietors of *Chambers' Medicine* give notice to Editors who will insert their advertisement, that they shall be furnished gratis with sufficient to cure one drunkard! [A fine chance,—too good to let go unimproved.]—A correspondent in the New-York American states that he crossed the 180th degree of longitude in February, 1824, which made that month to consist of thirty days, including six Sundays. [Singular indeed, but nevertheless true.]—A single stage coach not long since arrived at Providence from Pawtucket, with forty-one passengers.—Mr. Reynolds, a lecturer on Capt. Symmes' theory, is about building a ship, to penetrate to the poles. Funds have been raised for the purpose, and the system is now likely to be fairly tested. [Attention to the poles!]—An editorial wit says:—Miss Sedgwick has written *Hope Leslie*, it is true, but not *hopelessly*. [Another execrable pun!]—There has been a "general turn out" for more wages, among the sailors of Boston.—A valuable chalybeate spring has been discovered in Cliff st. New-York.—Sixty-six criminal cases have been tried in the Boston Police court, in one week.—A letter was received at the post office in this city, on Thursday last, with the following wide direction:—

"Mr Harvey Hunt,
Albany,

or some where else this side of the Blue Mountains—where there is business,

N. Y."

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY LATE ARRIVALS.

The small pox was making dreadful ravages in London. The Russian fleet of five sail of the line and three frigates sailed from Portsmouth on the 24th of August, for Cronstadt. Letters from Saint Petersburg describe the greatest activity as prevailing in the War and Foreign Department at that capital, and state that a new declaration respecting the negotiation at Constantinople was on the eve of being addressed by Russia to the other great powers of Europe. The Emperor is said to have manifested much discontent at the delays and tergiversation of the Porte, and to be firmly resolved on putting an end to the effusion of blood in the Peloponessus. In Syria the ravages of the plague have been frightful. In Aleppo and Damascus, the inhabitants died to the number of a thousand in a day. The city of Tokat, in the province of Sicon, in Asia Minor, celebrated for the rich copper mines in its vicinity, has been nearly destroyed by an earthquake, which also did great damage in the adjacent country. Resolutions were passed at a meeting in Liverpool, to raise subscriptions for erecting a monument in that city to the memory of the late Mr. Canning. One of Cobbet's tools, who was present at the meeting, objected to the resolutions, in a style reminding us of the ass and the dead lion.

The London New Times of the 30th August, contains a long letter from Barry O'Meara, addressed to the public, in which he comments on the statements of Sir Walter Scott respecting the treatment of Napoleon, at Saint Helena. He furnishes facts which go to prove, to say the least, that Sir Walter has been very careless in collecting his materials.

French papers to the 25th, state under date of August 6th, that the Greeks had gained a decisive victory over the Egyptians in the Peloponessus, in the vicinity of Voslitz, and had forced Ibrahim to retire, after three vain attempts to force his way out of the Peninsula. A letter from Zante of the 2d August also announces that Lord Cochrane had gained a fresh advantage at sea. After alarming the city of Alexandria and the Pacha of Egypt, by his appearance before that place, his Lordship had returned to Paros, where it was expected that he would lay up his vessels, according to the practice of the Greek naval commanders. He remained however on the watch, and finding that a Turkish frigate of 36 guns, and a schooner, were passing, on their way to Phiras, he suddenly rushed upon

them, and after a brief engagement, compelled them to surrender, and brought them back in triumph. The ultimatum of the European powers had not yet been transmitted to the Porte, who had therefore less than a month to re-consider its former determination, and to adopt one more consistent with the views of the European Monarchs, and the real interests of the Ottoman Empire.

VARIETIES.

QUIBBLE AGAINST QUIBBLE.

Some years ago, Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, took a house at Westminster, and bound himself (as he thought) to paint the inside once during the seven years' lease; but in a subsequent covenant, which if Reynolds read, he did not understand, there was so much technicality and ground for quibbling as to the exact period for commencing the aforesaid colouring operation that at the end of the first year, the landlord (a most litigious and vexatious attorney) brought an action for breach of contract, but which the eccentric dramatist defeated by immediately painting the whole of the inside of the house—black!

FORGETFULNESS.

A Gentleman who had a short memory, wrote in his pocket-book; "Mem.—to marry next Thursday." As a proof that this precaution was not altogether useless, Mr. B.—, who had married in the morning, went to bed at night in his usual lodging. And it is related of Mr. Harvey, whose character is drawn by Bickerstaffe in the comedy of the *Absent Man*, that having appointed a day to be married, he entirely forgot it, and went a fishing.

NEW CLASSIFICATION.

A married lady alluding in conversation to the 148th Psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses under the description of *vapours* and *stomachs*.

AN ULTRA TASTE FOR VIVACITY.

"Dear Miss," said a stout old lady to a friend of mine, who complained of the fleas tormenting her whilst she was confined to her bed by sickness, "don't you like fleas? Well I think them the prettiest little things in the world: I never saw a dull flea in all my life."

A public-house at the village of Burniston, in Yorkshire, has a sign consisting of portraits, at full length, and in full costume, of four personages, as follows:—a king, a soldier, a parson, and a farmer; and the house is yeapt "the Four Alls." Out of the mouth of his Majesty are the words "I govern all;" the soldier says, "I fight for all;" the parson, "I pray for all;" and the farmer finishes with, "I pay for all."

A gentleman at Paris, writing a few days since to a lady at St. Petersburg, thus commenced his letter:—"Madam, I should apologize for writing to you in my shirt sleeves; but the weather is so excessively hot, that I have been under the necessity of tucking them up."
Le Furest.

An old woman who lived in one of the midland counties, hearing the bells ring in 1814, inquired the cause. "It's rejoicing for the peace, mistress," said the old farmer. "The peace! O Lord! O Lord, what will this world come to?—What! have they been fighting again?"

A blind man had a wife whom he loved to excess, though he was told she was very ugly.—A physician offered to cure him of his blindness—he would not consent to it—"I should lose" said he, "the love which I have for my wife, and that love is my happiness."

A knavish attorney asked a worthy gentleman to define honesty, "what is that to you," replied the latter, "meddle with things that concern you."

LEMAN,—Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23.

POETRY.

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE.

BY MRS. HERMAN.

« Les sarcophages même, chez les anciens, ne rappellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes:—On voit des jeux, des danses représentés en bas-reliefs sur les tombeaux. »—*Corinne*.

Oh! ever joyous band
Of revellers amidst the southern vines!
On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,
Fixed in undying lines;

Thou hast the sculptured bowl,
And thou that wearest the immortal wreath,
And thou, from whose young lip and flute the soul
Of music seems to breathe;

And ye, luxuriant flowers,
Linking the dancers with your graceful ties,
And cluster'd fruitage born of sunny hours
Under Italian skies.

Ye, that a thousand springs,
And leafy summers, with their odorous breath,
May yet outlast; what do ye there, bright things,
Mantling the place of Death?

Of sunlight and soft air,
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever green,
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye bear—
Why thus, where dust hath been?

Is it to show how slight
The bound that severs festivals and tombs,
Music and silence, roses and the blight,
Crowns and sepulchral glooms?

Or, when the father laid
Happy his child's pale ashes here to sleep,
When the friend visited the cypress shade,
Flowers o'er the dead to heap;

Say if the mourners sought
In these rich images of summer mirth,
These wine-cups and gay wreaths to lose the thought
Of our last hour on earth?

Ye have no voice, no sound,
Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what I seek;
Silent ye are, light forms, with vine leaves crown'd,
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas! for those that lay
Down in the dust without their hope of old!
Backward they look on life's rich banquet day,
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,
And through the plane-trees every sunbeam's glow,
And each glad murmur from the homes of men,
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
When its last melodies float o'er our way,
Its changeful hues before us faintly swim,
Its fitting lights decay;

E'en though we bid farewell
Unto the spring's blue sky and budding trees,
Yet may we lift our hearts in hope to dwell
Midst brighter things than these.

And think of deathless flowers,
And of bright streams to glorious valleys given,
And know the while, how little dream of ours
Can shadow forth of Heaven!

THE MARCH TO THE TOMB.

We come forth from the dreadful Unknown,
Where the bars of eternity close,
And we hasten through life like the streams that flow on
To the fountain whence they arose.
We come out of the cradle, and tire
Of the sweets of the milk and the knee!
For the restless young spirit hath ever desire
To a loftier branch of the tree;
And we rise till ambition looks light
On the blessed all-hallow of home,
When, new pleasures to seek, and new treasures to get
To the four winds of heaven our faces we set,
But we'll meet where the past generations have met,
For we are all on the march to the tomb.

The lover goes out to the grove,
Where beauty's idolaters stray,
And he basks in the sunny illusions of love,
Till his merry heart dances its day.
The hero seeks honour in power,
And exults in the battle-field train,
But he thinks not of fate, who is winning the hour,
When the slayer shall rest with the slain;
And we love, till the spoiler lays waste
Our idols of beauty and bloom;
And we fight till the day of our triumph is past,
When the strong and the weak in one balance are cast,
And the heavy-toned lesson assures us at last,
That we are all on the march to the tomb.

The miser delights in his gold,
And he toils after heap upon heap,
Till the change of his countenance comes—and behold!
He hath sown what another shall reap.
Yea, the king hath no boon from his birth,
To ensure a less perishing span;
For the prince in his pomp is but dust of the earth,
And his days are the days of a man.
So we treasure our toils till they glad
The dull slaggard that comes in our room;
And we reign till the rulers of empire are laid
Where the sceptre that levels distinction is swayed,
And their destinies sound like a voice from the dead,
That we are all on the march to the tomb.

The following lines are part of a translation from the Pastor Fido, in the U. S. Literary Gazette. The irregularity of the composition, though not altogether new, is not common in our language. The writer says that the measure has been exactly preserved; it may therefore be considered as a sample of the original, rather than a translation.

CANZONE.

Blest golden age, when men
From milk their nurture drew;
In the young world, in woodland cradle reared
The tender offspring then
Of the herd around them grew,
No sword nor mortal venom then was feared.
Nor cloudy thoughts and bleared
Veiled then the eternal light,
The sun of nature pure;
Now reason 'mid obscure
Dim mists of sense, doth hide the heavens with night.
And hence the wandering tree
Seeks stranger lands and ploughs the troubled sea.

That pompous sound and vain,
That idle theme for all,
Blazoned by flattery, titles, empty show—
Which the multitude insane
And ignorant honour call,
Then was not tyrant of the mind below.
But pain to undergo,
For that enjoyment true
And homefelt bliss, that sprung
Their groves and herds among,
And faith to sacred laws was all they knew
By honour's name; well taught
Their lawful joys to prize, by honest thought.

Mid meads and rannels clear,
Sly Sport and frolic Jest
In the path of honest love their torches lit;
And nymphs and swains sincere
In speech their hearts expressed;
And bonds of joy and rapture Hymen knit,
As stronger as more sweet.
For one alone, unveiled,
Love's cherished roses blew,
Close hid from furtive view
Of passion unavowed, whose inquest failed
By cavern, mere, and grove;
And it was one sole name,—marriage and love.

O guilty age! which hides
With pleasures gross and base
The soul's true beauty; and for vice secure
A formal cloak provides
Of the dissembled face;
While uncontrolled rove secret thoughts impure!
Like that extended lure,
Mid flowers and leaves which lies,
Thou low desires dost screen
With holy, modest hues;
Virtue, thou dearest show, and life, disguise:
Nay, most thyself dost laud
For love betrayed if secret be the fraud.

But thou! inform our souls
With longings high and fair,
True honour, dowsy of the noble mind!
And thou! whose power controls
Kings, to this woe repair,
Since without thee no bliss attends mankind.
'Tis thy quick promptings bind
The tangled threads of fate;
The grovelling wish that tires,
Following thy guiding fires,
Forsakes all ancestry revered as great.
Yet sometimes, true from ill,
Let us expect, if hope be with us still.
Let us hope. The sun that sets is born anew,
And heaven's most sombre hue
Serene, unclouded glory oft breaks through,

FRAGMENT.

Hope's faintest hue now faded—gone,
A weary lot is thine,
To weep in silence, sad and lone—
Oh! aching heart of mine.

Better to break at once away,
Than daily thus to pine,
And watch each ebbing vein's decay—
Oh! stubborn heart of mine.

Ah! no; amid this all of ill,
One joy I'd not resign;
Still let me live, to love him still—
Oh! foolish heart of mine.

FROM THE POLISH POETS,

TRANSLATED BY BOWRING.

Thou angel child! thy mournful dress before me
Throws bitterer sorrow o'er me;
Thy little ornaments of joy and gladness
Awake a deeper sadness.
Never again to wear your splendours—never;
All hope is fled forever.
A sleep—a hard and iron sleep hath bound thee,—
Dark night hath gathered round thee.
Thy golden belt is dim; thy flower-wreathed tresses
Scattered—thy summer dresses

Which thy poor mother wrought: she had arrayed thee
For love—and we have laid thee
In the tomb's bridal bed; and now thy dower
Is a funeral flower,—
A little shroud,—a grave. Sweet child! thy father
Some odorous hay shall gather,
To pillow thy cold head. Death's dormitory
Holds thee, and all thy glory.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Thou art faded from life,
As the summer wind's sigh
Breathes through the lone vale
Ere it pauses to die.

Thou art fled from the world,
As a ray of the sun
Still lingers on high
Ere his glory be done.

When evening's bright star
Its soft splendour shall shed
O'er sea, and o'er earth,
I will weep for thee—dead

When sunlight shall smile
On the living and gay,
Of hours will I think
That are now passed away.

They will not return—
They cannot, to me,
Till that last gasp be breathed
Which unites me to thee.

LACONICS.

We are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designing, are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust;—what are these but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim.

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution, or of a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good, that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

Corruption is like a ball of snow, when once set a rolling it must increase. It gives momentum to the activity of the knave, but it chills the honest man, and makes him almost weary of his calling; and all that corruption attracts, it also retains; for it is easier not to fall, than only to fall once, and not to yield a single inch, than having yielded, to regain it.

Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature; she often gives us the lightning even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

Let us so employ our youth that the very old age, which will deprive us of attention from the eyes of the women, shall enable us to replace what we have lost with something better from the ears of men.

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

As that gallant can best affect a pretended passion for one woman, who has no true love for another, so he that has no real esteem for any of the virtues, can best assume the appearance of them all.

A man's profundity may keep him from opening on a first interview, and his caution on a second; but I should suspect his emptiness, if he carried on his reserve to a third.

The greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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[No. 37]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

Extracts from an Oration, delivered before the Grand Lodge of the State of Rhode Island, at Pawtucket, at the celebration of the nativity of St. John the Baptist, June 25, 1827.

BY WILLIAM H. STURTEVANT.

Masons have uniformly dated their origin from the first dawn of the arts and sciences and have given a rational account of their progress to the present day. Those, therefore, who have through ages kept watch over us, with all the jealous vigilance usually excited by what they are pleased to term *secret societies*, ought to be equally versed in our history and be able to affix a different date to our origin, if we are really mistaken in its chronology. This they have not as yet presumed to undertake, and we therefore claim a just title to our antiquity, till one of a paramount character can be fairly exhibited against us.

Within our own time, mysterious inscriptions and characters have been found among the rubbish of Eastern Cities, over whose ruins more than forty centuries have rolled, which have called forth the wonder of the curious, and puzzled the brains of the most learned and scrutinizing antiquary, and which none have yet been found competent to decypher, save those who are versed in the higher orders of masonry.

On these mouldering ruins, and relics of ancient grandeur, the mason gazes with awful veneration, and holds converse with the spirit of other ages, while he reads on every mossy stone, and dilapidated wall, those mystic chronicles, long since forgotten in tradition, and lost in history.

Perhaps it would be impossible precisely to determine when masonry commenced: because it rose gradually with the growth of knowledge. Every person who was so fortunate as to make any new invention in mechanism, or discovery in science, so that he possessed a *mystery*, which was hidden from the rest of the world, was esteemed a mason; for at that period masonry comprehended indiscriminately every description of art and science. No laws then existed, as at the present day, to protect this ingenious and enterprising class of mankind, and secure to them the advantages of their discoveries. Consequently they entered into a compact to protect themselves, and adopted such rules and regulations, secret marks and tokens by which they were enabled to identify each other, though strangers, and render assistance should their necessity require it.

We have seen in our own day, the poor mechanic, in despite of our salutary laws, defrauded of his rightful earnings, after having pioneered with much sweat and toil through dark labyrinths in search of knowledge and improvement. It was to provide against these unrighteous aggressions that masonry was first instituted.

It is not wonderful then, that from its earliest infancy, there have always been found among the great mass of mankind a disaffected class, who have manifested the most violent hostility to the order and who are prominently characterized by an itching ear, a lying tongue and an unfaithful breast.

Such was the situation of masonry, in ancient time, while those who composed the society were scattered throughout the habitable globe and mingled indiscriminately with the whole human family.

The time at length arrived, when a more general and complete organization of this invaluable class was to take place, and a permanent and indissoluble bond was to link them together in eternal harmony. By the command of Jehovah himself, a mighty and majestic fabric was to be erected in honor of his name within the holy precincts of his chosen people. The wise and inspired king of Israel was appointed to execute and finish the great work; one whom he had endowed with wisdom transcendent, and whose

glory had been rendered immortal in history, sacred and profane, by Christian, Mahometan, and heathen. In obedience to the divine edict, he sent forth his summons to distant countries, and planted the White Banner of masonry on the consecrated hill of Judah. Kings and Princes bowed with reverence at the command, and joyously embarked in the glorious undertaking. The Tyrian monarch sent out his most skilful artists to assist in superintending and executing the great work. There gathered together, from remote regions, the ingenious mechanics of different tongues and languages to lend their aid in facilitating the erection of Jehovah's dwelling. The Tyrian limner, with his tressel board, and the Sidonian sculptor, with his chisel and mallet, were proud to enter their names on the roll of workmen, who composed this mighty multitude. There came also, the noble Gibleamite, to whose descendants masonry will forever be deeply indebted, and who wrought hard in his vocation, ere the temple was completed.

There is something not only beautiful, but even sublime attached to this history, and might furnish a highly interesting scene for the painter and theme for the poet.

Under the direction of the great master builder, this assembled congregation of artists were divided into different sections and grades, according to their respective merits; and thus originated what have ever since been called the degrees of masonry. These moved in their variously appointed spheres, with the same regularity and exactness, that we may see, at this day, in the operations of an army of soldiers, under the conduct of a wise and able general.

It has been estimated that upwards of one hundred and thirteen thousand free masons were present on this occasion.

In the proud forests of Lebanon, and marble quarries on the hills of Tyre, they first entered on the mighty work. The tall cedar that towered majestically to heaven, fell at the stroke of the persevering craftsman, and the song of the Phœnician sailor rose sweetly and merrily, on the evening sea breeze, as he fearlessly drove his deep freighted float against the bold coast of Joppa.

On the plain of Jordan between Succoth and Zaradathan, the workers of brass assembled and cast the imperishable pillars, so beautifully described in the holy writings.

The temple of Jehovah was completed without the harsh and discordant sound of iron implements and the same undisturbed harmony prevailed, throughout, among the multitude of its builders.

Amid the various broils and contests which we every day witness, it is found that out of all, masonry occupies only the neutral ground on earth, where men, whatever diversity may exist in political and religious opinion, languages, country or colour, can assemble and cordially extend the hand of friendship to each other in the hour of necessity and despair. From that sacred spot, pomp and power, pride prejudice and private animosity are forever banished. There the Arab the Turk, the European and the American may harmoniously meet upon the level and part upon the square. Herein is the grand and important secret of our institution which the mason alone has ever known or felt.

I here pause to ask if indeed there is no wisdom discoverable in this structure, no strength to support it and no beauty to adorn it. Let those who attempt to controvert this opinion, call in question, if they please, the wisdom of the anointed Chief of Israel and pronounce him a fool! Let them cavil its precepts and smile contemptuously at the handy work of God. They will find, if they search, on the catalogue of masonry, the first and noblest names that grace the pages of ancient and modern history. St. John, whose proud day we are now celebrating, was one of the most devoted patrons of our order. His name-sake too, the inspired Revelator and the favoured companion of the Saviour of the world,

was not ashamed, through the dark vicissitudes of that stormy age; through good report and evil report, to wear before the world, the white badges of masonry. Royalty and nobility through every age have been proud to append them to their robes, stars and coronets. On this roll we read the names of Washington and Warren, of Hamilton and Lafayette, and many others who still survive to bear witness to mankind, by their ardour for our welfare, that we are not dealing in foolery or fiction.

We have already alluded to the antiquity of masonry; and if indeed I am correct in saying that it is the most ancient of any in existence, this circumstance alone would induce us to believe that it possesses strength, when time itself, with all its frightful ravages, is found inefficient to make the slightest innovations. Destroy all that is outwardly visible, connected with the order, and still the *spirit* of masonry will survive and rise again upon its ruins. It cannot be annihilated; for even amid the demolished heap itself, it has always found a secret and safe repository, where after ages have discovered and revived it.

In every age and in every part of the world, masonry has been doomed to encounter the formidable assaults of powerful enemies. He who professes to know a *secret*, and will not reveal it, is damned. The engines of war and death are set in array, and the edicts of despots and bulls of popery are issued against him. Bigotry, scandal and falsehood are had in requisition to effect the same laudable purpose. The tartarean jaws of the Spanish Inquisition have been expanded, and the dying groans of the persecuted mason have often echoed through the portals of its horrid dungeons, while the haughty satraps of Europe have proscribed masonry, as the work of the sorcerer, and subversive of their governments.

I will, however, pass over this disgusting subject. I have alluded to it not for the purpose of calumniating, but to repel calumny, and evince that as the storm seems to thicken around us, we see the assailants every day growing more distant from their object. Amid inundation, conflagration and ruin: amid war, pestilence and death, the shock of time and the assaults of hostile and malignant foes, masonry still STANDS; and stands unshaken! Its brazen archives and depositories have never yet been violated. Those who strike, can never know how their blow should be directed to reach its vitals.

Those who will give themselves the trouble to listen to our tradition and examine our history, unprejudiced and unprepossessed, may there find subject matter for the most delightful contemplation. We there find prominently displayed, Friendship, Charity and brotherly affection, and whatever else can be found in morality and religion to deck the sacred arch under which freemasons are wont to assemble. The most beautiful eulogium, however, which can be given to the order, is a simple, unadorned history of its progress till we arrive at the present period.

The high respectability of that division of masonry, before whom I now appear, the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, and those who compose it, will afford plenary testimony to the truth of what I have said in praise and honour of the institution. Many years have gone by since the organization and independence of your society were first known and acknowledged, and few of its worthy founders and original supporters now remain among us. They have passed away; and the cassia you have planted for them, still flourishes greenly on their graves.

By imitating the excellent example of those of our fraternity who have preceded us, from ancient times to the present; may the same consummate wisdom which dictated them, assist us to contrive; may the same strength which has hitherto supported the great fabric, still support it, through every vicissitude;—and may that beauty which has adorned it with transcendent lustre, continue to bud through time, and blossom in eternity.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

ORIENTAL LODGE, No. 51, was consecrated and its officers installed at Hooksett, on the 4th of October, inst. In the absence of the Grand and Deputy Grand Masters, R. W. Jacob Straw of Henniker, supplied the place of the former, and R. W. Joshua Darling that of the latter. An appropriate and ingenious address was pronounced by Rev. Br. Long—several excellent pieces of music were performed by the choir under the direction of Mr. Barrett of Warner. After the exercises about seventy five masons with other gentlemen, sat down to a well served table provided by Br. Sawyer, at which the following among other sentiments, were drank in a cheerful glass:

May the full effulgence of that Light be soon ushered in, when all Masons shall be good men—all men Masons.

Oriental Lodge. Its rising has been bright—may its meridian be resplendent, and when it shall recline to the West, may it go down leaving a full halo of its glory.

Freemasonry. Clad in the armour of virtue, the shafts, of calumny fall harmless at her feet.

The Orator of the day. May the sentiments he has this day delivered be deeply impressed on our hearts.

VIRGINIA.

The annual meeting of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars and the appendant orders for the State of Virginia, will take place in Winchester, on the 12th day of November next; at which time the representatives of the subordinate encampments are desired to attend.

VERMONT.

The Grand Lodge of the State of Vermont, convened in Montpelier on the 9th inst. and continued in session two days. On Wednesday a discourse was delivered by the Grand Chaplain, with the usual performances in music by the choir of singers.

MISSOURI.

A Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters, for the State of Missouri, has recently been established in the city of St. Louis.

TENNESSEE.

A council of *Royal and Select Masters* has recently been organised in Nashville, Tennessee, and the following officers appointed, viz:

William G. Hunt, T. I. Grand Master; William Tanehill, Deputy Grand Master; Moses Stephens, Principal Conductor; Joseph Norvell, Recorder; Charles Bradford, Treasurer; Henry R. Cartmell, Captain of the Guard; Francis Campbell, Steward and Tyler.

EXPULSIONS.

At an adjourned meeting of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 215, held at the Lodge Room in Bethany, in the county of Genesee, the 4th day of October, A. L. 5827, it was unanimously resolved that *Jonathan K. Barlow* and *Wills Averill*, master masons, be and are hereby expelled from the privileges of masonry for the depravity of their masonic conduct. By order of the Lodge.

JOHN WILSON, W. M.

C. F. LINCOLN, Sec'y. pro tem.

At a regular communication of Granville Lodge, No. 55, held at the Lodge Room in Granville, in the county of Washington and State of New-York, on the 2d day of October 1827, it was unanimously resolved, that *Gais Dayton*, a member of said Lodge, be expelled therefrom for unmasonic conduct. By order.

NUMAN SPICER, Sec'y.

At a regular communication of Montgomery Lodge, No. 13, held at their Lodge Room, in Salisbury, Connecticut, October 2d, A. L. 5827, voted unanimously, that *Richard Hollister*, of Le Roy, New-York, be expelled from all communication with this Lodge, and cut off from all the rights and privileges of masonry, for unmasonic conduct. By order of the Lodge.

MOSSES A. LEE, Sec'y.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

CHANGES OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

Gradual change of the earth's surface by running water.

If a small lake or extensive mill-pond, with very uneven bottom, were suddenly emptied by a sluice or opening in its lowest part, a vast number of pits or pools, of various size and shape, would be left among the inequalities of the bottom. But supposing rain to continue falling, or frequently to recur, a remarkable change would soon be effected; each pool, by running over at its lowest part, and sending out a streamlet, either into another lower pool or into a channel leading directly to the sluice or opening, would be wearing away the part or side over which the water was running, so that the branch or channel would become gradually deeper, and the water in the pool would consequently become shallower; while at the same time the bottom would be filling up with the sand and mud washed down by the rain from the elevations around; and these two operations being continued, the pool would at last disappear altogether. This operation going on in every pool through the whole of the emptied mill-pond, the bottom would at last exhibit only a varied and undulated surface of dry land, with a beautiful arrangement of ramifying channels, all sloping with a precision unattainable by art, to the general mouth or estuary. The reason that in the supposed case, and in every other, a water course soon becomes so singularly uniform as to dimension and descent, is, that any pits or hollows in it are soon filled up by the sand and mud carried along the stream, and deposited where the current is slack; while any elevations are worn away by the action of the more rapid current which accompanies shallowness, until throughout the whole line only a uniform and gradual slope remains.

The present kingdom of Bohemia, for instance, is the bottom of one of the great lakes which once covered Europe. It is a basin or amphitheatre, formed by circular ridges of mountains, and the only gate or opening to it is that remarkable one by which the water escapes from it, and which has evidently been gradually cut or formed by the action of a running stream. As the bottom became uncovered by the sinking of the water, and by the formation of a regular sloping channel from every part, the former lake was converted into a fine and fertile country, a fit habitation for man; and the continued drain from it is the beautiful river which we now call the Elbe.

In Switzerland, even now many of the valleys which were formerly lakes, have the opening for the exit of water so narrow, that, as happened in one of them a few years ago, a mass of snow or ice falling into it, converts the valley once more into a lake. On that occasion alluded to, the accumulation of water within was very rapid: and although, from the danger foreseen to the country below if the impediment should suddenly give way, every means was tried to remove it gradually, the attempt had not succeeded when the frightful burst took place, and involved all below in common ruin.

The magnificent Danube is the drain of a chain of basins or lakes, which must at one time have discharged or run over one into another, but the continued stream-cutting a passage at last low enough to empty them all, they are now regions of fertility, occupied by civilized man, instead of the fishes which held them formerly. The lake of Geneva, for instance, although confined by granite rock; is cutting and lowering its outlet, and the surface has fallen considerably within the period of accurate observation and records, and the wearing of the neighbouring mountains, brought down by the winter torrents, are filling up its bed. If the town of Geneva last long enough, its inhabitants will have to speak of the river in the neighbouring valley, instead of the picturesque lake which now fills it. Already several other towns and villages, which were close upon the lake a century ago, have fields and gardens appearing between them and the shore.

The immense continent of Australasia, or New-Holland, (larger than Europe) is supposed by some to have been formed at a different time from what is called the old world; so different and peculiar are many of its animal and vegetable productions; and the idea of a later formation receives some counte-

nance from the immense tracts of marshy or imperfectly drained land which have been discovered in the interior, into which rivers flow, but which seem not yet to have worn down or formed a sufficient outlet or discharging channel towards the ocean.

[*Arnot's Elements of Physic.*]

THEORY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

As soon as the phenomena of electricity, and the laws by which they are governed, were tolerably understood, philosophers very naturally had recourse to the agent affording a very satisfactory explanation of the aurora borealis. The brilliancy of this light, the rapidity of its motion, and the instantaneous changes of form which it underwent, all seemed plainly to point to this powerful element as the cause of these striking phenomena. Mr. Hawke, too, had very early shown, that the electrical fluid assumes an appearance resembling the aurora borealis, when it passes through a vacuum of highly rarefied atmosphere. If a glass tube resembling a Florence flask in size and shape, be exhausted of air by means of a stop cock and syringe fixed to its mouth, and be then excited by friction, it will appear filled with a pale light resembling the aurora borealis, which will come and go at intervals, sending forth brilliant flashes, exactly as this meteor does in the heavens. If either end of the flask be presented to the conductor of an electrical machine, the other being held in the hand, a constant stream of pale light will be transmitted through it, proceeding from the conductor. M. Canton, also contrived to exhibit an imitation of the aurora borealis, by means of electricity transmitted through the Torricellian vacuum, formed in a glass tube about three feet long, and hermetically sealed. When one end of the tube is held in the hand, and the other applied to the conductor of an electrical machine, the whole tube was illuminated from end to end, and will continue luminous for a considerable time after it has been removed from the conductor. If, after this, it be drawn through the hand either way, the light will be uncommonly intense, extending without the least interruption, from one hand to the other, even throughout its whole length. By this operation, however, a great part of the electricity is discharged; nevertheless the tube will flash at intervals, if held at one end and kept quite still; but if it be grasped by the other hand at the same time in a different part, strong flashes of light will hardly ever fail to dart from one end to the other, which will continue twenty-four hours and longer, without any fresh excitation. An arched double barometer, of a considerable height, exhibits these phenomena in a still more striking manner.

Thus we find that a small quantity of electricity, excited in a highly rarefied atmosphere, or in a medium approaching to a perfect vacuum, will exhibit luminous appearances entirely resembling the aurora borealis, for a very considerable space of time. With respect to the variations of colour which we find in the aurora borealis, these seem fairly ascribable to the different degrees of rarefaction of the air; for the same electricity which appears white in a very rare medium, becomes blue, purple or red, in a medium of increased density; as is fully evinced by the following experiment. Let an electrical machine and an air pump be so disposed, that while the machine is worked a succession of strong sparks shall be communicated from the prime conductor to a metallic knob attached to the top of the air pump. Let now the expansion of the receiver proceed, and we shall soon perceive the electricity forcing itself through the air within it, in a visible stream. At first this stream is of a deep purple colour; but, as the exhaustion advances, it changes to blue; and at length to an intense white, with which the whole receiver becomes completely filled.

This experiment would appear to establish the identity of the aurora borealis with electric light; and it may be mentioned as collateral proofs of this identity, that the atmosphere is found, by the electrometer, to abound with electricity when the aurora shines forth; that the aurora, when strong, is accompanied with the whizzing or crackling sound of electricity, and that the magnetic needle is evidently disturbed by the aurora, as well as by the action of an electric machine, or by the natural electricity of a thunder storm.

[*Silliman's Journal.*]

WATER PROOF GLUE.

A correspondent informs us, that he has succeeded in making a glue perfectly water-proof—and having the property, also, of drying almost immediately after its application. His method, we learn, is first to immerse common glue in cold water until it becomes perfectly soft, but yet retaining its original form. After which, it is to be dissolved in common raw linseed oil, assisted by a gentle heat, until it becomes taken up by the latter, after which it may be applied to substances for adhesion to each other, in the way common glue is ordinarily applied. It dries almost immediately, and water will exert no action on it. It is unnecessary to say to how many valuable purposes in the arts, this application may be used. For cabinet makers, it is important, as mahogany veneers, when glued by this substance, will never fall off by exposure to a moist atmosphere. In ship building it will probably answer a valuable purpose, as it has infinitely more tenacity than common glue, and becomes impervious to water. We consider it an important discovery.

[Indiana Recorder.]

BIOGRAPHY.**COUNT CAPO D'ISTRIA.**

This nobleman, who has lately been elected President of Greece, was born at Corfu in the year 1776—a glorious year for the cause of freedom. His family had, from the year 1300, held an honourable place in the first class of citizens of the Seven Ionian Isles. He studied in the universities of Italy, and returned to his country in 1798, at the moment when the overthrow of the Republic of Venice, introduced into the Ionian Islands the democratic power of France. He found his father a prisoner, and threatened by the French Commissary with banishment, on account, it was said, of his political opinions. Count Capo d'Istria exerted himself with zeal and activity for the relief of his father, and had the good fortune to succeed. After the French had surrendered the Islands to the combined Russian and Ottoman fleets, and they had been formed into a Republic under the joint protection of Russia and England, the Count, though still young, was employed in 1800 to organize the islands of Cephalonia, Ithaca, and St. Maura. This was the commencement of his political career. In 1802 he was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department of the Republic, and afterwards for Foreign Affairs, for the Marine, and for Commerce. One of the most prominent acts of his administration was the establishment of moral schools, which had not before existed in the islands.

In 1807, the Isle of St. Maura was threatened by Ali Pacha. The Ionian Government invested Count Capo d'Istria with the powers of Commissioner Extraordinary on the frontiers, and placed under his orders all the militia in the service of the Allied Courts in the Seven Islands. In this campaign, under the cannon of Ali Pacha, Count Capo d'Istria became first known to the Greek Captains Colocotroni, Bozzaris, Karaiskaki, and other Chiefs; and at this epoch his personal relations with the warlike part of Greece commenced. In July, 1808, he was invited to St. Petersburg, to be employed in the foreign department. Thither he went in 1809, and remained there until 1812. He was then employed in the suite of the Russian Embassy at Vienna, whence he was summoned to discharge the functions of Chief of the Diplomatic Department at the headquarters of the Russian army of the Danube, and afterwards with the Grand Army. He continued with the army during the campaigns of 1813, 1814, 1815, and took an active part in the most important negotiations of this memorable epoch. In November, 1813, the Emperor Alexander sent him to Switzerland. The result of his mission was, that Switzerland made common cause with the Allied Powers against Buonaparte, and the system of the Helvetic confederation, as it now exists, was in part his work, in concurrence with the Ministers of the other Allied Courts, and of the 22 cantons. Switzerland still feels for him a grateful affection. At the Congress of Vienna, during the conferences at Paris in 1815, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, Count Capo d'Istria, possessing all the confidence of the Emperor Alex-

ander, was chosen to carry on the principal negotiations with the Allied Powers—negotiations which included those, the result of which was the placing the Ionian Islands under the exclusive protection of Great Britain. From 1816 to 1822 he exercised the functions of Secretary of State for foreign Affairs in the Cabinet of the Emperor Alexander. In 1822, when the Court of Russia adopted the Austrian system with regard to the affairs of the Levant and Greece, Count Capo d'Istria resigned his office and retired to Switzerland, carrying with him marks of the unaltered kindness of the Emperor Alexander, and of the attachment of the most distinguished persons in Russia. In the beginning of the year 1826 he came to Paris, and it was supposed that he then intended to go to Russia. He did not take the journey, however, until the month of May in the year 1827, and it was on his arrival in Russia that he received the news of the choice which called him to the Government of the affairs of Greece. After a residence of two months in Russia, he retraced his steps, and was in France at the last advices, having brought a decree whereby the Emperor Nicholas gives him a complete discharge from his service, in terms which at once demonstrate the personal sentiments entertained by his sovereign towards him, and the character of the recollections he has left behind him in Russia.

THE REPOSITORY.**LAST WORDS OF ROBERT EMMET.**

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life—O! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life. My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice—the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim: it circulates warmly and untroubled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven.—Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of light is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!

TASTE.

To assign correct rules for taste is not easier than to give a definition of beauty. It has puzzled polite scholars, metaphysicians, and artists. The standard in different individuals and different nations is widely different. The *gout* of the French varies as much from the *gusto* of the Italians, as from the *taste* of the English, and they are all equally remote from the *onderscheidend vermoogen* of the Dutch. I am led to think, that the most accurate standard will be to decide by taste in eating. A treatise upon the progress of the culinary art would be very interesting. The advances of society towards perfection, and its gradual decline will be found to keep pace with the advancement and decay of the art of cooking. What a number of gradations between the roaming Tartar, inebriated with fermented mare's milk, and the refined epicurean of polished society, pouring libations of Burgundy and Madeira to beauty or patriotism! Cooking never came nearer to perfection in the Roman empire than under the emperor Augustus; though like the Roman manners, it retained something of the barbarity of the republic. I gradually decayed with the decay of letters and the glory of the empire, till the art

was buried, with all others in the obscurity of the middle ages. It rose again into notice, with the revival of letters, under the patronage of the Medici; but attained its greatest perfection in modern Europe, during the brilliant period of Louis XIV. It was in the reign of his voluptuous successor, that scientific men digested and published its theory and practice in many inestimable volumes. I could enlarge much on this interesting topic, if I did not contemplate publishing at some future day (and hereby give notice to all subject-seeking authors, in the present exhausted state of literature and science) a work with this title, *An inquiry into the progress of civil society, as connected with the culinary art; and an attempt to establish upon principles drawn from this art, a true standard of taste.*

GOOD REPUTATION.

The following wile was used by Francis Aratin to make his disciples sensible how much it concerns one to keep a fair reputation. When he found that the frequent exhortations he had made them to preserve a good reputation prevailed nothing, he used the following stratagem. The butchers of Ferrara left their meat all night in the shambles; he went thither with his man before day, and having broken open their boxes, carried off all the meat; two of his scholars who had been reputed the most unlucky in the schools, were accused of that action and imprisoned. Aratin went to Duke Hercules to desire their liberty, taking the fact upon himself; but the more obstinately he maintained that he had done it, the more it was believed the prisoners were guilty for nobody durst suspect such a thing of a professor whose gravity and wisdom was so well known. The matter being at last agreed on, he openly declared what end he had in this theft, namely, to show the weight and authority of a good reputation.

[Bayle's Dictionary Abridged.]

DEFINITION OF MAN.

The best, which has ever been given, is anonymous. "Man is a cooking animal." Disquisitions upon man are among the most abstruse that perplex metaphysicians. Much of the difficulty has arisen from establishing a wrong definition. Men are naturally mad; different individuals approximate in different degrees towards reason. Many are completely mad, none are perfectly rational. Whatever distance some few, more fortunate than the rest may have passed in the attainment of rationality; still every day of their life will discover some symptoms of their original state. Every man occasionally finds deviations from the path of reason, in every one of his acquaintance, which cannot be accounted for on any other position, than the one I have assumed, that men are naturally mad.

TRIAL BY JURY.

The following singular fact illustrates the benefits of the jury system, after the introduction of juries into Ceylon. A wealthy Bramin, whose unpopular character had rendered him obnoxious to many, was accused of murdering his nephew, and put upon trial. He chose a jury of his own cast; but so strong was the evidence against him, that twelve out of thirteen of the jury, were thoroughly convinced of his guilt. The dissentient juror, a young Bramin of Ramisseram, stood up, declared his persuasion that the prisoner was the victim of a conspiracy, and desired that all the witnesses might be recalled. He examined them with astonishing dexterity and acuteness, and succeeded in extorting from them such proofs of their perjury, that the jury, instead of consigning the accused to an ignominious death, pronounced him innocent. The affair made much noise in the island, and the Chief Justice (Sir A. Johnston himself,) sent for the juror who had so distinguished himself, and complimented him upon the talent he displayed. The Bramin attributed his skill to the study of a book, which he called "strengtheners of the mind." He had procured it, he said, from some pilgrims at Ramisseram, who obtained it from Persia; and he had translated it from the Sanscrit into which it had been rendered from the Persian. Sir A. Johnston expressing curiosity to see this work, the Bramin brought him a Taniel MS. on palm leaves, which Sir Alexander found to be the *Dialectics* of Aristotle.

POPULAR TALES.

THE PERSECUTIONS OF JACK EDY.

[From "Holland Tales, or Munster Popular Tales," a new work from the press Simpkin and Marshall, London 1827.]

The person whose name is prefixed to this little tale, was the smallest and most celebrated, or, to speak antithetically, was at once the least and the greatest man about the village of Ballyhabill. He was just a handle* and a half high, that is some six or eight inches above the far-famed Borowlasky, of Poland; or, as near as may be, to the stature of Bebe, his predecessor at the court of Stanislaus. His notoriety, and still more his accidentally falling into contrast with a neighbour whose dimensions ran into the opposite extreme, had elevated him to the rank of a very useful member of the community; the antiperistasis, so far, however, being of equal advantage of both, as they thus became standards of the minimum and maximum in the way of human admeasurement. Indeed, independent of his long neighbour, our hero might be said to stand as a kind of zero, admitting of an immense range of comparison above or below him. No expressions were more common than "smaller than Jack Edy"—"bigger than Jack Edy." Sometimes one might hear, in the description of some rustic Falstaff, a fellow "that would put Jack Edy in his pocket;" or a farmer grumbling about the appearance of his wheat-crop, delivering himself by an oath, that Jack Edy could see "clear and clean" above the waving ears, from one end of the field to the other.

It may well be imagined a person of such general consequence, was a great favourite; indeed, if one were inclined to prose a little, and could feel assured the patience of his readers was perfectly inexhaustible, he would find subject enough in the constant association that connects the dwarf, with the droll and humorous; while every other vagary of nature, whether in the shape of giant or monster, seems generally linked in the mind with the terrific or disgusting. From the flood (not to go unnecessarily far back,) to the close of the last century, they have afforded nearly equal amusement to the king and the mendicant, and, strange to say, even—

Those demi-puppets that,
By moonshine, do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites—

of whom it is more to our purpose here to talk, have shown by every account, nearly an equal passion for their contemporary diminutives of the human race. We need scarce refer to the family jars between Oberon and Titania, about a little fellow, whom the latter, with the usual fairy-like indifference to all sense of morality, "stole from an Indian king;" or to the well-known fact, universally admitted by Irish story-tellers, that their little lords and pigmies are, of late, more to be pitied than ever, to such an extent has the kidnapping system spread among "the gentlemen."

Whether, with them, curious fancy originated in a desire to select for their vassals such as were least likely to bring their own Lilliputianism into contemptible contrast, or that they found them more "smart and handy," quicker at work, and more commodious at doubling up in a buttercup when occasion served, or what, perhaps, might seem a still higher consideration, that they proved more merry and mischievous, it is difficult to determine. If such qualities were in any degree tempting, dwarfs, without doubt, have been ever remarkable for the perfection in which they possessed them; and, perhaps none more so, than the subject of our tale, whose cleverness, and, in sooth, good fortune in foiling all the attempts on his little person which his natural attractions suggested, became the subject of universal admiration in his neighbourhood.

It could not be said that Jack Edy's exterior, although striking and expressive, was decidedly beautiful; there were many points in his figure, which, perhaps, could only be duly estimated by natures essentially congenial with his own. He was lame, high-shouldered, and short necked, had a nose by no means approaching the happy mein, slightly ascending, and, as it were, turning back again towards the extremity, and a pair of eyes, as his companions used to express it, placed *corner-ways*: which, with

the continued leer in his look, gave him a comical, and sometimes half malicious air. His gait and manner corresponded with his appearance; and, taken altogether, he was one whom a person of the slightest penetration would at once select for sport or for mischief. From childhood up, he had himself a kind of instinctive feeling that he would be considered a perfect gem among a race to whom these seemed almost the end and aim of existence; and hence he, at a very early period, became suspicious of any advances. By constant observation, their ways became so familiar to him, that he could seldom, if ever, be taken unawares; and indeed, eventually, his information and vigilance seemed so extraordinary, it was by many shrewdly suspected he must have derived them from other sources than his natural genius could afford.

Be this as it may, it was evident to the country, no pains were spared on the part of "the good people" to out-general, and by hook or crook decoy or trap him to their rats or castles. At one time wrapping him up in a whirlwind of dust, until he became so blinded as scarce to find his way home; at another, tempting him from his road with the most delicious music, now beguiling him with the voice of some absent friend, and now laying spells upon such herbs or flowers as he might chance to pluck. But Jack's old grandmother had instructed him too well how to act, in all such emergencies, for him to feel the highest apprehension.

Of all the perils that encompassed him, there was only one that was real and alarming, the great demand he was in among the mountaineers, in consequence of the exquisite judgment he was found to possess in a certain ethereal nectar, which had been, time out of mind, manufactured in his neighbourhood, far from the evil eye of the guager. Ballyhabill, the village in which we have said he resided, is situated in the glen on the banks of the wild and romantic river Ovaan. Far up the windings of this tortuous stream, where it babbled through a dark wooded ravine, a light stream o'ertopping the trees, and curling and condensing in the cool mist of the morning, was ever sufficient signal to Jack Edy that his opinion was required as to the strength and flavour of the *doublings*;* and although the ramble was long, and the winter's day short, from which he might often infer the probability of a night journey home, he was seldom known to flinch from his duty to friends on such occasions. So perfect was his taste, indeed, that one cupful might frequently have satisfied his mind, and so precluded the necessity of much delay; but however convincing such evidences might have been, he held his reputation much too sacred to pronounce an immediate judgment. A second cup was essential, and sometimes a third; nay, he frequently found it expedient to delay his final decision until the day was well wasted, or even to the subsequent morning.

Jack always observed that his intellects became much clearer during his sojourn in the mountain; even his senses seemed to partake of the improvement, as he invariably found when returning from it, he could see farther, and much more, when on his way to visit it, sometimes twice as much as any one else could. Yet it was upon such occasions, especially the plots and ambushes of the good people were most, cunningly laid to intercept him. Of his escapes the two following have reached our ears:

On one of these days when his senses had attained a higher degree of perfection than usual, it waxed late before he sat out on his return to Ballyhabill; and as he was anxious to overtake his friend Thady Hourigan, who had started a short time before him, he pushed on at a merry rate. Sometimes he thought he heard the tramp of Thady's huge brogues on the road before him, sometimes that he saw his shadow on the next ascent; but he ran or called to no purpose; the person before neither returned an answer nor bated his speed. "Od rot you, for a Thady Hourigan," says Jack, "I never knew your ayquils for deafness at any rate."

Night had now fallen, but so far from obscuring the pathway, his only difficulty arose from the multiplicity of them that diverged in every direction before him. He had got into the fields for the sake of a *short cut*, and was just thinking, within himself

which direction he should take, when, all on a sudden, he heard at a little distance on the left, Thady Hourigan whistling the Fox's Sleep. Jack pushed on to the left with fresh spirits.

But though he sprang like a greyhound over hedge and ditch, and the heavy drops of perspiration began already to run down his temples, he did not seem to gain perceptibly on the provoking Thady. Now and then, indeed, the whistling seemed louder and nearer, but the next moment it died away in the distance, inasmuch that little Jack at last began to despair, and then, for the first time, recollected the danger of "following a voice or sound in the night time," and bethought him, that if it was Thady himself that was there, he'd hardly "make so bould as to be whistlin'."

Jack Edy now looked about him. It was all still and dark, except in the south, where he saw the moon rising over the moors above Ballyhabill, but at what distance, or at what side of the village he was, he *didn't know at all*. At length putting his ear near the ground, with his hand over it, he heard low, drowsy, monotonous sounds, which evidently came from no great distance. "There isn't a cotner in Cork," cried Jack, to himself, jumping upon his legs, "if that isn't Davy Foulco's mill; but sure, for what should it be going at this time o' night, and Davy gone to Askeaton yesterday? E'then, may be, 'tis my own little handful of what they'd be grinding: but Monom-on-gloria if it isn't close upon the Loughill-leap I've got, instead of my own little cabin in Ballyhabill."

Jack found his surmises about the mill perfectly correct—it was at work, hard and fast, but he could see no light within. When he came to the door, it was fast shut, and on peeping through the key-hole, what was his astonishment to behold by the beams of moonlight that broke in through a chink, serving for a window, in the top of the building, poor Thady Hourigan himself tackled to the machinery, instead of Davy Foulco's mule, and a little fellow in a brown jacket and sugar-loaf cap lashing him round with a huge cart whip. He saw others, in different habits, as busy as bees, in all corners of the house—some feeding the hopper—some receiving the flour—some filling the bran into bags—and in short, nothing could be equal to the bustle and industry with which the business went on.

Hoa there, below," cried a fellow from the upper part of the building, "stop work, there's enough for to-night, and lavins. I've just word that Davy Foulco's on his way home, and moreover, it's a long way we have to go." "But the bag wants odds of half a stone of being full yet," returned a grey-coated wrinkled old man, who was engaged in packing the flour. "No matter for that, Donald Bawn," cried the voice above, "we can't stay here any longer; but if you look in the corner below, you'll find two little bags belonging to lame Jack Edy; fill your plenty of the one that has the fine flour in it, and put a handful of bran into the other, to make up the weight." "Why then, high hanging to ye for sworn rogues," says Jack, altogether forgetting himself in his indignation, "is it *maning* to serve me—" He was here cut short in his address by a loud screech, and on the instant he received a blow from behind, that to the best of his conception, must have been inflicted by the trunk of a ten year old holly. He tumbled headlong from the little parapet before the door of the mill, and rolling down the adjoining cliff, plumped with a loud splash into the deep pool below. When his senses returned, he found himself kicking and plunging on the surface of the water, and an inexpressible weight upon his shoulders perpetually tending to sink him. On looking up, what was his horror to see, between him and the broad moon that was shining down upon him, old Donald Bawn, sitting upon his *grug*, with his two feet pressed upon his chest and collar bone, and a hand upon his shoulder endeavouring to keep him down. All around were a set of furious little fellows, aiding him in every possible way—some splashing the water in Jack's face to suffocate him—some making huge waves—and some watching to cramp his toe or foot, if it chanced to get above the surface; and in this desperate struggle, they all floated down the stream together.

It happened that night, the good man, Father Dooley, parish priest of Loughill, had a *sick call*, up towards the mountains, and as luck would have it, he

* A handle measures two ft.

* The second distillation.

was jogging over the bridge on his fawn-coloured mare, just at the moment that poor Jack Edy was plunging under the archway below. The fairies, afraid of discovery, and of the worthy priest's interference, raised a high wind, and a huge cloud of dust, to deafen and blind him as he passed; but such are the ways of Providence, it was to this circumstance alone poor Jack owed his escape. Tired of struggling, unable to rid himself of the vindictive old monster "that was for murdering him intirely," and half suffocated already, from the quantities of water splashed into his mouth whenever he attempted to open it for breath, he at last resigned himself to his fate, and allowed himself to sink quietly. Already the moonbeam was taking its last farewell of his slanting eyebrows, and the yet aspiring tip of his motionless nose when a loud sneeze was heard above, from Father Dooley—"Chee chee," and the usual exclamation, "Wisha, God bless us." Instantly a loud scream, ten-fold more terrible than that which had concluded the work in the mill, echoed from the archway. The wind and dust disappeared above, and Jack Edy rose above the surface of the waters below. Finding himself disengaged from the weight of old Donald, he now put forth his strength again, and, with two or three desperate lunges, found his foot touching the firm rocks, and without more ado he scrambled out of the bed of the river. Great was Father Dooley's surprise to see a man escaping out of the depths of the waters at that hour of the night, and more especially one so proverbial for keeping good hours as little Jack Edy; but on learning the whole story, he took him, dripping as he was, up behind him, on the fawn-coloured mare, and though it was a good step out of his way, landing him safe and sound at his own cabin door, in the village of Ballyhahill.

On another occasion, Jack had been at the fair of Glin, and having met a few friends there, whom he was obliged to treat, he tarried over long, and plodded his way home at night in a somewhat merrier mood than usual. The night was so pitch dark that he took the wrong road; but after travelling for some distance, found his mistake and turned back. He began at length to feel very tired and drowsy, and coming by an old church, eastward of Glin, which was in a dismantled and ruinous state, and now no longer used for the services of religion, he turned in and stretched himself down underneath the ivied wall, where he had good shelter from the cold north-west wind which had been blowing in his teeth for the last half hour. Hardly had he settled himself snug and comfortable, with his great frieze coat wrapped close about him, and his hat pressed down on his head, so as nearly to cover his eyes, when he saw light all about him, and the brass buttons at the knees of his old corduroy, shining as bright as the day he bought them, *spick and span new*, at Judy O'Flanagan's shop, in Shanagolden; and all the tombstones were lit up about him, and long white bones stuck up against them here and there, half covered with the tangled grass. Right before, the eyeless sockets of a bleached skull, which some one, out of idleness or mockery, had stuck upon the iron railing of an old vault, seemed to stare from the mid sky upon him. "Why, then, murder an ouns, Jack Edy, where is it that you've got to?" thought he himself, "or what will become of you at all this blessed night?" for, when he turned him in for a rest, he never knew 'twas to the *berrin* place he was going.

What seemed very remarkable was, that not a glimmer of light fell on any thing outside the church yard wall, and it had something singular even in its own nature, for it was neither like sun-light, or moonlight, nor the light of the stars, nor fire, nor rush-light, nor indeed like any light that Jack had ever before beheld; and now and then he thought he could distinguish shadows passing and re-passing before his eyes, and presently he heard the sound as of bees buzzing above and about him. On looking up, he saw a host of little beings flying about in the air, as if they were looking for some one. "A long life, now, and an asy death to me, instead of the murder that's threatenin'," whispered Jack inwardly, "but it's my own self they're sarching for," and he involuntarily gave a deep sigh. In less than a minute, down popped one of them on his shoulder, and there was a shout that rang through the whole church-yard, "We have him!" "We have him!"

"Erah, then, my boohe leen,"* cried the little hunch backed animal that had fixed himself on his shoulder, is it here we have found you at last, and to be hunting you night and day, in wind and in rain, for a good three years, and, moreover, to no purpose at all." "Never mind that," says another, "ins't it himself that'll pay for it, may be 'tis little of the life he'll have in him by this time to morrow." "That's thrue for you agra," says a third, "they have it in for him, for the trick he played 'em in the mill-stream, and here comes old Donald Bawn himself, that was made such a fool of, when he had him all but smothered in the water," and Donald was heard bustling through the crowd that had gathered round him, exclaiming as he pushed his way, "Smah a boohil Liam, cudth ene noath a will shea a vehoenig beg, cudth ene noath a will shea, that's a good boy, Bill, where is the little vagabond, where is he?" and with many other consoling expressions, that made the perspiration run down Jack Edy's forehead and temples, as he was himself in the habit of expressing it, "faster than the strames that run down the chapel walls on a Sunday at mass time;" but he shut his eyes all the time, that they mightn't think 'twas awake he was.

"Come, come, lads, there's no time to be lost," says one of them, who was better dressed than the rest, for Jack sometimes took a peep between his eyelashes, "you know we can't have him out of this in his clothes." With that half a dozen of them set about stripping him; one dragging off his great brogues, another unbuttoning the knees of his corduroy, a third dragging down his Connemara stockings, a fourth ridding him of his frieze coat; till, in a word, he was reduced to his shirt and waistcoat; and he making believe all the time that he was fast asleep, though so unmercifully pulled and mauled about. Old Donald himself was now busily engaged in drawing off the waistcoat, which Jack endeavoured, by a thousandly manoeuvres, to prevent; such as shrugging his shoulder up to his ear, or advancing it forward, or pressing his fore-arm close on his breast; when a little fellow who was stooping forward to assist Donald, gave a start backward, exclaiming in the greatest agitation, "a needle, a needle," and true enough in the breast of the waistcoat that hung down on Jack's arm, a huge darning needle was sufficiently evident. There was a general pause for some moments, when the well dressed fairy who had before given orders for stripping him, stepped forward, and desired them to examine whether the needle had ever been made use of. It was immediately inspected by those of the greatest skill among them, who one and all as instantly declared, a thread had never been drawn through the eye of it. "Then, said the leader again, 'we might as well have staid as home in Knuckfierna to night for any thing we have to do with Jack Edy; and Jack laughing at the same time to be listening to him.

"Erah, is it to let him off so asy as that?" says Donald, "and we all but having him, as I may say. Whoist, I have it. Lave him there, fast asleep as he is, there's an herb grows in the bogs of Tubbermuira, that'll melt the needle out of his coat in no time. I'll pluck a bunch of it, and be back in a jiffey." To this they all whispered assent, and then they arose so softly, and took their way so silently through the air, that their departing forms seemed like vanishing shadows, or clouds rising towards the moon on a midsummer's night. "Eh then, God's blessing on the backs of ye," cried little Jack, as he sprang upon his feet, with a half chuckle, "they're what I was longing to see this half hour;" and as if by magic, the way home came into his mind in an instant, and off he cut without stop or stay, through mud and mire, until he reached his own door. "Ar-rah Joaneen, Joaneen eroo, open the door, hurry, a coleen dhas, or I'm a dead man, hurry. Granny Keane, agra, Granny Keane, get up and open the door, or you'll never see Jack Edy again. Wisha, murder, if they'll open a door to-night; I'll be caught like Thady Hourigan himself;" and so he continued knocking and calling and swearing, until his little sister Joan threw open the wicker door to him. He rushed in, and clapt it to in a moment, and placing a spade with the top of the handle in the wicker work, and the steel sunk fast in the earthen

* "Little boy."

floor, made all tolerably secure. Then brushing back his hair, and wiping his forehead with the skirt of his coat, he turned to the little girl who stood shivering and looking down at him, with nothing save her grandmother's old cloak about her, and a dying rushlight in her hand. "Wisha Joaneen, honey, what's become of the feet-water?" "Tis there in the keeler," returned little Joan. "Upset it at the door-way, agra. And Joaneen, what's become of the reepen-hook and the wheel?" "The reepen-hook's on the hob, and the wheel's in the corner," said Joaneen; and so while the little girl was pouring out the feet-water, Jack put the reepen-hook in the thatch, and made fast the hand-reel with a rush. "And now," says he, tumbling into bed, "it's odd if I'm not in the wind of old Donald."

His head was scarce well on the pillow, when a thundering thump was heard at the door, and a loud calling, "Jack Edy, eroo, Jack Edy!" 'Twas for all the world the voice of a near neighbour of his, Larry O'Donnel, a tailor; but Jack knew very well how that was, and he began to snore aloud. Presently he hears another knocking at the door, and the voice of Darby O'Flannaghan, the cooper. "Are you awake, Shawn Edy? Open the door, a boohil, 'tis the keg I'm bringing, that you were wanting for the whiskey." "Wisha the dickens carry you, Donald," said Jack to himself, never making an answer all the while, but only snoring the louder.

Darby soon got tired of the knocking, but he wasn't long gone when a whining began under the little window, like that of a young child, and sometimes it died away, and he heard as it were the low *huzhoing* of the mother, and then it came to blow and rain, and there was a tapping at the casement. "Who's that there?" says Granny Keane, raising up her head. "The widow's blessing on you and yours, granny," said a piteous voice outside, "and give a poor woman and her child shelter from this bad night." "Stay where you are mother," whispered Jack Edy, "tisn't herself that's there at all, as good right I have to know, in regard of what has happened me this night;" and so they both lay quiet in bed, till at length the woman and her child went away.

The wind and the rain had just subsided, and all was calm again, when Jack heard the same buzzing sound at the wicker-door, as he had heard in the church-yard, and presently the voice of old Donald in a low tone, saying, "Feet-water,* Feet-water, get up and let me in." "I'm under your feet at the door-way," returned the feet-water, "and how can I let you in?" "Reepen-hook, Reepen-hook," said Donald Bawn, again, "come to the door and let me in." "My nose is fast in the thatch," replied the reepen-hook, "and how can I let you in?" "Hand-reel, Hand-reel," said Donald a third time, come here and let me in." "I'm tied fast with a rush," said the hand-reel, "and how can I let you in?" "E'then, bad look to you, Jack Edy," roared out Donald, at last, "there's no one from this to Dingle fit to hold a candle to you, any way;" and giving the door a kick that almost knocked the spade from behind it, he departed, never troubling little Jack at home or abroad, or late or early, from that hour to this.

* The feet-water, reepen-hook, and hand-reel, are, from some cause which I have not traced to its origin, supposed to be treacherously minded inmates in a cottage, and are in consequence looked to with a peculiar jealousy by Irish housewives. Perhaps the superstition was first suggested by some enemy to domestic negligence. The precautions adopted by our pigmy hero are seldom omitted at bed-time.

MISCELLANY.

MISERIES OF SICKNESS.

It is to wake up early in the morning, get half-dressed, and go to bed again on finding that your body is not disposed to locomotion. It is to see your servant enter with your boots nicely polished and to feel that his labour has been *bootless*. It is to have the whole family rush into your room, screaming, "What's the matter?" It is to receive a visit from your doctor, to see him prop his nose with his cane, shake his head ominously, and take his lancet out of his jacket pocket. It is to have your windpipe choked with pills, and your palate in open rebellion.

against potions. It is to have your eyes filled with camphire, and your nose with hartshorn. It is to answer the same question fifty times a day, and to see the faces of all your friends dressed for the occasion, in sympathetic sadness. It is to hear all their voices pitched to a whining and melancholy tune, when you know they will forget your suffering the moment they quit your presence. It is to have your door-bell unstrung, and to know that all your neighbours are cursing you for the tan-bark that is spread before your house. It is to be fed with a spoon, and to wax lean upon panada. It is to have the cat jump on your bed and to parade leisurely about, without your being able to throw her out of the window. It is to have some dissipated old musquito make a banquet from your nose, and to be too feeble to eject him. It is to receive an invitation to a party, where you would be sure of meeting a lady with whom you are three-fourths in love, and to forego the radiance of her sunny eye, and the melody of her silvery tongue. It is to let your beard grow until you look as venerable as the he-goat of Schreckhorn. It is to have your eyes look like old bullets, and your cheeks like leather-breeches. And finally, if you die, it is to be spoken well of by every body, and to have your name misprinted in the newspaper.

[N. Y. Courier.]

INSECT SAGACITY.

The banbul tree affords a curious specimen of insect sagacity, in the caterpillars' nests suspended by thousands to the branches. This little animal, conscious of its approaching change, and the necessity of security in its helpless state as a chrysalis, instinctively provides itself a strong mansion during that metamorphosis. As a caterpillar, it is furnished with very strong teeth; with them it saws off a number of thorns, the shortest about an inch long, and glues them together in a conical form, the points all tending to one direction, the extremity terminating with the longest and sharpest. This singular habitation is composed of about 20 thorns, for the exterior, lined with a coat of silk, similar to the cone of the silk worm, suspended to the tree by a strong ligament of the same material. In this asylum the banbul caterpillar retires to its long repose; and, armed with such formidable weapons, bids defiance to birds, beasts and serpents, which might otherwise devour it. When the season of emancipation arrives, and the chrysalis is to assume a new character in the papilio tribe, the insect emerges from the fortress, expands its beautiful wings, and with thousands of fluttering companions, released at the same season from captivity, sallies forth to enjoy its short lived pleasures.

[Forbe's Oriental Memoirs.]

ADVICE.

Would a man wish to offend his friends?—let him give them advice.

Would a lover know the surest method by which to lose his mistress?—let him offer advice.

In short, are we desirous to be universally hated, avoided, and despised, the means are always in our power. We have but to advise, and the consequences are infallible.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded on the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner: "My sweet girl, I do not think your figure suited for dancing, and as a sincere friend of yours, I advise you to refrain from it in future." The other naturally affected by such a mark of sincerity, replied: "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice; this proof of your friendship demands some returns: I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race."

The advice of neither was followed—the one continued to sing, and the other to dance—and they never after met, but as enemies.

RETOUR.

Doctor Johnson was not a little disconcerted by an unexpected retort made upon him before a large party at Oxford, by Doctor Crowe. The principles of our lexicographer ran with too much violence in one way, not to foam a little when they met with a current running equally strong in another. The

dispute happened to turn upon the origin of whiggism, for Johnson had triumphantly challenged Doctor Crowe to tell him who was the first whig, the latter finding himself a little puzzled, Doctor Johnson tauntingly rejoined, "I see, sir, that you are even ignorant of the head of your own party, but I will tell you sir: the devil was the first whig; he was the first reformer; he wanted to set up a reform even in heaven!" Doctor Crowe calmly replied, I am much obliged to you for your information, and I certainly did not foresee that you, would go so far back for your authority; yet I rather fear that your argument makes against yourself; for if the devil was a whig, you have admitted that while he was a whig, he was in heaven, but you have forgotten that the moment he got into hell, he set up for a tory.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

INFLAMMABLE MINERALS.

The most remarkable inflammable minerals, all of which have been made the ready ministers to the convenience of man, are Coal, Peat or Turf, Sulphur, Bitumen, and Amber. Of the former we may in justice observe, that its real value cannot be put on a par with the richest of the mineral race. It certainly is beyond all price, and next the animal and vegetable blessings, which heaven has bestowed on man, it is truly and emphatically the staff of his existence. Inexhaustible stores of coal are almost daily discovered in our country; hundreds of mines in all probability remain to be discovered; and since the application of steam to almost all the once laborious pursuits of our race, the time is not far distant when the great wealth of our country shall stand upon the immutable foundation of her coal mines.

Peat or Turf is ranked by naturalists among the inflammable minerals; but we have not rarely heard the propriety of the classification disputed by eminent scholars. The article doubtless is a vegetable production; but it is nevertheless a mine of real and lasting value to man.

The mineral which is perhaps the least conducive to human happiness of any among the class of inflammables, is Sulphur. It is certainly a valuable article in the pharmacopoeia of the present day; it is valuable in many other cases, as in the form of sulphuric acid, it is an indispensable aid to the labours of the chymist, and not a useless material to the mechanic; but all its conveniences in other applications can never atone for the dreadful consequences of its aid to man in the unholy work of mutual destruction. It is an abundant and cheap mineral for one of its importance, being found in almost every part of the world, in connexion with salt, gypsum, and marl, or calcareous clay.

Bitumen occurs both solid and fluid, and from its different degrees of fluidity or hardness, it receives different names. Asphaltum is bitumen in a hard and brittle state; it is found floating on the waters of bituminous lakes as the Dead Sea, and the celebrated Pitch Lake, of Trinidad. The latter is said to be covered with a crust of it like ice, so hard as to be passable on foot. Maltha, bitumen in a softer state, is known to all by the name of Barbadoes tar. Petroleum, a state yet more limpid, though dark and oily, is found floating on springs, and in some places forms springs entire. There are springs of this oil

in Pennsylvania, at Oil creek, and near Seneca lake in this state, whence the name of Seneca Oil. It is used for medical purposes, and is the chief ingredient of the celebrated Haerlem Oil. It is likewise often used to burn in lamps, and we understand that some of our western cities are introducing it for the useful purpose of lighting their streets. But the purest and most perfect state in which this valuable mineral is found, constitutes the article known by the name of Naptha, or pure rock oil. In some parts of Persia and other countries bordering on the Caspian Sea, the soil abounds so much with Naptha, that wells dug in the usual manner are filled with it and yield a large quantity daily. By scraping off a little of the surface earth, the ground will take fire from the application of an ignited coal, and will burn perpetually, unless extinguished by some external means. A tube or hollow reed, driven into the ground will maintain a perpetual flame, if lighted at the top, without burning the tube, even when made of paper, provided the edges are slightly fortified with clay. Here dwelt the Ghebres, so beautifully described in Moore's poem of the Fire Worshipers. Springs of Naptha sometimes rise in the beds of streams, and of course float on the top, being specifically lighter than water. They are often so perfectly limpid and pure, as not to be discernible in still water, and have been known to create dismay among ignorant people, by sudden combustion from some accident, and assuming the imposing spectacle of a river on fire.

Amber is the last of this class, the most beautiful, the highest in value among mercantile men, and its inflammable qualities are perfectly useless to mankind. It is in great demand for ornaments, and the extract termed Oil of Amber is of extensive use in medicine, though often made, possessing the same qualities and appearance, from different materials. It is found in alluvial districts, and large quantities of it are obtained on the shores of the Baltic Sea. It has also been discovered in the United States, but in no quantity to induce our enterprising capitalists to risk any costly experiments.

The ceremonies of laying the corner stone to Zion Church, in the village of Palmyra, in the county of Wayne, took place on the 28th September, with masonic rites. The procession moved from Mr. Hurd's hotel to the site of the edifice, where the 127th Psalm was recited alternately by the minister and vestry—an appropriate ode sung—and an address pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Campbell of Newark. The deposits, made as usual, were,—a Bible, and book of Common Prayer; the Canons and Constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New-York; a number of the Wayne Sentinel; and a manuscript containing the names of the Wardens and vestry of Zion Church; also the names of the President of the United States, and the Governor of the State of New-York. The whole was concluded by service in the Presbyterian church, by the Rev. Mr. Hoyt, and an interesting discourse by the Rev. Mr. Clark, minister of Zion Church. It is truly gratifying to every benevolent mind to observe the charity and candour with which the different religious denominations proffer and reciprocate such offices of mutual aid, but it is especially interesting to the mason, to know, that in the very hot bed of that persecution which prevails to such lengths in the western counties, a mutual confidence yet exists between the church of Christ and her auxiliary, the masonic institution. It is enough

to prove the position which we have always maintained, that the vicious alone will condemn the institution; the good will direct their censure only at unworthy, who are attached to it. This is no less true towards the craft, than it is universally apparent in the practice of the world towards the church.

The greatest proof we have lately seen that the conductors of our public prints are genuine critics, is in the publication and republication of an extract from the Epicurean. The hero of that little work is known, to those who have read it, to be Alciphron. Some caligraphic knight having delivered it over to the power of his "devil," in manuscript, the careless fellow somehow inadvertently twisted it into *Maphron*. Don't blame him! ye scribbling wights!—write it down in your own galloping style; and you will not be surprised at the mistake. But as there seems to be a strange internal propulsion in every work of the devil, that blows up the veriest spark of mischief into an overwhelming flame, so this strange metamorphosis did not stop, until it had passed under almost every "devil's tail" in the Union. So much for your reading critics among newspaper editors.

In looking a file over of the Monthly Anthology, published in Boston, in 1806, we find the opinion of the Editor, backed by authorities which seem incontrovertible, that no man was ever in a habit of keeping a regular journal of his life, who did not attain to some eminence in society. The idea is novel; but since it is so simple in its application, we conceive it worthy a trial; and recommend to every emulous young aspirant to literary glory, the example of Gibbon, who, perhaps, without this would have left the world in the same darkness in which he found it. Without such a journal, a literary man is like a wanderer in a forest, who leaves no mark behind him for others to find and follow his course.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION. At the late triennial election of this respectable society, SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG was chosen President; GEORGE W. OTIS, Vice President; JOSEPH LEWIS, Secretary, and JOHN COTTON, Treasurer. The President elect presided at dinner; and the Rev. Mr. Pierpont and Rev. Mr. Ripley attended as Chaplains. Among the many volunteer sentiments given at the table we select the following. Many others were pithy and appropriate, but their local or political allusions deter us from copying them, as they would be likely to infringe on the neutrality which our duty requires.

By Dr. Grigg, of New-York. *The memory of the late President Holley—*

He has gone from the world in the light of his fame,
As a star that was lost in the morning's bright flame,
The brightest that shone at even—
But he lives in the home of the blessed on high,
And his star is now hid in the glorious sky,
By the holy light of heaven.

By William Hibbard, Esq. Orator of the day. *Agriculture and the Mechanic arts—*While the former has been called the *back bone* of the body politic, the latter may justly be styled the *arteries* through which a life-giving principle is conveyed to the whole system.

By C. P. Sumner, Esq. Sheriff of Suffolk. *Benjamin Franklin, and Benjamin Thompson, (Count Rumford.)*

These men, in youth, to humble toil were bred,
More trusting to the skillful hand than head;
Their times of leisure gladly they assigned
To feed with knowledge the insatiate mind.
The smile of fortune did not fail to bless
Ingenious labour with deserved success.
In this vicinity they first began
To point their studies for the good of man;
Long ere their deaths they lived endeared to fame.

Wherever art or science had a name;
Yet such their hearts, their dying hours 'twould cheer,
To know their memories would be honoured here.

By Dr. Waterhouse. To the memory of that ancient Mechanic, TUBAL CAIN, who was, at once, a *Blacksmith, a Copper-smith, and a MASON.*

—We have at last been so fortunate as to see the long looked for Report of the Lewiston Convention, for a copy of which we are indebted to the politeness of a western friend. It is, as we expected, only a recapitulation of the innumerable reports they have already given to the world, without coming any nearer to the object of their investigation than they apparently were months ago. As usual the public expectation is kept up with promises of great and important disclosures yet to be made; but with the evanescent faculty of the *Paddy's flea*, when we think we have their secret at our finger's end, to our disappointment, we find our hopes as far from realization, if not farther, than when we began the inquiry. Whether by lengthening out a disagreeable or captious crusade, they hope to fix an odium upon the order, or make their procrastination subservient to the aim of a few demagogues, during the coming election season, is no longer a query to any candid man who will assume enough of patience to read this report. There is so much labour and paper expended to throw an important and menacing sense upon the random and common place expressions of colloquial triflers, that it is beneath the gravity of a reflecting being, to get through the quibbling path they have made, to what they term *inferences*; for inferences are all they have pretended to, and they have brought them out by dozens, which the public must adopt whether they think the premises tenable or not. This is a kind of logic which the famous Lewiston Convention intend cramming down the throats of the public.

—Nominations for the ensuing election are daily reaching us from the west. In Genesee, Ontario, Orleans, Monroe and Chautauque counties, "*anti-masonic*" tickets have been announced. Trumbull Carey*, John B. Skinner, and Dennis Blakeslee, in Genesee; William J. Babbit, in Orleans; Francis Granger, Robert C. Nicholas, and Heman Chapin*, in Ontario; Timothy Childs, Francis Storms, and Josiah Sheldon, jr. in Monroe; and Nathan Mixer and Nathaniel Fenton in Chautauque. It is not probable that they will be elected, as other nominations are expected to be made without reference to this degrading distinction. Nominations have been made in several counties, in which the usual number of masonic names appear, and will probably be elected without those scruples so loudly preached by the "*proprietors*" of the Morgan affair. We know a most rigid preacher of that doctrine, who forgot his wholesome appeals to the patriotism of the electors of the state, and, at a certain charter election, not a hundred days ago, suffered a ticket, the majority of it being masons, to run in without opposition, in the very ward which is his residence. Surely his patriotism had taken a pilgrimage to the west at that time.

* Members of the Lewiston Convention.

—We have received a communication from an unknown source, on a subject in which we perfectly agree with the correspondent. But the miserable object of his pity would only make himself the more to be pitied by the insertion of the article; and in fact it is not a subject to be harped upon by a Journal that is devoted to rational amusement. Gravity would only be mocked at, and levity is in truth a

participation in the folly aimed at. He who makes it his weekly task to serve up a confusion of blasphemy, personal abuse, falsehood, and vulgarity, is not a proper thing to excite either the anger or the pity of any man, unless his profanity is the consequence of some physical defects. Then a *public expression* of pity is better avoided, as it in some measure sanctifies and palliates the offences, in the minds of the weak and uninformed, who should be taught to despise them, let their cause be what it may. We have said but little on this theme heretofore, nor shall we make it a subject of perpetual comment; but we have many things to say, which shall be told in good time, seriously and without retrenchment.

MANGANESE. The Rutland Herald states that an extensive bed of pure Manganese has been discovered in the township of Chittenden in Rutland county, Vermont. Fifty tons have already been dug, and the mine is probably inexhaustible. It is said to be worth \$50, per ton. The treasures of the earth are daily developed, and it is impossible to calculate the sources of wealth contained it. Vermont is probably yet to become a rival to Missouri in the mining interest.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

DOMESTIC.
The office of Town Clerk, in Norwich (Conn.) has been successively held by father and son for 101 years.—Thursday the 20th day of November next has been appointed as a day of public Thanksgiving, in the state of New-Hampshire.—Cider is so plenty at the east, as to sell for sixty cents per barrel.—A western paper, speaking of the charge of a certain Judge, represents him as "*unboasting himself to the Jury.*" [We presume from this, his Honour's brains must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of—his bowels. This may illustrate the opinion of Napoleon, that "the way to a man's affections is down his throat."]—One hundred medical students have joined the Berkshire Institution, at Pittsfield, (Mass.)—Mr. Lancaster is opening a school at Trenton, N. Jersey.—Peaches have been selling at Stonington, (Conn.) for six pence per bushel.—A sun-flower, near Hartford Conn. is fourteen and a half feet high.—A store was lately broken open in New-York, and robbed of two barrels, filled with rotten eggs!—The New-York papers tell us of a portable Cooking stove, which a man may carry in his pocket, and so economical as to cook the food of a large family with a handful of saw-dust you could put in your eye, and yet see distinctly. [They beat the Yankees in New-York! We wonder why they don't add a trifle more expense, and give it still more improvement. We believe it might be made to do all the work of a cook, chamber-maid, scullion, post-boy, and washer-woman, besides teaching a school, and preaching two sermons on Sunday.]—Within our circle of information, there are two printers nominated for members of the legislature, one for a Justice of the Peace, and one for a coroner. [Fine times for printers if they are elected. Two to make laws; one to peddle them out; and one to hold inquests on the carcasses of printers who starve.]

FOREIGN.

Inoculation for the measles has been practised with success at Mantua.—A petrified tree has been discovered in a stone-quarry, Craigleith, (Eng.) 200 feet beneath the surface of the ground. Thirty feet of the trunk have been extracted. It was three feet in diameter at the thickest part.—The Russians obtained a considerable victory over the Persians on the 17th of July.—The Grand Signior has rejected the propositions of the European powers, on behalf of the Greeks. It is also added that he sent back the communications unopened, and ordered his secretary beheaded for receiving them. He had however subsequently adopted a less rigorous course, and it was hoped that he might yet be induced to comply with the arrangement. The interposition of the powers came at a very reasonable hour for the Greeks. They were much divided among themselves, and must have soon yielded to the tenacious and undivided strength of the Turkish power. There had been at Napoli, so much division that the town and castle had fired upon each other, and great numbers of the West Point Academy, but recently entering the Greek service, was killed by a random shot while walking on the beach.—On the first of August, Lord Cochrane fell upon a division of the Turkish fleet near Zante, with such impetuosity that the Turks fled, leaving eight vessels of war in his power. This cheering event may restore the spirits of the desponding and wavering Greeks, as it must inspire confidence in the ability and courage of Lord Cochrane.

MARRIED.

In Hudson, on Wednesday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. ALEXANDER S. MAY, to Miss ELIZABETH PEASE, daughter of Capt. Barzillai Pease, all of Hudson.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Doctor Jonathan Eight, aged 15 years.

In this city, on the 5th inst. ANN, infant daughter of Mr. Henry S. Knox, aged 1 year and 4 months.

In Hubbardston, Worcester county, Mass. on the 23d ult. Mr. ELI NEWTON, son of Mr. Khamer Newton, aged 19.

POETRY.

"W——" is welcome to our columns. He will excuse the liberty we have taken, when we inform him that in this trial he has approached a difficult and quaint subject with better success than usually falls to the lot of the muses' youngest devotees. Experience and care, aided by a necessary proportion of that enthusiasm which is the essence of poetry, have wrought wonders, and eminent bards have confessed that they profited more by studying their early defects, than by contemplating their subsequent perfection. We shall expect to hear again and often from him, and we hope he will not disappoint us.

EDITOR.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO JANE.

There is an hour among the few
Fate has allotted man below,
That fades not in perspective view
Mid all the joys and ills we know.

It is an hour that all must pass;
To many 'tis an hour of sorrow,—
An hour which, when it comes, alas!
The heart would wish might come to-morrow.

It is an hour when those will feel
Whose hearts have never felt before;
An hour that puts the final seal
On visions bright,—to be no more.

An hour when thoughts will wander back
To hopes and scenes of by-gone years,
And dim each retrospective track
With memory's excited tears.

An hour when fancy sadly wanders
Over the future's varying scene,
Sorrowing, as o'er this truth she ponders,
The things that might be have not been.

An hour when loves and friendships rise,
With triple force their bonds renew,
Excite the tear in manhood's eyes,
And drive ambition from the view.

An hour when most the feeling soul
Laments its wayward destiny,
Sorrowing, that man can not control
His nature's own inconsistency.

It is an hour of rayless woe;
It leaves the heart with anguish smarting,—
Would you, dear girl, that hour know?
—It is the hour of final parting!

Oct. 1827.

W—

THE VALE OF TEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

In visions which are not of night, a shady vale I see,
The path of pilgrim tribes who are, who have been, or shall be;
At either end are lowering clouds, impervious to the sight,
And frequent shadows veil thro' out each gleam of passing light;
A path it is of joy and griefs, of many hopes and fears,
Gladdened at times by sunny smiles, but oftener dimmed with tears.

Green leaves are there, they quickly fade;—bright flowers, but
soon they die;
Its banks are laved by pleasant streams, but soon their bed is
dry.

And some that roll on to the last with undiminished force,
Have lost that limpid purity which graced their early source.
They seem to borrow in their flow the tinge of darkening years,
And even their mournful murmuring sound befits the vale of
tears.

Pleasant that valley's opening scenes appear to childhood's view,
The flowers are bright, the turf is green, the sky above is blue,
A blast may blight, a beam may scorch, a cloud may intervene,
But lightly marked, and soon forgot, they mar not such a scene;
Fancy still paints the future bright, and hope the present cheers,
Nor can we deem the path we tread leads thro' the vale of tears.

But soon, too soon the flowers that decked our early path-way
side,
Have drooped and withered on their stalks, and one by one
have died;

The turf by noon's fierce heat is seared, the sky is overcast,
There's thunder in the torrent's tone, and tempest in the blast;
Fancy is but a phantom sound, and Hope a dream appears,
And more and more our hearts confess this life a vale of tears.

Darker and darker seems the path! how sad to journey on,
When hands and hearts which gladdened ours appear forever
gone.

Some cold in death, and some alas! we fancied could not chill,
Living to self, and to the world, to us seem colder still;
With mournful retrospective glance we look to brighter years,
And tread with solitary steps the thorny vale of tears.

Then wasting pain and slow disease trace furrows on the brow,
The grasshopper, alighting down, becomes a burden now,

The silver cord is loosening fast its feeble slender hold,
The fountain's pitcher soon must break, and bowl of pure
gold;—
Oh! were it not for that blest hope which even death endears,
How weary were our pilgrimage thro' this dark vale of tears.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

Hark! hark! mid the busy stir of life
And the crowded city's hum,
I hear the thrilling tone of the fife,
And the roll of the distant drum!

But their altered tones chime sad and slow
To the mourner's silent tread;
For they breathe the hallowed dirge of woe,
The solemn march of the dead!

And looks of manliest grief are there,
And stern eyes drop a tear;
And soldiers falter as they bear
The youthful warrior's bier!

And see, as that bier comes nigh—it brings
Bright arms—a useless show!
For he hath no need of those gaudy things
Who sleeps in the coffin below!

For the voice that gave the stern command
Hath sighed its latest breath!
And an infant now may snatch the brand
From his dull cold grasp of death!

And the breast so true, and the brow so proud,
Are cold and senseless all;
He hath changed for the coat of mail—the shroud;
For the warrior's cloak—the pall.

He would have hailed the dart that sped
His soul to a warrior's doom;
But a slow and sickly couch was spread,
To waft him to the tomb!

They have borne him to the sacred porch—
They have borne him to the grave;
And the last sad rites of the holy church
Are paid to the young and the brave!

They have breathed the funeral prayer and hymn—
They have fired the soldier's knell;
But it reached not, alas! the ear of him
Who sleeps in the narrow cell!

They have lowered the coffin dark and deep
In the lone grave's hollow womb;
And the lady he loved may come to weep
This eve o'er her soldier's tomb.

ON A NAVAL OFFICER,

BURIED IN THE ATLANTIC.

There is in the wild lone sea,
A spot unmarked but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down within the deep
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves breaking o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe
From tempest and from billow,
Where the storms that high above him chafe,
Scarcely rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death,
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home while he had breath—
It is now his home forever!

Sleep on, thou mighty dead:
A glorious tomb they have found thee—
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

And though no stone may tell
Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
They rest in hearts that loved thee well,
And they grace thy country's story.

THE MOTHER OF THE KLEFT.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF A GREEK SONG.

She stood where the flood through the valley was toiling,
And she marked where its current was foaming and boiling;
And stones in its waters indignantly throwing,
She chided the stream that so swiftly was flowing.

"Flow back to thy mountains, oh, ill-fated river!
Dry up all thy waters and vanish forever;
A mother implores, of a child who bereft is,
Oh! leave her a path to the home of the Kleftis!"

She is hasting to tell them her desolate story,
Where on Ceta they rest in their strong Kleftochori."

Her son, the brave Kitzos, the Turks have surrounded,
And they bear him in triumph, bound, wearied, and wounded;
Two thousand behind, and a thousand before him,
And last, last of all, the sad mother who bore him;
With the tears of a parent her eyes are o'erflowing,
And she calls, as sad looks on her child she is throwing—

* An encouragement of Kleftis.

"Of thy arms, my loved Kitzos, the foe has bereft thee;
No sword and no clasp of bright silver are left thee."

"Ah mother, weak mother, why weepst thou still for
My embossed ataghan and my cuissas of silver?
The deeds of my valour and fame thou forgettest,
Nor the end of my youthful career thou regrettest;
But in tears for my armour my mother is mourning;—
Is it thus, wretched parent, my love thou'rt returning?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed, while with arms twined around him,
She severed the cords where the infidel bound him;
And darting like hawks to the brink of the river,
They crossed, and escaped from the Moslem forever.

FAIR INES.

BY THOMAS HADD.

O saw ye not fair Ines?

She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win,
The dearest of the dear!

I saw thee lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before,
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beautiful dream—
If it had been no more!

Alas, alas! fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Maud's woe;
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell!
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before.
Alas! for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

SING TO ME, LOVE!

[From the People's Friend.]

Sing to me love! for since the day
I girded on my country's sword,
I've listened to no softer lay
Than camps and fighting fields afford.
Yet mid the shout and battle cry,
And scenes, would freeze thy blood to my,
Oft came, on memory's airy wing,
The joy with which I've heard thee sing.

Sing to me love,—one of those songs
That thou didst love in happier days,
When I forgot a nation's wrongs
To list thy song and speak thy praise.
Sing to me, love, and my pleased ear
Shall strain thy slightest note to hear,
Till thy sweet voice once more shall bring
The joy with which I've heard thee sing.

Sing to me, love,—one song of thine
Will soothe, will charm away my care,
As when an angel's voice divine
Smoother the dark brow of pale despair;
And I will listen to the strain
Till tears bedew mine eyes again,
And thy loved harp around shall ring
The joy with which I've heard thee sing.

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1827.

[No. 38.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica viam. [Juv. Sat.]

ORATION ON MASONRY.

Pronounced before St. Peter's Lodge, in Newburyport, in the
State of Massachusetts, 1804.

BY BR. T. CARY.

Assembled on an occasion like the present, it is peculiarly grateful to the feelings of masons, that they can vindicate the dignity of their institution by disclosing to mankind the grand principles on which it is founded. The jealousy of an ill-natured world has often attempted to frustrate its happy design; yet ages have followed on ages, and the craft has flourished.

Time has vanquished the sublimest efforts of human ability, and mouldered to dust the noblest monuments of human ingenuity. But masonry has lived with ages, and been a fellow traveller with time. Years beyond the flood have witnessed the strength and efficacy of its principles, and every succeeding moment to the present has pronounced that its duration must be co-existent with the social powers of man. Calculated to awaken into action all the nobler feelings, which exist in the human heart, and which require some stronger allurements than sensual gratification to arouse them, the principles of our venerable institution must, as they progress, gather fresh strength from every new application.

It would be treating the subject with unbecoming levity to crowd a particular exposition of these principles within the narrow limits of an address, and with gross injustice to commit it to the feeble pen of the speaker before you. Suffer me then, my beloved brethren, to confine myself to a consideration of the greatest of these, which is CHARITY. As far as my abilities extend, I will sketch to you this grand masonic virtue, apply it to our beloved society, and offer for your admiration, its brightest patterns in the fathers of the craft.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; Charity envieth not; Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

The crowded train of evils, which has ensued the fall of our deluded first parents, compel us to lament the moment when the fatal apple cursed the posterity of man. But one ground we surely have for joy, one reason to bless that awful denunciation of eternal justice, *"I will multiply thy sorrow."* It is this. It has placed us in a situation often to need, and often to impart the soothing consolation of a friend, the sympathising tear of a brother; and has thereby implanted new feelings, new sources of intellectual luxury, in the breasts of the consoler and consoled. It has ingrafted a fresh sion on the barren stock of the human heart, which, when reared with care, branches into an infinite variety of affections, and blooms with a perpetual succession of delights which, in a state of innocence, had never raised a tranquil thought to rapture, or urged to transport the dull feelings of a listless life. Had primeval simplicity been our birthright; had we never known the pains and sorrows which we now inherit, where would have been the inward satisfaction which flows from a deed of charity? where the silent ecstasy of soothing the afflictions, relieving the necessities, and alleviating the mental tortures of a worn friend or agonized brother? or where the luxury of mingling one sympathising tear with the thousands which misery sheds? Surely, my brethren, the happiness resulting from the exercise of these faculties, the privilege of partaking each other's joys, and mingling each other's sorrows, is the happiest exchange for the enjoyment of Paradise. It is glorious, as the resplendent beams of morning diffusing light and life to thousands. It is mild, as the gentle breeze of evening, bearing refreshment to wearied labour. It is grateful as "the dew of Her-

mon, as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion." What stronger assimilation can we boast to the inimitable excellence of the Deity? what nearer alliance to his perfection, what greater claim to his loving kindness, than the possession and practice of this exalted virtue? Benignant charity! thou art a radiant spark emanating from God, the inexhaustible source of love. If we attempt to eulogize thy charms, our reason kindles to enthusiasm. In thy contemplation, the cooler powers of the mind melt into ecstasy. The heart is thy empire; and every subject passion bows to thy lenient sovereignty. Can ye dwell on this my brethren, and not enjoy that happiness which many wantonly give the winds to scatter? Can you count your own possessions, and not feel all the energies of your souls, bursting into agony, at the painful narrative of a brother's woe? The genius of masonry weeps at the unkind suggestion. My votary, she cries, has a hand "open as day to melting charity," and a heart of less resisting, less impenetrable materials. The same Grand Architect, who formed it, has, through the medium of masonic precept, touched its fibres with a finer feeling.

In the composition of man there is a strong principle inclining him to familiar intercourse with his fellow man. Reciprocal friendship, and a social interchange of sentiment are congenial to his nature, and necessary to his existence. They rob the gloomiest hour of half its terrors, and beguile the most distracted thought of all its prospective misery. They take from misfortune its power to harm, and make even grief a luxury. When the faculties of the mind are enervated, solitude with its tranquil influence may renovate and strengthen them. When the passions have long rioted on their own excess, the lonely cell of the hermit may teach them a lesson of piety. But the social affections will ere long resume their empire, and lead their willing subject to that world, where he may afford and partake the mutual benefits of life. The philanthropist possesses a double share of this humane and generous disposition, which is ever restless for exertion. No invidious maxims of the world divert his mind from its settled resolution. The insulting ridicule and scornful reproaches of those who admire, yet fear his virtues, pass him as the idle wind which be regardeth not. His ambition is to raise a smile on the cheek of sorrow, his highest gratification to find himself its cause. The situation of every one, however wretched, he makes his own. "He weeps with those who weep, and rejoices with those who rejoice." Poverty never raises its supplicating hand in vain, nor does distress cry in vain for a sympathising tear. He bids not the naked go and be clothed; nor the hungry, go and be filled; but the same impulse that moves his heart in the unhappy orphan's favour, directs his willing hand to relief. Neglected merit appeals to his pride, and his benevolence stands foremost in its cause. It asks but honourable employment for subsistence, and it finds an Abraham's bosom for its shelter and protection. When the wild distraction of ravished innocence feeds on the intellect, and banquets on the vitals of the deluded fair one; when the glorying triumphs of her proud seducer have poisoned anticipation, darkened every gleam of comfort, and shut out hope forever, then the mild persuasion, and the tender pity of the philanthropist steals into her throbbing bosom, and robs it of every maddening retrospect. His arm, nerved with more than knight-errant zeal, protects her from prodish malignity, and restores her to her friends, her kindred, and herself.

The most inexorable hatred that ever sprung from enmity, dissolves and dies when its object is in distress. At that moment every stronger passion, every colder feeling yields to the unassuming goodness of charity. Social sympathy claims it as a common brother, and benevolence forgets that it was a foe. Revenge smothers its kindling ardour, and the cruel enemy dies in the needy friend. But when we behold mutual affec-

tion breaking through the clouds of distress, and rising gratitude repaying our compassion with its best, its only reward, a tear, then the godlike flame towers triumphant in its proudest glory; then every blissful image, every exalted sentiment, every generous passion, bursts within us; the swelling heart warms, expands, and overflows; and the enraptured soul soars, in pleasing visions, to the celestial dwellings of unbounded joy. Divine enthusiasm! sublime affections! how do ye make the ambitious blush, when they listen to the song of your transport. How do ye make the avaricious tremble, when they view your superiority, and execrate the vile hearts they have not courage to reform.

There is no community on earth, whose laws and maxims more energetically enforce the practice of this gospel virtue, or whose actions breathe a more genuine spirit of philanthropy, than the ancient and venerable institution of freemasonry. Unlike other establishments of human wisdom, it has derived no aid from popular prejudice; and, at no epoch in its history, has it been indebted to the rage of competition, or the zeal of party for its support. Its own inherent qualities have sustained it from its commencement, and transmitted it to us a venerable example of our father's wisdom. True it is, there are secrets in masonry; and where is the society, which has public good for its object, whose forms and ceremonies will bear the rude handling of every worthless stranger to its duties? Would the mild influence of christianity be so extensive, if its holy altars were constantly exposed to the unhallowed mockery of every impious railer? Or would it long preserve its sacred dignity, if its solemn services and holy rites were submitted to every vulgar hypocrite to mangle them at pleasure? Neither then would masonry long flourish, if all its acts were scanned by the malignant eye of curiosity. "Its good deeds shine in secret, that the Lord, who seeth in secret, may reward them openly." Give but the world its secrets, and the world must lose all its benefits. Many no doubt whom I now address, who are yet in ignorance, have laughed at its seeming frivolities, and ridiculed its solemnities, to them unintelligible. To such I would say, Condemn not disingenuously, nor pretend to despise what you must not, cannot understand. Vain is every idle surmise of yours against this sacred institution, whether it be meanly fostered in your own bosoms, or ignorantly promulgated to an uninstructed world. You may say that you have seen many of its children disregarding its precepts and departing from its maxims; so you may have discovered spots in the glorious sun itself. But you never saw the true mason, but would rather renounce the strongest attachment to the pleasures of life, than reproach the institution he cannot disgrace. *Wisdom, strength and beauty*, are its stable pillars; and when these fail the enemies of masonry may triumph at its dissolution.

The advantages, which mankind in general reap from this master science, are almost beyond the power of thought to reach. Its blessings are confined to no country, but are diffused with the institution throughout the habitable earth. Men of all languages, of all religions, of the remotest nations, and of every habit and opinion, are united together in one indissoluble bond of brotherly affection, and held by the most inviolable ties, to secrecy, morality and virtue. The wild Arab and the remote Chinese, the rigid Mussulman and the rational Christian, the polished courtier and the untutored savage of our own woods, will greet each other by the tender appellation of brother, and do justice to the title by every endearing expression of love and good will. A mason is at home in every country, and with his friends in every clime. If the ruthless hand of war abridge him of his liberty, a word or a sign will insure him protection from insult; and if duty command a prison, masonic brotherhood will make that prison a palace. The two great topics of religion and politics, which kindle passion and embitter domestic enjoyment are foreign to his duty. A

true mason advocates no sect, acknowledges no party. His religion is a faithful worship of his God, and a strict adherence to the moral duties of life.—His politics are an unreserved obedience to the laws of his country and the injunctions of its rulers.

Charity, and all the virtues more particularly connected with masonry, found their warmest friend and advocate, in the meek and lowly Jesus. We know not that the annals of the craft were ever dignified with the record of his brotherhood; but we know that the ruling passion of his soul was universal love; and the history of his heart, and the deeds of his earthly life, are plainer than the legends of antiquity, that form and ceremony were only requisite to have made him the firmest pillar in the temple of masonry. The inflexible religionist, and the unbending bigot, may think it idle levity, but the rational, the moral christian will participate in our feelings, when we look up to this divine personage as a celestial BROTHER. With humble reverence to his exalted station, on the right hand of God his father, we would bow to him as a WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER, under whose benignant eye our fraternity is cherished and protected; and when this frail fabric shall be dissolved, and the SUPREME ARCHITECT shall summon his labourers to receive their reward, to the condescending Saviour we will listen for the *pass word*, which shall admit us to his father's temple, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

There was a man sent from God whose name was JOHN. We claim from an admiring posterity the honour of this man's brotherhood. We are now paying a tribute to his memory by a festival, and attempting to perpetuate his virtues, by our example. He lived in the faithful service, and he died in the glorious cause of his Lord and Master. Does masonry need a brighter star to direct its votaries to the dwellings of wisdom and benevolence, or a more illustrious patron to entitle her to universal confidence? Hail thou immortal saint! as brethren we will emulate thy virtues, that when we quit our earthly lodge, we may participate thy glory.

It should be an uncommon character indeed to succeed those I have already portrayed. Such a one our own age and our own country have produced. Had I the tongue of inspiration, its utterance would be too feeble in his praise. Had I a pen plucked from the pinions of an angel, it would fail to do his virtues justice. Tongues and pens have spent their efforts in the attempt, and none have reached his merits. I will name to you our beloved brother WASHINGTON; and in his name you have more than an eulogist can describe. When such a character has known and advocated the principles of masonry, who within the wide circuit of his fame will dare to controvert them? But he also has gone to participate the blessings of an immortal brotherhood, and ascended to wear those laurels which crown the brows of angels. His memory shall live with our recollection; and when we are summoned to a higher world, we will die in hope to live with him.

We cannot close this sublime subject without a tribute of admiration to its lovely patroness, woman. Even the lofty fabric of masonic benevolence is but a gothic pile, when contrasted with its fairer structure in the female mind. The purposes of our order have excluded her from its honours; but such is the tender texture of her heart; such the melting softness of her sensibility, so feelingly susceptible of every tender impulse, and so kindly accessible to every charitable sensation, that the artificial aids of masonry to strengthen her benevolence are superfluous. Did she even possess the hardier feelings of a man, yet habituated to the milder duties of domestic life, accustomed to the smoother pleasures of refined ease, and with a delicacy originally intended to please, enchant, and captivate, she would be unequal to the labours of a lodge; and even if admitted, the splendor of her charms would steal the admiring mason from his duty. The gavel or the trowel would as ill become a woman's modesty, as the sword or bayonet; and the temples even of a masculine *Wolstonecraft* would feel uneasy if wreathed with laurel earned in battle. Sully not then thy virtue, nor degrade thy superiority, by indulging an anxious and indiscreet curiosity. Be content with subduing a mason's heart with thy beauty, and enslaving it

with thy charms, but attempt not to penetrate the hidden recesses of its secrets.

Right Worshipful and Beloved Brethren,

The peculiar characteristics of masons are love, friendship, and benevolence. It is our duty to demonstrate that they exist with us not in speculation only, but in practice; ~~that we possess not the form alone, but the power of these principles; that our fathers have not reared this magnificent edifice, to transmit their own grandeur to posterity, but to establish a perpetual nursery for their offspring's virtues.~~ Let our conduct coincide with their wishes, and our energies assist their design; that our children's children, and generations yet unborn may reap its blessings. Let us feel in practice, as well as eulogize in theory, the importance of these virtues to ourselves and to society. Let us strictly observe all the precepts, scrupulously adhere to all the maxims, and religiously improve all the friendly monitions of our institution. Then shall we dare to meet a jealous world on its own ground, and demand our judgement from our deeds. In fine, let us live righteously and piously here on earth, and our good actions will reward us not with the admiration of a wondering world alone, but with an inheritance among the blessed, a seat in that lodge where heaven's GRAND MASTER shall pronounce our labours finished, and our souls at rest. Let us cherish this aspiring FAITH. Let this be our intrepid HOPE, the sweet companion of our CHARITY, that when the night cometh wherein no man can work, we may sleep secure from pain and sorrow in the arms of our blessed Redeemer; and when the last trump shall sound, may rise triumphantly to life that wakes forever.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

METHOD OF REVIVING PLANTS.

This is called a proved method of reviving plants, &c. when their leaves and buds are faded, and their bark and roots hard, and nearly dry, by M. de Droste, of Hulshof. The directions are, to dissolve camphor to saturation in alcohol, adding the former until it remains solid at the bottom; a sufficient quantity of rain or river water is then to have the alcoholic solution added to it, in the proportion of four drops to one ounce of water. As the camphor comes in contact with the water, it forms a thin solid film, which is to be well beaten up with the water in small flocculi, but will ultimately combine with the fluid, and disappear.

Plants which have been removed from the earth, and have suffered by a journey or otherwise, should be plunged into this camphorated water, so that they may be entirely covered; in about two, or at most three hours, the contracted leaves will expand again, the young faded and dependent shoots will erect themselves, and the dried bark will become smooth and full. That being effected, the plant is to be placed in good earth, copiously watered with rain or river water, and protected from the too powerful action of the sun, until the roots have taken good hold of the ground.

When large plants, as trees, are to be revived, their roots are to be plunged into the camphorated water for three hours; the trunk, and even the head of the tree, being frequently wetted with the same water, so as to retain them in a properly moistened state. But it is always best, if possible, to immerse the whole of the plant. Shoots, sprigs, slips, and roots, are to be treated in a similar manner. If plants thus treated be not restored in four hours, their death may be considered as certain, for they cannot be recalled to life by any artificial means. They should, consequently, never be left more than four hours in the camphorated bath; because the exciting action of the camphor, when it is continued for a longer period, may injure the plants instead of doing good to them. It is not necessary to say, that the final prosperity of the plants, thus reanimated by the camphor water, must depend upon the particular properties of the former, the state of their roots, and the pains that are taken with them. The camphor produces no other effect than to restore life to plants nearly dead; after that, all proceeds according to the ordinary laws, and their ultimate state must be left to art and nature.

(*Journal of Science.*)

FEATHERS AND LEAD.

A pound of Feathers heavier than a pound of Lead.

If two bodies, one of which is more bulky than the other, be found by the ordinary process of weighing by a balance *equiponderant*, and are then placed (still suspended in the balance,) within the receiver of an air pump, it will be found, on pumping out the air, that the larger body preponderates, though it was previously exactly counterpoised by the other. The cause of this phenomena is thus explained by Professor Hutton of Philadelphia, in the last number of the American *Mechanics' Magazine*:—"When any body is surrounded by a fluid, it is buoyed up with a force in proportion to the weight of the fluid and the quantity displaced by the body. Of course the more space it occupies in proportion to its weight, the more will its weight be counteracted. In the case of two bodies equiponderant in air, the weight of the larger is most counteracted by the air, because, on exhausting the air from the receiver, the larger body shows a preponderancy over the other, equivalent to the superior support which the air had afforded it. A similar result may be obtained, if hydrogen be substituted in the receiver for atmospheric air, because, as its specific gravity to that of the air, is only as 1 to 14, nearly, each body would be 13-14ths of the support which the air had afforded; but the larger body having received more work lose more. It follows that the common saying that a pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead, is less than the truth, as they would really prove heavier were the air removed."

(*Mechanics' Mag.*)

RATE OF SAILING.

The power required to move a body in a fluid increase, as is the square of the speed. There is not a more important truth in physics than this; it explains so many common facts, and becomes a guide on so many occasions. It shows at what a heavy expense of coal high velocities are obtained in steamboats. If an engine of 49 or 50 horse power would drive a boat 7 miles an hour, two engines of 50, or one of 100, would be required to drive it 10 miles, and three such would only drive it 12 miles. For the same reason, if all the coal which a ship could conveniently carry were just sufficient to drive her 1000 miles, at the rate of 12 miles per hour; it would drive her 3000 miles at the rate of 7 miles per hour; and nearly 6000 at the rate of 5 miles per hour. This is a very important consideration for persons engaged in steam navigation to distant parts. The same law shows the folly of putting very large sails on a ship. The trifling advantage in point of speed by no means compensates for the additional expenses of making and working the sails, and the risks of accidents in bad weather. The ships of the prudent Chinese have not one third so much sail for the same tonnage as those of Europe, and yet they move but a little slower. A ship under jury masts does not loose so much of her usual speed as most people would expect."

(*Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics.*)

STREET AND ROAD PAVEMENT.

It is the practice in Vienna and some other cities to pave the open courts of the hotels with blocks of hard wood, a few inches long, set on edge, over which wheel carriages roll almost without noise. We think a hint might be taken from this practice for paving our suspension bridges. A stratum of road metal, four or five inches thick, laid upon one of these bridges, will nearly double its weight, and render much additional strength and cost necessary. Were short blocks of hard wood substituted for the stone, two-thirds of the weight would be saved, and also two-thirds of the additional expense which a stone road would occasion. Were the pores or tubular cavities of the wood previously filled with a calcareous or other stony solution, or even with pitch, its hardness would be a good deal increased, and its durability still more, by the exclusion of the water. As broken wood would answer for this purpose, and as the labour of cutting and laying would be comparatively small, we do not think the expense would much exceed that of M'Adam's road metal.

We have often wondered, indeed, that the Vienna wooden pavement is not adopted in some of our

most fashionable streets, where the noise occasioned by the constant passing of coaches must be felt as a serious nuisance. Were the paving of each street under the management of the proprietors, we have little doubt that the improvement of this and other descriptions would be introduced. [Scotsman.]

TOPOGRAPHY.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

The following Sketch of Natchez we have received from a valued correspondent, who has our thanks for his cheerful assistance in this, as well as other concerns. In Morse's Gazetteer, fourth edition, 1823, we find this city thus respectfully noticed:—"Natchez is finely situated for a commercial depot, and its trade is rapidly increasing. The country in its rear consists of excellent cotton lands, and is laid out in extensive plantations. The income of the first planters is princely; from \$5,000 to 40,000. The town contains a courthouse, a bank with a capital of \$3,000,000, an hospital, and three houses for public worship; 1 for Roman Catholics, 1 for Presbyterians, and one for Baptists." This is from information collected in 1820. If our correspondent had pointed out the public improvements and additions to their municipal institutions, we doubt not, the comparison would have reflected additional proof of its prosperity and increase.

[ED. MAS. RECORD.]

[To the Editor of the American Masonic Record.]

The city of Natchez has by some been emphatically pronounced the "Ill-fated City," and to those who are always determined to look at the dark side of every thing, may perhaps in some measure deserve that name. But to such as are willing to take a fair and impartial view, and sometimes to look at the bright side of the picture, it would be equally entitled to the appellation of the "Favoured Village." It has been represented by many as the very "hot-bed of disease" and "emporium of vice." This, however, is extremely illiberal, unfair and unjust, and without foundation in truth. I will venture to say, that with the exception of about three months in the fall season, there is no town in the union, containing the same number of inhabitants, that enjoys a greater share of good health, (that is the settled and steady portion of the community.) It has indeed been visited, most fatally visited, several times within the last ten years, by destructive epidemics, and so has several other towns and cities, even New-York and Philadelphia. It cannot be denied, neither do I pretend to deny, that bilious fever, incident to all southern climates, prevail here in the fall season; but that they are more violent or fatal here, than in other southern countries, I do deny; and I am fully persuaded, both from experience and observation, that they yield as readily to the proper application of medicine, as in any other part of the United States. The city contains, during the business season, which is from about the first of November to the first of July, a population of more than three thousand inhabitants, and I am warranted in saying that, from the first of January 1827 to the first of the current September, there have been but thirty white persons interred in the city burying ground; and one half of this number, at least, were of the most transient and dissipated character, and did not in fact belong to the place. This certainly does not look like a "hot-bed of disease."

With regard to the morals of this city, there was perhaps a time when it deserved all that has been said about it. But, thanks to the influence of our free government, that time has passed away; and at this time there is as great a proportion of real worth, talent, and generous manly feeling, in this, as in any other town in our country, whatever may be said to the contrary, by those who feel disposed to slander and misrepresent us; and no town relying entirely on its commerce, as this does, can boast of fewer failures and a greater reputation for punctuality.

Its local situation is romantic, picturesque and

beautiful; on the bank of the Mississippi, about 300 miles above New-Orleans by water; on a bluff about two hundred feet above high water mark. In front of the town is a common, or lawn, about four hundred feet in width, which is to remain vacant, and is now partly planted with the "Pride of China," and other ornamental trees. It might at a trifling expense be made one of the most beautiful promenades in the world. From this bluff you have a view of six or seven miles up and down the Mississippi,—that "father of waters" flowing as it were beneath your feet. I defy the man of a fine and cultivated mind, while walking on its summit, beneath the cooling shade of the China tree, to view this noblest of rivers without feeling his heart expand at the sight—the river of rivers, bearing in silent grandeur to the bosom of the ocean, the tribute of a thousand streams,—all of which water thousands of miles of the most fertile soil in the world, and whose banks are rapidly peopling with millions of freemen, living in peace, plenty and confidence—to behold the mighty efforts of a Fulton's genius triumphing over this obstinate current, and, as if by magic, propelling the largest vessels, laden with the richest luxuries of Europe, the East and West Indies, bearing them into the remotest interior of our country, and bringing back the surplus produce of half an Empire,—how grand!—how sublime! And such must be the involuntary reflections of any man of enlightened mind who will take an evening ramble on the "Natchez Bluff."

The town is laid out in regular squares, some of which are pretty closely built with handsome brick houses. The country for many miles round is beautifully "rolling," and presents some delightful country seats. Our climate, none who have ever visited it will deny, is one of the pleasantest in the world. The middle of the day will no doubt be termed hot; but our mornings and evenings,—nothing can surpass for mildness and beauty. Our markets are usually well supplied with beef, pork, and mutton, the latter of which is pronounced by epicures to be of the finest quality. During the winter and spring seasons, we are supplied in abundance with every kind of article which the vast regions of the West produce, brought to our doors, and at fair prices. As to vegetables of every kind, if we do not have them from the beginning to the end of the year it is our own fault; for he who will take the trouble to cultivate them need never be without them. It is nothing uncommon to see in our market, every morning from January to March, radishes, onions, lettuce, spinach, &c. together with nosegays of full blown roses. In March, April, and May, we have abundance of green peas, beans, cabbages, asparagus, cucumbers, roasting ears of corn, ripe plums, &c. &c. But I must stop. I might go on, and fill another sheet, did I not feel certain I have already exhausted your patience. R.P.

THE GLEANER.

THE MIRAGE.

The first march from Abusheber we had to pass over a desert plain of considerable extent, on which I amused myself by watching narrowly the various changes, as we were near or remote from it, of that singular vapour, called by the French, *mirage*, and by the Arabs and Persians, *sirab*. The influence of this vapour in changing the figure of objects is very extraordinary; it sometimes gives to those seen through it the most fantastical shapes; and, as a general effect, I think it always appears to elevate and make objects seem much taller than they really are. A man, for instance, seen through it at the distance of a mile and a half, upon a level plain, appears to be almost as tall as a date-tree. Its resemblance to water is complete, and justifies all the metaphors of poets, and their tales of thirsty and deluded travellers. The most singular quality of this vapour is its power of reflection. When a near observer is a little elevated, as on horseback, he will see trees and other objects reflected as from the surface of a lake. The vapour, when seen at a distance of six or seven miles, appears to lie upon the earth like an opaque mass; and it certainly does not rise many feet above the ground, for I observed, that while the lower part of the town of Abusheber was hid from the view, some of the more elevated build-

ings, and the tops of a few date-trees, were distinctly visible. [Sketches of Persia.]

PERSIAN NOTIONS OF ENGLISHMEN.

Soon after our arrival at Muscat we were visited by men of all nations and colours. I was principally attracted by the appearance and manners, of some Arabs from the interior, who were brought on board by their countrymen to see an English ship of war. Their figures were light and elastic, their countenance expressed quickness and energy. The most remarkable of their features were their dark rolling eyes, which perhaps struck me more from their wandering rapidly from one object to another, glistening with wonder at all they saw. A good telescope happened to be placed so as to give a complete view of one of the farthest fortifications. I called an Arab to look through it, and he did so for about a minute, then gazed with the most eager attention at me, and, without saying a word dashed over the ship's side. When the boat he was in got to a little distance, he exclaimed, "You are magicians, and I now see how you take towns; that thing, (pointing to the telescope,) be they ever so far off, brings them as near as you like." We were much amused with his simplicity, but no arguments could prevail on him to receive such a lesson on optics as might dispel his delusion in supposing us to be adepts in the black art. [Ib.]

A BLIND TRAVELLER.

The masses of rock close to St. Maurice are awful and magnificently picturesque. They are almost perpendicular, and their lofty summits are from eight to fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Destitute for the most part of all vegetation, they are nevertheless adorned in various places with tufts of trees and shrubs, which the ablest landscape painter could not have arranged more happily to vary the design, and to soften their otherwise dreary aspect. A quarter of a league from the town, about the middle of a lofty and very steep rock is seen a kind of terrace, at one extremity of which is a spacious chapel, and at the other, a small hermitage. The ascent to it is by a very narrow path, which winds past numerous precipices, and in the most difficult places, by the remains of flights of several hundred steps. This dangerous and toilsome journey is generally performed twice a day, by a present inhabitant of the hermitage, without either fear or accident, though for several years past, he has been quite blind. This place is much frequented on account of the delightful view it commands.

[Tour of Simpson.]

MARRYING A PRETTY WIFE

A person was mentioned as having resolved never to marry a pretty woman. Johnson said:—"Sir, it is a very foolish resolution not to marry a pretty woman unless there were objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended; she will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another; and that is all."

When Constantine was chosen emperor, he found several Christians in office, and he issued an edict requiring them to renounce their faith, or quit their places. Most of them gave up their office to preserve their conscience; but some cringed and renounced christianity. When the Emperor had thus made full proof of their disposition and character, he removed all who thus basely complied with his supposed wishes, and retained the others, saying, "that those who would desert or deny their Divine Master, would desert him, and were not worthy of his confidence."

In the London Weekly Review there is a most entertaining notice of the recently published History and antiquities of London. In page 214 15 there is a description of a sumptuous entertainment, which is thus ushered in by an account of the boiling of a cock—"Richard Rose, cook to the Bishop of Rochester, according to his sentence, was boiled to death in Smithfield in 1531, for poisoning sixteen persons with porridge, which he had prepared for the destruction of his master, who fortunately escaped the intended mischief by the want of appetite which prevented him eating that day."

POPULAR TALES.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

A few weeks since business caused my attendance at the Admiralty. While waiting in one of the anti-rooms, I heard myself accosted by name by a tall and elegant looking man standing near me. My eye rested on his figure, but memory refusing recognition in the gaze, I inquired his identity. My surprise was great at finding he was one of my dearest, and earliest friends; and the start of astonishment, almost of pain, which his revelation elicited from me, must I fear have communicated to him the knowledge of the withering havoc which sorrow had made on his person. Only five years had elapsed since our last meeting, and that period, when unmarked by mental suffering or sickness, may pass over man while in his prime—and Captain Tancred was now only thirty-five—without leaving a record of its flight.

I had known him in boyhood: he had been the wildest, but the truest and most generous of my school companions. His presence had ever been the signal for some thoughtless freak or hazardous adventure. With a spirit fresh and buoyant as mountain air, exuberant health, and exhaustless vivacity, he was formed to be the idol of his associates. He seemed destined for happiness; he had every element of it in himself; and utterly exempt from that contracting selfishness which binds up the sympathies of too many natures, he revelled in the joy of dispensing it to others. Left to the choice of a profession, he selected that of the sea; it assimilated best with his taste, for it afforded indulgence to his peculiar temperament, which always seeking after strong excitements, would even court danger in all its varieties. The very character of the elements had charms for him; he loved its false unsubstantial surface, its engulfing depths, its perilous quicksands, the warfare of its waves, whose wild hoarse murmurs seem to warn man from their territories: they had terror in their sound, and that sound was music to his ears. Often, when the tempest from above had lashed the ocean into fury, and it boiled forth its wrath in billows which threatened destruction to aught of human power that dared its ire, I have known him singly embark in a little boat, in assertion, as he would say, of man's prerogatives, and to trample on the enemy which seemed to oppose his free agency over nature and her works.

At the termination of our maritime struggles, finding his sou very enervated at the prospect of indolent peace, he obtained the command of a revenue cutter, and I parted with him in the full glow of health, on his departure for the coast of Norfolk, to enter on his new service. Engaged in active pursuits, I had little opportunity for correspondence; but my heart often held communion with him, who was the dearest friend it had ever known. An interval of leisure having occurred in my occupation, I had resolved on visiting him a few days subsequent to the period when chance again united us. And was it—could it be Tancred, the gay the handsome, the volatile Tancred, who stood before me? His very voice seemed changed; its accents now had a mournful cadence, like the responses of a rifted cavern, and they were the echoes of a bare and shivered heart. There was still about him the exquisite polish of demeanour so often instinctive with high birth; for Tancred was nobly connected, which had always distinguished him; but the lofty bearing, the unquailing eye, the sunny smile were gone forever! At an interview which I afterwards had with him, he disclosed to me the events which had produced such a metamorphosis in his aspect and manner. The substance was as follows:

The signal-station which Captain Tancred commanded was situated, as I have said, on the coast of Norfolk. It was near a remote hamlet and partook in an eminent degree of that dullness and insipidity which so often distinguish a country village. The localities exhibited no peculiar points of interest. The scenery was not of that elevated and picturesque character which, in many parts of England, rivalling in loveliness and grandeur the landscapes of Italy or Switzerland, might well content a people less migratory than ourselves with the native samples it displays of nature's power. W—— had none of this; the painter or the poet might have

looked on it without the faintest glow of that kindling enthusiasm which rushes from the heart and thrills through the frame, at the sight of beauty in whatever guise displayed, uninstructed, unaltered, by the sophistications of art—fresh, luxuriant, and perfect, the visible and tangible evidence of that unerring system of harmony and arrangement by which the divine ruler conducts the universe. The inhabitants, too, of W—— were generally uncultivated and illiterate. Education had there been tardy in its civilizing influence; and there was amongst the lower classes; the mass of the population; little of that amenity of feeling which may in some measure atone for the absence of the higher mental qualities. The service in which Captain Tancred was engaged drew an almost entire line of demarcation between himself and his neighbours. He met them, and perchance the bow and courtesy of compelled deference were accorded; but there was neither glance, nor tone, nor word of sympathy exchanged. He was looked upon, by those even who stood unconnected with the illicit traffic which it devolved on him to oppose, with distrust and suspicion. He was one of those men however, whose activity and healthiness of temperament supply to themselves the deficiencies of place or people. Still there were moments when his customary employments failed of amusement; when even his own beloved element was gazed upon with the eye of listlessness and dissatisfaction; when he would more gladly have enjoyed communion with living than inanimate nature. In one of these moods he wandered forth on the beach. It was at that hour when

The moon was up, and yet it was not bright.

The sun was still in the sky, and the ocean blushed in the gorgeous beams which crimsoned the west. A thousand clouds floated around the throne of his expiring glory, as though they were anxious to bear away to some favourite and distant clime a trace of his splendour. A few stars were out to mark and guard the orbit of the timid moon, which, pale and more beautiful than all, seemed the type of that blissful world of peace and rest, from which she had just emerged. Tancred felt in its full force the might and majesty of the scene around him. Who can look on the boundless deep, the uncircumscribed firmament, the "stars which are the poetry of heaven," and not feel his own insignificance in the scale of creation? Who can think of the world, its feverish passions, its trivial pursuits, while gazing on the immensity of nature? The heart must be dead to every finer impulse, the mind destitute of every noble desire, which can restrict its views and wishes to morality, while contemplating the symbols of immortality!

Immersed in his own reflections, the hours glided imperceptibly on, and Tancred started on finding the waves were "winning their way to the golden shore." He was about to retreat hastily, when a form at a distance met his observation. Perhaps it might be humanity to warn the individual of the danger of her situation, or curiosity to discover who was the lonely wanderer—or gallantry, as that wanderer bore the outline of a female, which led him hastily forward to offer protection. It was declined by the young and lovely girl to whom it was proffered, with such bewitching yet shrinking timidity, such trembling apprehensiveness, that his interest was far more powerfully awakened by her refusal than if she had acceded to his request. Casual and slight, however, as this introduction to each other may seem, it formed the basis of a permanent acquaintance. It is unnecessary for me to trace its progress, or to follow it through all its gradations, germinating into friendship, till it arrived at the maturity of love. The development of a passion which involves the whole sum of earthly happiness of two individuals—which embraces in its issue anguish or bliss to them, here and hereafter, may yet be too deficient in striking peculiarity of incident to engage the sympathies of others. To a certain point this was the case in the attachment of Captain Tancred and Helen, for so was his idol called. There was mystery about her which she seemed most unwilling to account for or unravel. Beyond the name of Helen, he was even ignorant how the object of his worship was designated. "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet;" and while gazing on the exquisite being before him he often

thought how little accessory were name, birth, or situation to the possession of beauty, grace, and dignity. She was eighteen, yet looked even childishly young for that brief date of years. Her form was bounding and light, and there were a freedom and elasticity in her step, which her natural quietness of spirit and demeanor at times could scarcely control. There were moments when a dark and melancholy shade of sadness would steal across a brow pure and clear as the fair and stainless snows of heaven; and the small rosy mouth, which seemed blushing for the peril its matchless beauty exposed others to, would compress and almost quiver with internal agony. The eye, too, so blue and bright, would sometimes lose its look of boundless radiance; while a glance of deep, mournful, and passionate feeling would beam from its azure depths, and the dark silken fringe which shrouded its glory become gemmed with the tears of silent sorrow.

Tancred often interrogated her as to the cause of her unavowed grief. To imagine it the result of personal misconduct was incompatible with the angelic purity which so peculiarly distinguished her, and which, even more perhaps than her extreme loveliness, captivated his imagination, and enthralled his heart. Of her relations and friends she spoke little. She talked indeed of her father, but it was evident that fear and awe were blended with filial love and duty. That she moved in the lower walks of life her appearance indicated, though in her conversation, and in the soft and gentle repose of her manner, there was not discoverable the slightest taint of vulgarity. They met but seldom and each time with the resolve on Helen's lips of parting for ever! But who shall tell the struggle it requires voluntarily to separate from the being most dear to us? Policy, prudence—worldly wisdom may bid us burst the fetters which enchain our souls, but when those fetters are, at the same time, the only connecting links between us and happiness—when the snapping of them rives asunder, too, the ties of confidence, sympathy, and affection—oh! who shall marvel that we hug the chain closer and closer, till the meshes become so woven and entangled with our very heart's strings, that the breaking of the one may shiver the others too.

Tancred, convinced that the destiny of his future life depended for light or darkness on his beloved Helen, offered his hand, though literally ignorant of the very name of her to whom he tendered it. His proposal was received in silence and tears: still it was not rejected; indeed a faint smile illumined her countenance, and a slight pressure of the hand was his when he talked of the ensuing week for their nuptials. This was superstructure enough for Tancred to build a fairy castle of hope upon, and he anticipated, with boundless joy, the near prospect of calling Helen, the fair, the delicate Helen, his own for ever!

But now to deviate from the order of my narrative.

In a rugged and rarely trodden path which led to the beach stood a mean and lonely hut. It was of that coarse and rude description which the mind involuntarily associates with the idea of even equid poverty, and from which the eye retreats, while the bosom yields a sigh of pity for those condemned to inhabit it. It wore a cheerless aspect, an air of negligence and gloomy desolateness, which seemed as though it were wilfully indulged, and even prided in. The inmates of this hut consisted of an old man and his daughter—little was known of them. The ascetic and uncompromising sternness of the father operated so powerfully against the daughter, that her meek demeanor and singular loveliness could hardly subdue the general feeling of dislike which was entertained for them. Of their former occupation, or even of the precise nature of their present employment, none were aware. Some imagined that the father laboured under a partial alienation of reason; for there was at times a savage moodiness about him which approximated to insanity. He seldom was met in the hamlet, and neither visited nor received his neighbours, by many of whom as he had been more than once surprised in the exercise of fire-arms, and the arrangement of sea-tackle, it was suspected he followed the dark, desperate, and unlicensed trade of smuggling. The unavowed exercise too, of any other occupation, rendered the belief prevalent and strong. Nor was

suspicion false. Old Denham, which was the appellation of Helen's father, was a smuggler by vocation and choice, it might be almost said, by nature. In early life he had filled a subaltern situation in the navy; but the moroseness of his temper led to a quarrel with his captain, and he quitted an honourable service to engage in dishonourable traffic. He had fancied himself wronged, though he himself was his only enemy. The conviction, however, of having been injured, combined with the loss of a wife, who, though he tyrannized over while living, he bewailed ceaselessly when dead, and the accidental death of an only son, soured his disposition to absolute malignity. The constant poverty which he struggled with, his exclusion from all society, and even the beauty of Helen, which might render her so accessible to design and danger—all lent their aid in making Denham an object of restless misery to himself, of anxiety to his child, and detestation to his neighbours.

It has been stated, that, in ignorance of her condition in life, in ignorance that he had proffered his hand to one whose father would have had little compunction in stabbing him to the heart, Captain Tancred had fixed the following week for uniting himself to the smuggler's daughter. For several nights a vessel had been observed floating on the dark waters, which had aroused the suspicions of Captain Tancred. On the Saturday night preceding the week in which he fondly hoped to realize his heart's dearest wish, it was again descried. On that evening a seaman, who had recently been added to the detachment, was on watch for the first time. By the moon's light herecognized, in the commander of the little vessel, a notorious smuggler who had long infested the coast of Kent, where he had previously served, but had always eluded pursuit, and had for some months disappeared from the neighbourhood. The intelligence was communicated to Captain Tancred, who, with a party of men, put off in a boat in chase. It was a wild and stormy night; the moon at intervals only broke through the huge masses of cloud which drifted along the sky, the darkness of which received frequent illumination from the lightning's blue glare. The wind howled around, and

From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaped the live thunder.

Many a heart might have blanched from daring man's and heaven's wrath on such a night as this; but Tancred and his companions were fearless; duty incited them, and they sped onwards dauntless. The vessels met, and a short but determined encounter ensued. The numerical strength of the smugglers was trifling in comparison with their opponents; but despair lent them gigantic energy, and they fought as though this world and the next had been staked on the issue of the engagement. After a "brief space," however, the scuffle terminated in the defeat and capture of the smugglers. Yet there was one amongst them who stood unharmed unyielding, undismayed. Throughout the combat a savage desperation and ferocity of conduct had distinguished him from his comrades. His arm brandished a huge cutlass, which he raised to strike at the head of Captain Tancred, who at the same moment, discharged his blunderbuss. One ball entered the heart of the smuggler, and a gurgling splash of blood welled from his side. One deep short groan, and the heart stopped its pulsations, and he fell a heavy corpse at the feet of Tancred!

But the smuggler was not alone in his death—not a single victim to Tancred's fatal weapon; "its scattered shot destruction dealt around." In the commencement of the affray a slight figure, masked and enveloped in a large cloak, had escaped observation by crouching in the corner of the vessel. As the danger thickened, however, that form sprang from concealment, and was about to interpose between the combatants, when the fatal trigger was pulled, and a random bullet entered a bosom heaving with love for its murderer. The brave and the weak, the stern and the delicate, alike had been annihilated by Tancred's arm, and lay prostrate before him! The vessel steered hastily back to shore, and then was the discovery made, which stamped with unalloyed and unmitigable grief the future life of Tancred. The bodies of the smuggler and his comrades were removed from the boat. There was no

mask to hide the features of old Denham, and his ascertained identity created little sympathy. But the tearing off the mask, the removal of the fatal disguise from the figure of his youthful adherent, awakened a thrill of horror, and interest, and pity, in many a rugged breast, and overwhelmed one with a tide of misery that never ebbed. Perception at first refused to yield credence to the reality of the appearance presented to it. Horror without limit, despair without hope, were in the conviction; but conviction did come, and the mind sickens with the contemplation of the matchless agony of the moment. Yes it was the corpse of Helen that lay before him—killed, too, by his own hand! The fair, the fond, the beautiful being whom he had worshipped with the idolatry of devoted love; who had lain on his bosom in the sweet confidence of pure affection, and to whom he had been the whole earthly sum of weal and woe. He put aside the soft golden hair, which was now clotted with gore, and kissed the marble cheek, whose whiteness was stained with blood. Her eyes were closed, yet on the lids still lay a few glittering tears, the latest mementos of human suffering. The little flower which he had that very evening presented to her, was yet hidden in her bosom. It was crushed and faded; but, worthless as it appeared to some, to him the world's riches would have seemed poor for the purchase of the holy relic. On inquiry it was proved that Denham, in his wayward moods, would often take his daughter to be his companion in his unlawful and dangerous enterprises. No reasonable motive could be assigned for such proceeding by others; it could only be traced to the natural tyranny of his disposition, or might find solution in the fears that he sometimes expressed lest his daughter's state of unprotected loveliness might be invaded by insult. There was no ostentatious parade of grief about Tancred; not a single tear did he shed over the grave when it opened to receive his life's essence. But the blight had struck at his heart, withered up every blossom of joy, and blasted, as with volcanic influence, the soft verdure of hope that had grown there. No amusement beguiled him of his woe, no occupation robbed him of one pang of recollection. "Memory ceaselessly plied the work of pain," and at the age of thirty-five he appeared before me, bankrupt of joy, with a shattered frame, haggard looks, and a wasted and decrepid heart!

MISCELLANY.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

In the year sixteen hundred and blank, there dwelt, in a small town on the southern borders of Connecticut, a man known by the name and title of Tribby Clapp. We do not acknowledge any intention of becoming the biographer of Tribby, but one or two facts respecting him may not be irrelevant to our narrative. His name was properly written, "With much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of heaven Clapp;" but for the sake of brevity and euphony, he shortened it to Tribby. His farm was composed principally of sandy, sterile soil, and it required much labour to raise crops sufficient to support himself and Experience Clapp, who answered to the name of good-wife—at least to him. He was an unhesitating believer in witchcraft, the incarnation of "him of the cloven foot," and the evil eye, and doubted not that some malicious witch had inflicted on his arable land the curse of barrenness.

We entertain a strong aversion to the excursive style of writing, and instead of attempting to establish any inference from the above premises, we turn our attention at once to the circumstances that have induced us to adopt the title to be found at the head of this article.

On the 10th of August, in the year aforesaid,—the only day of the year in which turnips can be sown to advantage—Tribby prepared his turnip seed by mingling it with ashes, and while on his way to his field, encountered a very respectable looking gentleman, who proposed, after some preliminary conversation, that they should go "snacks" in the product of the turnip-field; the respectable looking gentleman to sow the turnips and help-gather them as his proportion of the labour.

"I like that notion well enough, Mr. Beelzebub," said Tribby—you must know, gentle reader, that

one party to this compact was no other than Old Scratch himself. We must confess our inability to account for Mr. Clapp's aptitude in discovering the character of his new acquaintance—perhaps there may have been some previous association, but we are unhappily ignorant on this score—"and I'll make the bargain with you, if you will take the tops, and let me have the bottoms."

Mr. Beelzebub, who it seems was not much of an agriculturalist, readily consented to this, and promised to come in October, and help Tribby pull the turnips.

Mr. Clapp was fearful that his respectable partner might not quietly submit to the imposition practised upon him, and he therefore repaired to the field before the appointed time, pulled the turnips, and carried home his portion, leaving Mr. Beelzebub's tops on the ground.

At the time appointed, Mr. Beelzebub waited on Tribby, and on learning how he had been cheated, flew into a great rage, and behaved in a manner utterly inconsistent with the character of a well-bred demon.

"Mr. Tribulation Clapp," said he, "you've shaved me once—no man ever cheated me twice—I'll make one more bargain with you, and if you come Paddy over me this time—(we heartily abominate parentheses, but we are constrained to make use of one now to remark, that the fact that Old Scratch expressed himself in this manner so long ago, ought to be considered as conclusive evidence of the antiquity of this elegant figure of speech, which has been claimed to be of modern origin by some diabolical innovators)—I'll yield the palm of knavery to a Yankee. Next year we'll sow a field of wheat together—I'll have the bottoms and you shall have the tops, and then we'll see who comes off second best."

Tribby made no objection to this proposition. Indeed, he was so alarmed at the anger of Mr. Beelzebub, that he would have agreed to the arrangement, had the details been much less satisfactory. Experience besought him to avoid any father connexion with the gentleman, inasmuch as it would lead to an intimacy that might prove injurious to her Goodman. He was deaf to her entreaties, the bargain was sealed, and the respectable looking gentleman departed.

Next year, at harvest-time, Mr. Beelzebub made his appearance—found that he was most palpably hoaxed, and protested that he would never again attempt to overreach a Yankee.

IRRUPATION INTO THE CARNATIC.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the derelivies of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants

flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function;—fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march, they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. [Burke.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

CORRECTION. In our last number, summing up the candidates nominated for the assembly by anti-masonic conventions, we erroneously named Josiah Sheldon, of Monroe county. It should have been Ezra Sheldon, Jr. Mr. Josiah Sheldon is a resident at Rochester, in the same county, and a different man.

We have received the August number of the London Literary Gazette, and the September number of Arlies' Magazine; extracts from which, will be found in this and subsequent numbers of the Record.

The article on the fifth page of this day's Record, entitled "The Devil Outwitted," should be credited to the Middlesex Gazette.

GEOGRAPHY. The perfection to which this branch of education is brought, is a matter of pleasing reflection to those who have at heart the best interests of the rising generation. By the use of globes, and the improvements introduced into our schools in the method of instruction, together with the perpetual advancement of the science, through the instrumentality of travellers of all ranks, the path toward a competent knowledge is made plain; the progress is accelerated, and the mind of the learner is enlivened with an emulation, quite different from the tardy and irresolute course pursued twenty years ago.

Geography is perhaps the most interesting as well as most useful branch of primary education. It was once taught, with any degree of success, in schools of the first order only; now, it is the first study that brings the judgment of the tyro into any confidence in itself; and the school where it is neglected, or improperly taught, is considered unfit for the entrance even of the novice in letters. We believe that our own country has much of the honour of this salutary change in the character of geographical study. Indeed we do not think it has obtained the same universal attention in any other region. The French Academy have done much for the perfection of the science, as also many learned individuals in England; but we doubt whether the benefits of their research have been so universally extended to all classes of community in any country except our own. The publication of Mr. Woodbridge's Geography in England, and the nomination of the same author as a corresponding member of the

French Academy, seem to favour this opinion. How different the task now is, to the pupil, from the tedium of chaunting over the catechising system of Dwight, with neither map nor globe to illustrate, nor patience to fix the dry and uninteresting facts in the memory! To such men as Morse, Woodbridge, Goodrich, and many others we could mention, the public cannot be too grateful, since their labours and researches have contributed so much to the present facility in teaching this truly desirable attainment to the rising generation.

THOUGHTS ON INSPIRATION. Writers of great literary eminence have believed so much in the existence of a supernatural inspiration, as to have their wonted hours, their peculiar dress, their preparatory ceremonies, and a poetic diet, whenever they wished to call down the auspicious influences of the beings who superintend the lucubrations of scribblers. There may be inspiration in the folds of a night cap, or in the thin looseness of the sleeping dress; it may come with the first light of the dawn, or be snuffed from the flickering head of the midnight taper; the inspired one may imbibe it in the exhilarating steepings of the Chinese shrub, or in the inebriating potation of Holland Gin; but whether its conjurations bear a more classic stamp, under these circumstances, than that which nestles in the texture of our thread-bare coat; or is quaffed in the coolness and freshness of the pure pump water we drink, or thrills through our limbs when returning to our desk from the toil of the *rounce* and *composing-stick*, we beg that none of our readers will undertake to decide.

In saying that some authors place much dependence in such imaginary tokens of favour from superior beings, we do not mean that all men of literary eminence, wait with such childish simplicity for the *spirit to move*, before they believe themselves authorised to clothe their desultory cogitations in habits of ink. The celebrated Doctor Priestley wrote with the greatest rapidity, in the same room with his family, constantly conversing with them on the common topics of family *chit-chat*, and so intimately connected were his mind and pen, that on a certain subject which he had intended as a foundation for a pamphlet publication, he actually wrote two successive essays containing the same propositions and arguments, and did not discover the duplicate he had unconsciously made, for some months after one of them had issued from the press. It is worthy of remark, that a man so constitutionally haunted with notions of spirits, should be so independent of them in his literary creed; but he had such an invincible habit of industry, it is probable the inspiration was forgotten in the labour. There are other instances in which writers of the first stamp acknowledge no inspiration but health and opportunity. Such as wait with the patience of a weather beaten angler, for the "moving of the waters," generally acquire a reputation for indolence; while they who dash away with figure upon figure, and strain after strain of affected sublimity, without check or cessation, may discover, if they ever undergo the penance of reading their own works, that they have written much, but very little to the purpose.

LEISURE HOURS.

FROM OUR ELBOW CHAIR.

James I. of England was ridiculously displeased, that one of his subjects should marry even an Indian princess, as was the instance of Rolfe, the husband

of Pocohontas. In this fact we see a strong proof of the sagacity of that monarch. Had he shown as much respect to the laws of nations as to the honour of Royal blood, Powhattan might have been proud of this compliment; as it was, the voluntary comparison of the English monarch was no flattery to the Indian Warrior. It was like all other parallels which little men draw between themselves and the great. They never emulate their equals.

Never do a man a great favour, hoping thereby to bespeak a future resource in a season of great need. In such a season your greatest enemy is the most ready to oblige you; your best friend the most certain to turn his back upon you.

A friend of ours, enumerating the good qualities of a neighbour, pronounced him a good christian, and a great liar; but added, he had charity enough to believe, that in lying he meant no harm, and in praying, no good. Are there not many such pious neighbours?

Never be so imprudent as to oppose the opinion of a bigotted sectarian, a pedagogue, or a kitchen maid. The first with his pious hopes that you may yet be converted, will heap all the denunciations of Dr. Slop's curse upon you; the second will argue you into a pulmonary consumption; and the third will never afterwards look pleasant in your presence, or speak well of you in your absence.

Those who are so anxious to ape the manners of the great, would do well if they imitated rather the virtues than the vices of their betters. They then might pass for original, now, every body knows them to be apes.

Matrimony would still be advocated, even if the world condemned it. The *flesh* and the *devil*, would not give it up.

The ancient custom of deifying the spirits of departed worthies is but a step further than the most civilized nations go at every period. The greatest and the best of men have lived unnoticed; but, when dead, and beyond the reach of their own praise, they have been worshipped with a zeal little less than idolatry.

When a man loses his reputation for speaking wisely, he makes some desperate efforts to recover it by speaking foolishly.

Who would be so foolish as to bury a diamond in a heap of gold dust? Yet the intellect is a jewel that is too often degraded by that usage. Pray how much more satisfaction is there in being called wealthy, than in being found wise?

How rich would many *think* themselves, could they make *wit* a lawful tender, by statute.

Books, rational amusements, and devotion, need no partners to share with them the vacant hours of the truly wise. By books we hold communion with the illustrious dead; by rational amusements, with the happy living; and by devotion, with HIM who is to judge both quick and dead.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A specimen number of a new paper, called "*Signs of the Times*," made its appearance in this city on Saturday last. It is published by Mr. D. M'Glashan, and primarily devoted to the election of General Jackson to the presidency. In addition to much mechanical neatness, the sheet is well filled with original matter and interesting selections. Mr. M'Glashan deserves, and we hope may receive the patronage of the party whose cause he so warmly espouses.

The *Philadelphia Monthly Magazine*. A new pe-

riodical of a very respectable rank, under the above title, made its appearance in Philadelphia, on Monday last. It is published by Judah Dobson, at \$5 per annum, and is (says the Philadelphia Palladium) the handsomest periodical ever issued from the American press.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, a new daily, tri-weekly, and weekly paper, friendly to the national administration, made its appearance in Philadelphia, last week. It is a well executed and well filled sheet, and edited by George Taylor, Esq. The *Minor's Journal*, recently published in the interior of Pennsylvania, by Mr. Taylor, is discontinued.

The *Philadelphia Mercury*, edited by Stephen Simpson, Esq. and friendly to the election of General Jackson to the presidency, has reached its third number. It is published on an imperial sheet, every Saturday, at \$3 a year.

The *Commonwealth*, intended as a successor to *The Amaranth*, by J. C. Andrews, in Pittsburgh, Pa. has been received. It is neutral in relation to the Presidential question.

The first number of the *Whitehall Republican*, by C. P. Broadwell, friendly to the election of General Jackson, has reached us. This is the fifth paper now published in the county of Washington.

The Token, *The Memorial*, *The Talisman*, and the *Atlantic Souvenir*, intended as Christmas and New-Year's offerings, are promised to appear in November. At this time, we cannot speak advisedly of their merits.

The September number of the "*Western Monthly Review*," has come to hand. We have glanced over it hastily, and believe it equal in merit to the preceding numbers. The contents follow:—Flowers of the Mississippi Valley; National Independence; Sketches of Indian History; Character of the Western People; Indian Maid's Death Song; The Beach Woods. REVIEWS—Marshall's History of Kentucky; Hope Leslie; Doddridge's Address; Fulton's Masonic Oration; Short's Agricultural Address. To Correspondents.

The *Student's Album*, a semi-monthly, octavo publication, at Schenectady, worthy of a better patronage, has been discontinued. It was a very proper appendage to a college like Union, and was mostly made up of original articles, composed by the students of that institution. Some of the communications were such as could be expected from young and inexperienced writers, but others were such as would do no dishonour to the columns of any literary journal; such as we should be proud to number among our evidences of corresponding support.

The calumny noticed below, originated in the *National Observer*, of this city, and was reiterated in the *Buffalo Patriot*. A contradiction of any slander promulgated through the first mentioned print, cannot be looked for. The very "food it feeds on," is obtained by base assertion and misrepresentation.

[From the Lockport Observatory.]

"The editor of the *Buffalo Patriot* is informed that Mr. Bruce, who he asserts, has fled from his country, is in this village with his family. The editor of a public paper who will deliberately give circulation to a base FALSEHOOD, to wound the feelings and produce additional excitement against an individual who awaits a legal investigation of his conduct, is deserving the contempt of an honourable community. If the assassin ever healed the wound his poisoned dagger inflicted, the public might look for a contradiction of the slander, from the same pen that coined it."

The Grand Lodge of Maryland, will meet in Baltimore, on Monday, the 12th of November next.

The Grand Lodge of Tennessee commenced its annual session in Nashville, on the 1st of October. In consequence of the occupation of the Masonic Hall by the legislature of that state, the Grand Lodge convened at the house of Messrs. Decker and Dyer.

Aurora Lodge will be installed at the house of John Laraway, in Windham, Greene county, on the 23d of October, instant.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

DOMESTIC.

A lead mine is opened in Shelburne, N. H.—Mrs. Royall is making a tour through the State of Maine. Governor Lincoln's "repugnance to matrimony," must have stood a severe test before this, if it is yet invincible.—Some of our unfledged critics are echoing the growls of the *London Times*, over the new novel, by Moore. If they read the Epicurean for themselves instead of trusting to second hand strictures, they will find he has given full and honourable credit to the *Romance of Sethos*. None but vile critics would call this a "vile plagiarism." Moore is an Irishman, body and soul, and this offends unconsciously the delicate loyalty of the *London Times*.—A lot of premium butter lately sold at Providence for one dollar and three cents per pound.—To illustrate the unwearied rivalry existing among steam packet companies, on the score of speed, one of our shrewd editorial wights quotes the remark of a moderate old Yankee, "his son Jehu, if he was riding on a streak of lightning would whip up."—Thirty millions of dollars are annually expended for ardent spirits in the United States; ten millions, for the support of paupers made by intemperance; there are one hundred thousand common drunkards; and ten thousand people die annually in consequence of excessive drinking.—Two young ladies of Ogden, Monroe county, in this state, spun on the 5th of September, 161 knots of woolen yarn each, on a common wheel. There, girls, is an example worth emulating.—The New-York Christian Advocate, a paper under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and only commencing its second year, has a circulation of 15000.—The following singular application is made to the legislature of Tennessee, now in session:—"Mr. Speaker, I introduced a bill to ~~grant the name of~~ Susanah Cremer to William Cremer, which was read the first time and passed. The petitioner had been considered a woman, had worn female clothes upwards of twenty years, and had gone by a female name. In 1825, petitioner changed his *habits*, went to Virginia, married a wife, and is now living in Green county."—We are informed that corn is 12 1-2 cents, rye 25 cts. per bushel; flour \$2.50 per barrel; butter 6 1-4 cts. bacon 21-2 cts. per pound; and poultry proportionably cheap, in the interior of Ohio.—Mr. Noah says,—"Mr. Solomon Southwick has two columns about us and Morgan. Really this is dreadful. Will Mr. Southwick have the goodness to murder us and have done with it? We are sure never to have any rest from his diatribes until we are completely dead. Kill us, then, O Solomon, in thy mercy, that we may live in peace."

FOREIGN.

In England, a young lady, rich and handsome, was lately held to bail for entrapping a young gentleman into a Greta Green marriage. [What next! Will parliament be consistent enough to annul the ceremony?]—The Russian princess Rostowsky has become bankrupt for 7,000,000 rubles. [Oh! woman, how art thou fallen!]—A reverend divine, says a London print, has been genteelly fleeced to the tune of £25,000, at a celebrated card club near St. James!—Among the ruins of Herulanum, a barber's shop has been discovered, together with his shaving utensils, in excellent preservation.—Snakes, they say, are served up in pies instead of eels, by the Lincoln Hotel keepers.—At the late Preston sessions, a boy only seven years old, was transported for life, on a conviction of theft. [Is this an evidence of an early maturity of intellect in the unfortunate young culprit, or a tyrannical dotage in his judges? Let humanity answer!]—A Paris paper states that a necklace and portrait of Maria Louisa, valued at £250,000, and several pieces of gold, were discovered in a wooden box, in pulling down an old house near the church of Notre Dame.—The six Onage Indians, who lately arrived in France, cut a dashing swarth. They have been introduced to Court, caressed at public dinners, admired at the grand opera, and in short, distinguished as the *lions* of the day.—The foundation of an ancient Roman edifice has been discovered, in digging the canal, near Bornheim, in which were found coins, and various articles of antiquity, such as vases, table utensils, &c.—From Eng-

land we hear that a good deal of embarrassment had taken place in forming the new cabinet, and the opinion was, that it will be of short duration. But one thing appeared certain: the result had, however, neither increased the power nor prospects of the ultra Tories.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Cure for a sore Throat.—We are informed by a person, who has experienced its good effects, that the essence of tar is a remedy for that affection of the throat, which oftentimes terminates in ulcers, and sometimes proves fatal. The essence of tar may be had of apothecaries, and the mode of administering is to drop a little on a lump of sugar, which is permitted to dissolve in the mouth and the solution swallowed. It should be taken, he says, as soon as any symptoms of the complaint are felt, in small portions at a time, and repeated till the pain is mitigated, and the patient convalescent. The essence of tar we should suppose would produce effects on the human system similar to those produced by spirits of turpentine; and should recommend caution in its use without advice from a regular physician. [Am. Farmer.]

Cure for the Fever and Ague.—Take 2 ounces best Lima Bark, 1 table spoonful Volatile Salt, Ammoniac or smelling salts; 100 drops Laudanum; half pint Brandy, and put the same into a Porter bottle, and fill it up with water, "when taken to be well shaken."

Commence by cleansing the stomach with Calomel and Jalap, or Calomel and Salts. A dose for an adult is two table spoonful every two hours, during the intermission of fever, and before the chill comes on, six doses ought to be taken, if you have to commence at midnight. A few doses ought to be taken occasionally for a few days after the patient has got well. The great charm in this medicine appears to arise from the *Volatile Salts*, for which the "cream of tartar" is no substitute. Bark is frequently known to bring on a return of fever; with this mixture—never. [Ib.]

Mode of stopping Epistaxis, (bleeding at the nose.)—A young man nineteen years of age, bled from the nose two days so profusely that he fainted several times. Mineral acids, ice to the nape of the neck, &c. were tried, but without stopping the flow of blood. Dr. Brunner was called in on the third day, and he blew up powdered gum Arabic through a quill—the hemorrhage ceased directly.

[Med. and Ph. Journal of Sciences.]

Cure for the Epilepsy. Lately, a woman passing through the streets of Glasgow, was suddenly attacked with a fit of epilepsy. Among the persons attracted to the spot was a young sailor, who, on seeing the woman, called out for some grains of coarse salt, which he forced into her mouth. This immediately had the effect of restoring the women's sensation and speech, and her convulsion was at once put a stop to. The young man, who has been at Madagascar and other foreign places, says he has seen this remedy applied to persons in epilepsy with great success.

MARRIED,

In Lockport, Niagara county, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Curry, Mr. WILLIAM P. DANIELS, merchant, to Mrs. BETSEY L. KENNEDY, all of that place.

LEMAN, —Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 21st

EXPIRATION of the time for redeeming Lands sold for Taxes in 1826.—*Comptroller's Office, Albany, October 17, 1827.*—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the time for redeeming the lands sold for county taxes and the United States' direct tax and assessments for making roads, will expire on the 27th day of April next; and that unless the lands sold by the Comptroller at his last sale in 1826, are redeemed on or before the said 27th day of April next, they will be conveyed to the purchasers.

W. L. MARCY, Comptroller.
(N. B. Lists of such lands in each county as had been sold, and were not redeemed at the date of the above notice, have been transmitted to each county treasurer, whose duty it is to publish the same in one or more papers in the county of which he is treasurer. Those interested are referred to such lists to ascertain if their lands have been sold and remain unredeemed.)

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1827.

[No. 39.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita. [Juv. Sat.]

[From Flint's Western Monthly Review.]

REVIEW,

Of an Oration, delivered June 1827, by Wm. S. FULTON,
published by order of Florence Lodge, No. 14.

To those, who might be disposed to insinuate, that we had unworthy motives, in thus often bringing masonic discourses before the public eye, we can only say, that they know as little of our views in the case, as we care for their estimate for us. We call the attention of our readers to the address before us, at the request of a subscriber, and because from its amenity, and calmness, and the air of good faith and good feeling, running through it, we think, it would gratify our readers to peruse it entire. We regret, that our limits forbid our giving it so. In reading it entire, they would read an unambitious address, in which there was nothing swollen, incongruous, or revolting to good taste—but the whole in keeping with all its parts, and possessing that delightful attribute of a good, plain, and unpretending harangue, which there is no single term in our language to designate, but which the French mark by the term *onction*; a certain sweetness and tenderness of manner, tending to soothe the mind of the hearer, and impress it with good feeling.

The scope of the address throughout is a eulogy of masonry, and in eulogizing that order, he eulogizes human nature. Why should we not join our testimony to his? We have never seen harm of this society. We know of no one who has. We have seen good of it, that we shall not cease to remember. Nay more; we have felt, in reference to this order kindnesses, unsolicited, unsought, unexpected, which we may neither relate, nor forget. The avowed object of the society is to do good, to protect, and relieve the widow, the orphan, and the distressed; and to dry up tears. When we cease to wish well, and to laud in our humble measure a society with such avowed objects, and as far as we have been able to discover, acting in conformity to its profession, may our right hand forget its cunning. We shall occupy the remainder of this article more usefully, than by any further remarks, in giving extracts from the oration.

"The Masonic institution would be universally respected, was it not, for the difficulty which is produced, on account of the secluded and secret manner in which our Masonic labours are performed. So long as we shut out an inquisitive world from a knowledge of Freemasonry, doubts and uncertainty will continue to hang over us. Our assurances will not in all cases be taken for truth. Bad men will misrepresent us; and many good ones will be deceived. This then, would seem to create a powerful inducement, to dispense with concealment. But this must not be. If the secrets of Masonry were once entrusted to the free and indiscriminate abuse of a corrupt and licentious world, this wonderful institution which has withstood so long the shocks, of oppression, would soon begin to moulder and decay; and in a short time, the masonic temple would present before us, nothing but a mortifying mass of ruins. Nor would the destruction of our pillars of strength, be of the least benefit to mankind. A full development of the secrets of masonry, would only serve to gratify the excited curiosity of such, as take no interest in our fate. The distinguishing marks by which masons recognize each other would be thereby destroyed—the bonds which bind us together would be dissolved, and we, who glory so much in our security against *want* and *misery*, and in pleasure of having so many who feel for us a *brotherly regard*, would be thrown again upon the world's cold charity, was it not that we are bound to aid, to assist and to vindicate each other—was it not, that the masonic tie affords a protection to our wives and

daughters; was it not that our characters and our property are perfectly secure in the hands of a worthy brother. If borne down by poverty he will minister relief, and if surrounded by foes he will fly to our aid. Was it not that we are forcibly admonished, "to love our neighbours as ourselves" and taught to feel the necessity of "doing unto others, as we would they should do unto us," we might cheerfully surrender our masonic rights; and be willing to lay violent hands upon those sacred obligations, from which we derive so large a stock of human happiness. But so long as masonry affords us such high consolations, so long as we derive from it so many invaluable benefits, so long as it teaches us so many useful lessons, and surrounds us with so many incentives to a virtuous life, we never can dissolve our connection with the order—nor can it be wondered at, that we cherish for it, the strongest affection.

"The principles of masonry are illustrated and explained by the most striking examples and appropriate devices. Indeed, a masonic lodge affords a most excellent school of instruction. In it, the brotherhood are engaged in the practice of the most useful and important lessons of life. They are impressed, with the necessity of system, order and regularity, in all their pursuits, and are instructed in such principles, as ought to govern them, on entering into the social state. The equality and good will which prevails in the lodge teaches us, to know, that "all men are created equal," that our safety and satisfaction in life, is derived from a mutual willingness and obligation to aid and assist each other, and that merit alone, constitutes the just ground of distinction between man and man. By it, we are convinced that power, to be lawfully exercised, must be fairly and voluntarily delegated, and that laws to be binding, must be enacted by the authority of those for whom they are made. The levelling power of masonry, instead of lessening, greatly increases our respect for those who are entrusted with offices, and it has demonstrated, that men from the most exalted to the humblest stations in life, have derived a heartfelt satisfaction, and have found it to be highly necessary, to meet together and associate with one another as brothers. The rewards of the just, and the punishment of the wicked are historically and practically taught, and the temple which we rear for the reception of a brother, is constructed in such a manner as to impress him with the beauties of *faith, hope and charity*: and to admonish him, of the solidity and strength of that union, which is cemented together by virtue and benevolence and founded upon justice and truth. The use of the senses, and the advantages of the arts and sciences, are also called into requisition; and the mechanical tools are especially necessary, in our masonic labours. These are all designed to enforce and represent various truths; *moral, political and religious*; and being lively and sensible images, are calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the heart, and fasten themselves upon the memory.

"The light of masonry would have long since ceased to shine, had it not been for the eternal and immutable light which it derives from the Holy Bible. When surrounding that sacred altar we never can forget the book which is constantly before us. The same beacon light, by which the christian is guided in pursuing his voyage to the haven of everlasting happiness, directs also, the mason's course "on life's troublous ocean." "In the beginning, God said, let there be light, and there was light." The sublimity of this awful fiat of the Almighty must have struck every mason, with a peculiar force. We behold, daily, the world passing from light to darkness, and from darkness to light—but the illumination and the gloom are made gradually to succeed each other, and by its frequency, the sublimity of the change is lost upon our senses. We can imagine, it is true, an instantaneous change from darkness to light, and can form some adequate idea of

the awful spectacle of a world emerging from darkness. But the mason is made especially to feel the abject state of *wretchedness, ignorance and darkness* by which he is surrounded in this sublunary sphere, and is solemnly impressed with the glorious and intense brightness which shines throughout the kingdom of the Most High! And I must say, the heart of that man is callous indeed, who is not struck with the sublimity of, "that Hieroglyphic bright, which none but craftsman ever saw," and who feels no sensation at the mention of that name, which fills the good with hope, and the guilty with fear and trembling. It is not the light of day, which the mason beholds in the masonic temple. It is the light of religion, of virtue and of truth—the light of nature, science and philosophy—the light of justice, temperance, prudence and fortitude—the light of mercy, benevolence and charity. These are the lights which illuminate the masonic sanctuary. It is the influence which they have, upon the life and conduct of a true mason, which gives dignity and distinction to his character, and calls for the respect of his fellow men. Thus he is led to delight in his masonic duties—to cherish the warmest affection for the brotherhood—to lock up in his heart the invaluable secrets of the order; and to hold the masonic institution in the highest veneration. It is thus, that the blessings of masonry have descended from generation to generation, pure and undefiled and it is thus, that our society still exists, in the full enjoyment of all its capabilities of mitigating and assuaging the sorrows and afflictions "of this vale of tears."

"A man named William Morgan, a citizen of the state of New-York, is said to have been cruelly murdered; his tongue and his heart, it is said, were torn from his body, and given to the vultures of the air, as a punishment for his having *pretended* to divulge the secrets of masonry. The charge is a serious one—It has been met with corresponding seriousness, and has been most industriously and faithfully investigated. The fate of Morgau has not been ascertained. But to the honour of the state of New-York, the Grand Chapter of that state has disclaimed all knowledge whatever of the affair.—There are, moreover, strong grounds for believing that Morgan is not dead. It is believed that the whole story is a fabrication, got up for the purpose of speculation. And that Morgan, being about to publish his work, has *concealed himself*, and circulated this report to excite public sympathy and curiosity: thereby to enhance the value of his publication, and produce a rapid sale. None of the circumstances, as they have been reported, have been established: and many suspected persons have been acquitted and discharged. But if the dreadful deed has really been perpetrated, we most sincerely deplore it; not more as masons than as men. Masons are like other men:—there may be some among them, who could be guilty of engaging in such a sanguinary transaction. But as a *society*, we are pledged to respect and maintain the laws of our country, and we will *ever be found* prompt and ready to see them executed. It is hoped, therefore, so soon as reason resumes her empire, that the momentary excitement, which has been produced in New-York, will subside, and that no odious stigma will any longer attach itself to the masonic *ecutcheon*."

"Masonry claims to be considered only as the hand-maid of christianity. She boasts that none of her duties or obligations are in the least degree incompatible with the strictest principles of the church of Christ, and that at the same time, her blessings are alike extended to the worshipper of every creed, that acknowledges the existence of God. And although there are many of our order, who are "covered with a multitude of sins," yet we deem it not impious to be found in the act of humbly supplicating for pardon and forgiveness, and pleading for mercy at the throne of Grace.

"And now, my Brethren, let me conclude by hoping that masons every where may make themselves worthy of their calling, that we who are assembled here, may never violate our masonic obligations, and that our conduct through life may be such as to elevate the masonic institution. Let us repair to the feast of brotherly love. Let us spend this day in doing honour to our patron saint; and in a proper observance of those masonic duties, which have every where excited the admiration of the great and good."

GEORGIA.

The annual meeting of the *Grand Lodge of Georgia*, will be held at the hall in Milledgeville, in that state, on the first Monday in December next.

VIRGINIA.

The splendid Hall erected by the spirited exertions of the masonic fraternity of Portsmouth and its vicinity, (Naval Lodge, No. 100) having been completed, in a style of architectural symmetry, creditable to the skill of the builders, the brethren dedicated it in solemn form, on Saturday last, the 20th inst. at 11 o'clock, A. M. On that occasion, they, in the spirit of fellowship, invited the brethren of Lodges No. 1, 16 and 56, of that borough, and transient brethren, to attend and unite in the ceremonies.

The Rev. Br. Henry W. Ducachet, delivered an appropriate discourse.

NEW-YORK.

MASONIC FESTIVAL.

The Festival of St. John, the evangelist, will be celebrated at the lodge room in the village of Salem, Washington county, on the 27th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The lodges of master masons and brethren of the order, in this and the adjoining counties, are respectfully invited to attend. Salem, Oct. 12th, 1827.

ASA FITCH,
WILLIAM M'FARLAND,
CORNELIUS L. ALLEN,
ABNER AUSTIN,
ALFRED FREEMAN,

Committee
of
Arrangements.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

MAGAZINE PERCUSSION LOCK.

We have had the pleasure within a few days past, of examining a new invention, to be applied to rifles, muskets or fowling pieces, called the "Magazine Percussion Lock." It is to supply to fire arms the use of ordinary locks, without their inconvenience, resulting from the projection of different parts, liability to injury, and frequent failure in igniting the charge. This ingenious specimen of mechanic science, is the production of Mr. James B. Lowry, of Chautauque county, New-York. The piece that we examined was a rifle, and the lock, which is the same for that as for other fire arms, is composed of eight pieces.

1st. The break off breach—somewhat longer than in common guns. To the interior surface of this, the magazine and main spring are attached, and through an opening in it, which is secured by a screw or slide, the priming is put into the magazine.

2d. The Carrier—similar to the cock of a common percussion lock reversed: it is acted on by the main spring as is the tumbler in a common lock. The priming is conveyed by it from the magazine to the cone or tube, which projects from the barrel below, and through which the fire is communicated to the charge. A portion of the carrier, termed the lever, (and in appearance like a trigger in a common gun) projects through the trigger-plate, and is used to cock the piece.

3d. The Main-spring.

4th. The Magazine—is about half an inch in diameter, and may be made to contain 150 or more primings.

5th. The Slide, or false bottom of the Magazine—fer passing the proper quantity of priming from the magazine to the carrier, and then closing to prevent the possibility of a communication between the priming passed out and that in the magazine.

6th. The Trigger: 7th. The Tumbler: and 8th. The Trigger Plate.

When the magazine is full, the act of cocking the piece, primes it; if it is desired to let down the lock without discharging the piece, by reversing it, the priming may be returned to the magazine. There being no opening in the top, excepting the one in the upper extremity of the magazine, which is covered by a screw or slide, it is impossible for the priming to get wet in any degree, by rain or dampness of the atmosphere.

When in the stock, every part of the lock is invisible, excepting the trigger and a portion of the carrier, with the smooth surface of the break off and trigger plate.

When a gun is in order for use, with one of these magazine locks, it has the appearance of an ordinary piece without any lock. One great advantage then, that is to result from the use of the present invention, is an escape from injury to which the projecting parts of the lock, the cock and hammer, are liable, from concussions or the atmosphere. The situation of the priming, likewise prevents the danger and mortification of a "snap;" and the complete enclosure of the few component parts of the lock, while it preserves them from all injury, dispenses with a very considerable portion of the labour of cleaning a gun—that drawback upon a sportsman's pleasure.

In rifles, these locks are peculiarly beneficial, and their adaption to the government arms, may be anticipated with confidence.

We learn with pleasure, that a gentleman of this city, who has great experience in the manufacture of muskets, has purchased from Mr. Dowry the right to make and apply the Magazine Percussion Lock, in a great portion of this state, so that its use and benefits may be soon tested and enjoyed,

[Phil. U. S. Gazette.]

TRANSPARENT PAPER.

We have seen a sample of Transparent Paper, made by David Kiser, for which he has obtained a patent. It is an excellent article, and if water marks were made on bank paper, bills of exchange, there would be an end of counterfeiting. Banks &c. might readily purchase the right, and have machinery to do it themselves; and it would be a mystery which need never be disclosed; at least, those who are base enough to counterfeit, will never be able to discover the method of doing it. The paper is also well suited to cover prints and paintings in place of glass: if put on well there will be but little difference in the appearance of a picture from one covered with glass. The cost of covering a picture with transparent paper will not exceed fifty cents, for a frame three feet by four feet: it is also used as a covering for windows to prevent the rays of the sun from passing through: at the same time to admit as much light as if no paper was on. It can also be used as a cylinder or tube, to put round a lamp or candle, and cause it to emit a more agreeable light. These, are only a few uses to which it can be applied; many more will gradually develop themselves when artists are aware that such an article is to be obtained.

[New-York Enquirer.]

MEDICAL.

CHARCOAL,

AS A CATHARTIC—IN CASES OF OBSTINATE CONSTIPATION.

Dr. Daniell has lately published some cases illustrative of the effects of Charcoal in cases of obstinate constipation. In the first case which occurred to him, after having employed the usual treatment of bleeding, warm bath, and mercurial purges, aided by jalap, castor oil, with other active medicines of this kind, without success, he conceived that a favourable opportunity had occurred for trying the efficacy of Charcoal.

"I gave," he has informed us, "a table spoonful of it every half hour, and at the expiration of about 17 hours, my patient's bowels were freely evacuated. The discharges, which consisted chiefly of a thick mucus, were coloured by the charcoal. The medicine was then discontinued, and castor oil substituted; the latter however evacuating but partially. I had recourse again to the charcoal, which was continued until the patient recovered. My observa-

tions since have convinced me of the necessity of continuing the charcoal until the discharges are no longer marked by the presence of slime or mucus, which I have found to abound in very considerable quantities, in all the cases of constipation which have fallen under my care. And I think the existence of this matter in the intestines, may explain the cause of failure, not only of powerful enemas, but of cathartics, to evacuate them. Lining as it most probably does, the chief or whole of the bowels, it protects their surface from the influence of the medicines.

"The charcoal probably exercises a chemical influence upon this matter. The evacuations produced by the charcoal appear to be composed chiefly of this article, and the mucus or slime intimately blended.

"Since this case, I have used the charcoal in fourteen or fifteen other instances, and always with complete success. In this disease the sufferings of the patient are usually extremely great, and I have occasionally, since adopting the charcoal, attempted to relieve them by other cathartics which operate more speedily, but I have invariably failed, and was afterwards compelled to have recourse to that remedy; sometimes, however, not until the third and fourth days of this disease, and always with decided advantage. Further experience has convinced me, that the most speedy, as well as most certain relief is to be obtained from the free use of charcoal. If it does not wholly relieve, it always very much mitigates the pain in six or eight hours from the period of its first administration; and within my observation the patient has always been entirely composed before the operation of the medicine upon the bowels.

"To many, the tardy operation of this medicine may appear as a serious objection to its use. It was formerly so to me, but since I have been convinced of its certain efficacy, and that although it may not act upon the bowels in twenty-four hours, even after its first exhibition, yet that it will in one third of the time, very much relieve if not wholly remove the pains, &c. This objection appears comparatively unimportant; for what avail a few hours in the cure of a disease, if we can controul the sufferings of our patient, and afterwards certainly relieve him.

"In regard to the dose of this medicine, the rule which I have pursued is to give it as freely and as frequently as the stomach will allow. The quantity required is considerable. It has a happy influence in lulling the irritability of the stomach, when nothing else which I have used, would controul the nausea and vomiting of the patient; thus fulfilling the double intention of alleviating a very distressing symptom, and then removing the disease itself. I usually give from one to three table spoonfuls of the charcoal every half hour or hour; whenever the stomach becomes over-charged with the medicine, the excess is thrown off, and the stomach is again quiet. I give in lime water, milk, or water alone, the vehicle having appeared to me unimportant."

[London Med. Repository.]

CAUSE OF DISEASE.

Morveau and others have affirmed that ship fevers, jail and hospital fevers and plagues, have their origin from putrifying animal and vegetable substances; and that acids will remove from the atmosphere these deadly causes: common vinegar is good, but not sufficiently volatile for complete effect: the muriatic acid is the best; for sick rooms or infected places it may be procured in the following manner: place in a common chafing dish of coals a strong vessel with sand; in this put another of common salt; as soon as the salt becomes well heated, pour on common oil of vitriol, having the doors and windows of the room closed; the fumes will very soon destroy the seeds of the disease.

[Western Tiller.]

Cure for Canker in the Stomach.—Take one pint of dry white beans, and boil them in two quarts of water. Give to adults two table spoonfuls, and to children one tea-spoonful. Give senna as physic next day. This simple medicine has effected cures when physicians have given the patients over.

[Salem Observer.]

BIOGRAPHY.

MAHOMET.

This man whose followers have been and still are, the scourge of the christian world, was born in the reign of Anusheerwan the Juet, Emperor of Persia, about the 6th century of the Christian era.

He came into the world under some disadvantages. His father Abd'allah, was a younger son of Abd'almotallele; and dying very young, in his father's lifetime, left his widow and infant son in very mean circumstances, his whole subsistence consisting but of five camels and one Ethiopian slave. Mahomet was therefore consigned to the care of his grandfather, who, at his death, enjoined his eldest son, Abu Taleb, to take Mahomet under his care; he complied with the request, and at the age of 13 years, took him into Syria, and instructed him in the business of a merchant. He afterwards was employed by Khadijah, a noble and rich widow, for her factor, to whom he was married afterwards, and thereby became on an equality with the richest merchant in Mecca.

After he began, by this match, to live at his ease, it was, that he formed the scheme, as he expressed it, of replanting the only true religion professed by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and the Prophets, by destroying the idolatry of the world, and weeding out the corruptions and superstitions of the Jews and Christians, and force them to worship one God, and reject Messiah, whom he believed to be merely a Prophet.

He first converted his wife and family. His wife received the news with great joy, swearing by Him in whose hands her soul was, that she trusted he would be the Prophet of his nation. These things took place when he was about forty years of age.

He tried what he could do for some time by private persuasion. His cousin Ali, the son of Abu Taleb, joined him and styled himself the first of believers; his doctrines were violently opposed by some of his relations; but he told them, that if they set the sun on his right hand, and the moon on his left, he would not desist, as he had received divine communication from God, by his Angel Gabriel. The Kereish were his principal opponents, and resisted him for many years, and himself and followers suffered very much from them, and he had to quit Mecca, and reside in Tayef, about 60 miles east, from which place he was driven and returned again to Mecca; and continued preaching and gained six Jewish converts.

In the 12th year of his mission, he asserted that he went from Mecca to Jerusalem and thence to Heaven in one night; this story nearly ruined his cause for several disciples left him; his cause again revived, and he soon had a respectable force, consisting of 1400 men. A conspiracy was formed to destroy him by the Kereish, but he soon received knowledge of it, and by a successful stratagem, escaped to Medina. This is called his flight from Mecca to Medina.

The 8th year of the Hegira, was a very fortunate year to Mahomet, his army increased, and he put to route 100,000 Grecians and Arabs, and he was determined to force his religion now with the sword—what he formerly had to do by persuasion. Mahomet marched against Mecca, and his forces increased to 10,000 men. The inhabitants surrendered at discretion, and 38 of them were destroyed, 28 of them without his orders. During the 9th and 10th years of the Hegira, he was employed in sending embassies to the different kingdoms to convert them to his faith, and a great many joined him. In the 11th year of the Hegira he died.

The Mahometans believe in a God, in his angels, in his scriptures, in his prophets, in the resurrection and final judgement, and in God's absolute decrees; the points relating to practice are, prayer, with washings, &c. alms, fasting, pilgrimage to Mecca, and circumcision. The Koran requires them also, to believe in the purity of angels. After the final judgement, and every one's work is weighed in a just balance, they say that mutual retaliation will follow, according to which every creature will take vengeance one of another, or have satisfaction made them for the injuries they have suffered. The manner of giving this satisfaction will be by taking away proportional parts of the good works of him

who offered the injury, and adding it to those of him who suffered it; if good works are left, even the weight of an ant, they are doubled unto him and he is admitted into paradise, but if no good works are left he is cast into hell.

After the trials are over, they say that the good will take the right hand road and the bad the left, but both must first pass the bridge called in Arabic Al Serat, which they say is laid over the midst of hell and is thinner than a hair, and sharper than a sword: on each side of which is thorns and briars which will be no impediment to the good, but the bad will be very much torn and scratched by them. The good will pass over it as quick as the wind, being conducted by Mahomet: the bad will miss their way in the dark, and fall into the gaping hell beneath. There are degrees in punishment and it is very horrible. Heaven is made a sensual paradise, where believers will live forever, in the gratification of their lusts.

It is believed by divines, that the Mahometan empire will be destroyed in the year 1844.

THE TRAVELLER.

QUICKSILVER MINES OF IDRIA.

ACCOUNT OF THE CONFLAGRATION IN 1803.

In 1803, on the night between the 15th and 16th of March, the workmen observed a thick smoke issuing from some of the lower galleries. It ascended, and spread itself through the higher. No fire was seen, no sound of flames was heard, but it was too evident that the mine was on fire, below. Some of the workmen, with great intrepidity, endeavoured to reach the scene of the conflagration. It was in vain; they were forced to retreat from one gallery to another, flying before an enemy whom they could not discover; for the smoke, which continued to make its way upwards to the open air, was not merely so dense and suffocating, but so loaded with noxious fumes, and particles let loose from the fossils among which the flames were raging in the bowels of the earth, that no living creature could safely meet it, much less penetrate it. They were fortunate enough to save themselves above ground, and the idea was adopted of extinguishing the fire by excluding the air. All the passages were closed as near the supposed scene of the conflagration as they could be reached. The two shafts, which lead immediately above ground, were stopped up, outside, and plastered over with clay. Five weeks the mine remained thus sealed up, but without effect. Twice, during this period, the coverings above, were removed; each time, the enemy was found more furious than before. The flames were heard raging below, with a sound at which the miner still trembles when he relates it; the smoke, burdened with mercurial, and sulphurous exhalations, rolled forth from the mouth of the pit, like streams from the jaws of Acheron, striking down every one that came within its reach. It was apprehended that the fire had attacked the upper works, and was thus threatening the final destruction of the mine. As a last resource, the director resolved to hazard the experiment of laying the mine under water. A stream was turned into the perpendicular shaft, and allowed to flow two days and three nights. During the first day it produced no effect. In the course of the second day, whether it was that steam, generated by the meeting of the fire and water, was struggling for escape, or that an inflammable air had been produced and kindled by the glowing fossils, of a sudden, a subterraneous explosion shook the mountain with the noise and violence of an earthquake. The huts of the miners, situated near the entrance, were rent; houses farther off, but standing on the slope, or near the skirts of the hill, started from their foundations; and the panic struck inhabitants, were flying in dismay from the ruin that seemed to threaten their valley. The whole thing must have been splendid; accidental as it was, art could go no farther in imitating nature. In the mine itself, as was afterwards found, the explosion had rent the galleries, thrown down the arched roofs, and torn up the stairs. But the victory was gained; the vapours began to diminish, and, at the end of some weeks, it was possible to venture into the mine. It cost two years to prepare an apparatus, and pump out

the water. It was carried off into the Idria, and was found to contain only a small quantity of mercury, but a large proportion of vitriolic acid, and so much iron, that the bed banks of the river were encrusted with iron ochre, throughout its whole course, from Idria, to where it falls into the Lisonzo. At the same time, every fish disappeared from the stream excepting the eel, which seems to bid defiance to every thing except actual broiling or roasting.

Even when the galleries had been cleared of the water, it was impossible to work in them, partly from the heat which they still retained, but still more from the fumes of sublimated mercury, which produced in the miners a violent salivation, accompanied with convulsions and trembling of the limbs. To produce an almost inhuman zeal, high wages were offered to such as would venture into places reckoned the most dangerous, to explore the consequences of the disaster, and collect the quicksilver which had been deposited in large quantities in the galleries. Many purchased this additional pittance with their lives; and altogether, the atmosphere which continued for months to infect the mine was so baneful, that it was difficult to muster a sufficient number of healthy men for ordinary operations.

[Brewster's Journal.]

VARIETY.

ORIGIN OF THEATRICAL BENEFITS.

Mrs. Barry is recorded as the first performer, male or female, who ever had, what is now understood by the term, a benefit. The privilege was procured for her through the influence of James II. and she alone possessed it until just before the eighteenth century. The poverty of the divided theatrical companies then induced the managers to employ this expedient for paying their actors and actresses more directly out of the pockets of the public; and it not unfrequently happened (at least the performers made the accusation) that the patentees appropriated to themselves all the proceeds, under the pretext of house expenses, and left the performers to their remedy.

GARDENS IN SHIPS.

To sow in the temperate zone, and reap between the tropics, is a somewhat singular thing. Yet it is constantly done. For our great East India ships, in imitation of the Dutch who first introduced the practice, have little salad gardens in flat wooden boxes on their poops, where the seed, acted upon by a heat increasing daily, shoots up in a surprisingly rapid manner. In these gardens the number of crops in the year are more numerous than in any spot on earth, for the gardeners, if so minded, can command almost any temperature.

A DANGEROUS QUESTION.

A simple ostler being one day at confession with his priest, was asked by the father if he had never greased the teeth of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating their allowance of hay and oats? "Never," replied the ostler. In a subsequent confession, the ostler acknowledged the frequent commission of the fraud. "How," said the priest, "I remember at your last confession you said you had never done so?" "No more I had then, answered the ostler; for till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating; but since you first put it in my mind, I have been tempted to practice that fraud."

The two maxims of any great man at court are, always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word. [Swift.]

NEW-YORK CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Jacob Barker like a good oyster? Do ye give it up! Because he's a York Banker.

Why is a child that has a cold, like winter? Do ye give it up! Because it blows, it snows.

Why are the Signorina's notes like Bills on England? Do ye give it up! Because they are above par.

Why is a dog with his tail in his mouth, like an economist? Do ye give it up! Because he makes both ends meet.

Why is a man and wife like the states of America? Do ye give it up! Because they are united.

POPULAR TALES.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

The following tale is freely translated from the Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre:—

The Lord De Rolandine had several sisters, some of whom were very well married, others had embraced a religious life, and one remained in her brother's castle, fairer than all the others put together, and beloved by her brother as much as his own children. She had been frequently solicited in marriage, but, having as yet found no one on whom her affections fixed, she had preferred the quiet life she had led in her brother's household, to the dangerous risks of matrimony. This resolution was confirmed, if it had not been originally formed, by means of a young gentleman who had been bred up in her brother's household, (his parents having died in infancy,) and who now filled the office of esquire at arms to the Baron De Rolandine. Bernard had given proofs, while yet but a boy, that, although fortune had deprived him of the inheritance of his distinguished family, nature had been prodigal in her gifts to him. He was of a fine person, a bold heart, and a strong arm. In the feudal conflicts which his patron had been engaged in, he had proved his fidelity and valour; and, in more peaceful times, his graceful demeanour, his gentle temper, and his accomplishments, had won the affections of every one who knew him.

The baron took every opportunity of making the youth forget the state of dependence into which he had fallen, and distinguished him by employing him on the most confidential occasions. He was seldom absent from his patron, and there were few thoughts in the bosoms of either that the other was not acquainted with. Thus he was necessarily thrown very much into the society of the Lady Ermengarde; and the consequence was that which might naturally—which must almost of necessity—have ensued: they became enamoured of each other. They soon disclosed to each other the passion on which their mutual fate depended; and the doubts and fears which the situation of Bernard inspired, gave them little reason to suppose that they should ever surmount the malignant opposition of fortune. Bernard believed the baron's humour was such, that, notwithstanding his regard for him, he would not listen to the proposition of his becoming a brother-in-law; and he knew that it was safer to lay hands upon a lion, than to excite the rage of his patron, who, in his mood, would pause for no human consideration.

Love, however, who sometimes lays snares for his victims, and entraps them with the sweetest baits, had marked this youthful pair for his prey; and he began to pave the way to their destruction by blinding their eyes, through the force of their passion. The Baron had been one day conversing with his sister, when Bernard's name was, by accident, introduced into the discourse; and the Baron, uttering, in the warmth and excitement of the moment, all that his regard for the youth prompted, broke out into a long eulogium on him. He praised his valour and his talents, and ended by saying, that if he had all the world to choose from, there was no human being whom he would rather have for a brother-in-law than Bernard; but added, he regretted that the sunken fortunes of his house, and the almost certain extinction of his family, precluded this.

Ermengarde, who drank in every word, and watched every movement of her brother's countenance, while he spoke, thought that the latter part of his speech was much less warm and earnest than the former; and when she repeated to Bernard the tenour of the discourse, she told him also, that she believed, if they took the rash resolve of being married, that they should find little difficulty in obtaining the baron's consent, when he found that was once done which all his anger could not undo. Bernard wanted little persuasion, and, in a moment of delirium, they were married. It was easy to gain over a priest, and no other person was entrusted with the secret but the tried and faithful attendants of Ermengarde, who had known of the course of their mistress's passion, and from whom, in fact, it could not be concealed.

Some months flew by with the utmost rapidity, and the bliss of the newly-married pair seemed daily

to increase. All the intoxication of love had engrossed their souls, and they thought nothing of the world, nor of its cares.

Fortune, tired, at length, of seeing the perfect bliss of the lovers, resolved to work their ruin. One of the rejected lovers of the Lady Ermengarde, suspecting that some other passion had induced her to refuse his own offers, and those of all his other suitors, gained, through the means of one of his servants, the knowledge that Bernard passed much of his time in her apartments. Without hesitation, he told the Baron all that he suspected, and added to the tale many fictions of his own invention. The baron resolved upon a prompt and fatal vengeance; and, having disposed his spies so as to give him certain intelligence, which, as long security had induced the youthful pair to relax in many of their precautions, was not difficult, he hastened, in the dead of the night, to the lady's chamber. The fell intention he had formed was confirmed, when he saw Bernard and his bride lying in each other's arms, and never dreaming of the horrid tragedy which awaited them. The gleam of the baron's night-lamp, and the sound of his threatening voice, roused the half-bewildered Bernard from his sweet sleep, and he had just time to leap from the bed, so as to avoid the blow which was aimed at his heart. In the hurry and despair of the moment, being himself undressed, and without a weapon, he thought only of eluding his enraged chief. He tried the door, but that the baron had fastened; he then laid his hand on the window, which happily was open, and with a desperate bound, leaped through, and descended into the garden.

Ermengarde having also now awakened to the horror of his situation, besought her brother to spare Bernard's life, who, she assured him, was her husband.

"If he were twenty times your husband," replied the enraged baron, "he shall not escape the doom of a faithless servant." Then looking out at the window, and seeing torches in the garden, which were borne by his servants, whom the noise had roused, he called out to them that there was a robber and a traitor in the garden, and bade them fall on and kill him. The words were hardly uttered when the rout of menials approached the spot on which Bernard, who had sprained his leg in the leap, was lying. Before he had time to cry for mercy several weapons were in his body, and his soul breathed out in one long agonizing groan. The baron, still looking from the window, beheld the whole progress of this horrid scene; and it was not until he saw that life was extinct in the body of Bernard that he drew in his head.

The frantic Ermengarde, who had also beheld the fate of her husband, threw herself at the knees of her inhuman brother, and besought him, in the most earnest manner, to finish his deed of blood by taking her life also. He gazed at her without reply. At length, rising, she said to him solemnly, "You know that I have neither father nor mother, and that I am at liberty to marry where I choose. In making that choice, I selected one whom you had yourself preferred, and I did only that which the law allows and will protect. And yet for this, and for no greater offence, you have butchered, in your rage, the man whom you loved best in the world, and who is my lawful husband. I talk not now of vengeance, for my thoughts are fixed on other matters; but if you ever loved me—if all the promises you have made that you would protect me from all harm, and that you would defend me against the evils of fate itself, were not false and vain—let me accompany my husband to the tomb, and give me my death from the same hand that has destroyed his life."

The baron stood horror-stricken; and remorse now began to assail his heart, which had hitherto been open to the blackest impulses. His brain seemed on fire, and he would willingly have expiated, with his own life, the crime he had committed, if he could have called back the cruel mandate which had caused Bernard's death. He fled from the scene of horror, and from the complaints of his sister, to meditate on the enormity of his guilt.

The poor Lady Ermengarde, after a short time, yielded to the painful weight of her grief, and gave herself up to the indulgence of her incurable woe. For several weeks she remained without seeing any

person but her attendants; at the end of that time she caused her brother to be apprized of her intention of devoting her days to heaven. He endeavoured to change this resolution, and to remove the melancholy which she indulged, but it was in vain. She uttered no reproaches, made no threats nor complaints, and yet, on being pressed still more urgently by her brother to marry again, she told him that her determination was formed with some regard for his safety; for that if she once found herself the wife of a man able to avenge the wrongs she had endured, she should never rest until the crying murder of Bernard had been atoned. This effectually silenced the baron, who knew that, notwithstanding his power, he would have been made to answer for the unjust death of his sister's husband if the facts were brought before the king, by whom justice was, at that time, administered with the greatest impartiality.

Finding that nothing could alter her resolution, and feeling that there might be some danger in attempting it further, the baron set about accomplishing her wishes, and caused a religious house to be built in the forest which adjoined his domain, and added a chapel to it; where this unhappy lady, accompanied by some of her own attendants, who had determined to share her griefs, as well as by some other persons who had resolved similarly to devote themselves, passed the remainder of her days in acts of piety and prayer.

The consequences of this crime seemed, however, to rest upon the baron and his family; out of six sons none of them lived to attain manhood, and some of them died very miserably. His only daughter was so much affected by the afflictions which her family had endured, that she resolved to follow the example of her aunt, and to devote herself to a life of religious austerity. So that this noble family fell into utter ruin; and, from the day of Bernard's murder, the baron was never seen to smile.

The Lady Ermengarde lived for many years in her solitude; and after her death her piety was so famed, that many miracles were believed to have been wrought at her tomb.

"And so," concludes the narrator of this tale, the fair Parlements, addressing her auditors, "I pray to heaven, ladies, that this example may be so profitable to you, that none of you may wish to marry according to your own liking, without the consent of those to whom you owe obedience; for marriage is a state which lasts so long, that it ought not to be lightly commenced, nor against the opinion of our best friends and relations. For let it be done never so discreetly, there is always as much pain as pleasure in it."

THE MORALIST.

A BURIAL IN THE COUNTRY.

Death, even in its mildest approach, always brings with it alarm and terror. It is painful to behold even the dying struggles of a brute: but when we see one of the human family taken from among us, and committed to the cold grave, let him be rich or poor, learned or unlearned, old or young, our emotions cannot but be deep and most solemn. In cities, to be sure, death and the grave are less terrible. There the dark pall and the habiliments of mourning are so often seen, and the rumbling of the hearse, and the solemn toll of the bell, are so often heard, that a funeral is comparatively little noticed or felt. If a man would know and think of the solemnities of the grave, he must live in the country, and there see a fellow mortal consigned to the "narrow house." These deaths and burials are peculiarly affecting—they come like strange and awful visitors. Among a small population, the loss of one makes a wide breach; none are at hand to fill it up—it is great and lasting.

In a town of a small and scattered population, Mr. — had lived beloved and respected. He was the friend of the poor and the comforter of the afflicted; as an honest, capable and trust worthy man, his townsmen had delighted to honour him with those offices within their gift. But sickness came—a long and lingering disease fed upon his vitals, and drop by drop took his life's blood. He died—his funeral was upon the Sabbath. At the hour appointed, people assembled at the house of the

mourners from various parts, some from the neighbouring towns, and some even toiling a long distance on foot to pay their last tribute of respect to a man whom they loved and esteemed. His body was placed upon a rude bier, and attended to the meeting-house, where the funeral ceremonies were performed, by a long train of friends and relatives. It was a house as yet unfinished, and but little more than covered. Rough boards were thrown down for a floor, and rough plank were arranged for seats. That man, now in the coffin, had been one of the committee to superintend the building of this house. Little did his fellow townsmen think that they were delegating to him the sad task of preparing a place where soon his funeral obsequies might be performed. Ere that tabernacle was completed he was removed to a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and though it was not permitted him to hear prayers and praises offered up beneath that roof, yet he was removed to those realms where praises are sung forever and ever. The coffin was placed on a table in the centre of the building, around which the mourners and many of the masonic fraternity were seated; others who had assembled on the occasion, filled the house. Prayers were offered up in an interesting and feeling manner, and an address was delivered, intended to bring forcibly to the minds of the hearers the importance of preparation for their last change. Many an eye was moistened with tears, and many a bosom swelled with grief. The place and the circumstances seemed to fill the assembly with profound awe, and the solemnities of the occasion in that house must have invested it with a peculiar sanctity, which they who worship there can never forget. After the exercises, the coffin was opened, that the relatives might take the last long farewell look of the deceased. The widowed mother and weeping children gathered around—but I forbear. The heart-breakings of disconsolate mourners are griefs too sacred to be publicly related or even publicly seen. The coffin was closed for the last time, and a procession of vast length moved on slowly, sadly, and silently to the grave-yard, on the farm of the deceased: for among a scattered population, many, like the patriarchs of old, have their burying places on their own domains. After the coffin was let down into the grave, the masonic brethren who had led the procession in pairs, with their hands locked in each others, (a token that they who were spared still clung firmly together) walked silently round the gloomy mansion of the deceased one by one. As each came to the head of the grave, he dropped upon the coffin a small branch of the evergreen; an affecting memorial that the memory of the deceased should ever live in their hearts. The rattling of the cord was then heard as it was disengaged from the coffin; earth was then thrown in with chilling, lumbering hollow sound; the last words were spoken by the officiating clergyman, and then the last labours for the deceased had been performed. The father and the friend, beloved and lamented, lies buried in the earth's cold bosom, there to remain till the last trumpet shall sound, and summon all the dead.

[Berkshire American.]

MISCELLANY.

CARDS.

Cards, oblong pieces of stiff coloured paper, invented by Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter at Paris, in the reign of Charles V. King of France.

They were first made use of for the purpose of diverting or diminishing a deep melancholy, under which that unfortunate monarch laboured for many years; and he is said to have experienced temporary relief, and considerable amusement from piquet, the first game ever played at with cards, if we may rely on the respectable authority of a French writer, who has composed "A Dissertation, Symbolical, Allegorical, Political, and Historical," on these pictures of human life.

It seems, from his account, they were meant to represent, in the rude efforts of those days, particular persons, and sometimes the productions of nature or of art.

"The ace," says the writer I quote, "is in fact only the Latin word *as*, which signifies, literally, only a piece of money, but, in a general sense,

wealth. Aces accordingly have precedence before kings and all other cards; for as riches are the sinews of war, the most powerful monarchs submit to their controul; and the question of peace or war, must, in a great measure, depend on the finances and resources of a country.

"*Piques et carreaux*, spades and diamonds, mean arms, the heavy arrows formerly shot from cross-bows, being shaped like the diamonds on cards; the inference to be drawn is sufficiently clear, that without arms, and courage (under the appropriate type of hearts) to make use of them, neither life nor property can be secure.

"The kings of the four suits, originally were portraits of David, the son of Jesse, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne, each of whom had his ecuyer, modified into the modern word esquire, and called in the middle ages valet or knave, titles in those days considered as honourable; the names of two distinguished individuals of this rank, the companions of knights and of kings, are preserved, Ogier, and La Hire, famous intrepid French captains, who would not have suffered any one to have applied the term *knave* to them, in its present signification, with impunity.

"*Argine*, the queen of clubs, is an anagram formed of regina, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles VII. The queen of diamonds, under the name of *Rachel*, was meant for the beautiful but frail Agnes Sorrell; and the queen of spades, under the semblance of the chaste and warlike Minerva, was the heroic Maid of Orleans; while Judith, the queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the enchanting Isabeau de Baviere.

"Clubs, trefle, or trefoil, an herb that grows in the meadows, imply that a general should never encamp, without good opportunities for forage."

FASHION.

The fashion of a thing is the form thereof. "Thou hast fashioned me, thou hast made me; we pay the silver-smith five shillings an ounce for the silver of our tea-spoons or our *epergne*, and five or fifty more for the fashion, for the making. Fashion is derived from *facio*, to make; the etymology is abstruse.

Hence it is that a man is fashioned by his tailor, or a lady by her mantua-maker and milliner. It is the tailor who fashions the man; he makes him a man; him, who before that, without the tailor's aid would have been a thing. The man-midwife produced the substratum into the world—a thing of nought, a rastabula, a simple *ens*, an *ens*, nonentical unformed, unlicked, endowed with susceptibilities, with susceptibility of clothing, and aspect, and form and character; the tailor forms him, licks him, makes him, fashions him, endows him with a shape and a character, and he becomes fashioned, and if the tailor be Stultz, he becomes a man of fashion—a fashionable man.

Nature made animals—she is a vile stepmother—and the tailor makes man. Thus the mantua-maker and the milliner, and the shoe-maker, make woman; woman—heaven's best gift to man, Christian man, below—her best gift to man, Mahometan man, above. What would woman be without those aids? a nothing; a variable, inapprehensible, inexplicable, unintelligible bundle of caprices—not even a thing, as the Romans considered her—not even a moveable, though moveable enough—but a metaphysical *ens*, a wind influenced by every wind that blows. But she is solidified by muslin, and silk, and crape, and gauze; and she becomes a tangible substance—a woman of fashion, provided that she is fashioned by Madame Hippolyte, or Madame Triaul.

What, indeed is human nature but a bundle of clothes? What are all the distinctions of society, but distinct suits of clothing? And properly, therefore, is man the produce of a tailor. It is he that is the real creator of man; and such is the importance of his office, that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Much injured race—that is the true solution of this proverb. The tailor taketh satin and he cutteth it, he carveth ermine and slasheth velvet—he maketh a suit of clothes, and he clappeth a crown on its top, and he falleth down and worshippeth, and he crieth, Aha! it is a king. Again, he taketh scarlet and gold, and fur; and he taketh it together with needles and with thread, and he putteth a sword into its sleeve, and he presenteth it with custard, and he crieth—I have made a Lord Mayor.

What would the pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war, nay, the very army itself be, but for the tailor. It is not the man, but his coat, that fights; the courage lies in the uniform; it is the courage of the second suit of clothes; hence, also, the burning valour of the 10th dragoons, the valour of its sabretashes and gilded boots, as all the energy of a lancer is embodied in his trencher cap; just as the learning of the Almas, the triangles of Cambridge and the Greek of Oxford, are the produce of a square bit of board, and a silk tassel. Hence it is that all great conquerors are also the great clothiers, the great tailors the fabricators of collars and facings, and courage and victory. What is a battalion? see it at a review—it is a long line of coats and pantaloons, red above and white below. What makes the unfledged, unformed, nothingless youth, an ensign, a cornet, a soldier, a hero? It is the red coat. What makes all the young ladies "fall in love" with him? It is the red coat. The silk and the muslin fall in love with the scarlet and the lace; they elope together to Gretna Green: the rest is nothing. Strip the army, and what is an army? Nothing. It is the tailor who makes armies and conquers victory.

Thus also do twenty-four wigs sit on a bench covered with red cloth to prove Paddy a Pagan. A man cannot be hanged without the order of a square cap; and such also is the difference between prunella and silk, and it costs a man twice as much to be plundered of his property by the latter as by the former. And thus the gown of prunella envies the gown of silk, and frets itself, and goes into opposition, because the produce of sheep is not that of a silk-worm.

The very law acknowledges that the suit of clothes is the man itself, and that the rest is nothing: a post, a horse to hang them on. We may steal the child as we please; but woe be to him that steals the suit of clothes. Doctors may resurrect the body, cut into pieces and cram it into bottles; but the doctor who resurrects the clothes, goes to Botany Bay. In short from the coal heaver to the chancellor, from Drury to Almack's, human nature is a Monmouth-street, a collection of suits, black, white and grey—silk, gauze, and frivolity—leather and prunella, goats hair and gold lace.

Thus is fashion all, and all in all. And according to the fashions of the clothes are the fashion of the man and the fashion of the woman.

Hence is its sway predominant, as it ought to be. Being all, it ought to be every thing. To be in the fashion, is to exist, it is existence itself; to be out of it is non-existence; it is oblivion, death, and the grave. It is beauty, morality, every thing—not dress alone; its sway is unbounded, its powers unlimited, its sanctions unquestionable, and its decrees, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irreversible.

For if the coat makes the man, and fashion makes the coat, then does fashion make the man. And thus the man who is fashioned, is fashioned in every thing; not only in his coat, but in his carriage, his horses, his wife, his house, his conduct, his principles, his politics, his literature. All is fashion, and fashion is all, in every thing.

There is a metaphysical concatenation which links the whole together. Or, as the full-fashioned man must be perfect, whatever he chooses, follows, drinks, performs, thinks, rides, votes, or bets, must be equally fashioned and fashionable. It is the model and the pattern to follow by him who would also be fashionable. It is his opinion, conduct, morality; his dictate of conscience, his moral law.

[New Monthly Magazine.]

A BACHELOR'S DESK.

Nay, do not turn up the corners of your pretty mouths at me, sweet ladies; it may be worth while to take a peep at it. It is of the plain and quiet description; and very neatly and orderly arranged, both inside and out. The latter is kept bright and shining by the indefatigable hands of Sally the housemaid; who, while she breathes upon the plate to give it a polish, at the same time breathes a wish (to herself) that her breath possessed the magic power of unfastening locks, and so enabling her to see "what the old gentleman keeps in this here box to make him so fond of it." The interior he takes infinite care to keep in complete and exact order him,

self. Each particular compartment has its appropriate contents consigned to it. The fold-down nearest to him, as he sits at it, contains a small miniature within a red morocco case, of a placid and gentle-faced girl, whose original sleeps forever in the bosom of the cold earth; a little box, containing a ring set with brilliants, and enclosing a lock of her hair; all her letters carefully tied up with green ribbon; a miniature edition of Shakespeare and Milton, with his name written in them in her hand writing. In the opposite fold, near the receptacle for the pens, wafers, ink, &c. are his own little writings, (for we are to suppose him fond of his pen, and as having occasionally indulged that fondness,) of all of which he preserves neat copies, some private memoranda, and an old pocket-book, given to him by his old friend and school-fellow, Admiral ———, when he left England that year for a midshipman.

[Hone's Table Book.]

MRS. WOOLSTONCRAFT & MISS BLOOD.

These two ladies were not of feelings to sit in green and yellow melancholy, "a worm in the bud, feeding on their damask cheeks;" nor quite ready to exclaim with one of Dryden's heroines,

—again I stand
The jolliest spinster in the land.

But conceiving that they had a right to procure husbands if they could, it so happened that they were both in love, at the same time, with Mr. Curtus, the botanist. They kept a school at Walham-green, while he lived about a mile nearer London, at Queen's Elm. Prompted by the affections of nature, the current of which it is hard to check, they were accustomed to visit him rather oftener than he could wish; the character and style of his avocations, as he was celebrated in his line, requiring all his time. This induced him to be frequently denied to them, though it was touching, tenderly, a sore part, for he liked their company very much, if his time would have permitted. But it seems they could not mould his feelings to their purpose. One day they happened to get access to him by means of a stratagem, indicative of attachment; but their male friend on this occasion might know too much,—as, after half an hour's intercourse, he observed on their retiring, to a young artist, then present,—“These are two clever young women, and I acknowledge myself very much gratified with their company; but it is a pity they do not mend the holes in their stockings!”

THE BENEFITS OF PERSEVERANCE.

An Irish gentleman lately paid his addresses to a rich widow, who conceived a horrible antipathy towards him, though, in truth, there was nothing very dismaying in his personal appearance. His suit was rejected, and he would not take “No” for an answer. To escape his persecutions, the lady fled to England, but her lover discovered her at Bath, where he was as assiduous as ever. At Cheltenham, she was equally persecuted, and at length sought refuge at Brighton. She had been, however, but a few days residing at the Steyne, when she observed her odious tormentor passing her window. He nodded to her with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and passed on. Resolved upon a desperate remedy, the lady sent her servant to request that he would favour her with an interview. He came, and on their being left alone, she rehearsed the various persecutions she had suffered from him, and stated, that she had sent for him on that occasion to put an end to them for ever. “Now, Sir,” said she, taking a Bible which lay upon the table, and kneeling while she raised it to her lips, with the utmost solemnity, “By the virtue of my oath, I will never marry you.” This she of course deemed conclusive, but the gentleman with amazing coolness, knelt beside her, and taking the book from her hand, kissed it also, at the same time exclaiming, “By the virtue of my oath, Madam, I was never certain of you until this moment.” Within six weeks afterwards they were married! There is an old proverb verified in this instance—“Impudence pushes its way through the world.”

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

Such of our subscribers as are in arrears, and can conveniently remit the amount of their subscription, will at this time confer a particular favour by so doing.

An error of no little magnitude ran through nearly half our last week's publication, before it was discovered and corrected. The capital of the Bank at Natchez is \$2,000,000, not \$300,000,000, as it was erroneously stated in the uncorrected sheets. Those of our patrons who received such copies must have attributed it to an oversight, as they could not believe us ambitious of the reputation of a Munchausen.

The attention of the public has been raised to the most intense interest, within the last fortnight, by the breaking out of two new wonders at the west. On Saturday, the 7th inst. the body of a man was found a few rods east of the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, on the beach of Lake Ontario; and after taking legal measures, a jury of inquest gave a verdict that it “*was the body of an unknown man, who came to his death by suffocation by drowning.*” The body was then decently interred, near the spot where it was found. Soon after, rumours that the body resembled Morgan's, gained so much upon the belief of the people, that a second inquest was summoned, and from evidence adduced, both by Mrs. Morgan and his intimate acquaintance, the verdict of the second jury was that it “*was the body of William Morgan, and that he came to his death by suffocation by drowning.*”

Another wonder of no less magnitude, has broken out at Buffalo. A man by the name of Hill has appeared before two magistrates and voluntarily confessed himself to be one of the murderers of Morgan, as may be read below. This confession bears strong marks of an affected remorse, or a settled insanity; perhaps both. We would be more particular in giving our opinion, but for the sake of the facts we must necessarily abridge our comments. Thus much, it is perhaps needless to say to such as will be their own judges,—the two stories mutually contradict and refute each other. But they will be true by proxy, if we may be allowed the expression, until after the election, and so will end the whole affair. The finding of a body supposed to be Morgan's, is called by some a “special act of Providence, when all human efforts were found too weak,” and the confessions of Hill are professed to be prompted by the “stings of a guilty conscience.” Depend upon it that Hill will have a thousand accomplices until after election; but he and his counsellors know too well the wondrous power of mystery to give any names, until that crisis has passed. To us it appears remarkable, so near the very eve of election, that providence and conscience should discover so much want of concert.

[From the Buffalo Journal.]

Morgan Found.—In another part of our paper will be found the particulars of the examination, which took place over the body of a man supposed to be the late Capt. Wm. Morgan. We are not in possession of any very material facts, in addition to what the testimony on the Inquest discloses. The supplemental report of the Lewiston committee has been received, which contains nothing farther than what we had before seen, except the coroner's first report, which says, that four religious tracts printed in London, were found in his pockets, and a scrap of paper on which was written, in an unknown

hand, “September, 24th, 1828—Mr. James Webb.” The fact of finding these tracts in the pocket of the deceased person, seems to strengthen the story which we have heard, that the body had previous to the last examination been identified by a woman from Canada, recently from Ireland, as her husband, who had been drowned with several others about five weeks before. This report does not come in such a shape as to be entitled to much consideration, yet it should be investigated, that no doubt may remain of the identity of the body. As the facts now stand, with the apparent full and careful examination before the last inquest, and in the presence of so many persons capable of identifying the body, we are inclined to yield our unreserved belief to the fact, that the body found, is that of the late Capt. Wm. Morgan.

[From the same.]

The following is the “confession” of the person now in our jail for the murder of Morgan. It is proper that the public should be informed of all the different stories in circulation, and all the facts—which is our apology for publishing this document. The account which Hill gives of himself is contradictory; and the details of the murder are inconsistent with the appearance of the body found at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek. Hill has said, in conversation with gentlemen on the subject, that he cut Morgan's throat, and that the body was severed quite in two before it was thrown into the Niagara—that he was assisted by three other persons, one of whom, Alonzo Keith, was caught in the ropes fastened to the body, and drawn into the river and drowned; he also states that Morgan had no coat on when killed. These are parts of his story. In his confession he carefully avoids all mention of names, and gives no particulars. He has, in conversation, given one or two names of persons concerned in the first stages of the transaction. On the whole, no doubt remains upon our minds of his being an impostor; but we can devise no satisfactory reason for his strange conduct. The whole is a mystery that time only can unravel. It is barely possible, that he thinks the reward of \$2000 within his reach, and that a pardon awaits him, under the Governor's proclamation. He will be removed, we understand, to Niagara county, to be disposed of as circumstances shall demand.

To the Citizens of Erie County:—I, R. H. Hill, of said county, did, on Tuesday last, of my own free and voluntary will, come forward and confess the crime of murdering a man that I supposed by information was William Morgan. On examination, I plead guilty. I was examined before Esqs. Case and Bivins, and by them taken to this place on Monday following, and a cross examination took place, and I was committed to the gaol of said county for farther examination. Several gentlemen have called and questioned me, and it was not my wish or intention to criminate any one but myself. For that reason, I have answered the questions, some correctly and some I have not. You dispute the truth of my assertions in respect to the horrid deed I have committed. I wish to be punished by the laws of God and my country which I have broken, and atone for the crime I have done. I am not alone in the horrid transaction. The stings of a guilty conscience, a hand stained with the innocent blood of one that I saw only once, has stared me in the face continually. My confederates and I, did take the most solemn oaths that we would not betray each other, and, in case that one of us should be arrested, suffer the penalty of the law in silence. Such is my situation, and for pity's sake spare me the thoughts of breaking the oaths at present. I wish not to be examined any more, until it is at a higher court, where I shall plead guilty, and shall expect to die the ignominious death of the gallows for my bloody deeds, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul. Such will be my dying words—farewell. The prospect before me is dark and gloomy, when I consider how short is the time and I be summoned to the tribunal of a just and angry God. Pity the unhappy and miserable sinner, R. H. Hill, who begs your forgiveness in the arms of death. Take warning in me, and shun the paths of vice and sorrow, and remember the Creator in the days of thy youth. I should suppose that who came as I have done, confessed the crime of murder, would need no more

evidence than his own confession. But I have come to satisfy that law which I have broken. When I left York, [Livingston county] I was accompanied all the first travelling through a country unknown to me, and in the night, and not making any inquiries, stopping once in a while, and not leaving the carriage—during the night taking in sometimes a person whom I knew not, and others getting out, I could not give a correct account of the country. In my cross examinations, I have endeavoured not to give correct answers, so as to not betray others who were my associates. When I have had my trial, I will then declare, as I should think it my duty. But at the present, I wish to remain as I am. The gentlemen who has called and questioned me will judge of this, and think what can be my object but to satisfy the law and the gospel. As to any thing more, I wish to have it postponed until I have my trial in the county to which it belongs. To the civil officers of Erie County.

R. H. HILL.

Buffalo, Oct. 17th, 1827.

EXTRAORDINARY ABDUCTION. Mr. Addison Elting, a resident in Bethany, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, mysteriously disappeared from his home, on the 25th of September, and though the fact was published in several papers, and much pains were taken to find out some cause for his absence, nothing was heard or seen of him until the 16th of the present month, when he made his appearance in Kensington, a part of the suburbs of Philadelphia. It appears by his statement, to which he has since testified on oath, before the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, that he left Bethany, with his wife, for the narrows of the Lackawaxen, fifteen miles from Bethany, on business in the line of his trade, namely, that of a house carpenter. He here received about four hundred dollars, three hundred and fifty for another person, and fifty in advance on a contract to build a house. After supper he walked a short distance to visit an acquaintance, and on his return was accosted by a stranger, who inquired whether his name was Elting. Being answered in the affirmative, the stranger desired him to meet him at Kimble's tavern, on the opposite side of the Lackawaxen, that evening. He told him that unless the business was of great importance, he would rather defer it till morning. He was answered that the business *might* be of great importance, and Mr. Elting promised to meet him that evening if possible. He however, after returning to the place where he had left his wife, concluded not to go till morning. He then walked out to look at the progress of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, at that place, and walked towards the bridge, which was about sixty yards from the house. Near the bridge he met with two men who abruptly asked him his name. He, evading the question, they asked him directly if it was Elting. He told them it was, and one of them immediately collared him, upon which a scuffle began, in which he probably would have extricated himself, but for the appearance of a third person with a club, or some other weapon, with which he gave Elting a blow across his back, and completely disabled him. He was then carried across the bridge, put into a box in a wagon, and driven about the country for *twenty three days*, without washing or shaving, and fed only on bread and water.

During this time he was only taken out of the box in the night, and then in obscure places. He begged them to tell him what their intention was, and implored them to consider the situation of his family; but was only answered by the question "whether he thought it possible for three men to carry off Morgan?" He once heard the voice of a fourth person, but the only connected words he could

remember were, "Well, I have found you at last;" "Yes, we are all here safe." Some further conversation, though he could hear but little, convinced him that they were all in company, and that the fourth was giving instructions to the three as to their future proceedings.

He was set down in the road alone, about one hundred and fifty miles from where he was taken up; but his pocket-book containing upwards of fifty dollars was taken from him, and not returned; they telling him in return, to be thankful for his liberty.

We offer no comment upon this extraordinary affair, but incredible as it is, the source of our information is official, and not to be questioned. Mr. Elting has the character of an upright and respectable citizen, and we trust that the affair will undergo such an investigation as shall bring the villains to their merited punishment.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SWIMMING. The German papers give an account of a Swimming School, established at Amberg, Bavaria, in which the science has been brought to a perfection never before dreamed of. Indeed, if it were not received as truth by some of our countrymen whose travels have given them a better judgment of such things, we should treat the whole relation as a mere hoax. The pupils are a regiment of infantry, and they go through their swimming exercises in full uniform, and with an additional weight of 30 pounds per man. With all these encumbrances they throw themselves from an elevation of thirty-nine feet. But here the wonders of their skill are not begun. A company of these pupils, separated into several parties, each having a floating table in their centre, covered with refreshments, and the swimmers drank the health of the colonel, who was on the bridge. They also had a musician who played on the clarinet, if we understand the article which is our authority, swimming and playing at the same time. Doctor Franklin made some experiments in swimming which were considered by his contemporaries original and highly useful; but it would have been a mortification to his ambition to have dreamed that, at this day, his skill would be looked at by German soldiers as mere boys' play, unless he could so far flatter his own invention as to believe the improvements might be prompted from hints or experiments of his own. Eating, drinking, fiddling, dancing, and carousing upon the water like porpoises, are feats perfectly in character with the wonder-working spirit of the age.

During the present fall, many grates have been put up in this city, and the burning of Anthracite coal is generally introduced. The following remarks on the making of coal fires, from the Pennsylvania Gazette, will be found serviceable to such as have grates in use.

COAL FIRES. The season has arrived for "making fires," and we are glad to see so many persons putting up grates and laying in coal. Those who are not acquainted with the mode of igniting and using Anthracite, either from the Schuylkill or the Lehigh, will experience no difficulty whatever if they observe the following directions. In a grate empty or nearly so, and free from ashes, put three or four handfull of charcoal, or the like quantity of tanners' ross, or an equivalent of split wood; set fire to the wood or charcoal, and cover the whole over with coal broken to the size of a walnut; put up the blower, or if it is a stove, shut the door, and in five minutes the whole will be ignited. Fill up the grate and the operation is complete. It will be a very good plan to hide the poker and tongs. The less you poke the fire the better. If economy

be an object use a close, stove you will save at least half your coal.

"Tanners' ross" is the outside shavings of oak bark, and can be delivered for about a dollar a cart load, and when the chimney does not smoke, will answer all the purposes of charcoal in lighting fires.

RED JACKET. It appears by the western papers that this Chief has not only been reinstated by the council to whom he appealed, but that they have approbated his conduct, in the highest terms. The proceedings of the council are given in full in the Black Rock Gazette, and afford to those who will read with candour, additional proof of the true greatness of the Indian character. It is too evident for the honour of the whites, that he was deposed in consequence of unwarrantable, and unchristian-like interference with the affairs of their government, by those who profess to follow the precepts of Him who says "My kingdom is not of this world."

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

DOMESTIC.

The Editor of the Village Herald was lately presented with \$915, from an unknown hand. The money must be good if it can add any thing to its quality, though its value is not very considerable at present, being the identical trash which paid the worn out soldiers of the revolution.—A Vermont paper says that "Shakespeare's writings are the most vile obscenity that ever obtained currency among men." [Indeed! we never thought so far before. What a fine thing it is to have one's ideas so opportunely prompted by this wise editor! By the bye we begin to have some misgivings of conscience when we peruse Milton. Perhaps this moral man sees differently, as Milton does find rather more grace in the eyes of these "dreadful good folks." We know not the reason, unless it be that he is so "full of the Devil."]—A journeyman printer in New-York advertises for employment, and stipulates that "he could not accept any other situation than in the office of a journal supporting the present administration of the general government." [This is a kind of independence few journeymen printers can afford to exercise. Will not some of the Jacksonian prints change the political character of their papers to give him a situation?]—A person in New-York advertises to make artificial eyes, which will "turn round," and look as well as the natural ones. [If he would turn his attention to making heads, with the same apparent success, and be patronised by all who look in that article, he would make his fortune in less than a twinkling of a glass eye!]—Amasa Southwick, the wretch who attempted to poison the Shaker family at Enfield, has been sentenced to the state prison for life.—Governor Tomlinson of Connecticut, and Governor Lincoln of Massachusetts have appointed the 29th day of November next for a day of public Thanksgiving, in their respective states.—The United States ship Peacock, Capt. Jones, arrived at New-York on Tuesday evening last, from a three years' cruise in the Pacific Ocean, and on the Atlantic coast of South America. She has visited most of the ports frequented by our enterprising countrymen, from the Gulf of Mexico to California, also the Sandwich, Society, and Marquesas islands. She brought no later intelligence than we had received by other arrivals. An insurrection has been detected in embryo, the object of which was to overthrow the monarchy of Brazil. Thirty or forty persons have been arrested at Bahia, and the disaffected are supposed to be numerous.—A letter came to the post office in this city, yesterday, franked and directed as follows:—"From Wm. Foxall, seaman, on board H. M. ship Hussar, Halifax—To Mr. Corbett or Mr. Smith, settled on the banks of the Genesee river, Albany, or Washington, North America."

FOREIGN.

Official information has been received at Havre, that the Algerines intend to capture all vessels under the flags of Prussia and the Hanseatic league.—Several skirmishes have taken place between the Spanish Royal troops and the insurgents, in the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia; the latter have generally had the advantage.—It was expected that the respective fleets of the European powers would be ready to act in concert by the first of September.—Military preparations are going on so briskly in Russia and Austria, as to inspire hope that more is meant in favour of the Greek cause than has yet been made public.—On the 22d of July, the Emperor of Russia was present at the sitting of the directing senate; an honour that had not been conferred since the reign of Paul.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

HYMN.

From thee, O King of Kings, from thee,
Where shall the stricken spirit flee!
The rays of light glance by
Upon the morning's wings,
How swift! but fleetest must we fly
From thee, O King of Kings!

How far beyond an angel's sight
May the fierce comets urge their flight!
And were her wild retreat
Beyond created things,
Even there the wandering soul would meet
Thine eye, O King of Kings!

Away, away, beneath the deeps,
Where silence since creation sleeps!
Though Nature cease to shine
On her profoundest springs,
Her parent's hand is there,—even thine,
All-present King of Kings!

To whom, O King of Kings, shall flee
The stricken spirit but to thee?
Our refuge from the rod
Shall be beneath thy wings;—
Thou art our father and our God,
Almighty King of Kings!

G.

LYCUS THE CENTAUR.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

—O Circe! O mother of spite!
Speak the last of that curse, and imprison me quite
In the husk of a brute—that no pity may name
The man that I was—that no kindred may claim
The monster I am! Let me utterly be
Brute-barred, and Nature's dishonour with me
Uninscribed!

—Then I asked of the wave
What monster I was, and it trembled and gave
The true shape of my grief, and I turned with my face
From all waters forever, and fled through that place,
Till with horror more strong than all magic I passed
Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

Oh, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
Its eyelids with kisses, and then in its sleep
Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
That murmured between us, and kissed them with looks;
But the willows unbosomed the secret, and never
I returned to a spot I had startled for ever,
Though I oft longed to know, but could ask it of none,
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son?
For the hauntings of fields they all shunned me by flight,
The men in their horror, the women in fright;
None ever remained save a child once that sported
Among the wild bluebells, and playfully courted
The breeze; and beside him a speckled snake lay
Tight strangled, because it had hissed him away
From the flower at his finger: he rose and drew near
Like a son of immortals, one born to no fear,
But with strength of black locks, and with eyes azure bright,
To grow to large manhood of merciful might.
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel:
The hair on my side, and to lift up my heel,
And questioned my face with wide eyes; but when under
My lids he saw tears—for I wept at his wonder—
He stroked me, and uttered such kindnesses then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men
In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day such as this!
And I yearned at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,
And I lifted him up in my arms with intent
To kiss him; but he cruelly, alas!
Held out to my lips a plucked handful of grass!
Then I dropped him in horror, but felt as I fled
The stone he indignantly hurled at my head,
That disavowed my ear,—but I felt not whose fate
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate!

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

I come—my breath is on the blast!
A wreath of clouds is o'er me;
And the loveliest flowers of earth, as I pass,
Have withered and shrunk before me.
I have found the earth in its richest bloom,
I come to gather its pride to the tomb;
I have found it all with joy elate,
I come to make it desolate.

The leaves of the trees are rustling and gay,
The sheen of the river is bright as the spring;
I will blow those rustling leaves away,
I will stop the streamlet's murmuring;
I will strip of its robe the towering oak,
Its root shall be torn, and its limbs be broke;

I will howl through the waste, and the wild beasts there
At the sound of my voice shall shrink to their lair.

The eagle shall close her soaring wing,
And seek her nest on the eyrie high;
And every songster cease to sing,
At the sound of my ominous rushing by!
I will bow to the dust the gayest flowers,
And strip of their pride the fairest bowers;
I will clothe the earth in white as I come—
The winding sheet of her wintry tomb!

Phil. Monthly Mag.]

S. G. F.

LINES.

Suggested by an impress to a seal, representing a boat at sea, and a man at the helm looking up to a star, with the motto, "Si je te perds, je suis perdu." If I lose thee I am lost.

Shine on, thou bright beacon,
Uncoloured and free,
From thy bright place of calmness
O'er life's troubled sea;
Its morning of promise,
Its smooth scenes are gone,
And the billows rave wildly—
Then, bright one, shine on.

The wings of the tempest
May rush o'er thy ray,
But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimmed by its sway;
High, high o'er the worlds
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest all beauteous,
All glorious, alone.

From the deep womb of darkness
The lightning flash leaps,
O'er the bark of my fortune
Each mad billow sweeps;
From the port of her safety
By warring winds driven,
And no light on her course
But yon lone one in Heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one,
The hour may be near
When thine own sunny headlands
Far off shall appear;
When the voice of the storm
Shall be silent and past,
In some island of Heaven
We may anchor at last.

But bark of Eternity,
Where art thou now?
The tempest wave shrieks
O'er each plunge of thy prow,
On the world's dreary ocean
Thus shattered and tost;
Then, lone one, shine on,—
If I lose thee I am lost.

HEBREW MELODY.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

I saw thy raven hair
Bound by a jewelled band,
And many a circlet fair
Was on thy beauteous hand,
And a bright chain of Ophir's gold
Was round that neck of Phidian mould.

I saw those tresses twine
Around thy forehead even;
I saw thy dark eyes shine
As blaze the stars of heaven;
I gazed upon thy bosom fair,
And not one thorn, one grief, was there.

I saw that bosom's snow
Stained by the crimson gore;
I heard that voice in woe,
That sang so sweet before;
I saw thy raven tresses torn—
I heard thee made the ruffian's scorn.

I saw those beauties sold
To heed the Assyrian's beck,
And for thy chain of gold
Was iron round thy neck;
But though they might to slavery send,
Thy lofty soul they could not bend.

Not they who were thy lords
Might sharpen sorrows dart,
And they might tear the chords
That bound thy noble heart;
But unto them it was not given
To keep thy soul from finding heaven.

THE PARTING.

Cold as the grave can make it
The faithful heart must be,
Whose light would not forsake it
In parting thus from thee.
When hand in hand is warmly pressed,
Alas! who does not know
That tears swell high in many a breast,
Too proud to let them flow?

Go, and may every sorrow
Be distant from thy way,
And every new tomorrow
Be happier than to-day!
May sunshine smile through every storm,

And rainbows through the showers;
While thy mild heaven is clear and warm,
And never cold like ours!

If innocence and beauty
Conciliate human love,
If high regard for duty
Can find a friend above,
No power thy pleasure can destroy,
While love or friendship lives;
And I will ask no purer joy
Than this remembrance gives.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Germ of an evanescent flower!
Offspring and hope of wedded love,
Transplanted in a happy hour,
To bloom eternally above!
Oh! when from all the thousand woes
That mortal nature undergoes,
We think, sweet babe, that thou art free,
We can not shed one tear for thee.

Grant thou maturity hadst known,
With soul unstained by sin and shame,
And that thy name had proudly shown
Conspicuous on the list of fame;
Death would have made thee in the grave
Companion of the meekest slave,
Nor left thy path to bliss more free—
We can not shed one tear for thee.

No: blest the hour that rent apart
The ties that bound thy soul to sin;
We'll only think on what thou art,
And not on what thou mightst have been:
Thou mightst have been, hadst thou not died,
A parents obloquy, or pride;—
Thou art a child of heaven,—and we
Can never shed one tear for thee.

UNFADING BEAUTY

BY THOMAS CAREW, 168.

Hee that loves a rosiè cheek,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or in star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

POETRY.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

Perhaps the lady of my love is now
Looking upon the skies. A single star
Is rising in the east, and from afar
Sheds a most tremulous lustre; silent night
Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow;
But see, it motions, with its lovely light,
Onwards and onwards through those depths of blue,
To its appointed course steadfast and true.
So, dearest, would I fain be unto thee,
Steadfast forever,—like yon planet fair;
And yet more like art thou a jewel rare,
Oh! brighter than the brightest star to me,
Come hither, my young love, and I will wear
Thy beauty on my breast delightedly.

LEMAN, —Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Mo-
sonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-
st. Albany. June 23. 211

EXPIRATION of the time for redeeming Lands
sold for Taxes in 1826.—Comptroller's Office,
Albany, October 17, 1827.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given,
that the time for redeeming the lands sold for county taxes
and the United States' direct tax and assessments for making
roads, will expire on the 27th day of April next; and that un-
less the lands sold by the Comptroller at his last sale in 1826,
are redeemed on or before the said 27th day of April next, they
will be conveyed to the purchasers.

W. L. MARCY, Comptroller.

Q. N. B. Lists of such lands in each county as had been
sold, and were not redeemed at the date of the above notice,
have been transmitted to each county treasurer, whose duty
it is to publish the same in one or more papers in the county
of which he is treasurer. Those interested are referred to
such lists to ascertain if their lands have been sold and remain
unredeemed. 236

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of
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Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two
Dollars in advance: Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six
months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription
received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar
and Fifty Cents will be charged, which may also be liqui-
dated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents in
advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive
attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office with
neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1827.

[No. 40.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

ALBANY: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1827.

DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

For one, whose industry and multiplicity of pursuits have become so much the wonder and praise of the world, it might be expected that Doctor Franklin would have had reason to excuse himself from Masonic duties, if any person ever had. Situated as he was in the then largest city in America, driven to exertion both by his own personal business, and the affairs of that public who believed that no plan would prosper without him at the head of it, besides the correspondence that his philosophical investigations obliged him to keep up, one would believe that he would suffer his seat among his masonic brethren, sometimes at least, if not the greater part of the time, to be left vacant. But the duties of his station in the Lodge were too important in his estimation to be superseded by any other consideration. It appears from the minutes of the order, that during thirty years and upwards, while he was Deputy Grand Master of Pennsylvania, he was never absent from a single meeting. Two things may be inferred from this, both peculiarly illustrative of the character of that eminent brother; his economy of time, and his respect for the principles and duties of Freemasonry. The first we already know, from proofs that will stand while the philosophy which his genius explained shall be remembered. The second has a lesson in it not only to the world, but to every mason. To the world it admonishes the licentious and suspicious to beware of speaking lightly of that secret communion, which called for such punctuality from him, whose maxim was, never to spend an hour in vain. It cannot be supposed even by the most uncharitable, that this great and good man would associate himself with any order of men, whose moral tenets were dangerous to the peace of society, or whose political character was in the slightest degree detrimental to the operations of a Republican government. But to the Mason, the example of this illustrious brother is a practical lesson of masonic duty. It is none but the indolent who count the labour of the lodge fit only to drive away the tedium of an hour of leisure. The industrious and economical man has no leisure hours, nor does he want them. The labours that devolve upon him he mainly studies to arrange in such order, that neither shall interfere with the other, and the true secret of accomplishing this, is to make labour his amusement.

The whole life of Franklin was a practical application to the first principles of masonry. His study was to do good; and through the future history of our Republic, posterity shall admire the edifice he has founded, as the most perfect model ever presented to the architect, whose task it is to erect in his own mind, a beautiful intellectual temple that shall stand forever. Such is the task, and such the consummation of the work, whose designs are laid down on the trestle board of SPECULATIVE FREEMASONRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

The following "scraps" will not perchance be much esteemed by many of your readers, yet they can not be uninter-

esting to those of your masonic brethren who are of the grade of K. T., K. H. and Rose-Croix. If you find no material objections, "let them be Recorded," and oblige your friend,

G. F. Y.

FOR THE AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD.

I-COLMKILL,

Is no less celebrated in the annals of the Ancient Order of Freemasonry, than "Kilwinning" of far-famed memory. I-Colmkill is the modern name for one of the Islands of the Hebrides, and signifies in Irish, "the island of the cell of St. Columba," who received a grant of this island from the fifth King of Argyle, A. D. 571, and settled there with twelve of his disciples. Its ancient name was Y, or I, the Irish for "Island;" it was also called "Ithon" (signifying "island of the waves") pronounced Ion, latinized Iona. The ground was deemed consecrated, and was in ancient days, for some time, used as a cemetery for illustrious characters. Forty-eight kings of Scotland, and some crowned heads of France and Norway, and many chiefs of tribes in the Eastern Isles and Continent, were here interred. Some of their tombs are still to be seen, with Latin and Gaelic inscriptions; and some are inscribed with characters resembling the Hebrew.

After the year 563, this Island was the only seat of learning in the North. From hence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. Here shone the star of science, while the thick gloom of ignorance overshadowed the rest of Europe. From this little island issued those pious brethren who revived learning and propagated the true light through many of the countries of Europe.

It is believed that this island was the retreat of the Druids previous to the introduction of Christianity. In accordance with this opinion, we find the poet Rogers addresses "I-Colmkill," as follows:—

"The hoary Druid saw thee rise,
And planting there his guardian spell,
Sang forth the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice."

In the Edinburgh Magazine, for October 1820, we read the following:—

"How beautiful, beneath the morning sky,
The level sea outstretches like a lake
Serene, when not a zephyr is awake
To curl the gilded pendant gliding by:—
Within a bowshot *Druid I-Colmkill*
Presents its time-worn ruins, hoar and gray,
A monument of Eld remaining still,
Lonely, when all its brethren are away.
Dumb things may be our teachers; is it strange
That aught of death is perishing? come forth,
Like rainbows show diversity of change,
And fade away—Aurora of the North!
Where altars rose, and choral virgins sung
And victims bled, the sea-bird rears her young!"

The signature of "Columbkille" is affixed to an address in the Irish tongue, purporting to be the one which was delivered by the ill-fated JAMES DE MOLAY, to his chevaliers, on the 11th March 1314, just before they were led out to be burned by order of the infatuated Philip the Fair. The following is a translation of this address.

Welcome my friends, we meet to part no more,
But this one conflict, and our wars are o'er:
Welcome my friends, let's bless this happy hour
Which wrests the Templars from tyrannic power.

Hail! glorious day, this triumph crowns our woes,
And far removes us from our ruthless foes.
Come, Sion's children, raise yourunken eyes,
Behold the beauties of yon azure skies;
The empyreal sun supremely bright appears
Whilst gentle Aura Nature's aspect cheers;
Legions of martyrs, ascending from above,
Trisagiums chanting with seraphic love,
In spiral order range about our pyre,
To allay the fervour of the exitious fire,
Infuse a zeal, more ardent than our flames;
With those of martyrs class the Templars' names.
These frail, these wasted, famished, spectre forms,
With grace shall brave fell persecution's storms.
Though humid dungeons, and lugubrious cells,
Though midnight visits from grim sentinels,
Though wheels and racks have rent our tender frame,
And barbarous fiends achieved their hellish scheme,
They Templars find, in spirit and in name.
Remorseless Herods, tragic scenes renew!
Tartars are angels when compared with you.
Base, wretched men, your malice proves in vain;
Your lures, your gifts, we equally disdain.
Haste, glut your vengeance, on the dismal pyres,
And with these withered bones light up your fires.
Your conquest gained in smoke and ashes ends:
Thus far alone your murderous power extends.
But mark my words, though slanders now avail,
Great is the truth, and it shall yet prevail.
In distant ages, the astonished world
(When from their thrones despots like you are hurled)
Shall judge our cause; our innocence proclaim,
And load with execration Philip's name:
Then blest Jerusalem shall cease to mourn,—
Renaissant Templars to her walls return.
Her august Fane, trisagiums shall resound,
And long lost children kiss her hallowed ground.
Fair Sion's offspring then shall cease to mourn,
And hail the captured walls on their return.
Templars! let's march to gain the sacred prize—
The flames shall waft us to the pitying skies.

THE MASONIC HALL.

[From the New-York Gazette, October 31.]

We yesterday witnessed a most interesting and imposing ceremony—the dedication of the Masonic Hall recently erected in Broadway. According to previous arrangements, a large number of ladies attended on the occasion, and were provided with comfortable accommodations. After the Officers and members of the subordinate Lodges were ushered into the Grand Lodge Room (in which the ceremonies took place) and took their proper stations, the Officers of the Grand Lodge entered, preceded by the Master Builder, Master Carpenter, and Architect, with his assistants, bearing the Plumb, Square, Level, &c. The Grand Master then took the Chair, and called the Lodge to order, immediately after which an Anthem was sung, to the air of Pleyel's Hymn. The Architect then addressed the Grand Master, and returned thanks in a neat and appropriate manner, for the honour conferred on him, and surrendered up the implements entrusted to his care at the laying of the foundation stone. The Grand Master expressed his approbation of the Architect's conduct, when the ceremony of dedication was commenced, preceded by a *Consecration Prayer* from the R. W. and Rev. Dr. Wainwright, one of the Grand Chaplains.

After the dedication was concluded in "due and ancient form," an Invocation was made to the Throne of Grace, which was followed by an Ode written for the occasion, and sung by Br. Keene.

The R. W. and Rev. Henry J. Feltus, then delivered an Address, which was well suited to the occasion, and proved highly interesting to the Fraternity, as well as to the uninitiated. He gave a brief but succinct account of the origin, rise and progress of the order, and embellished his address with some interesting historical facts, which were new to many of his auditors. He also gave a short account of the

manner in which the charter of the Grand Lodge of this state was obtained, and concluded his address by a reference to some of the distinguished individuals in this country, who had always given a zealous support to the order.

The Grand Secretary then delivered an address to the delegation from the country Lodges, who were present on the occasion, in which he congratulated them on the happy termination of the misunderstanding which had existed between the city and country Lodges. A service of silver plate, voted at the session of the Grand Lodge in June last, was then presented to ELISHA W. KING, esq. a Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of this state, as a testimonial of his services as Grand Master, and respect for his character as a Mason.

Another Anthem was then sung by Br. Richings, and the whole proceedings were concluded with a prayer from the R. W. and Rev. Dr. Wainwright.

We cannot close this brief and imperfect sketch, without expressing the high satisfaction we felt in witnessing the good order and decorum which was preserved during the ceremonies, and also the excellent arrangements which were adopted and carried into effect by those Brethren on whom the duty devolved of conducting the proceedings.

The Masonic Hall is a building which reflects the highest credit on the Architect, Mr. HUGH REINARTZ, who has bestowed great pains in the execution of his trust.

NEW-YORK.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE

Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, Grand Master; Richard Hatfield, of New-York, Deputy Grand Master; Ezra S. Cozier, of Utica, Senior Grand Warden; Welcome Esleeck, of Albany, Junior Grand Warden; Oliver M. Lownds, of New-York, Grand Secretary; George W. Hyer, of New-York, Grand Treasurer; Rev. J. M. Wainwright, of New-York, and Rev. John Read, of Poughkeepsie, Grand Chaplains; M. Myers, of New-York, Grand Marshal; George Bazrell, Grand Sword Bearer; Edward Higgins, Grand Standard Bearer; Joshua A. Spencer, of Madison county, William M. Price and Neil Gray, of New-York, and A. Blanchard, of Albany, Grand Stewards; Hiram Steel, of Jefferson county, Senior Grand Deacon; Robert G. Nellis, of Montgomery county, Junior Grand Deacon; Joseph Jacobs, Grand Pursuivant; Garrit Lansing, A. G. Pursuivant; Robert Young, Grand Tyler.

INDIANA.

The Grand Lodge of Indiana, at their annual communication held in Salem, in that state, on the 1st day of October, A. L. 5827, elected the following brethren grand officers:—

Elihu Stout, of Vincennes, Grand Master; Trobridge Parker, of Salem, Deputy Grand Master; T. J. Evans, of Princeton, Senior Grand Warden; Daniel Comstock, of Madison, Junior Grand Warden; Rev. Hiram A. Hunter, of Pike county, Grand Chaplain; Henry P. Thornton, of Salem, Grand Orator; James F. D. Lane, of Madison, Grand Secretary; Harvey Gregg, of Indianapolis, Grand Treasurer; John De Paw, of Salem, Grand Marshal; William Marshall, of Brownstown, Grand Sword Bearer; Austin W. Morris, of Indianapolis, Senior Grand Deacon; Z. T. Percival, of Lawrenceburgh, Junior Grand Deacon; Alanson Andrews, of Vernon, Grand Pursuivant; Cyrus Vigus, of Corydon, Grand Steward and Tyler.

The Grand Lodge holds its next communication in the town of Indianapolis on the Tuesday before the first Monday in December, 5828.

VERMONT.

The Grand Lodge of Vermont, at their session held in Montpelier, on the 9th and 10th days of October, A. L. 5827, elected the following brethren, officers for the ensuing year:—

George E. Wales, Grand Master; Nathan B. Haswell, Deputy Grand Master; Luther B. Hunt, Grand Senior Warden; Philip C. Tucker, Grand Junior Warden; Joseph Howes, Grand Treasurer; D. Azro A. Buck, Grand Secretary; Oramel H. Smith, Assistant Grand Secretary; Wyllys Lyman,

Grand Senior Deacon; Dana Hyde, Grand Junior Deacon; Reuben Kibbe, Grand Sword Bearer; Asa Patridge, Grand Pursuivant; Daniel Bowen, Grand Marshal; Asa Gaylord, Grand Tyler; Rev. Simeon Parmalee, Grand Chaplain; Timothy Hubbard, Silas C. French, Ira Owen, and George W. Hill, Grand Stewards; Thomas H. Hammond, No. 1, Highland Hall, No. 2, Horatio Needham, No. 3, John Purdy, No. 4, James L. Sawyer, No. 5, Josiah Shedd, No. 6, Isaac Hill, No. 7, John Roberts, No. 8, Reuben Kibbe, No. 9, Elijah Cleaveland, No. 10, District Deputy Grand Masters.

During the session, that body voted \$100, as a donation to the funds of the American Colonization Society. And the same fund was increased by donations from the following Masonic bodies: From Federal Lodge, No. 15, at Randolph, \$10—of Warren Lodge, No. 23, at Woodstock, \$10—of Social Masters, No. 19, at Williamstown, \$20—of Rural Lodge, No. 52, Stockbridge, \$10.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

COPPER MINES.

A correspondent of the U. States Gazette, quotes the opinion of Dr. Franklin concerning the existence of copper mines on the shores of lake Superior. At the Doctor's day almost as much was known concerning these mines as at present. The indolence of the Americans to inform themselves of their natural resources when out of the limits of their settlements is surprising. A short history of these mines we hope will not prove uninteresting to our readers.

The copper mines are principally found between the Ouisconsin and Rock rivers—extend within five or six miles of the Mississippi, and cover a tract of land about eight miles long, by five or six broad. These mines are represented by travellers as inexhaustible. They were seen as early as 1686 by the monk La Hontan. They were afterwards visited in 1724, by the Jesuit father Charlevoix—in 1766 by the celebrated traveller capt. Carver, who described them particularly. In 1771 they were visited by Henry, and in 1789 by sir Alexander M'Kenzie. Each of the above travellers published an account of these mines, which was the means of exciting considerable curiosity concerning them, among the mineralogists of Europe. Before the Revolutionary war, a mass of silver was found in this region, and taken to England, where a company was raised by the Duke of Gloucester for the purpose of working for this precious metal. A gallery was opened on the side of a hill on the south side of the lake, but finding nothing but copper, they soon discontinued their operations, and the company dissolved.

On the recommendation of President Adams in 1800, a resolution passed both Houses of Congress, to appoint a competent agent to visit these mines, and report on their condition. Mr. Adams, going out of office, and the policy of the country changed, this judicious resolution appears to have escaped entirely the attention of the succeeding administration. Government delayed until 1820 before she employed any regular agents to examine them. In that year they were visited by Governor Cass, and Mr. Schoolcraft, a mineralogist. A report of their discoveries was made to Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of War, which satisfactorily established the existence of copper on the southern shores of lake Superior, and from its abundance promises hereafter to be a great source of national wealth. A mass of copper fifty pounds, in weight, from these mines, is deposited in the library of Congress, which is remarkable for its fineness of grain and purity. Henry Knight, esq. says that on ascending the Ontonagon river, about ten miles from its mouth, he discovered a mass of copper, which weighed according to his estimation five tons, and from which he severed one hundred pounds, with his axe. After travellers who have seen this block of copper, represent the weight as considerably exaggerated. This block of copper, is however a very large one. The copper found in these mines is nearly as pure as refined.

Governour Eustis, when minister to the Netherlands, presented several specimens of this copper to the Inspector General of the mint at Utrecht, for

examination, who made a very favourable report of its qualities, and represented it as peculiarly qualified for rolling and forging and greatly superior to Swedish copper. The advantage of having a home supply of this metal is too evident to be dilated upon. If these mines were only worked, they would no doubt produce a sufficient supply of copper for home consumption. Large sums would be saved to the country which are yearly sent abroad to purchase copper. The cost of the copper in a single ship of the line is about \$60,000. The mint of the United States purchases copper for the coinage of cents, sometimes to the amount of \$30,000 in a year. It is evident to every one what a source of wealth our copper mines would be if they were once opened and worked with success.

[Ohio State Journal.]

PORTABLE GAS LAMPS.

It is now upwards of eight years since Mr. Gordon took out a patent for the lamp in Scotland. In the autumn of 1819 he brought some of his lamps to London, and shewed them to all the gas companies here; at that time we had the pleasure to see one of them, with which we were much pleased; but the managers of the gas companies did not seem to think them applicable to general use; the invention, therefore, lay dormant for several years and might have done so much longer, if it had not been for some public spirited individuals, who, in the beginning of 1822, established the London Portable Gas Company, and engaged Mr. Gordon to take the management thereof. Since that time portable gas has been gradually but steadily getting into general use. When the company was first established, the lamp was violently attacked on the score of danger, by one of the monthly scientific publications, which was very successfully answered by Mr. Gordon; and, what is most satisfactory to the public, is, that, among the many thousand lamps which have been circulating since that time in London and its neighbourhood, not one accident has occurred, and the inventor asserts, that it is physically impossible that an unintentional explosion can take place. The company have lately obtained a crown charter, with a capital of 25,000*l.* and are proceeding to increase their machinery so as to enable them to meet the increasing demand for the gas, which is used to an extent of which we had no idea, until we made some late inquiries on the subject. The engineers for London Bridge and the London Docks, acknowledge that they could not have proceeded so well with the foundations of these works by means of any other light. The Thames Tunnel has made use of portable gas almost since the commencement of that undertaking, and the Argyle Rooms were lighted with it all last season. The Duke of York steam-boat, on her voyages to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malaga, and back, has for some time been altogether lighted with portable gas. The Penitentiary, London Institution, and other public establishments, many churches, and about 900 private customers, have adopted portable gas, so that we think we are pretty safe in again predicting that this species of light will get into general use in all large towns, which can afford the expence of the requisite establishment. At present all the new churches in Mary-la-bonne parish are being lighted with portable gas. Several attempts have been made to introduce portable gas in the large towns upon the continent, but we understand they have not yet been successful, probably from the difficulty of their getting all the machinery sufficiently perfect, and the unwillingness of foreigners to follow implicitly what has been done in this country.

In the beginning of 1825 a provincial portable Gas company was formed, which erected works at Manchester and Edinburgh, but unfortunately that was at the period of the Joint Stock Mania, and its progress has been stopped by the difficulties which all such, whether good or bad, have lately had to encounter. We understand that the Edinburgh establishment is to be given up for want of funds; but the Manchester one is to be prosecuted under a new and vigorous management. We hear, however, that it is probable the former is likely to be taken up by another company.

We observe at the London company works, that their gas is now made from rosin, according to a plan

for which Mr. Daniel has lately obtained a patent and we are informed that the gas obtained thereby is equal in brilliancy and durability to oil gas, at much less expense, which we think will be a great advantage to all oil gas establishments—as the high price of oil for several years past has prevented them from being profitable concerns. We also observed at the London works that the company have lately erected one of Mr. Gurney's steam boilers, wherein the steam is generated by the circulation of the water through very small pipes. Mr. Gordon speaks in the highest terms of this species of boiler, on account of its scarcity and the economy of fuel, especially in getting up the steam in the morning, which instead of taking an hour and a half, as formerly, does not now require more than a quarter of an hour.

[London Sun.]

AMERICAN CHINA.

Among the great number and variety of beautiful productions exhibited at the Franklin Institute this season, the specimens of American China, manufactured and deposited by Mr. Tucker, of this city, afforded us singular gratification, and we think them entitled to special attention and regard. No person in this country has succeeded so completely as this gentleman in the manufacture of porcelain; and in bringing it to its present perfection, he has encountered and surmounted difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. He has assured us, that it is less than twelve months since he began fairly to conduct a series of experiments on the subject; and the ware at the institute is a specimen of the result. In soundness of body, smoothness of glazing, and beauty of lustre, it is pronounced by competent judges to be equal to the imported, and in the purity of its whiteness it surpasses either the French or English China met with in our market. Mr. Tucker has lately obtained English and French workmen, well acquainted with their business; and he will now be able to manufacture large quantities of this ware, lower in price, but equal in finish to the foreign fabric. His materials are all the produce of American soil; and we trust his enterprise and ingenuity will be liberally rewarded by our patriotic citizens.

[Phil. Nat. Gazette.]

MEDICAL.

DISORDERED EYES.

Most of even our local diseases originate in a bad state of the stomach—a truth which cannot be too often impressed upon those who are disposed to dabble in quackish ointments and nostrums. Mr. Abernethy traces nearly all the maladies which affect the eye to this fertile cause of human suffering, and tells the following amusing story in illustration of the vulgar errors on the subject; the following is quoted from the report of his lectures in the London Lancet:—"A lady and gentleman brought their child to me with inflamed eyes; the pupils could hardly be distinguished, there were ulcers on the corner, and it was very much clouded. They said, Sir, 'we are going out of town, and we thought we would ask your opinion of our child's eyes; he has been under the care of several of the most eminent surgeons and he is getting rather worse than better.' I said, do you expect I will prescribe for your child an eye water or an eye salve and so on? I tell you plainly, that I am persuaded that irritable eyes are occasioned by a disordered state of the stomach and bowels; I then desired the lad to put out his tongue and it was then very furred and dirty indeed. I told them that they must pay great attention to the child's diet, to the regulation of his bowels, to take exercise in the open air, and so on. 'Oh!' they said, 'if that was all the advice I could give them, they should wish me good morning; so they paid me a guinea and off they went. They were going into Devonshire, and when they were about seventy miles from town, the child was seized with a diarrhoea, which caused them to stop on the road, and in a day or two, the child's eyes became much better; they now began to think that there was some truth in what had been told them about a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, and away they came again towards town, after having travelled about seventy miles, to hear something more about

this matter, which if they had had a little patience, they would have heard at first in a few minutes."

THE TRAVELLER.

ASCENT TO MONT BLANC.

[Extract of a letter from an English Artist on the Continent.]

The 25th July now finds us in the celebrated vale of Chamouny, with the Glaciers and Mont Blanc in view. This latter object, far seen and far famed, gives an interest to whatever relates to it. On our arrival at the Inn at Chamouny, we were told that two Englishmen had started yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, to make the perilous journey to the top of the mountain, with nine guides, making in all eleven, and it had first been observed through a telescope, in the Inn, that two had actually reached the summit. All eyes were now on the alert. The glass I got hold of at an upper window; and, after adjusting and shifting it about, observed with minute attention, on the side of the summit, some small black objects, that, by degrees, changed their places, and by a progress very slow, but perceptible, appeared advancing upwards. To all the people in the house, this was a subject of intense curiosity, and, by turns, each saw and bore witness to the phenomenon. I counted to the number of nine; a party of four were in advance in a group, with one a head, while others, two and two, lagged considerably behind. As they were proceeding from us, their movement was slow and little perceived; onwards, however, we saw them reach the summit, where, little as they seemed, they were nearly lost in the deep blue sky. Even the last two, lingering, stopping, and resting, approached at last the top, where we could see the others re-appear, as if to receive them. The whole number having thus gained the top of Mont Blanc, the highest point in Europe, perhaps the highest point on earth the insignificant powers of man have ever enabled him to reach, (which though often attempted, has it is said, not been reached above six times—often attended with loss of lives, and only succeeded in once before by an Englishman,) a short half hour seemed to satisfy them with their unwonted elevation, when we saw them begin to descend.

26th—To-day all was expectation: and, at nine o'clock, after forty-nine hours absence, the two Englishmen, with their nine guides, and a boy who had gone with them for his own pleasure, arrived.

They had, on the 24th, reached the usual resting-place, Le Grand Mulet. This is a black ridge of rocks at the head of the Glaciers, by the side of which they ascended, and which they had much fatigue and risk in crossing to obtain. At the Grand Mulet, they stopped for the night under a tent, which they took with them, in which with blankets, &c. they were warm and comfortable, disturbed only by the noise of avalanches falling all around them. On the 25th at day-break, they proceeded up a valley of snow, then took a new route, by which they escaped the dangers which had destroyed those men who had made a similar attempt before. As they got towards the top, their fatigue and weakness became extreme; their pulses beat high, some were seized with head-ache, spitting of blood, and bleeding at the nose—others with loss of appetite, and one even with vomiting; all breathed with difficulty, and required frequent rests. Mr. Hawes, a stout little fellow, of 20 years, was the only one nearly exempted from these symptoms. On the top the air was cold beyond relief; but the view seemed to comprehend every thing—they appeared high above every object; saw on one side the Lake of Geneva, Neufchatel, and the Jura Mountains; but the clearest and most beautiful was on the side of Savoy and Italy; the Appenines, the Mediterranean, and France, known to be in sight from Mont Blanc, were not then visible.

At three o'clock they began to descend—a matter of facility, compared with the ascent. At six they gained their resting place on the Grand Mulet. They here remained for the night which was wet and cold; and the noise of the avalanches, always most frequent in rain, had much the effect of continued thunder. This morning they had again to cross the Glaciers, to facilitate which they were tied, two or three together, in a chain of ropes, to secure them in crossing the deep crevices between the ice; and the

danger being thus passed, they reached Chamouny to breakfast, having finished the journey without loss, without hurt, and apparently without over fatigue; but which they said they would not advise any one again to attempt. Every circumstance was favourable, but they thought neither the view nor the fame could at all compensate for the danger and pain of the undertaking.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES FERGUSON.

James Ferguson, an eminent Experimental Philosopher, Mechanist, and Astronomer, was born in Banffshire, in Scotland, 1710, of very poor parents. At the very earliest age his extraordinary genius began to unfold itself. He first learned to read, by overhearing his father teach his elder brother; and he had made this acquisition before any one suspected it. He soon discovered a peculiar taste for Mechanics, which first arose on seeing his father use a long pole as a lever, to raising the roof of his cottage, which had sunk below the walls. He pursued this study a considerable length, while he was yet very young; and made a watch in wood work, from only once having seen one. As he had at first no instructor, nor any help from books, every thing he learned had all the merit of an original discovery; and such, with inexpressible joy, he believed it to be.

As soon as his age would permit, he went to service, in which he met with hardships, that rendered his constitution feeble through life. While he was servant to a farmer (whose goodness he acknowledges in the modest and humble account of himself, which he prefixed to his "Mechanical Exercises,") he contemplated and learned to know the stars, while he tended the sheep; and began the study of Astronomy, by laying down, from his own observations only, a celestial globe. His kind master, observing these marks of his ingenuity, procured him the countenance and assistance of some neighbouring gentlemen. By their help and instructions he went on gaining farther knowledge, having by their means been taught Arithmetic, with some Algebra and Practical Geometry. He had also got some notion of drawing, and being sent to Edinburgh, he there began to take portraits in miniature, at a small price, an employment by which he supported himself and family for several years, both in Scotland and England, while he was pursuing more serious studies. In London he first published some curious astronomical tables and calculations; and afterwards gave public lectures in Experimental Philosophy, both in London and most of the country towns in England, with the highest marks of general approbation. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and was excused the payment of the admission fee, and the usual annual contributions. He enjoyed from the king a pension of fifty pounds a year, besides other occasional presents, which he privately accepted and received from different quarters, till the time of his death; by which and the fruits of his own labours, he left behind him a sum to the amount of about six thousand pounds, although all his friends had always entertained an idea of his great poverty. He died in 1776, at sixty-six years of age, though he had the appearance of many more years.

Mr. Ferguson must be allowed to have been a very uncommon genius, especially in mechanical contrivances and executions, for he executed many machines himself in a very neat manner. He had also a good taste in Astronomy, as well as in Natural and Experimental Philosophy, and was possessed of a happy manner of explaining himself in an easy, clear, and familiar way. His general mathematical knowledge, however, was very limited. Of algebra he understood but little more than the notation; and he has often told the late Dr. Hutton, that he could never demonstrate one proposition in Euclid's Elements; his constant method being to satisfy himself as to the truth of any problem, with a measurement by scale and compasses. He was a man of a very clear judgment in any thing that he professed, and of unwearied application to study; benevolent, meek, and innocent in his manners as a child: humble, courteous, and communicative: instead of pedantry, philosophy seemed to produce in him only diffidence and urbanity.

POPULAR TALES.

THE DUTCH SLEEPER.

[From Crowquill's "Eccentric Tales."]

CHAPTER I.—THE MAN.

Karel Pietrel was an honest round little man, sedentary and phlegmatic, pensive and patient, following the respectable and profitable trade of breeches-maker, in the town of —, in the province of —.

His face was the index of his mind, there being nothing very remarkable or sagacious in it. A joke or a witticism was as foreign to his understanding as to his utterance; for he could neither take nor give—always measuring his periods and clipping his words with the same exactness he did his cloth.

In his gait there was neither gentility nor firmness; for his legs, small and slender, in proportion to his bulk, being rather inclined to bow, occasioned him to waddle and trundle along, to the great diversion and mockery of every little scapegrace in the town. But the breeches-maker was a man of too much solidity to be moved by a trifle; and although he never laughed at their derision, or indeed at any thing else, in the whole course of his life, their satirical remarks were totally disregarded; and puffing forth the fumes of his pipe, with his hands thrust in the capacious pockets of his nether-coverings, he made his way with the precision and diligence of a trekschuyt.

Yet, notwithstanding all the mental and personal peculiarities of Karel Pietrehl, he was a general favourite of all who knew him. In fact, it was, doubtless, to those very peculiarities he owed their favour; and most of his associates being shrewd fellows, and fond of cracking a joke—in a good humoured way—they regarded Karel as a most eligible butt for their railery; and the more so as their wit, however broad, was very unlikely to give offence, where its point was neither felt nor understood; yet, like the concussion of flint and steel, the meeting of Karel and his comrades was always productive of some bright sparks.

CHAPTER II.—HIS DWELLING

Was that of his forefathers, where (even in the remembrance of Karel) his grandfather, Markus, and his own father, Gerrit Pietrehl, had manufactured coverings for the lower parts of the grandfathers and fathers of half the town of —; and here did he now diligently pursue his sedentary labours, after the good and excellent example of his breeches-making and industrious progenitors, following their cut and fashion as the thread followeth the needle; and every body, not without reason, reckoned him a man of tolerable substance; for Karel was no rolling stone, (though he might certainly look like one,) having never travelled farther than from one end of the town to the other.

CHAPTER III.—AN OBSERVATION.

A man's fame is very often his misfortune; for no sooner doth fortune or favour raise him above his proper level, than he is immediately rendered uneasy by those who flock around either to admire or laugh at him, unable to return the courtesy of the one party, or parry the sneering politeness of the other—if he possesses discrimination enough to make the distinction.

Unfortunately for Master Karel he had the fame of being very good natured, (as we have before observed,) and this circumstance gave occasion to many wags to put practical jokes upon him, greatly to the said Karel's discomfiture; and a knot of these same lovers of fun having assembled early one evening at their usual rendezvous in the town, (where, after the labours of the day, Pietrehl punctually adjourned to enjoy himself) laid their beads together, and formed such a grand conspiracy against that placid and inoffensive man, with so much secrecy, precaution, and judgment, that it was infallible in its operations.

CHAPTER IV.—KAREL PIETREHL ENTERS WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS BREECHES POCKETS—INNOCENT AND UNSUSPICIOUS—WITH A SHORT PIPE IN HIS MOUTH.

A sort of low grunt passed for a reply to the warm and friendly greetings of the company, and the top of a half tub (his ordinary and chosen seat) received the rotund breech of Karel; and his little eyes were

seen at times through the curling clouds of smoke he puffed forth—peering at one or other of his friends—who began to be vastly jocose and loquacious, directing their looks and words to the center of comicality—Master Pietrehl—who, on his part, winked, nodded, and whiffed, sipping intermittingly his pleasant beverage; which having, by repeated application, completely exhausted, his friends—the conspirators—generously, but cunningly, handed him their jug, the which the fear of giving offence precluded him from declining; till at last, by dint of boozing, he began to blink and waver a little from his customary erect and staid demeanour; and many were the cunning looks and innuendoes bandied about by these designing drolls, who were anxiously watching the effects of their pleasant conceit.

CHAPTER V.—A SPEECH.

Observing that Master Karel was truly in a mellow condition—and they had never seen him father gone than what is termed fuddled—the ring-leader proposed the health of "honest Mynheer Pietrehl." The jovial fellows simultaneously raised their hands, their cups, and their voices, and pledged the breeches-maker.

What a situation was Karel in! His heart was opened, though his eyes were almost closed by the generous liquor he had so innocently and unguardedly poured down his parched throat; and he sensibly felt the honour they had conferred on him. Gratitude prompted him to rise, but platitude glued him fast to the tub-top! However, a friend's eye and hand alike are prompt; and, seeing an inclination, so agreeable to their own wishes, show itself in Pietrehl, they quickly offered their services; and, having raised him on his legs and the head of the tub, they left him standing in equilibrio betwixt his corporation and his inexpressibles. With all the grace of a dancing bear he extended his short thick arms, bearing in one hand his pipe; in the other an empty jug. He moved his lips—a solemn silence prevailed, and the following expressive and intelligible words fell from the lips of the inebriated breeches-maker:—"Gentlemen"—(hiccup)—"the honour"—(hiccup)—"thank you."

The rest was inaudible—his drowsy eye-lids closed—the jug and pipe fell from his nerveless hands, and he fell backwards—fortunately backwards—from the tub, fast asleep and unharmed, for the thickness of ten pair of (not) small-clothes broke his fall.

CHAPTER VI.—DISPATCH.

This was the moment for action—the soporific potion they had administered in his drink had taken effect; and, lifting him up in their arms, they bore the unconscious Karel on board a trekschuyt, or passage boat, which pertained to some of the conspirators; and giving the word to the jager, or driver, to proceed as rapidly as possible, in a few hours they reached a town about twenty miles distant, where they disembarked; and raising Karel gently from his sleeping-place, marched with him into a neighbouring bier-kroeg, or ale-house; and there, placing him on a similar half-tub to the one he had occupied a few hours before in the town of —, they sat themselves down to smoking and drinking waiting impatiently for Karel's waking, for the continuance of their joke.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BREECHES-MAKER AWAKES.

Three quarters of an hour had scarcely elapsed when Gerrit Pimpnel, one of the conspirators, entered the bier-kroeg, and informed his companions that he had engaged several of the town's-people, his particular acquaintances, to aid and assist them in the execution of their plot; and the train they had laid so dexterously was ready to be fired when Pietrehl should awake. As impatiently as a hungry man watcheth the boiling of the pot, did the conspirators watch the eye-lids of Karel; when, finally, a loud and long-drawn snore heralded the return of his senses.

He extended his jaws and his eyes till they assumed the form of three complete geometrical circles; and when this fit of yawning and staring had continued for the space of five minutes, to the great diversion of his friends, whose jerkins were visibly moved by the inward laughter which convulsed them, he uttered an interjectional "Bless me!" and shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, which were

rather misty and as yet conveyed very dreary and imperfect images of outward things to his sensorium, he rose upon his legs, and buttoning his jerkin, pulling his hat tighter on his head, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, he gave a nod, and waddled in any thing but a right line into the public street, followed at a short distance, by the whole group of his giggling companions.

CHAPTER VIII.—HIS COURSE.

Karel, little dreaming of the distance he was from his native place, on quitting the bier-kroeg, turned to the right as usual, to go to his own shop, which was at the bottom of the street; but he had not advanced more than fifty paces, when he drew back again with a shudder, for he perceived a canal ran directly across his path.

"Umph! bless me!" said Pietrehl, scratching his head, "I've wandered! yes—old Hans Lobberregt's good liquor hath confounded me—umph! umph!" then, recollecting that his nephew lived within two doors of the canal, it occurred to him, that, in his present situation, the arm of the youth would be very acceptable, in escorting him to his own house, which he had so unaccountably missed; and no sooner had he maturely deliberated, than he instantly perceived the necessity of such a measure; and, knocking loudly and incessantly at the door, a gruff voice from above demanded his business.

"Nicolaas! is that you, Nicolaas Pietrehl?" inquired Karel, for the voice struck him as unusually hoarse.

"And who the devil's Nicolaas Pietrehl?" said the man. Karel started back with surprise, rubbing his eyes, and wondering at this marvellous change. "And what do you mean?" continued the man surlily, by disturbing honest people from their rest at this hour?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the astounded Karel, uplifting his hands, "as I am an honest man and a breeches-maker, Nephew Nicolaas Pietrehl, the clock-maker, certainly dwelt here yesterday!"

"You be—" "Civil at any rate!" muttered Karel, as he heard the man close the window in a passion; and hailing one who was approaching him—

"Prithee, friend," said he, "canst thou inform me where one Nicolaas Pietrehl, a clock-maker by trade, dwells?"

"Not in this town!"

"How! thou art a stranger, then, perhaps?"

"Not quite, mister; I've lived here the last ten years."

"And not know Nicolaas Pietrehl?" said the breeches-maker.

"No!"

"Umph!" cried Karel, thoughtfully, yet really not knowing what to think. "Dost know old Hans Lobberregt, Gerrit Pimpnel, or Lon Winkelaar?"

"No!"

"No! then I say thou hast told an untruth in asserting thou art an inhabitant of this town; every body knows 'em!" said the indignant Karel.

Hereupon the townsman could contain himself no longer; but, bursting into a loud laugh, called out to some who wore, intentionally, passing, that there was a madman broken loose; which they no sooner heard than, running towards the astonished Karel, they began to stare at him, and pass rude jokes upon him, till the patience of the breeches-maker was nearly exhausted.

"Who is he? what is he?" demanded they; "has he tumbled from the moon, or has he come in the fog?"

"Honest folks!" said Karel, beseechingly, "spare your gibes. I am Karel Pietrehl. Lord! you all know me! I have been a merry-making with long Gerrit Pimpnel, Lon Winkelaar, one-eyed Markus and lame Jan, at old Hans Lobberregt's; you know him too!"

Testifying their surprise by holding up their hands, and uttering, in concert, a long interjectional "Oh!" "Poor fellow," exclaimed they, "he's certainly crazed, and wants to make us believe we know folks we never saw nor heard of—ha! ha! ha!" "Let me pass! let me pass!" roared the angry breeches-maker, unable to bear their humour any longer; and, rushing desperately forward, he passed them, and ran in the direction which he believed

led to his own house; for his confusion and the obscurity of the night did not allow him to make any particular observations.

Away he scampered like a lusty and unwieldy elephant chased by the hunters, his pursuers scarcely able to keep him in view, so much were they overcome by excessive laughter; and the sullen stillness of the night was broken by the merry echo of "ha! ha! ha!" while a multitude of fears, forebodings, and apprehensions spurred on the bewildered breeches-maker; and, strange to tell, he won the race, distancing his followers by the turning of a street.

His trembling hand was already on the latch of the door—his heart bounded with joy, and he entered and closed it against his pursuers; but the violent and extraordinary exertion he had undergone caused him to swoon; and there lay poor hunted Karel, till the voices of those who had so suddenly lost him, aroused him again to life; and though his heart palpitated, he hugged himself with the tranquilizing supposition that he was secure within his own dwelling; and raising himself, he proceeded to his chamber, when to his unutterable surprise, he perceived a light burning in the room. "More mystery, more devilry!" thought Karel; and, walking forward with all the firmness and consequence of a master in his own house, he advanced to the door, when (how was the continent Karel scandalized!) he beheld a young and lovely woman arranging her head dress before a mirror, gracefully tossing about her head, (such a snow-white neck!) and humming an air; her skin, contrasted with her raven hair, appeared like polished ivory; and being, moreover, disencumbered of her exterior garments, which lay in a heap beside her, she appeared like an animated statue delicately draped; while Karel, with his hands in his pockets, stood like a statue of admiration and wonder on the threshold of the door; the old bachelor's eyes, the largest part about him! puzzling his brains (which were as completely entangled as a fly in a web) to unravel the mystery of this appearance; and he evidently began to suspect, upon a cursory examination, that he had mistaken the house; when, lo! a piercing shriek from the affrighted fair one made him tremble like an aspen leaf; and the modesty or confusion of the *juffrouw*, having made her extinguish the candle, the poor breeches-maker was surrounded by darkness, shrieks, and confusion; and, thinking it the wisest plan to take advantage of the obscurity to retreat, he rushed into the street, and almost into the arms of those whom he had just before so happily eluded. They hailed his appearance with an exulting shout, which shot through the nervous and agitated frame of Pietrehl like a thunderbolt, and again he ran forward he knew not whither.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BREECHES-MAKER STRUGGLES, AND SINKS DEEPER INTO DIFFICULTY.

"Stop him! hold him fast!" cried a dozen voices; "for the sake of your wives and children don't let him loose upon the town! Take heed Molks, that he does not bite thee!" and, surrounding the now terrified Pietrehl, (who really began to imagine that he or they were mad, and in either case it was a serious consideration,) they pinioned his arms, and dragged the exhausted, breathless, and unresisting breeches-maker, to his great joy, into the very bier-kroeg he had quitted just before, and which he verily mistook for Hans Lobberegt's.

Puffing, blowing, and panting, they seated him on the top of the tub; and he was thunderstruck, when, endeavouring to recognize some acquaintance among his tormentors, he discovered that not a single feature in the whole group of grinning physiognomies was known to him.

CHAPTER X.—TRANSFORMATION.

Hans Lobberegt's was now his only hope and last resource; his recognition and interposition would instantly free him from the unpleasant embargo which these blood-hounds, these strangers, had so unjustly laid upon him; and, with a faint and tremulous voice, he called for the host. When, lo! a thin, dapper, cringing, dark man, with a smirking mouth and a twinkling eye, (the very opposite of big-bellied Hans Lobberegt's, of —,) answered Pietrehl's summons.

"Where is Hans Lobberegt's?"

"Hans Lobberegt's?" repeated the host, with a well-feigned stare of stupidity.

"Ay, the master of this bier-kroeg!"

"The master!" said the host. "Well, come, that's as good a one as ever I heard," continued he, laughing; "why, I have kept this place ten years come next winter, my friend; you're a droll, sir, I see, and want to laugh at me—you think I'm a fool, but I'm not! but, joking apart, what's your pleasure?"

"I have no pleasure!" roared the bewildered breeches-maker. "I am mad!—mad!—ye are all mad together!"

This rhapsody increased the merriment of the assembly, ably backed by the conspirators; who, carefully concealing themselves from the view of Karel, most heartily enjoyed his astonishment and rage.

CHAPTER XI.—TRANSPORTATION.

"Anger makes a man dry," and, notwithstanding honest Karel's tormenting and inexplicable situation, (for never was poor devil so hunted, and mysteriously maltreated,) he had not the heart to refuse the jug which was offered him; and thereby his courage being strengthened, he arose and commanded them, at the risk and peril of their own persons, to stand back, and let him pass peacefully to his own shop, without let or molestation.

"Who! art thou? where is thy shop?" demanded the knaves; "we don't know thee!"

"Is not my name Karel Pietrehl? and do I not dwell in this street? Oh! Lord! Lord are ye all mad, or drunk, or what ails ye?"

"Neither one nor t'other," replied one of them: "but truly thou must be mad to say thou livest in this town; nay, canst thou claim acquaintance with any here—we are all of this town!" Karel looked at them, and shook his head grievously, yet still believing they had put a trick upon him.

"Come," said the desponding Pietrehl, "I'll give ye a ducat to drink, if ye will only permit me to show you my house; follow me—bring me back if what I utter prove false."

There was so much reason in this request that they could not deny it; knowing, too, full well, that his journey would be bootless, and only increase his confusion.

With the greatest care and precision Karel bent his way (as he imagined) towards his own snug little shop; but what pen can paint his dismayed countenance when he found that his house, and part of the street, had actually vanished, and that, upon closer examination, every house, sign, and name in the place was unknown to him. With a half-frenzied, half-frantic look, he turned upon those who had accompanied him.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" said he. "I am bewitched—I shall go mad. Oh! where am I? where—where have I got to?"

In lieu of replying to these questions they led him back again, without difficulty or resistance, to the bier-kroeg, where an irresistible drowsiness soon overcame him; and, falling into a deep sleep, they bore him to the *trekschuyt*.

CHAPTER XII.—IT'S ALL A DREAM.

When honest Karel opened his eyes again, the pleasant physiognomies of his old cronies beamed upon him with a joyous welcome.

"Thank God!" said the delighted Karel, "I am with you again!"

"Ey!" said long Gerrit Pimpernel, without moving a muscle, "what, dreaming with your eyes open, Master Pietrehl? Come, come, you've had a long nap—no compliment to the company, and—"

"Have I really been sleeping all this while?" said Karel, doubtingly, the impression of what had passed still strong upon his mind. "Oh! what a dream I've had! but yet I thought I was awake, too. Surely—"

"Oh! let's have the dream, let's have the dream by all means," cried the wage with one voice, promising themselves much sport from the relation.

And, after they had convinced Karel Pietrehl, against his own opinion, that he had actually been asleep, they had truly cause to wonder at the genius and invention of the breeches-maker, in enlarging upon, and multiplying, the occurrences of that memorable night; and it was ever afterwards a source of merriment to the roguish plotters, for Karel's dream was the only topic upon which he became really eloquent; and, in course of time, with his addition and alterations, the original adventure was almost totally forgotten!

MISCELLANY.

CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN.

When William Penn was about to sail from England for Pennsylvania, he went to take his leave of the king, and the following conversation occurred:

"Well, friend William," said Charles, "I have sold you a noble province in North America, but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going hither yourself."

"Yes, I have," replied William, "and I am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied Penn.

"I doubt that, friend William! I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind I tell you, before hand that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered William, "I depend on something better than the soldiers."

The king wished to know *what that was*.

"Why I depend on themselves—on their own moral sense—even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men."

"I fear friend William, that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America."

"Why not to them as well as all others?"

"If it had appeared to them," said the king, "they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done."

"That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on their best fish and venison and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, the subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds for farms for themselves! Now is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice: and that burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?"

"Well, then, I hope friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."

"I am not afraid of it," said Penn.

"Aye! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them."

"No, indeed! how then will you get the lands?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them."

"Buy their lands of them! why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate too, but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought that thou hadst any right to their lands."

"Zounds, man! no right to their lands?"

"No, friend Charles no right at all:—What right has thou to their lands?"

"Why, the right of discovery; the right which the pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of discovery! a strange kind of right indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?"

"Why—why—why," (replied Charles,) "I must confess I should think it a piece of great impudence in them."

"Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian and a Christian Prince too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles, and suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island

of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects and drive the rest away; wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?"

The king assenting to this with strong marks of conviction, William proceeded—"Well, then, friend Chales, how can I, who call myself a *Christian*, do what I should abhor even in heathens?—No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby ensure his blessings on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America."

TERRA INCOGNITA.

A singular turn of address was performed at Bath the other day by a chevalier of industry, who found himself, on the sudden, in want of a pair of boots, and also in want of money to purchase them. Having some doubts probably, although he was living at an inn of respectability, as to the faith of the tradesmen of Bath, after the rude shocks which it is so constantly receiving from parties who make it, during "the season," their place of abode, he called upon two shoemakers in opposite quarters of the city, and desired to have some boots sent to the White Lion for his inspection. The first dealer, who was a resident in Milsom street, came according to order, and found his customer at breakfast; and, after some trouble, fitted him with a neat pair of "Wellington's," which the party fitted was just taking out his purse to pay for, when—walking two or three times up and down the room to try the "effect" of them—he found that "the left boot was rather tighter than he liked it." The right "fitted perfectly well," but "the left wanted stretching across the instep." Accordingly, the offending equipment was drawn off, and the maker desired "to take it back, and put it upon the tree for a couple of hours," at the end of which time it would fit completely. The Milsom street boot-maker went away, leaving his customer with one boot on and one slipper; and of course, leaving the affair of "payment" until he returned with the fellow-boot "at two o'clock" and he was scarcely out of sight, when the artist from "Crescent street" arrived, and found Captain C— still at breakfast, in his slippers. The last dealer—unconscious of the ceremony which had taken place prior to his appearance, tried on all the boots that he had brought; but not a pair would fit, except one pair of "Wellingtons;" and these had the fault, that "the right boot pinched a little across the toe," and required "putting upon the tree for an hour or two." The second maker departed as the first had done, and was gratified with an order to "bring up an assortment of morocco slippers with him at the same time when he brought the "right boot," as Captain C— had been recommended to him, and was determined to give him "an order" worth having. It is hardly necessary to add, that the right and left boots which had visited the "trees," were brought home regularly at two o'clock; but their fellows had disappeared some hours before, in company with the excellent "captain." Dinner was ordered at "eight," and the ceremony of laying the cloth instructed the waiters that two table spoons were missing; but the "captain" did not return.

[London Monthly Magazine.]

MERIT OF INTOXICATION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The greater the heat of the climate, and the more brutal the people, the more necessary, more general, and innoxious, is the taking of spiritous liquors. We shall scarcely find in the history of the Germans and the northern nations, such instances of inborn or acquired capacity for drinking, as the most authentic travellers relate concerning the most beautiful of all nations, the Mingrelians, the Georgians, and the other Caucasian tribes. Chardin himself was an eye-witness of four Mingrelian nobles, who, from ten o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon, drank a last and a half, or in weight four hundred and fifty pounds of wine. Not only men, but women likewise, drink pure unmingled wine in incredible quantities; and even a princess was a little surprised, that Chardin mixed water with the

wine she sent him, having never seen any thing of the kind before. Both nations make the essence of Christianity to consist in the eating of pork and drinking wine; and a Capuchin friar heard the Patriarch of Georgia himself declare, that whoever did not get completely drunk on the great festivals was no true Christian, and deserved to be anathematized. Nothing is more honourable among the Mingrelians, than to be able to drink a great deal without being drunk. A hero of this sort acquired so great fame for drinking, that the King, or Sophi of Persia, thought himself happy in obtaining leave of him, for the Prince Dadju, to come for a time to do honour to his court. Schedan Cilatze, (this was the name of the hero) not only vanquished all the Persians of distinction that contended with him, but, according to report, the king being jealous of his glory, Schedan drank him to death; and, after all these drunken conquests, he returned loaded with honour and riches to his native country, for every victory brought the conqueror a stated prize of great value.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

Such of our subscribers as are in arrears, and can conveniently remit the amount of their subscription, will at this time confer a particular favour by so doing.

NOVEMBER.

Now that spell is broke and gone
With its power of gladness,
And the blast comes leading on
Darker shades of sadness.

[Anonymous.]

If to the habitually gay, this gloomy month comes down upon the spirits with all the combined weight of sympathetick sadness and the blue devils, to the mind that loves to woo the sweet influences of tender melancholy, it is the season of a pure and humble enjoyment of their wonted passion. Every object that now strikes the eye, as it looks abroad on the whole face of nature, has a tendency to deepen and fix the hues of our sadness, whether it be accidental or constitutional. The nakedness of the fields, the bleakness of the hills, the solitude of the forests, and the increasing chillness and violence of the winds, effect a change no less real in the imagination, than they present to the shrinking senses. In the forest the unharmonious note of the sentinel crow from the top of the wind-rocked pine, and the chirping of the solitary diminutive biped that seems the only happy being left on earth, while he rustles among the ruined foliage,—are all that remain of the recent woodland music. Abroad in the fields, the labourer moves brisk but sullenly about his work, and the grazing herds are loath to wander from their chosen position on the lee side of the hill or copse. Within doors the best position at the fire side is a desideratum, which is usurped without words; and the moody matron reiterates her draughts on the well filled snuff box, while the tongs are oftener had in requisition to replace the tumbling brands, or to bring the ignited embers into contact with Mynheer's re-loaded pipe. Now maidens half in love are prone to sigh, and beardless sparks look absent or talk to themselves. The parson forgets the hour of dinner; the physician sallies out without his box of nostrums; the pedagogue looks very intelligent into his lexicon, unconscious that its whole contents are inverted in his hand; the lawyer, after sitting three hours at his writing desk, finds himself *in statu quo*; the cordwainer, and the tailor will finish your boots or your coat next week;—and to close the picture,

"Thanksgiving" will not shed a single particle of its wonted light on the dark side of this gloomy month,—at least in this state—being decreed to cheer with its store of good things, the less reluctant gravity of December.

Some few there are who have a predilection for the flowery months of spring; some for the sultry and tardy days of summer; some for the months in which Plenty holds her autumnal reign, and fruits hang in abundance from every branch; and others speak with rapture on the season for sports, the long evenings and snowy pleasures of Winter. But they who neither solicit the influences of disappointment, nor indulge in their impious murmurings against Him, who instituted these changing seasons, and thus throw a gloom over the brightest of them, will look rather for beauties than deformities,—rather for pleasures than vexations, even in the most inhospitable, and cheerless; and they, with us, will cheerfully assert that there is more happiness experienced with less vanity in few months, than in the moody humours which hang on us so heavily during the proverbial gloom of NOVEMBER.

We introduce the "November" of our correspondent in this place, because we think it a proper associate for the article above, because we have already entered a precedent, and finally, because our correspondent promises to follow up the precedent he has laid down, by adding a poetick article to our customary monthly musings in future.

NOVEMBER.

'Tis the voice of the North wind;—the torn waters gush
From their tempest-beat channels, and frantically rush
Onward and onward in rage to the shore
That indignantly spurns them, and mocks at their roar.
Leafless and bleak on the mountain and plain
The oaks stand forth moaning and shrieking in vain
For their fallen withered glory, and pale by their side
Is the last flower of autumn that has withered and died.
Herbless, and flowerless, and songless, and sere
Are the forests and groves; and the dew that made dear
The ingress of day, is now chilled into frost,
And the glory that welcomed the sunlight is lost.

Hark to the hollow hoarse gust, as it sweeps
Through the depths of the valley, or presses and leaps
From hill-top to plain, over meadow and fountain,—
The sky and the lake darken o'er, while the mountain
Assumes a bright chaplet of snow, like the crown
O'er the temples of age,—when the tempest comes down
From his palace of sleet in his kingdom of snows,
And shrieks like a maniac wherever he goes!

The maiden sighs deeply,—the matron looks sad,
And heaviness enters the bosom, where glad
Contentment and rapture erewhile were exhaled
With the fruit-scented air; but its sweet influence failed
At the bidding of Winter, whose premature strife
Despoiled its fond flowers of their beauty and life;—
And the hues, and the songs of the grove though departed,
Still dwell on the ear of the desolate hearted
Like the voice we have heard in our young days, and never
Were weary to hear,—but now silenced forever. G.

Censure is no pleasant subject, we know, and a subject too, which we intend to avoid as much as possible in our dealings with our brethren of the case and quill. Yet we cannot see our labours converted to the amusement of so large a portion of the reading world, without entering our earnest petition that a due share of editorial courtesy may be awarded to us. We, whenever we copy an article which we believe to be original, from any public work whatever, naturally conclude that we have made an injudicious selection, if the article is not worth the customary credit. But some who are willing to honour us by a republication of our labours, are not so particular in any further courtesy. We have noticed several instances of this neglect without complaining; but we shall hereafter be a little more tenacious of our rights, believing that they will be apparent to all who have can-

dour enough to give the subject a moment's reflection. In a late number of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, we were surprised to see an article on "Inflammable minerals," which had cost us much labour and time, bundled in among a medley of scientific articles, without the least token of its authorship;—especially as that paper had so very recently and so pointedly declared a resolution to be impartial and particular on that score. The "Commonwealth," too, a very reputable journal, published at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in its last number, under our biography of "Roger Bacon," has given us the indirect credit of an "*Albany paper*." The editor must be aware that there are at least nine Albany papers, and of course a credit so wide cannot be an honour worth contending for.

Other papers, with whom we have not the honour of exchanging, have habitually followed the same course; but to them we have not the same claims for redress, as they may have copied them second hand; yet these might have been more generous in this respect, had they not followed the error of those who first neglected this little article of decorum. Did we deem that these practices were intentional, it would give us some unpleasant feelings; as it is, we shall think that any future instance must have some other cause than mere forgetfulness.

A HOAX WITHOUT PARALLEL. The publick are already informed of two inquests held over the body of a man, found near the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, on the shore of Lake Ontario, and pronounced by the second inquest to be the body of William Morgan. Evidence was there adduced, and the testimony of the most intimate acquaintances of the same Morgan, all went to prove that the body could be no other. His teeth, his hair, his scars, and even the "bones of his big toe," which it was most exultingly boasted would identify the body, even among a thousand skeletons, were sworn to, in so strong a manner as to set doubt at defiance; at least with those who had wished and laboured so long to have it true. The affair has however proved all a hoax,—so much so as to awake suspicions with some, that it was known by the main actors in this farce to be an imposture at the time. The body in question is now proved to be that of Timothy Munro, a late resident in the township of Clark, district of Newcastle, Upper Canada; who was drowned in the Niagara river, not six weeks previous to the time that the body was found. By the testimony of his wife, his son, and an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Munro, by the name of John Cron, the clothes and shoes found upon the body of the supposed Morgan were described, even to the patches on his coat and pantaloons, and the more minute circumstance of darts on his stockings. We would give the affidavit of Mrs. Munro had we room, but suffice it to say, that from the statement of one of the editors of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*, who was present at the examination, even the minutest marks on the clothing were described by her with an accuracy which none but the individual who made or mended, and had a constant eye over them, could have evinced. The investigation was conducted by Messrs. Griffin, of Rochester, and Cooke, of Lewiston, in presence of a numerous assembly of the people, including several members of the Morgan Committee.

We had expected some desperate exertions on the part of the Lewiston Convention and their followers, just as the attention of the people were turned towards the polls of election; but we did not

dream of a "special act of Providence" in favour of their sinking cause, nor did we believe them so lost to the common dictates of prudence, as to pick up the body of a perfect stranger; prove him to be the identical William Morgan; stretch even the laws of nature to persuade themselves and others that the body had lain in the water *thirteen months*, and consequently through every temperature that the lake is subject to; expatiate loudly on the depravity and scorn of all who were so heterodox as to doubt of its identity; and to crown the whole, parade the corpse, with all the triumph of mournful hypocrisy, more than forty miles, to bury it at Batavia. But such has been the case and such has been the woful reverse.

With what complacency they can look on such a defeat, they are the best qualified to judge. Their attention cannot now be consistently turned to the demented Hill, who is yet confined on charges made by himself. They unqualifiedly rejected his confessions at first sight, because they militated against their better wishes. "*Credat Judæus Appella, non ego*," said the notorious David C. Miller, "the uncircumcised Jew may believe it,—not I." But they must make some shift soon or the golden season of election will pass over without a single puff of wind. After hoaxing the publick for one year, by every stratagem that could be resorted to, if they have the impudence to persevere in threats, promises, slanders, and dark insinuations, in spite of such signal defeats as this, we know not what their modesty is made of. But we do know that the people of the state of New-York will not submit to such impositions; and as we have repeatedly said, let the current carry along their plans with whatever velocity it may, it will not always set so favourably for their schemes; but when it turns, as it must inevitably before long, its re-action will speedily leave them where they set out, with nothing gained by the cruise but confusion and disgust.

In common with many respectable publick prints, among which are the Philadelphia papers, as well as others who usually keep a good look out for quizzing, we have been most unconsciously deceived on the subject of the Pennsylvania abduction; Elting having turned out to be one of the vilest impostors. He has since absconded. So much for kidnapping.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

DOMESTIC.

Mr. Benjamin Reynolds of Vassalborough, Maine, lately took up a hive of bees, the honey of which weighed, in the comb, *four hundred pounds*.—The Vermont papers state that the snow has already fallen to the depth of one foot upon the White Mountains.—It is stated in the Rhode-Island papers, that the lace school at Newport alone employs over six hundred young ladies.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Dean, an English surgeon has lately extracted a musket ball from the head of an old pensioner, which he had received in the battle of Vittoria. A few days after the operation, the veteran, being intoxicated, threw the ball into the fire, saying, "D—n thee, I've carried thee long enough." The extraction of the ball was effected with great skill, and afforded much relief to the patient.—There is now at Paris a woman named Elizabeth Thomas Cordieux, who is probably the senior of the human race. She was born in 1714, and must consequently be 113 years old. She is a native of Savoy, and so little has she been enfeebled by age, that she has travelled all the way on foot from her native mountains to Paris.—The Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral of the British Navy, has prohibited the circulation of Religious Tracts, and other scriptural books on board of His Majesty's ships, without his approval.—The Town at the Cape of Good Hope contains a population of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and would become a rich and thriving place, if made a free port like Gibraltar.

—The skeleton of a giant has been discovered by a vine-dresser at Auxerre, in France. Near him was found a weapon known in former days by the name of Francisque. By a calculation made from the size of his bones, it is presumed that he must have been seven feet in height.—Professor Rank has written an essay on the language of Finland. He calls it the most original and graceful of tongues, soft as the Italian, and rich as the Greek, or German.—A terrible storm has destroyed a great many vineyards in the neighbourhood of Mulhausen, on the Rhine.—There have been two arrivals at New-York, during the last week, from Liverpool. No very important news has been received, though much previously received has been confirmed.—The luminous arch observed here on the evening of the 28th of August, was seen at Paris and its vicinity on the 25th.—The king of Spain had determined to visit Catalonia in person, and inquire into the causes of the rebellious movements there.—A sea-serpent has made his appearance on the coast of Norway. A reward of a hundred dollars has been offered for taking him, and the inhabitants were preparing to kindle a great fire, in hopes of decoying him on shore by the light. [The English say that it is the identical Yankee sea-serpent which has been so long the *Hon* of the day. If true, he is too long headed to be so easily taken in.]—The Count Capo D'Istria left London for Ostend on the 22d of September, on his way to Greece.—The *Gazette de France*, of September 15th, states that an arrangement is said to be on the point of conclusion between France and Algiers, in which the satisfaction obtained by France is to be advantageous and honourable.—The English naval captains in the Mediterranean refuse to take under their convoy any vessel having Turkish or Greek property on board.—On the 4th of September, the Ambassadors of the Allies determined to demand their passports and leave the Turkish capital.—The accounts do not state that the passports were actually delivered, nor that the ministers had actually departed.—Mr. Blaquiere, the Greek agent, is of opinion, that the Sultan will ultimately submit, after some blustering, to the treaty, but it is doubted by others.

We publish the following notice for the information of our readers who are in connexion with the Presbyterian church, and others concerned. Governor Clinton's Proclamation, appointing the 12th of December for a day of publick Thanksgiving in this state, will probably appear in our next.

To the Ministers and Congregations of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

On the 30th of May last, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, resolved to set apart the second Thursday in November next, as a day of THANKSGIVING, humiliation and prayer, "and all the churches under the care of this assembly, are hereby earnestly requested to sanctify said day unto the Lord." Some papers having announced this as a contemplated season of *FASTING*, it may not be improper to remark, that the assembly considered *THANKSGIVING* as the leading characteristic of the day; in which our praise to God, especially for the works of grace which he has wrought in the midst of our churches, should be accompanied, as in every religious service, by humiliation and supplication.

EZRA STILES ELY
Stated Clerk of the G. A.

Philadelphia, October 26th, 1827.

[From the United States Gazette.]

Mr. Orsamus Turner, has withdrawn from the establishment of the *Niagara Sentinel* and Lockport Observatory, a paper which some five years since he established, and which, until lately, he has managed with profit to himself, and throughout his editorial career with independence and talents. It is with unfeigned regret, and deep mortification at the state of society, that we state that Mr. Turner has been driven from "the means whereby he lived," by the relentless persecution which is now carried on in a neighbouring state against men of every rank and condition in life, who may hold fast their integrity to an order united in the bonds of "charity and brotherly love," from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. By a solemn vote—(if that can be solemn which is opposed to the dearest rights of freemen) a convention of delegates has declared that no mason shall receive a vote for any office whatever. Power, it would seem, is liable to abuse, even in the hands of the people—and what tyranny and bigotry began, ignorance and a love of office have undertaken to finish.

LEMAN,—*Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter*, No. 382 North Market st. Albany. June 28.

POETRY.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

On the frowning wall
The black cloth is cast,
Like a funeral pall,
Untouched by a hand, and unmoved by a blast:
Nations are shuddering, and weeping, and wailing,
Kings from their thrones start in doubt and despair;
But she, the devoted one, calmly is hailing
Each moment, that brings her deliverance near:
For the dreadful doom
Has been uttered at length,
And she must depart,
With a woman's heart
And a woman's strength—
Mary of Scotland must sink to the tomb!
Where is the glittering hall,
And the love swimming eye,
The softened look, and the tender sigh:
Where is the lily, the loveliest of all?
She stands in the room,
With her judges before her,
In the livery of death—and encompassed with gloom,
For the black rolling tempest is gathering o'er her!
The sentence is past,
But her step does not falter—she looks not aghast,
And this is the day
When her spirit will soar,
Far, freed, and away
From the chains of its foes, and the clogs of its clay:
Hark!—hark! 'tis the hour,
Mary of Scotland descends to the tomb!
Queen of beauty—queen of power—
Queen of the broken heart! is this thy severed head?
Pride of a moment—beam of an hour—
Thy day is gone, and thy life is sped:
Mary sleeps in her clay cold bed.
She sleeps in peace, and happier she
Than her rival, who triumphs in shame and sin,
And strives, with pomp and pageantry,
To glut the worm that gnaws within—
Bring riches and glory,
And lavish upon her,
And power and splendour
To smother the story
Of crime and dishonour:—
But riches and glory can never befriend her,
Nor lighten her burden, nor kindle the gloom:
In the red cloud of blood set her glory and splendour,
When Mary of Scotland sunk down to the tomb!
Phil. Monthly Mug.] L. W.

THE LAST LEAF OF THE FOREST.

'Twas Autumn's morn, and the rising sun
Had shed his broad gold light
On each forest tree, and the yellowleaves
Once more seemed fair and bright.
The wind rang through the forest track
With a hollow deep-toned knell,
And the echo seemed to whisper back
The summer's last farewell!
The forest had one leaf! but, ah!
'Twas still as green and fair,
And bright as when the summer beam
Was wont to linger there;
As fluttering on its parent bough,
In the hollow wintry blast,
I looked again, that leaf was fallen—
The loveliest and the last!
But hark! what mournful sounds are those
Borne on the autumn gale,
As in long and deep funeral tones
They swell from yonder vale?
There are noble hearts bowed down with grief,
Sad weeping and despair—
They are bearing to her long last home
The lovely and the fair!
Sweet Ellen, once yon castle's pride!
The first in dance and song,
The fairest in the festive hall,
Now sadly numbered among
The silent dead, and passed, and gone,
Even as a summer flower,
The forest's leaf—the castle's pride—
Both fade in one sad hour!

[From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1828]

THE MEETING.

We met, 'twas mid the starry night,
Beneath her myrtle bower;
When no cold eye could shed its blight
On passion's chosen hour.
The breath of evening swept along,
With tone so soft and clear,
It seemed as if a spirit's song,
Was echoed on the ear.
We met, and yet we could but weep,
When love's fond words were said;
As if we had been there to keep
Our vigils o'er the dead.
The hopes, the dreams of former days,
Which once could cheer life's gloom,

Arose before our tearful gaze
Like spectres from the tomb.
But soon the shadowy ray revealed
A smile upon her brow;
As if the glorious night could yield
A charm to brighten wo.
We met, oh! clouds of grief and ill!
O'er future years may lower
Unheeded, if fate leaves me still,
The memory of that hour.

CALLIOPE.

VARIETY.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION. A certain poor man, with a wife and three children, rented a small piece of land and house of a rich farmer. Having no cow and being unable to purchase one, he mentioned his necessity to his landlord, who offered to let him have a cow, on condition that he would labour for him at a dollar per day, and appropriate one half his wages to the payment of the purchase of the cow, [\$30,] 'till the whole was paid. Claiming some time to consider of the proposition, his landlord overheard him one day while threshing grain in the barn, making the following calculation to himself:—"One and one are two:—that wont answer. One from two leaves three;—that wont do.—Two from two leaves four;—worse yet. Three from two leaves five;—worse of all.—I can't comply with the proposals of my landlord. I cannot support my family on such conditions." At this moment the farmer discovered himself; and addressing his tenant, said—"What kind of Arithmetick is this you are using?" The poor man answered: "it is correct, and I will make it appear to your satisfaction!" "If you can," said the farmer, "I will give you the cow and pay you the stipulated wages per day into the bargain." "Done," said the poor man.—"When I was married, it was one added to one, which makes two—when our first child was born, it was one from two, which makes three—when the second child was born, it was two from two, which makes four—and when the third was born, it was three from two, making five—or five in family, Father, Mother, and three children. The farmer was satisfied, and gave him the cow.

DEVOTION. Bless my eyes, cried I, as I happened to look towards the door, what do I see! one of the worshippers fallen fast asleep, and actually sunk down on his cushion—is he now enjoying the benefit of a trance, or does he receive the influence of some mysterious vision!—Alas! Alas! replied my companion, no such thing! He has only had the misfortune of eating too hearty a dinner, and finds it impossible to keep his eyes open. Turning to another part of the temple, I perceived a young lady in the same situation and attitude—strange cried I, can she too have over eaten herself! Oh fie, replied my friend you now grow censorious—she grow drowsy from eating too much;—that would be profanation! she only sleeps now from having sat up all night, at a brag party. Turn me where I will then, says I, I can perceive no symptom of devotion among the worshippers, except from that old woman in the corner, who sits groaning behind the long sticks of a mourning fan; she indeed seems greatly edified with what she hears.—Aye replied my friend, I knew we should find some to catch you—I know her! That is the deaf lady, who lives in the cloisters!

THE TAILOR AND THE CONJURER.—A conjurer and a tailor, once happened to converse together. Alas! cries the tailor, what an unhappy poor creature am I. If people should ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I have no other trade to have recourse to. Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely, replied the conjuror; but, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me! for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks left. However, if at any time, you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you. A famine over-spread the lands; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjuror; with all his hundred tricks: could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins—no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor, whose calling he had formerly despised.

CARDINAL DE RETZ. This famous individual, possessed the happiness of temper in the highest degree—as he was a man of gallantry and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception—if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he loved her, and so all was well again—when fortune wore her angriest look, and he was confined a close prisoner in the Castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom, or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself, and his persecutor, and seemed pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches, who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humor, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far, as to be revenged; by writing the life of his jailer.

THE SLEEPER CURED. A few years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this county, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated therein, his gravity had never but once been disturbed in the pulpit.—On that occasion, while engaged in his discourse, he noticed a man, directly in front of him, leaning over the railing of the gallery, with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a huge quid of tobacco just taken from his mouth. Directly below, sat a man, who was in the constant habit of sleeping at meeting, with his head leaning back and his mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was intently engaged, raising and lowering his hand, and taking an exact observation, till, at length, having got it right, he let fall the quid of tobacco, and it fell plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous, that for the first and the last time, in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher. The unexpected intrusion of so unpalatable a mouthful awoke the sleeper, and he was never known to indulge in that practice afterwards. [Mass. Spy.]

THE ESSENCE PEDLAR. A pedlar, who sold essence, perfumery, &c. called on a farmer for the purpose of trade. The farmer told him he wished for none of his perfumery; at the same time advising him to leave the town immediately, as two essence pedlars had been put to death the day before; that he had better escape while he could. The sagacious and affrighted pedlar doubted the fact. The farmer, to affirm his veracity, led him to the spot where the fatal deed was perpetrated: when, to his utter astonishment, he beheld, most horribly mangled, two of those essence and perfume pedlars, commonly called—skunks. [Ib.]

EXPIRATION of the time for redeeming Lands sold for Taxes in 1826.—*Comptroller's Office, Albany, October 17, 1827.*—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the time for redeeming the lands sold for county taxes and the United States' direct tax and assessments for making roads, will expire on the 27th day of April next; and that unless the lands sold by the Comptroller at his last sale in 1826, are redeemed on or before the said 27th day of April next, they will be conveyed to the purchasers.

W. L. MARCY, Comptroller.
N. B. Lists of such lands in each county as had been sold, and were not redeemed at the date of the above notice, have been transmitted to each county treasurer, whose duty it is to publish the same in one or more papers in the county of which he is treasurer. Those interested are referred to such lists to ascertain if their lands have been sold and remain unredeemed. 326

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1827. [No. 41.

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.

ALBANY: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1827.

MASONRY IN RUSSIA.

The Emperor Nicholas has promulgated an Imperial Ukase, prohibiting all masonic meetings, and all secret societies whatever, in his dominions. It will be remembered that his predecessor, Alexander, enacted the same thing some years ago. We know not whether to infer from this, that the privileges of the Order had since been restored, or that the present Ukase may be only a confirmation of the former. At any rate, the position laid down by some, that freemasonry is only fitted for despotick and aristocratick forms of government, and that its tendency is directly obnoxious to the peace and prosperity of a Republick, must fall, or we shall be compelled to grant that Russia, with all its despotism, is the most democratick nation on earth. We presume that Russia, Austria, Spain, China, and Japan, in the political geography of such men, are the only seats of liberty on earth,—pure republics—while our miserable and unhappy population are groaning under the tyrannical yoke of freemasonry. According to this, England was free once, for a short season, when under the mild, the lenient, the tolerant sceptre of *Queen Elizabeth!* O liberty!—how art thou fled forever! When shall the enslaved and sleeping people of America, arouse from their apathy, and shake off their chains! When shall we have again, [again? we never had] the glorious fruits of such liberty as was then enjoyed, Smithfield burnings,—regal or noble decapitations,—hangings in chains, and banishment? Such was the liberty of England once;—such is now the peace and national prosperity of Russia, Austria and Spain.

ODE,

Written for the occasion, and sung by Brother KEENE, at the Dedication of the Masonick Hall in the city of New-York, by the Grand Lodge, on the 30th ult. The author of the ode is unknown to us. The musick was composed by Brother Keene.

Proud ancient of days, the far light of thy glory
Hath spread over Earth, unobscured and free,
And the pride of her song and the boast of her story
Hath something to tell of thy banner and thee:
That banner hath waved in the fight of past ages,
When thy Champions battled on Palestine's plain,
And whenever oppression's fierce violence rages,
That banner shall wave in red triumph again:
Then hail to thy banner, and hail to thy spear,
Unruled by time and unshaken by fear.
Nor above, when the angel of wrath poured his vial,
And nations to battle marched proudly from far,
Has thy worth been approved through each various trial,
Benignant in peace, and undaunted in war:
Thou hast guarded the weak, and consoled the forsaken
Who wept in despair till thy charity came,
And gratitude never more warmly did waken
Her song, than when echo resounded thy name.
Then hail to thy charity, hail to thy glory,
And let memory cherish them both in her story.

The annual communication of the *Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia*, was held in the city of Washington, on Tuesday the 6th instant.

The annual communication of the *Grand Lodge of North-Carolina* for the year 5827, will be held at the Masonick Hall, in this city, on Friday evening, the 30th instant, at half past 6 o'clock.
By order of the M. W. HUTCHINS G. BURTON,
Grand Master. A. J. LAWRENCE, G. Sec.
Raleigh, Nov. 1 1827.

ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Consecration of the New Masonick Hall, in the city of New-York, on Tuesday the 30th October, 5827.
BY THE REV. BR. HENRY J. FELTUS, D. D.

Much Respected Hearers.—It now becomes my duty to call your attention for a few moments to some remarks, adapted to the interesting occasion that has called us together. The partiality of the brothers has requested this duty, and the deep respect I feel for this ancient and honourable body, will always command any services I may be able to render them.

From the beginning of the human family, the love of society has formed one of the strongest characteristics of our nature.

It is society that gives enjoyment to whatever resources we possess. It is society that forms a spring to mental improvement, in the cultivation of the arts and sciences. It is society that gives latitude for the exercise of all the social virtues, that are at once, the honour and the ornament of our nature; and that calls into requisition all the intellectual and physical energies which the great Creator has thought proper to bestow upon us.

In consequence of this universal impulse, every where felt, associations have every where been formed, from the remotest antiquity, in every age and every nation, for a vast variety of purposes. Some, it is true, where base and dishonourable principles naturally combine, (for mind, like every other object of which we have any knowledge, will find its proper level,) such will unite for injurious purposes: but others, where pure and virtuous dispositions associate, the happiness and the welfare of mankind are studied and promoted; and of this latter description, the society with which we profess to be united, may justly be denominated.

At what period the masonic fraternity originated, it is extremely difficult to determine, and therefore this very uncertainty has given rise to a vast variety of conjectures. Some (perhaps, over much zealous of antiquity) have directed our attention to the patriarchal ages, and have quoted the nominal "pillars of Seth" with their inscriptions, and some uncertain traditions, in favour of their hypothesis. But the period of Solomon's Temple, a distance of nearly three thousand years from the present, is perhaps, the most correct period of calculation, when, from the immense number of artists and labourers, (about 180,000 souls, and of different languages,) employed in this stupendous work; (the most magnificent the world ever witnessed,) it became then indispensably necessary, that the artists, the architects and labourers, or to use masonic language, the masters and the fellow craft, should be so classed and so separated; and some kind of general language, adapted to the exigency, partly by signs, and partly by some significant words, that a perfect understanding might be had throughout the whole, and the different parts of the great design might be accomplished without confusion. Sometime after this, we are informed from the best authorities extant, that this language of association, was adopted in the Pythagorean schools, by signs and ciphers, and significant words; by which the disciples of that great philosopher could be known throughout the world; and it is by this same language of association, that the fraternity of masonry, at the present day, are known to each other in distant lands, and that "the houseless child of want" shall find in every brother, however in other respects a stranger, a friend, and in almost every country he shall find a home.

It is confidently asserted that masonry was introduced into Great Britain long before the conquests of the Romans; and in evidence of this, appeals are made to the remains of those great works of antiquity, still existing, that must have been constructed long before the Roman invasion. But it is much more certain, that Cæsar, and many of the Roman officers (governours of Britain,) were particularly

favourable to the masons, and encouraged and employed their labours.

In the third century, we are informed, under Causius, masonry was particularly cherished, for Albanus, or the celebrated St. Alban, the protomartyr of Great Britain, took the society under his special care; and obtained a charter for them to hold a general council, in which council he himself presided; and from that time, select meetings denominated lodges, began to be introduced. But, it was not till St. Augustin, with his band of Christian preachers arrived in England, in the sixth century, that masonry became eminently distinguished. And let it be remembered, that it was with the light of Christianity, that the talents and virtues of the brotherhood, were specially called into conspiciuity. This holy man, who has been called the apostle of Great Britain, immediately took the craft under his protection, and the venerable structures of Canterbury cathedral—the cathedral of Rochester—St. Peters, Westminster, and numerous other buildings that might be mentioned, are monuments to the present day, of the superiour talents, the usefulness, and patient labours of the masonic fraternity of that period.

It may be proper, here, to mention, that masonry was originally chiefly confined to those artists architects, and others, who were devoted to the science of constructing splendid temples of religion, and great national buildings; but, in after time, the limits of the association were extended, to embrace virtuous members of the community in general, without regard to their avocation.

During the heptarchy in England, masonry was generally neglected, and no wonder; for the pure religion of Christianity never suffered more persecution in Britain, at any one period, than from that Pagan heptarchy, at which time masonry was little noticed; for when the principal business of that day, was to destroy the temples of religion, and to immolate the disciple of Christ, the arts and sciences could find but little protection. But St. Swithers, the famous Bishop of Winchester, again cherished and protected the masons; and some time after they found a powerful and zealous benefactor in Alfred the Great. Soon after this, there was a general revival of the order, under Athelstan. Some rules of general observation were introduced, and some reformation and improvement of the government—so that the period of this monarch (the beginning of the tenth century) has been called, the *re-establishment of masonry in England*; and there is, at present, the Lodge of ancient York Masons, who with high confidence, can trace their origin to this period, a distance of nine hundred years. And, as it has been the glory and boast of the brethren, in almost every country where masonry has been introduced, to be considered the descendants of the ancient York Masons, I have the pleasure to inform you, that it is to this honourable body, that the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York owes its existence.

The short history is this: Nearly one hundred years ago (1737,) a provincial Grand Master was regularly appointed by that body, as the representative of the Grand Lodge of England, and from him, the different Lodges that were formed at that early period in this State derived their authority. But, in 1781 these Lodges met in convocation, and by petition to the parent body, a warrant was soon after obtained, for opening and holding a Grand Lodge in this city;—in the language of the charter, "authorizing and empowering the free and accepted ancient York Masons, inhabitants of the province of New York in North America, to congregate, form, and hold a provincial Grand Lodge in the city of New-York, and province of New-York," &c. and of which the subsequent history of masonry among ourselves, the pages of your reports, brethren, and your journals, will give you more distinct information.

It is true that other associations have been formed

at different periods and in different countries, that have taken for a covering the name of masonry.—Such as those political associations of Europe, so justly exposed and severely censured by Barruel and Robinson in the "Proof of a Conspiracy," and the "History of the Illuminati," and other (more limited) associations might be mentioned, that have assumed the same name, that have been little else than schools of licentiousness.

But the principles of ancient masonry, are of the most virtuous and honourable character; and I take this opportunity to declare, that had I, from any knowledge or experience, that I have been able to obtain of this society, discovered principles of a contrary nature, no obligation whatever should control me against the superior claims of *benevolence and honourable integrity to mankind and piety to God*. And it is because I sincerely believe, that these are the professed land-marks of the order, that I venerate and respect the society.

It is readily conceded, as a painful and melancholy truth, that masonry has been abused, yes shamefully abused, by unworthy members. But has not even the purity of christianity itself been scandalized by the wicked lives of false professors? Or what system is there to be found so perfect, or so holy, that it is not susceptible of corruption and abuse from the depravity of our nature? It is true that masons have suffered, and have been persecuted in almost every country of Europe, by those who were unacquainted with their order. And even in this highly favoured land of light and liberty, the fraternity have not escaped the most thoughtless and unqualified censures, from those that know nothing of their principles; and scandalous books have been published for the vile purpose of dishonourable gain, and base falsehoods have been circulated, with all the confidence of truth, and what is more painful, even some respectable christian sects have permitted fanaticism and superstition to gain a temporary ascendancy in their councils; and proscriptions and anathemas have been pronounced by them on they know not what. How unmindful this of that precept of their divine master, in his sermon on the mount: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets." "But being reviled, we will bless; being persecuted, we will suffer it; being defamed, we will intreat."

This society has been honoured with many of the most illustrious names of history, and many of the wise and the good of all ages and nations of the civilized world; and kings, and princes, and patriots, and philosophers, and many of the brightest ornaments of the church, have been the benefactors and the members of this institution.

"I am persuaded," says the great and good Washington, "that a just application of the principles upon which masonry is founded, must be promotive of private virtue, and public prosperity. I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the order, and to be considered by them a *deserving brother*." And the beloved and excellent Lafayette, the friend of our country, and the friend of mankind, was always happy, wherever he went, to express his attachment to our order; and that able statesman and magistrate, our governor Clinton, (whom God long preserve) has long been an honour and an ornament to the fraternity.

But why do I mention the names of distinguished persons, (who had they the knowledge of my intention, would no doubt have forbidden this liberty,) for it may be confidently asserted, that almost every enlightened statesman in our country, and a very large proportion of the most pious, the most learned, and useful of the clergy, are found members of this institution.

Perhaps it may with confidence be said, that masons are not better than other men: but to this it may be replied, in the language of an ancient manuscript of King Henry the 6th, on this subject, deposited in the Bodleian library, "Some masons are not so virtuous as others, but in general they are better than they would have been had they not been masons."

But, probably, I have already tired your patience; there is however, one object in the Masonic Economy, that must be mentioned before we close. It is their extensive benevolence. In addition to the proceeds of their charity fund, of about

\$17,000, by the regular receipts of upwards of forty Masonic bodies in this city, they are enabled to distribute *annually*, between 7 and \$8000, to the widows and orphans, the sick, the afflicted, and the distressed, and the decent interment of their dead. But let it suffice to say, the principles of masonry are in perfect harmony with the principles of christianity; and the doctrines of masonry, are doctrines of the purest patriotism, and most extensive benevolence. But on this subject I have now done.

Brethren—We now find ourselves in the midst of this magnificent temple, just consecrated to Virtue, to Science and Religion. Surely, those few Lodges that united for the noble purpose of erecting this building, and the committees that have represented those Lodges in the accomplishment of their designs, have done themselves much honour.

Brethren—We congratulate you that your work is so completely finished. To say, that you have deserved well of the community at large, and of your masonic brethren in particular, is no more than the simple language of truth. This building is an ornament to our city—it is more—it is a building worthy of that ancient and honourable body, for whose accommodation it is intended.

Gentlemen and Brethren of the Committee, who represent the proprietors of this building, you are deserving commendation for your faithful services.

Gentlemen and Brethren, Architect, Builders, and Associates, this expression of public approbation belongs to you, for the talents and fidelity with which you have performed the important work committed to your care.

And now respected Brethren, I congratulate you in the use of those splendid apartments. O let us walk worthy of our high vocation, both as christians and as masons—"for so is the will of God, that by well doing, we may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." And may the great Architect of the Universe, the EVER LIVING GOD, receive you to his divine protection, and may HE have you and yours always in his holy keeping, for his name's sake.

EXPULSIONS.

VERMONT.

At a special communication of Mount Lebanon Royal Arch Chapter, No. 7, JESSE MERRILL 2d, of Bradford, Vermont, was expelled from said Chapter for unmasonic conduct. ASA LOW, Sec'y. Bradford, Vt. Oct. 23, A. L. 5827.

NEW JERSEY.

At a regular communication of La Fayette Lodge, No. 49, of Rahway, New Jersey, held at their hall, on the 3d of October, 5827—Resolved unanimously, that ROBERT DENNIS be, and he is hereby expelled this Lodge, and all masonic communion, for unmasonic conduct. By order,

J. B. MARSH, Sec'y.

GEORGIA.

At a regular communication of Generous Warren Lodge, No. 82, in the state of Georgia, held on the 4th of August, 5827. HERNDON L. HENDERSON was expelled the Lodge for highly unmasonic conduct. JESSE M. BUTT, W. M. *pro tem*.

FRANCIS S. COLLEY, Sec'y. *pro tem*.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

EXTRAORDINARY PINE TREE.

In Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science there is an account of one of the most extraordinary species of pine-trees yet known. It is given in a letter to Dr. Hooker, from Mr. Douglass the botanist. "I rejoice to tell you of a new species of *Pinus*, the most princely of the genus, and probably the finest specimen of the American vegetation. It attains the enormous size of 170 to 220 feet in height, and 20 to 50 in circumference. The cones are from 12 to 18 inches long; I have one which is 16 1-2 inches in length, and which measured 10 inches round the thickest part. The trunk is remarkably straight, and destitute of branches till within a short space of the top, which forms a perfect umbel. The wood is of fine quality, and yields a large portion of resin. Growing trees of this species, that have been partly burned by the natives to save the trouble of cutting other fuel, (a custom to which they are generally addicted,) produced a substance which, I am almost assur-

ed in saying, is *sugar*; but as some of it, with the cones, will soon reach England, its real nature can be easily and correctly ascertained. The tree grows abundantly two degrees south of St. Columba, in the country inhabited by the Umptqun tribe of Indians. The seeds are gathered by the natives in autumn, pounded and baked into a sort of cake, which is considered a luxury. The saccharine substance is used in seasoning dishes in the same manner as sugar in civilized countries. I shall bring home such an assemblage of specimens of this *Pinus*, as will admit of a very correct figure being made, and also a bag of its seed."

NEW PRINTING PRESS.

Mr. Benjamin Metcalf, of this village, has lately invented a Printing Press upon a new principle, which promises to be of great utility to the craft. Its construction is so simple and cheap, and the operation of the miniature model is so regular and perfect, that many good judges have expressed the opinion that it will answer the object intended, better than any other press heretofore used.

By the application of water, or a horse power to the principal wheel, the entire process of printing is performed, with the exception of putting the sheets upon the tympan, and taking them off, which must be done by hand, and the movement of the machine is so graduated, as to enable one who is slow, or one more expert in handling the paper, to work it. Any common cast iron press will admit the application of this machinery at a small expense. The entire cost of one, constructed upon this new principle, to work with one form only, is estimated not to exceed \$500. One with two forms, to execute twice the amount in the same time, will cost about one third more.—Upon one of these single presses, is is confidently expected that an average workman, will easily turn off four hundred sheets in an hour—the register to be as perfect as, the production of any common hand press, and with two hands at a double press, eight hundred sheets in the same time. The inventor intends securing the patent right—and is now making preparations for putting up a few of the presses, for exhibition, and sale.

[Woodstock (Vt.) Observer.]

MANUFACTURE OF COPPERAS.

We published a few weeks since a short account of the manufacture of this article in Strafford, Vermont. The following more full description of the works at Strafford, and of the process of manufacture, are copied from the Royalton Advocate:

STRAFFORD COPPERAS WORKS, *alias* HILL.—

The expensive establishment denominated the "Vermont Mineral Copperas Factory," is situated in the southern corner of Strafford, Vermont, one mile from the *Lower Village*, on the east side of a hill which contains an inexhaustible ridge of ore, or apparently a solid rock; which is covered by a thin, fragile and petrefactive soil, leaves, shrubs, and many other ligneous substances in lapidate, form a proportion of the same.

Upon the highest extremity of the hill is the *Magazine*, which is almost inaccessible, and such a distance from the other buildings, that in case of an explosion, no other injury would be occasioned; a few rods below this, is a *Blacksmith's Shop*, in which a workman is constantly employed in making and repairing drills, and various other utensils; a few yards distant from this, is the *Upper Factory*, so called; northeast of this, is the brick boarding house, adjoining which is the counting house; directly opposite this, is the lodging house of the workmen. Descending the hill still farther (about ten rods distant,) is another Factory, which is 267 feet long, and 94 wide, including the *packing* apartment; the two factories contain ten leaden vats, the average size is 10 feet by 12, and 21 inches in depth. In the southern part of the works are several temporary buildings, erected for the preservation of the copperas (*sulphate of iron*.)

The ore, by the following process, is converted into copperas:—First, with the use of a drill, a perforation is made from 10 to 30 inches in depth, and by means of powder large portions are separated from the *fodina*, which are broken into small pieces and conveyed to a suitable spot, until a sufficient quantity is accumulated for a *heap*, which in the space of a few days will ignite spontaneously. In

this condition it remains burning without cessation for about two months, which mostly consumes or expels the sulphur with which the pyritous rock is saturated. Sometimes the heaps are set on fire by the workmen to hasten the process, and entirely pulverizes the integral heap. The surrounding objects wear a sterile and deleterious appearance, but the health of the workmen is completely preserved. From these disintegrated heaps the pyrites is thrown upon leeches, and the lye drawn into reservoirs, from thence into leaden vats. Lead is the only metal which endures the operation of the liquid. The lye is boiled in these vats until it arrives at a proper degree of strength, when it is drawn off into wooden vats, where it remains for crystallization, upon the sides, and the boughs of trees, which were formerly thrown into it to form crystals upon; but of late an improvement has been introduced—a stick of wood, about 6 feet long and 2 inches in diameter, through which at proper distances, holes are bored, and small sticks inserted, about 18 inches in length and 3-4 of an inch in circumference, on which the crystals form much larger—and has occasioned the entire abandonment of the old method. The crystals are somewhat quadrangular, and in colour a beautiful transparent green. From thirty to forty workmen are employed. The mine was discovered thirty-four years since, by two men who were tapping sap trees (sugar maples,) who observed that the water which ran down the side-hill coloured the leaves, and on removing the leaves, they found under them copras already crystallized to some degree of perfection. The works were first commenced by a Mr. Eastman, but never were successfully prosecuted until within about twenty years, by the present stockholders, principally of Boston, Ms. Thirteen hundred and seven hhds. were manufactured last year (1826,) which contained upon an average, seventeen hundred weight gross.

PORTABLE GAS LAMPS.

[From the New-York Gazette.]

Messrs. Lang, Turner & Co.—In your paper of Thursday is an article, copied from the London Sun, ascribing the invention of the above useful apparatus to a Mr. Gordon, who took out a patent for the same eight years ago. Now, whether he be inventor of it or not, I do not know, but this I know, that twenty years ago, or thereabouts, I saw a Portable Gas Lamp in operation at a Philosophical Lecture, delivered by a Mr. Hyde, in a street called St. Paul's Chain, Cheapside, London. He is by trade a Saddler, and I subsequently saw him working at his trade, at an extensive Saddlery in Leadenhall-street. His residence was then within a few houses of the Elephant and Castle, in St. George's Fields. As honest poverty is often robbed, by the richer part of the community, of the merit of praise due to its ingenuity, and having reason to believe that the merit of the above invention is justly due to the aforesaid Hyde in conjunction with another Philosophical Genius, equally poor as himself, of the name of Morris, by trade a Tinman, who manufactured the said Lamp expressly for Mr. Hyde's exhibition, I have thought it right to communicate to you the above information.

I have been thus precise in case this should reach the London press, in order that parties interested therein may know where to apply for a confirmation of the truth thereof. Respectfully yours,

JOHN HOWORTH.

A NEW USE FOR SALT.

The use of salt as an agricultural agent for recruiting an exhausted soil is acknowledged; but it is now discovered that its efficacy is not less certain in restoring the human hair to those who either from fever or other causes may have experienced its loss. The daily application of salt has succeeded in giving strength and luxuriance to hair, which had previously so fallen off as to threaten total baldness.

CHARACTER.

THE BERKSHIRE MISER.

Rev. Morgan Jones, late Curate of Blewberry.

The economy and parsimony of this curious man were almost beyond credibility, he having outdone, in many instances, the celebrated Elwes, of Mar-

cham. For many of the last years of his ministerial labours, he had no servant to attend any of his domestic concerns, and he never had even the assistance of a female within his doors for the last twelve years; the offices of housemaid, chambermaid, cook, and scullion, and even most part of his washing, and mending were performed by himself; he has been frequently known to beg needles and thread at some of the farm-houses, to tack together his tattered garments, at which, from practice, he was become very expert. He was curate of Blewberry upwards of 43 years; and it will scarcely be credited, that the same hat and coat served him for his every day dress during the whole of that period. The brim of the hat, had on one side (by so much handling) been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day from the hamlet at Upton across the fields, he luckily met with an old left off hat, stuck up for a scarecrow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tar twine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, quite repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old one, and ever after wore it in common, although the old one was of a russet brown, and the new brim nearly as black as jet. His coat, when he first came from Ashton Keys, in 1781, was a surtout much the worse for wear; after some time he had it turned inside out and made up into a common one. Whenever it became rent or torn, it was as speedily tacked together with his own hands; at length pieces fell out and were lost, and as fast as he found it necessary, he cut pieces off the tail to make good the upper part, until the coat was reduced to a jacket, stuck about with patches of his own applying. In this hat and coat, when at home on working days, he was constantly decorated; but he never wore it abroad, or before strangers, except he forgot himself, as he several times had been much vexed at the ridicule his grotesque appearance had excited, when seen by those with whom he was not much acquainted. This extraordinary coat (or more properly jacket) is now in the possession of one of the parishioners, and prized as a curiosity. His stockings were washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts which had never been worn, but for many years his stock became reduced to one in use; his parsimony would not permit him to have this washed more than once in two or three months, for which he reluctantly paid a poor woman four-pence. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means he wore out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times. This solitary shirt he mended himself, and as fast as it required to be patched in the body, he ingeniously supplied it by cutting off the tail; but as nothing will last forever, by this constant clipping it unfortunately became too short to reach down to his small clothes. This of course was a sad disaster, and there was some fear lest one of the new ones must be brought into use; but, after a diligent search, he fortunately found in one of his drawers the top part of a shirt with a frill on, which had probably lain by ever since his youthful and more gay days. This was with his usual sagacity, tacked by him on the tail of the old one, with the frill downwards, and was thus worn by him until the day before he left Blewberry. Latterly his mind became impaired, and he several times forgot to change his dress, and has more than once been seen, at the burial of a corpse, dressed in this ludicrous and curious manner, with scarcely a button on any part of his clothes, but tied together in various parts with strings, and in this state he has, by strangers, been mistaken for a beggar, and barely escaped being offered their charity.

His diet was as singular as his dress, for he cooked his pot only once a week, which was always on a Sunday! For his subsistence he purchased but three articles (which he always denominated as "two necessities and a luxury"); the necessities, bread and bacon, the luxury, tea. For many years his weekly allowance of bread was half a gallon per week; and in the fruit season, when his garden produced fruit, or when he once or twice a week procured a meal at his neighbours' his half gallon loaf lasted him a day or two of the following

week; so that in five weeks he often had no more than four half gallon loaves. He was also equally abstemious in his other two articles. He frequently ate with his parishioners; yet for the last ten years there was but a solitary instance of a person eating with him in return, and that a particular friend, who obtained only a bit of bread with much difficulty and importunity. For the last fifteen years there was never within his doors any kind of spirits; no beer, butcher's meat, butter, sugar, lard, cheese, or milk, nor any niceties (of which he was particularly fond when they came free of expense), but which he could never find the heart to purchase. His beverage was cold water; and at morning and evening weak tea, without milk or sugar. However cold the weather, he seldom had a fire, except to cook with, and that was so small, that it might easily have been hid under a half-gallon measure. He has often been seen roving the churchyard to pick up bits of sticks, or busily lopping his shrubs or fruit trees to make his fire, while his wood house has been crammed with wood and coal, which he could not prevail on himself to use. In very cold weather he would frequently get by some of his neighbours' fire to warm his shivering limbs, and, when evening came, retire to bed for warmth, but generally without a candle, as he allowed himself only the small bits left of those provided for divine service in the church by the parish. He was never known to keep dog, cat, or any other living creature; and it is certain the whole expenses of his house did not amount to half-a-crown a week for the last twenty years; and, as the fees exceeded that sum, he always saved the whole of his yearly salary, which never was more than fifty pounds per annum. By constantly placing this sum in the funds, and the interest, with about thirty pounds per annum more (the rest of two small estates left by some relations,) he, in the course of 48 years, amassed many thousand pounds, as his bankers, Messrs. Child & Co. of Fleet street can testify. In his youthful days he made free with the good things of this life; and when he first came to Blewberry, he for some time boarded with a person by the week, and during that time was quite corpulent; but, soon as he boarded and lived by himself, his parsimony overcame his appetite, so that at last he became reduced almost to a living skeleton. He was always an early riser, being seldom in bed after break of day, and, nearly like all other early risers, he enjoyed an excellent state of health; so that for the long space of forty three years he omitted preaching only two Sundays.

His industry was such, that he wrote with his own hand upwards of one thousand sermons; but for the last few years his hand became tremulous, and he wrote but little; he therefore only made alterations and additions to his former sermons, and this generally on the the back of old marriage licences, or across old letters, as it would have been nearly death to him to have purchased paper. His sermons were usually plain and practical, and his funeral discourses were generally admired, but the fear of being noticed, and the dread of expense, was an absolute prohibition to his sending any thing to the press, although he was fully capable, being well skilled in the English and Latin languages. The expense of a penny in the postage of a letter has been known to deprive him of a night's rest! and yet we must do him the justice to acknowledge that at times pounds did not grieve him. He was a regular and liberal subscriber to the Bible, Missionary, and the other Societies for the propagation of the Gospel and the conversion of the Jews, and he has more than once been generous enough to give a pound or two to assist a distressed fellow creature.

Although very fond of ale, he spent only one sixpence on that liquor during the forty three years he was curate of Blewberry; but it must be confessed, he used to partake of it too freely when he could have it without cost, until ten years since; when, being at a neighbour's wedding and having taken rather too much of this favourite beverage, it was noticed and talked of by some of the persons present. But being hurt by this, he made a vow never more to taste a drop of that or any other strong liquor, and this promise he most scrupulously and honestly kept, although so contrary to his natural desires, and exposed to so many temptations.

[Devizes Gazette.]

POPULAR TALES.

THE VACATION.

[From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1828.]

It was a soft beautiful morning in June. Commons were just out. The students were collected in groups under the trees, or lounging lazily to their rooms. There was a crazy imitation of the "levi sùsurro" in the scrape of slippers on the gravel, and the clatter of plates from the hall. The segar smoke had an indolent curl, and every thing tended irresistibly to awake tender recollections of sleep. It was one of those rare points upon which seniors and freshmen have a common opinion. The anodyne aspect sat alike upon the beautiful nonchalance of the former, and the diagram angularity of the latter. "Will you take a stroll, George?" I was standing on the hall steps yawning fearfully, when a tremendous clap on the shoulder to which this speech was the motto, brought me from the zenith.

If I was a pacha of any number of tails, I would make that offence a matter of bowstring. I turned upon the aggressor like a stung jaguar—"and what if I will!—Who in the name of surfaces, would ask such a trivial question with your sledge-hammer emphasis?" I loved Peyton Grey, and when he thrust his arm into mine, I intermitted my "Dii Immortales," and forgave him. A moment before, I was twirling my empty purse round my fore-finger, and sighing that "rascal counters" were the only "quid pro quo" with an hostler. But a vacuum is your good philosopher. I gave up the saddle, and adjusted my cravat for a stroll.

Every body has seen New-Haven; and the same indefinite person knows that in the "garniture of June," it is like a scholar's dream of Arcadia. Its beautiful square, fine churches, and noble elms; its white houses with their Venetian blinds, and tasteful gardens, and its streets literally embowered in green leaves, draw admiration even from a stranger. But to the student who has lived in its quiet retirement till he has cast his mental slough, and come out a rational being, it is a place of no week day interest. If he is any thing but a stump, the dawn of a classic taste, and the development of a springing intellect have endeared it to his associations—and if he be made of the "finer clays," he has laid up in his heart the maps of his holiday wanderings, till the green slopes, and majestic rocks of its amphitheatre, its near and quiet lake among the hills, and its crescent bay, are remembered like birth-places—for his young imaginations were born among them. More than all, if he has cherished his social feelings, he has been received into the bosom of a people (excuse me, reader, while I commit one sin of sentiment,) a people whose frank and generous hospitality is no where exceeded. I am glad of this opportunity, to pay it a passing tribute. It is a debt of gratitude for much kindness, and while I remember their polished and delicate refinement as a people, I cannot forget them in the exercise of their generous and unmingled hospitality.

I am not writing a journal, and of course, I am not obliged to tell you how we lounged along the shaded pave of Elm street, and how we talked about ourselves, and how we digressed sometimes to a pretty foot or a profession; and how we reconnoitred the windows of our pretty acquaintances; nor, lastly, how we came to speak of travelling, and the Springs. We did speak of them, however, and walked on for the space of five minutes in a mathematical abstraction. "George," said Peyton, laying his dexter on his breast with indefinite gravity, "I'm not exactly well. I think I must journey." I took instantly. The weather had been warm, and I was somewhat enervated: my appetite was gone, and from the best light my medical knowledge threw upon it, my case would be less hopeless for a tonic. It is easy to come at the conclusion. Saratoga was indispensable.

Here again, let me remind the reader, I am not writing a journal. It is difficult to make this light detail run into pretty sentences, like the Spectator; and I shall proceed in my own way to enumerate—that we procured permission without much difficulty—anticipated one or two quarterly remittances—borrowed all the dickies, cravats, and unutterables, that were laid away for Sundays—packed up gloves,

cologne, and hair brushes, and with a catalogue of the class dandies inscribed on the corners of our wardrobe, bade a triumphant adieu to a hundred disconsolate sophisters.

It was a delicious summer evening when we started from the pier. The sun had just set, and we stood on the deck as the boat shot out of the bay, watching the gorgeous changes of the west. Heavy tumuli, edged with gold lay along the horizon; the skirts of the light clouds far up in the sky, were tinged with purple; the smooth circles spreading away from the prow, were stained like glass, and the whole scene was repeated to the minutest pencilling, in the broad mirror of the bay. An hour after, the moon cast our shadows on the water, and every thing but the azure ground of the stars was silvered by her beautiful alchymy. "Eel-like, spiral lines" of light were inlaying the edges of the waves, and the spangled path thrown to us from beneath the moon, like a carpet for fairy feet, was studded like the white belt of the firmament. The bass leaped up from the surface, the phosphorus floated like sprinklings in the wake, and the tipped waves stole by like fishes of silver. Had I fallen upon a fairy revel? or is the eye unsealed, and the hidden leaf unfolded by joy?

We waited a day or two in New-York, to put our heads in training and catch the air of the Corinthians. The prevailing chapter of neckclothiana, and the compounded ease and science of Beau Brummel and Captain Clias, were carefully studied. Our Alma Mater would not have known us. We looked with complacency at last upon our "tournure," and took boat for Albany. The deck was crowded. It was a clear day with a mild west wind. The barge moved steadily up the river to the music of the band, and the laugh of the gayest of the travellers. The slope of the green shore went by like a panorama. The fine seats with their grass sward and back ground of trees, looked like paintings upon velvet. Noble avenues of elms led up from the water's edge, and boats, fancifully painted, lay at anchor off the shore. We had caught the geological mania from our eloquent professor, and the Palisades were a feast for Werner. Nothing can be finer in internal scenery than on sweeping round a point, to see this majestic barrier stretching away for miles up the river. Raptures were out of character, and we admired in silence.

Just after sunset, we entered the little bay at West-Point. It looked like a small lake; for the passage through the hills was not visible. There was not a breath to raise a curl upon the surface, and the red glow of the heavens painted it like a sky. A fine bugle on shore was ringing echoes to the hills—our band played a martial air—the erect figures of the cadets upon the edge of the cliff which made our horizon, were relieved against the sky, and we were shooting past like a dream. I will not attempt to describe the passage through the Highlands. Every body has been there, and will remember stealing in among the hills upon the quiet river, as if following a vein of silver into the earth, with the talisman of the dervise. Catskill too, looking like a huge thunder cloud piled up in the west! It should be described by the master-hand that put Niagara into a stanza, as majestic, if not as "large as life." And now, if the reader pleases, we will step from mountains to men, from Catskill to Congress Hall.

Every one is at home at the Springs. People go there for amusement, and either as actors or observers they find it. There is no unnecessary etiquette, for acquaintances made there are considered *par parenthese*, and may be cut, or continued, elsewhere. It is a kind of limited saturnalia; and he who goes there to study human nature, finds the best contrast, and the finest grouping in the world. The "blood of the Howards," and the nouveau riche, meet at the same table. The consumptive preacher, and the roue of the first magnitude, lounge on the platform at the spring. The city belle and the dark-eyed Jewess float together in the dance. Young men fish in company on the lake, who have no recollection of it in the city. And young ladies walk arm in arm under the portico, who "could not be positive," if they met in Castle Garden. Flirtation is pursued, like card-playing, for amusement. Here and there, indeed, you find a desperate gamester, but with the majority, it is mere pastime. Tender moments, to be sure, there are;

and the uninitiated would translate the sigh, true pathos; but who that has "seen the world," remembers a tete-a-tete in the drawing room, or a drive to Ballston, or attentions at a "hop"?

The night after our arrival there was a ball at our hotel. It was a fine opportunity for a debut, and we prepared for it in high spirits. Our toilet was unusually particular. Grey was very handsome, and had a taste for dress. His figure was military, and his jaw-bone had the rare medium between the spherical and angular which sets a collar superbly. I looked at him with despair as he completed his Falkland at the glass. He had, besides, a fine address, and was inimitably cool and self-possessed. As to my own appearance, I cannot arrange my features with sufficient gravity to get a portrait—but we expected to make an impression.

It was a splendid ball. The decorations were in taste, and the music I need not speak of—for who has not heard of Johnson? In speaking of beauty, I must be more exclusive. Not that I was fastidious; for I was a raw collegier and perfectly bewildered. I could sweep them all up with a superlative. Still, in my own astronomy, I have some dim remembrance of a distinction. I remember, for instance, a northern star, which I followed till she set. She was as tall as the Venus of the Capitol; but her proportions were exquisite, and she wore them with the grace of a Hebe. Her features were irregular, and might not be beautiful in marble; but the expression!—did you ever dream an angel came down to you, and told you about paradise and the peris, and do you remember the angel's face?—There was another from the same quarter, with flowing hair—as airy a spirituelle as I ever saw; and another, and another—I have no doubt they are the cause of the Borealis. But this is nothing to the purpose. I danced with a lady from—no matter—I cannot be particular—but she had large dark eyes, and the longest eyelashes that ever drooped. Her forehead was low, and the black hair was parted on it as they paint the madonna—with an expression. If any body wishes to flirt with me, let her have black hair, and a sweet forehead to part it on. She did not dance well; and if she had, it would have been out of character. I never saw a woman with rich dark eyes that did. It would be like a Magdalen painted at blindman's buff.

It is a pity there is not a musical star. I am sure I was born under one. She, (I did not hear her name when I was introduced, but she looked as if it was Isabella,) she had a tone I shall not attempt to describe. It was low and reedy, like the death of a fine sweep on an *Æolian*. I have heard doves who came near it, and if I understood music, I could tell you of a note in a second flute which makes me think of it; but it was irresistible. I never could withstand a sweet tone from my childhood; and if I had lived in the days of Orpheus, I am persuaded I should have walked into the wall. She said a few common places, and I answered like an amateur at a concert, with a nod or a monosyllable. It was a perfect spell. I am better at conversation than any thing else—but I had lost my talisman. You would have taken my speeches for the list of impersonal verbs in the grammar. She was engaged for the next cotillion, and a mere cipher of a fop led her off in the middle of a sentence. I would have given the puppy my degree for a delay of two minutes.

I met her afterwards at the spring—sat opposite to her at table—met her accidentally in walks, and was very much surprised to be riding in the same direction on horseback. She was always polite, and received my apocryphal explanations with a smile that went through me like a coup de soleil—only more moderately. Her bewildering voice too!—it gave the airy nothings of courtesy, the power of a Maelstrom—my heart was completely swallowed up. I staid day after day, till I had far outstaid my permission. My funds were low, and Peyton's quite gone. He had been urging our departure for a week or two, and was entirely out of patience. Still I could not make up my mind to go. One morning, however, she came down in a riding habit. I supposed she was going upon an early ride, and gave orders for a horse immediately. A moment before I had the appetite of a New Zealander; but I hurried away to change my dress, and stood on the promenade equipped from stock to spur, as she came out from breakfast.

"Good morning! What! do you ride so early?"
 "Yes—so early—and a long ride too."
 "And who goes with you?"
 "I suppose the next question will be, 'which way are you going?'—So I'll save your catechism, and tell you at once—I go in a carriage; my companions are my father, mother, and servants, and my destination, Niagara."

"Is it possible!—You leave us then?"
 "Just so—and now I'll excuse that rueful expression, which is extremely proper and sentimental, and ask the favour of your arm; for I must make an early call at the Pavilion." I offered my arm mechanically, but was as speechless as a college expellee.

"What! not a word! no 'regrets!'—no 'painful disappointments!'—nothing about the 'shorn beam,' and the 'setting star!'"

"Miss Graham"—and I felt as if I looked expostulatory, but could get no farther.

"Well!—Miss Graham is a good beginning—go on!"

"Seriously, Miss Graham"—I thought I should choke.

"Seriously, Mr. Halsey, you don't appear to have any thing to say. Am I to consider this a mere hiatus, or is your dying speech concluded?"

"Spare me! spare me! I'll go on directly!"

"No, I shall not spare you—for 'directly' we shall come to the Pavilion—and 'directly' I shall be very busy with my friends—and so you'll hang without a confession. Come—the speech!"

"Miss Graham—I—I—I—"

"A respectable pronoun—Go on!"

"I"—

"What?"

"Love you!"

"Hem! quite to the point!"—I had passed the Rubicon, and grew desperate.

"It is to the point, madam!—I have loved you from the first moment!"

"Stop! stop!—be original, or I won't listen. I can read all that in Sir Charles Grandison."

"Miss Graham, will you speak seriously?"

"Yes, Sir—seriously" we are slight acquaintances—and 'seriously' I know nothing about you—and 'seriously' you are not out of your teens—and 'seriously' we are at the Pavilion—will you walk in?"

We met the ladies at the door. Miss Graham announced her departure, and after the suitable expression of surprise and disappointment, they sent for their hats, and insisted on returning with us. It was to me a small purgatory. The ladies rallied me on my abstraction, and Miss Graham rattled away unmercifully. She "had been here too long"—"the springs were excessively stupid"—"the beaux were all bores, begging Mr. Halsey's pardon"—and she was "delighted to go." I tried every manœuvre to speak a word to her—but she was "in too much of a hurry to step aside for a view"—and she "didn't care for the dust"—and she "always preferred a lady's arm to a gentleman's."

She left us at the door to go to her room. On her return the carriage was waiting. "Come, Caroline," shouted a bass and cracked treble. "Coming, sir,—coming, madam,"—and she shook hands with the gay circle. I offered my arm, and under cover of a bagatelle made a desperate offer—

"Will you give me one word, Miss Graham?"

"Yes, sir—two—good bye"—and she jumped into the carriage.

I think if I ever hang, I shall feel as I did when that carriage drove off. Roy.

MISCELLANY.

COL. BURR AND MR. GRATTAN.

Col. Burr, who had been Vice President of America, and probably would have been the next President, but for his unfortunate duel with Gen. Hamilton, came over to England, and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of South Carolina, (with whom I was very intimate.) He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Col. Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance,—rough featured and neither dressy nor polished; but a well informed sensible man, and though not particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion.

People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons.

The idea of a great orator and Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigor and dignity. Such was Col. Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him.

We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Col. Burr, (from America,) Mr. Randolph and myself wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at that moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure—meagre, yellow and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously—asked (without any introduction) how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were evasive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself; but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course; who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest and most dignified looking man of the two, grey haired, and well dressed; Grattan, therefore, of course, took him for the vice president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself.

This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain, and taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the right honourable Henry Grattan.

I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed. Grattan himself, now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment. He pulled down his shirt sleeves, pulled up his stockings, and in his own irresistible way, apologized for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them he had totally overlooked it in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs. This incident rendered the interview more interesting. The Americans were charmed with their reception, and after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, whilst Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.

[Barrington's Sketches.]

TOPOGRAPHICAL PRIDE.

On entering the central part of Portman square, we encountered a decent looking young man coming forth from the iron gate who nodded familiarly to the girls, but whom they honoured in return by a more distant salutation. "Who is that?" said I. "Oh! only young Eggars." "And pray, who may young Eggars be?" "Oh! we have nothing particular to say against him, except as to where he lives." "Indeed! and pray what has his residence done to offend you?" "Red Lion Square!" ejaculated Amelia, with a look of horror. "I understand the case," said I; "Red Lion square might assimilate with Clapton, but it won't do with Baker street." I was glad to find the family such able proficient in the science of cutting. The fact is, that the streets and squares of London are remarkably nice as to whom they allow to come near them. No inviting home to supper nobody knows who, like Don Giovanni in the Italian opera. Grosvenor square dubs Portman square the suburbs, and accordingly slights "all which it inherit." Portman turns up its nose at Cavendish, and Cavendish re-

jects upon Soho. Soho, notwithstanding its dingy antiquity, holds its head above Russell. Russell slights Bedford; who, in return, won't speak to Bloomsbury. Bloomsbury holds itself immeasurably superior to Red Lion, whose only consolation, in return, is to call itself the west end of the town, and to dub the inhabitants of Ely place city people." Neither does the conflict end here. In the city the Friars are, notwithstanding their holy brotherhood, in a state of continued hostility.—Black Friars won't commune with White, White Friars undervalues Austin friars; and Austin Friars looks upon Crutched Friars as the lowest deep of low life. In what a woful dilemma all these poor streets and squares would be, in the event of an earthquake! I verily believe that the cheek by jowl consequences of such a catastrophe would more annoy them than the danger of dissolution. From all this episode I infer, that the Wilhelmina Scraggses could not be expected to notice young Eggars, until he had changed his lodgings.

[New Monthly Magazine.]

AN OPPOSITION.

The creed of the members out of office lies in a nutshell: "So long as the right honourable gentleman, Mr. A. and his friends shall continue to sit upon the Treasury bench, so long will I, who sit upon the opposite one, oppose every proposition that they bring forward!—unless it happens to be one so absolutely material to the safety and interests of the country, that I dare not, for my life and character, back out of supporting it." "I have two causes—sound and excellent—of Opposition:—I love my country's good; and I want to displace the right honourable gentleman who is now at the head of his Majesty's government"—"So long as he occupies that place, and enjoys the emoluments of it, I hate him,—and every thing about him—from the buckle of his perriwig down to his shoe-tie!"—"Sitting where he does, on the right hand of the Speaker, who can he be—I ask the House—but a scycophant, a Jesuit, a satrap, and a servile!"—"I see assumption and ambition even in the tone in which he blows his nose! He looks two ways at once—equivocation and double meaning—every time he puts on his spectacles! Let the House ask itself, when it sees him dip his finger and thumb into his snuff box, how much oftener his whole hand is dipped into the public purse? How he ever pours out a glass of claret at a cabinet dinner amazes me, without seeing the spirit of 'wronged and bleeding Ireland' rising to put an empty whiskey-bottle into his hand! He never sucks an orange before he rises to make 'a statement,' but I think how his 'minions' are, 'day after day,' sneezing out the vitals, and property, and interests of the country! And every thump that he strikes, in the course of his two hours' no-meaning speeches upon the 'box' of the House of Commons, or on the table—is a new blow given to the rights and to the 'constitutional liberties' of the people."

This is the intent and spirit of two-thirds of that which is spoken in Parliamentary warfare. Violence, exaggerated profession, and ultra Utopian doctrine have been, since political memory, the admitted rights and property of an "Opposition." Practical men receive all that they say, with a deduction of sixty parts in the hundred, and a very cautious examination of the remainder. Perhaps an Opposition which took, upon the average, one tythe by its motions of that which it went for, would be successful beyond its own comprehension.

BEGGARS.

Sheridan, in his life of Swift, relates the following anecdote:—Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and in order that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan that he should go thither, disguised as a blind fiddler with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred they reached the scene of action, where the blind fiddler was received with joyous shouts. They had plenty of neat and drink, and plied the fiddler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was

a more joyous wedding scene. They danced, told their stories, cracked their jokes, and a vein of humor more entertaining to their two guests, than they probably would have found in any other meeting on the like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered about in different parts of the road and neighbouring village, begging their charity in doleful strains and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these they found many upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who had been perfectly clear sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants rated them soundly, told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labor, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol; where-upon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

Such of our subscribers as are in arrears, and can conveniently remit the amount of their subscription, will at this time confer a particular favour by so doing.

We have received several poetical communications, from our respected friend the editor of the "Student's Album," which shall receive our earliest and most thankful attention.

The editor of the Western Monthly Review will please to accept our thanks for his politeness in forwarding to us the Oration of Br. Henry B. Curtis, delivered before the Mansfield, (Ohio) Lodge, on the 25th day of June last.

In our last, we slightly noticed the hoax so lately played off upon the credulity of the publick, with the body found at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek; but we had not then ascertained the verdict of the *third* inquest over the same body. We believed at that time, knowing the leading characters who acted at the *second* inquest, that it was known to them, at the time, to be the body of some other person than William Morgan. We did not however believe that they had exercised so little common prudence in this base intrigue, as further information has proved. It is now clearly apparent to every reasoning candid man, that the whole farce was enacted by such noble characters as David C. Miller, Russel Dyer, Thurlow Weed, and their associates. Mr. Weed having been heard to declare, in effect, "that it was a good enough Morgan to answer their purpose till after election!" On the *second* inquest much of the testimony given at the *first*, was never presented to the jury. The head of the body when found was *neither bald nor destitute of whiskers*; Five teeth were extracted from the body buried, and none of the front ones were double, by the testimony of Doctors Strong and Coates, and from all who knew him, the unvarying fact appears, that Morgan was "wholly bald on the top of his head, and that he wore no whiskers." Whether these facts were known to any of the witnesses or jury, who were so unanimous in pronouncing the body to be that of Morgan, we know not, and we charitably hope they were not. But those who know the disinterestedness of Miller and Dyer, and the very impartial course of Weed, who always speaks and acts "ad-

visedly," are at perfect liberty to put these facts together in their own way, and deduct their own opinion. For our part we have no doubt that it was a complete electioneering trick, intended to answer the purposes of the moment, without ~~causing~~ a copper for the future consequence or detection, let them be ever so dishonourable.

From the very moment that this excitement began to assume the colour of an electioneering object, all the pains that corruption could devise, or falsehood frame have been expended to seduce masons from their known indifference to political management, and enlist them in the contest. They did really hope to see the fraternity descend from its sphere so low as to nominate and support a *masonick ticket*, with the zeal and intrigue of an ordinary political faction. They will not try that again, we believe, being perfectly satisfied by this time, that the origin of the masonick body is not like the mushroom growth of a modern political junto. Individuals, it is probable, may have been so far the jest of their own hasty passions, as to forget the precepts of the order, and carry their masonick feelings with them to the polls. Now the election has passed, we feel at liberty to speak our sentiments on this head without encountering the charge of political motives. We have been cautious in approaching the subject heretofore, for two reasons:—first, that we feel no apprehensions of danger to the institution, from all the united strength of the revilers of the craft; for it matters not to the mason whether the laws be administered by a brother, or by any other competent person who is not an absolute enemy to the order;—and secondly, we do believe it to be directly repugnant to the fundamental precepts of masonry, to make its character and tenets the watchword of any contest whatever. Had we deemed that our brethren stood in need of advice on this occasion, its utmost extent would have been no further than to beware of giving either countenance or suffrage to any man who boasts of his hostility to the principles we so warmly cherish and defend. Such men would be dangerous, but their numbers are few; and to all others who are honest, whether brethren or strangers to the light, we feel no unwillingness to submit the scrutiny of our rectitude as a body, or the guardianship of our peace as individuals.

LEISURE HOURS.

FROM OUR ELBOW CHAIR.

Small talk is like seasoning to the great feast of life, which is conversation. The pepper and the salt render it insipid, and even repugnant to the palate, unless very judiciously combined. Too much salt gives it the flavour of pedantry; but the other article of seasoning is too apt to indulge our propensity to pepper one another.

When an editor makes a constant practice to waste about twenty words in pointing out the merits of a selected article, it is evident that he believes his patrons too ignorant to discover them without his aid. He may also be very ambitious to let the world know that he has an opinion of his own; but his vanity in discovering it is enough to make us suspicious that he will not keep it very tenaciously.

Scaliger with all his gravity sometimes fell into a shrewd humour. Speaking of a corruption of language prevalent among the inhabitants of Gascoigne, in France, he refers to the indiscriminate sound of the letters *b*, and *v*, and concludes with the prettiest Latin pun we ever read:—"Felices pop-

uli, quibus bibere est vivere." Happy people, with whom to drink is to live.

The inimitable author of Hudibras, among other fine things, gives us a deal of truth in the following lines. The doctrines of temperance are not like to be much edified by his writings. They generally need a sterner monitor than the pen of one who is so prone to ridicule both good and bad; but wit is always more tolerable when its sting is directed at such an object, as it can create no unpleasant feelings, nor render the author's motives questionable, even with the most fastidious.

"So Noah, when he anchored safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore—
He made it first his brief design
To plant and propagate a Vine,
Which since has overwhelmed and drowned
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mortals, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done."

It is often amusing to observe the aptness of questions and answers, not intended for each other. We knew a man so very deaf, that unless one ballooned very loud into his ear it was impossible to hold any conversation with him. Meeting one day with a neighbour, by the bye no very great friend at heart, as "two of a trade seldom agree," he naturally expected the usual inquiry as to health, and as naturally had an answer for him. He was however somewhat mistaken, for his mischievous neighbour, designing to take advantage of his auricular defects, addressed him, "Ready cut and dried for talking, old leather head, I'll warrant you," to which the unconscious deaf man very appropriately answered, "Tolerable, tolerable, I thank you, sir; how are you yourself."

The person who is forever censuring the slanderous propensities of others, is in the same situation of the lady, who complained loudly that an ill-bred beau presumed to stare her in the face; she was not aware that she had stared at all herself.

Pedantry is no less habitual in religion than literature. The pedantick divine is as proud of displaying his quotations from scripture, as the literary pedant in reciting his quaint passages from the classics. Both are fair competitors for that character, termed in our modern nomenclature, "a bore."

Laugh at the vulgarity of a fool for complaisance sake and he will ultimately make you cry for vexation by his perseverance. Many a man has been talked to death, by encouraging the first advances of an impertinent trifler.

Dean Swift, was, in fame and in fact, the greatest wit of his age. Yet if his writings may be taken as evidence, the major part of them give but a sorry testimony in favour of the morals, of the "*Augustan age*" in Britain. The licentious works of Byron and Moore, are highly offensive to some who praise Swift. Let them draw a parallel, and they may condemn all.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ATLANTICK SOUVENIR. This work has issued from the press under the most favourable auspices. For neatness of mechanical execution it vies with Ackerman's Forget-me-not, or any other Christmas and New-Year's offering ever published. Among the contributors to its pages we recognize some of the best writers our country affords. Percival, Willis, Paulding, the author of Hobomok, Mrs. Sigourney, Irving, and also Mrs. Hemans, are found in some of their best dresses. The article under the head of Popular Tales, in to-day's Record, is extracted from it, and was written by Mr. N. P. Willis.

better known by the signature of "ROY." It does no discredit to his already flattering reputation as a writer. He is also found in the character of a poet among the stars of the Souvenir.

Several other Christmas and New-Years' presents are expected to appear shortly. We hope that a generous rivalry may be kept up between these interesting publications, with such spirit as to encourage and bring out native talent, without administering to the incurable vanity of those who figure so largely in some of our periodical prints, with neither skill to write, nor penetration to discover it.

Southern Review. A new monthly periodical under the above title, to be published by A. E. Miller, esq. and edited by Stephen Elliot, esq. professor of natural history in the medical college of South Carolina, is about to be commenced in Charleston. Price \$5 per annum, the first number to appear on the 1st of February next.

The first number of "*The Wreath*," a monthly poetical magazine, was issued in Philadelphia, on the 1st inst. Each No. contains sixteen 8vo pages, embellished with a copperplate engraving. It is published by Morris & Co. at \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$3 at the end of the year.

The "*Saturday Morning Herald*" is a large and well filled sheet, folio form, and published in Philadelphia, by Elwood Walter, & Co. every Saturday morning, at \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$3 if not in advance. The first number appeared on the 27th ult.

The "*Ulster True American*," a well executed sheet, by captain Peter K. Allen, made its appearance in Kingston, on the 30th ult. It is in favour of the election of General Jackson to the presidency.

THEATRE. This evening, the last night but one in the season, and the last of Messrs. Hackett and Barnes, will be presented, for the third time in this city, the *COMEDY OF ERRORS*. Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Hackett have been pronounced by experienced critics to rank with the best *Dromios* in the world. After the play Mr. Hackett will give his Yankee stories of Jonathan and Uncle Ben; his exquisite imitations of Kean in Richard, Macready in Virginius, Spiller in Sensitive, and Hilson and Barnes in Paul Pry. The evening's entertainments to conclude with the farce of *Turn Out*. The whole for the benefit of Mrs. Entwistle, who personates the part of Marian Ramsay.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

Mr. Miner, editor of the Village Record, has been presented with an apple, by a lady, weighing one pound, eleven ounces and a half. [Happily for our brother editor, he has nothing to fear from the bitter consequences which followed a similar present almost six thousand years ago.]—An extraordinary fish was captured on the 13th of September last, in Schoondick river, a little above Lubeck. He was 28 feet long, and 16 feet 8 inches in girth at the largest part of his body. He was harpooned, and forty musket balls were fired into his body before he died. [Sea serpents are becoming very popular about east. What a famous thing it is to be a "queer fish!"]—A western paper contains an advertisement of a course of Theological Lectures to be delivered, at which one of the regulations is in these words:—"N. B. No smoking allowed." [How we progress in refinement!]—A "little boy," aged fifteen years, eloped not long since from Berkshire county, Mass. with a young lady, aged eighteen—They twain were made one flesh. ["Love was once a little boy: Heigho! heigho!"]—An organist at Stralsund has invented an instrument of such musical power as to charm bears and whales, for the use of those who frequent the polar seas to capture these animals. Fourteen whales and twenty-four white bears came up and offered their depositions in favour of the maritime organ. [We propose that an experiment be tried on that class of bipeds denominated

dandies; they being a strange compound of bear and whale, it cannot fail of charming their exquisite sensibilities most excruciatingly! Ah! 'pon my soul; I hope I see you, sir.]—A manufactory of Britannia Ware, operated by steam, has been established at Taunton, (Mass.) by Messrs. Babbitt, Crossman & Co.—The National Intelligencer gives an account of a remarkable cure of consumption from the use of the tea of liverwort, taken cold as common drink.—A peddler in New-Jersey who went by the name of "Cheap Johnny," has been committed to jail in that state, charged with having entered a store through the roof, and taken goods of considerable value, which he was found selling cheap!—Among the successful candidates for premiums at the late "Husbandmen and Manufacturers' Holiday," in Massachusetts, we observe the name of Miss Lois Stearns, aged four years, for a patch bed-quilt.—The Pennsylvania Gazette states, that the chair now standing at the speaker's desk, in the capitol, at Harrisburg, was brought over from England by William Penn, and occupied by John Hancock when president of the continental congress.

[From the Pennsylvania Gazette.]

MORGAN. It will be seen by the following article, that the body found on Lake Ontario, was not that of Morgan. This shows the dire and dangerous influence of popular excitement. A number of witnesses, and 23 jurymen, all upon oath, testified to the identity of the body before them; and yet were they all in error; all blinded by popular clamour, and led away by rumour. A large concourse of persons collected to attend the funeral, and to these the enthusiasm of the others was also communicated and the whole stood ready to execute speedy and summary vengeance upon any individual against whom even a breath of suspicion might be directed. Yet were they all in error. The whole community was deprived of the freedom of judgment, and of the power of reasoning; for the body before them, was not that of Morgan, and an eye witness says, that this was stated at the time.

The delusion above noticed, should lead us to prize most highly that provision of our law, which admits of the removal of causes to distant places, exempt from the excitement of the moment.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CHAMOMILE.

A medical correspondent at Madrid, has acquainted a friend in Ireland with some astonishing effects of the herb chamomile, in certain inflammatory disorders of the eye, when every other remedy, usually prescribed, had proved abortive. The following, among many cases, wherein the doctor has been concerned, is mentioned as a proof of the virtues of this salutary though common herb. Maria de Mores, daughter of a master carpenter has, for many years, been afflicted with weeping eyes, which discharged an acrimonious fluid, and brought on an almost total loss of sight. Alteratives were prescribed to no purpose; nor could a course of mercury procure the smallest alleviation. At length he made a strong decoction of chamomile, boiled in sweet cow's milk; with this the patient bathed her eyes several times a day, as warm as could be suffered without uneasiness; and in about five weeks, her eyes were perfectly cured. [B. Med. Int.]

DESTRUCTION OF RATS.

A correspondent who had noticed, in number of our Journal, a paragraph recommending ground cork, fried in grease, as an efficacious plan for destroying rats, states that he lately put the plan to the test of experience, and completely succeeded. "The case was that of two old women in the village of Denny, who had lived in two detached garret rooms in the same building. The rats had long been troublesome, but at length became so numerous and daring, that they fairly threatened to challenge the tenants with longer possession. The fried cork had only been laid for them three nights, when the whole disappeared. A fact of this kind cannot be made too public—since it may be the means of preventing many of those serious accidents which so frequently occur from the use of poison." [Eng. paper.]

POTATO BEER.

Dr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia has recently discovered, by chemical experiment, that the sweet matter of the sweet potato, is analogous to molasses or the saccharum of malt. The resemblance to the latter is so remarkable that the Doctor was led to

boil a wort, made from potato with a new quantity of hops, about two hours. It was then cooled and yeast added, and after it was cleared, its flavour was of ale made from malt.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, beat to a cream, half a pound of almonds blanched and beaten very fine; beat them well together and add five eggs, one wine glass of brandy, wine, and rose-water. Two puddings.

POTATO PUDDING.

One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, beat to a cream, two pounds of potatoes boiled and passed through the colander, twelve eggs, one glass of brandy, one of wine, half a glass of rose-water, one tea-spoonful of spice.

CURE FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.

Mr. Cleghorn, a brewer in Edinburgh, has treated burns and scalds with success, by applying, in the first place, vinegar, until the pain abates; secondly an emollient poultice; and thirdly, as soon as any secretion of matter or watery fluid appears, by covering the sore with powdered chalk.

CURE FOR CORNS.

A gentleman who may be relied on, informs us that he has found the juice of green bean leaves, a certain and effectual cure for corns. It should be applied to the corn at night for four or five nights in succession. It is equally efficacious when applied to warts.

CURE FOR WEAK EYES.

Beat up a drachm of alum in the white of an egg, and smear the eye brow and eye lid with the mixture every night.

—The subscribers to *Carter's Letters* in Albany, Troy, Lansingburgh, Waterford and their vicinity, are informed that the subscriber has been appointed agent for their delivery, and that the work is now ready at the counting room of the Albany Argus. Nov. 9. E. B. CHILD.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Welch, Mr. CHARLES POHLMAN, to Miss MARTHA KIMBALL, all of this city.

At Christ's Church, Greenville, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thomson, Mr. GIDEON CORNWELL, of Rensselaerville, to Miss JULIA ANN BACKUS, daughter of the late col. Electus Backus, of Greenville.

DIED.

In this city, Mr. JOSHUA GRAY, aged 25, late keeper of the Pier Exchange.

In Parsonsfield, Maine, Mr. AARON GOODWIN, aged 73. He was at the battle of Bunker-Hill in 1775, and afterwards served on board the Bon Homme Richard, under the celebrated Paul Jones.

In Tinmouth, Vermont, L. N. CRAMPTON, aged 84. He was the second man after Col. Ethan Allen, who entered the fort, at the taking of Ticonderoga.

In Catskill, on the 3d inst. the Hon. JOHN V. DE S. SCOTT, first Judge of the county of Greene, and for many years a distinguished counsellor, aged 57.

At his lodgings, in Dublin, (Ireland,) on the 25th of July, THOMAS FURLONG, esq. author of several poems, and translator of the songs of Carolan, the Irish bard.

PROCLAMATION.

By DE WITT CLINTON, Governor of the State of New-York.

Whereas, the recommendation of a particular day for the offering up to Almighty God, of public and united thanks for his manifold blessings, interferences in no wise with religious freedom, and is the most direct and proper means of uniting individual thanksgiving in one social expression of the public gratitude: And whereas the people of this state have been greatly distinguished by the gracious dispensations of Divine Providence, having experienced for a long time the blessings of liberty, plenty and peace, the benefits of great internal improvements, of prosperous seminaries of education and of a general state of health, an abundance of the fruits of the earth, and an augmenting diffusion of the lights of religion and knowledge: Now, therefore, I have judged it my incumbent duty, to recommend to the good people of this state, the observance of WEDNESDAY THE TWELFTH DAY OF DECEMBER next, as a day of PRAYER and THANKSGIVING, and I do so, in the calmest hope and in the confident expectation, that all, except such as may be withheld by scruples of conscience, will on that day assemble in their respective places of worship, and present the sublime spectacle of a whole people offering the homage of devout and grateful hearts to that Great and Good Being, from whose bounty we derive all that we enjoy.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the privy seal, at the city of Albany, this 23d day of October, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven.

DE WITT CLINTON.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

WOMAN.

I know it well,—they lavish loud
And endless praise on woman's worth,
And, to her worship, must the proud
Birthright which man holds on the earth
And in the mind, be doubly bowed,
As to some being whose high birth
Holds a divinity, too broad
To grant the soul its way to God.
Yes; even the Maker is neglected,
And the fair form his hand hath made,
Has in the human heart erected
An altar and a throne, and laid
Her votive shrine, where the subjected
Idolatry of man evade
Reason, Revelation, and all laws
That should protect Devotion's cause.
All this were well, were she the thing
Her looks beseech her; but away
From the delusion!—I will bring—
I might bring thousands, but my lay
Must not have limits thus to sing—
But I will bring one fact to say
That she is false, vain, and uncivil
As the Grand Seigneur—or the devil.
There was a maid, at whose decree
I would have borne—I know not what:
If ever maid was true, 'twas she;
And on her spirit not a spot
Betrayed its earthliness—to me!
If she but spoke, the accents shot
Through every nerve; and then her look
Not even a misanthrope could brook.
An eye, bright as the antelope,
Yet soft as the lute's tenderest tone,—
So full of love it drowned with hope
The lover's look that met her own;
It seemed to draw into its scope
All that was sweet, whence'er it shone.
I loved.—Who would not? And to me
If maid was ever kind, 'twas she.
Oh! a celestial dream was this!
She begged a ringlet of my hair
That she might look upon and kiss,
When I was far away, and wear
It in her bosom.—Oh! what bliss!
To be remembered thus, and there!—
But getting in a pet, she spurned it
From out its sickle nest, and burned it!

THE SUB-MARINE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

It was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many a clime
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.
His coat it was a soldier coat
Of red, with yellow faced,
But (merman like) he looked mar
All downward from the waist;
His trousers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor taste!
He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank the jolly draught;
He raised the rummer many times—
And over as he quaffed,
The more he drank, the more the ship
Seemed pitching fore and aft!
The ship seemed pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall;
It gave a lurch—and down he went,
Head foremost in his fall!
Three times he did not rise, alas!
He never rose at all!
But down he went, right down at once,
Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived;
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived!
And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand!
And then he tried to sound beneath,

And all he felt was sand!
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand!
And lo! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass:
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass;
A mermaid she must surely be,
If mermaid ever was!
Her fish-like mouth was open wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
When ruffled by a gale;
Thought he, "beneath that petticoat
She hides her sallow tail!"
She looked—as siren ought to look—
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue;
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chilled him through and through!
With either hand he stopped his ears
Against her evil cry;
Alas, alas, for all his care,
His doom, it seemed to die;
Her voice went ringing through his head,
It was so sharp and high!
He thrust his fingers farther in
At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
The words were plain and clear:—
"I can't stay here the whole day long,
To hold your glass of beer!"
With opened mouth and opened eyes,
Up rose the sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
And deeps where he had been:
There was no siren with her glass
Nor waters ocean green!
The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more;
He only saw the bar-maid stead,
With pouting lip before,
The small green parlour at "The Ship,"
And little sanded floor!

BROKEN VOWS.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

And this is all I have left now,
Silence and solitude and tears;
The memory of a broken vow,
My blighted hopes, my wasted years.
There hangs your lute; the wandering wind
Will hence its only master be;
But never may its numbers find
More wandering master than in thee.
My falcon it has slipped its band—
Afar your faithless gift has flown;
The bird which fed from my own hand,
Alas, its stay was like your own!
You swore to me yon starry ranks
Should sooner leave their homes above;
You river change its native banks,
Than you forget your early love.
Each starry world its station keeps
In night's blue empire as before;
The same our native river sweeps—
In vain—for I am loved no more.
I will go weep, till rose and blue
Alike from cheek and eye depart,
A faded flower,—and then adieu,
My own false hopes and thy false heart.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little windows where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!
I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the pinks,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The liburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!
I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!
I remember, I remember
The fir tree's dark and high;

I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE GLEANER.

THE FRIENDSHIP AND FIDELITY OF DOGS.

Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to whom he looks in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance, exerts for him all the little services in his power, with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him, bears famine and fatigue, with patience and resignation. No injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor. Studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependent; and in him alone, fawning is not flattery. [Goldsmith.]

HABIT.

A mind long habituated to certain objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit; and parts from them with reluctance—hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world and all that it produces. They love life, and all its advantages;—not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

DISTRIBUTION OF RICHES.

An equal diffusion of riches, through any country, constitutes its happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with another, keeps him in unambitious indigence. The moderately rich, are generally active—not too far removed from poverty to fear its calamities, nor too near extreme wealth, to slacken the nerve of labour.

THE THREE STAGES OF LIFE.

Youth, is devoted to pleasure, middle age, to ambition, and old age, to avarice—and these are the three general principles to be found in mankind—sometimes ascending to honourable motives, and sometimes descending to dishonourable actions.

OLD MAIDS.

I consider an unmarried lady declining into the vale of years, as one of these charming countries bordering on China, that lies waste for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, but the ignorance of its neighbours, who are insensible of its beauties though at liberty to enter and cultivate the soil. [Goldsmith.]

MONEY.

Bacon, the English philosopher, compares money to manure. If gathered in heaps, it does no good, but on the contrary becomes offensive—spread it, though ever so thinly, over the surface of the earth, and it enriches the whole country.

LEMAN, —Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 21st

EXPIRATION of the time for redeeming Lands sold for Taxes in 1826.—Comptroller's Office, Albany, October 17, 1827.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the time for redeeming the lands sold for county taxes and the United States' direct tax and assessments for making roads, will expire on the 27th day of April next; and that unless the lands sold by the Comptroller at his last sale in 1826, are redeemed on or before the said 27th day of April next, they will be conveyed to the purchasers.

W. L. MARCY, Comptroller.

N. B. Lists of such lands in each county as had been sold, and were not redeemed at the date of the above notice, have been transmitted to each county treasurer, whose duty it is to publish the same in one or more papers in the county of which he is treasurer. Those interested are referred to such lists to ascertain if their lands have been sold and remain unredeemed. 396

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1827.

[No. 42.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ [Juv. Sat.]

PRIZE POEM,

BY BR. J. C. BROOKS.

Delivered by Mr. Dwyer, at the opening of the new Masonick Hall.

When first on chaos and primeval night
The holy mandate burst "Let there be light,"
The dim disordered shadows backward fled,
And new created day her radiance shed.
The tuneful spheres in order placed on high,
Effulgent beamed throughout infinity:
Then in the heavenly throng of harmonies,
Did the bright spirit of our union rise;
For love celestial warmed the eternal soul,
And order perfected the mighty whole.
Through each long cycle and uncounted year,
From sun to sun, from sphere to rolling sphere,
Seeking a place, the unwearied spirit roved,
Where it might love and be again beloved.
Delayed at length in Solyma the blest,
And found a refuge in the wise man's breast,
In Salem's walls it dwelt, a welcome home,
Beneath his temple's proud aspiring dome.
In those bright realms of David's sacred son,
Masonick honours first on earth begun,
Thence through the world on wings of light they fled,
And raptured nations bent the suppliant head,
Kings from their thrones submit in homage bowed,
And empires joined in acclamations loud.
From far Judea where their flame began,
The brightening beams through warlike Europe ran,
Crossed where the Atlantic waves disastrous curled,
And blazed in glory on this new found world.
These strong foundations, on whose lofty walls
Masonick taste has reared these splendid halls,
Give hope masonick influence and power,
Still more will strengthen each revolving hour.
Here may our hearts in friendship e'er be bound,
Love, truth, fidelity, and union found;
And here for ages, while the rolling sun
Through these bright skies his trackless course shall run,
May no rude hand these gorgeous walls deface,
Nor discord our unbroken league disgrace,
In friendship may we live, in friendship die,
And leave these seats—for brighter seats on high.

AN ORATION,

Delivered before the Mansfield Lodge, No. 35, at Mansfield, Ohio, on the anniversary of St John the Baptist, June 25, 1827.

BY BR. HENRY B. CURTIS.

Brethren and Fellow Citizens:

While I feel grateful for the honourable distinction shown me on this sublime and interesting occasion, in being called upon to address this respectable auditory; I cannot but express the conscious feeling which I at the same time entertain, of my want of ability, to do justice to the subject before me. With but a short notice, and hasty preparation—without age or experience on my side, it cannot be expected, that I shall afford any new ray of light, to the brilliancy of a subject, upon which you have been so frequently addressed. Happy would I have been had this duty been assigned to more able powers; but feeble as they are, they will cheerfully enter upon the task, relying in confidence upon the charitable view in which my errors will be examined. And although I shall "but beat and beat the beaten track," and you shall but "hear what you have heard"—Although my attempt shall prove

"Abortive as the first born blossom of spring
Nipped by the lagging rear of winter's frost,"

yet shall I enjoy the consolatory reflection, that I have addressed those, who hold the balance with a steady hand, and cast the portion of mercy into the rising scale.

Assembled as we are on this momentous day, auspicious to christianity, as well as to masonry; let us for a moment, contrast the object of our present meeting, with that of the festivities and celebrations which we often witness in the world.

There exists in the human mind, a sentiment of elevated and instinctive admiration, for the more stern and lofty virtues of our nature. There is something in great achievements, that dazzles our comprehension, and the glory which we attach to

the performance of the action, settles upon the head of the actor and induces our highest veneration for his character. There is something in the pomp and triumph of successful ambition, that strikes our admiration, and pours a tide of delusive joy upon the human heart. Thus when we contemplate the ardent patriotism of Epaminondas, breathing as it were a spirit of valour along his embattled countrymen; or the brave Leonidas, with but a handful of Lacedæmonians, opposing with his stately form, the storm of war, and the torrent of the Persian army; a Regulus, the destinies of contending empires resting on his nod, returning amid the agonized intreaties of his countrymen, to Carthage—to death; a Washington, rising like a Hercules from an infantile cradle, and laying tyranny at his feet; our minds are filled with high emotion, and we catch with enthusiastic avidity, the inspiration of their virtues.

Yet when we calmly investigate their claims for our veneration and respect, how frequently do we find them, bloody and unchristian! How frequently do we find that worldly glory, and private ambition, have found a secret lurking place in the heart, to stimulate and excite the heroic deed! And how frequently do we find that the rights of nations have been sacrificed at the shrine of ambition, and scenes of distress, been the companion of the glorious achievement!

But different is the object of this day's commemoration. We hail it not as a day crowned with laurels; but as a day crowned with the olive branch of peace and virtue. As a day fraught with blessings to mankind; as a day resplendent with glory; not like the meteor glories of this world which dazzle to mislead us, and shine brightest when near their extinction; but like the twinkling orb of yonder sky, steady and eternal.

This is the natal day of St. John the Baptist, whose voice was heard in the wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." The solitary places were made glad by his appearance; and the desert and wilderness rejoiced. He was the prototype—the fore-runner of our Saviour, and announced to a desponding and lost world their day of salvation. When we ascend to a more minute examination of the mission and virtues of this great man, we are lost in admiration! The importance of his mission—his great humility—his heavenly virtues, which needed not the blaze of day to give them lustre—all strike us with solemn awe; and inspire our minds with a deep-toned feeling of respect. His path was the path of virtue—of quietness and peace. Happy were we my brethren, could we follow that path! Happy all who find it, for it leads to God! In conformity to the universal usage of mankind, to perpetuate great events, it has been the custom among masons, from time immemorial, to set apart this day, for joy and festivity. Masonick history informs us, that he whose name and virtues we celebrate, was our patron and master. That like twin sisters, he led with him christianity and masonry; and united them in the grand design of promoting the happiness of mankind in this world, ensuring to us that state of felicity, which lies beyond the grave.

We have therefore met in the character of free-masons, to perform this sacred duty; to renew our vows at the altar of friendship; and to teach our hearts, those principles of piety which we naturally imbibe from a contemplation of the virtues of our sainted patron. Nor should we confine our contemplations of this great man, to his masonick character alone; but we should contemplate him as a christian; as a martyr; and uniting his excellencies, we should view him as the model of a perfect man, to imitate whose virtues, it becomes not only our duty, but our highest interest.

To trace the history of our order from its earliest rise, is beyond the ability of the most learned. We become lost in the obscurity of the dark and barbarous ages, in which were enveloped, not only masonry, but christianity, and the arts and sciences.

By reference however to the fragments of materials, that have been preserved from the wreck of learning, and the sacred volume; together with the concurring traditions, faithfully handed down to the fraternity, from the building of the Temple; we are able to follow our history to a very remote period of antiquity. And the obscurity itself, in which the origin or commencement of the institution seems to be involved, carries with it evidence of its great antiquity. If we were of modern date, we could point out with accuracy the time when we first had an existence as a society. No difficulties could have arisen on this point—every inquirer could have turned to the page where the faithful historian had recorded its commencement.

Yet we cannot admit the fine spun reasoning of some, who make every great man from Adam to Nimrod, and from Nimrod to Solomon, a mason. Nor is it probably that masonry assumed its present shape and well organized form, until the days of King Solomon. But we may trace our principles, the soul and essence of our institution, to a much more early date. And when those principles, first disposed individuals to unite together, for the purpose of rendering to each other mutual assistance, then, we may say with propriety, was the commencement of our venerable institution.

In the days of primeval simplicity, all was in common; each one taking from the common stock of nature, until his wants were supplied. No compact, or society existed. He who built a tent to-day, to shield him against the inclemency of the season, was liable to be expelled from it to-morrow by a stronger arm. The weak was subject to the strong. And there were no inducements left, to provide either house or raiment, since all was common, and no security existed against disturbance and outrage.

From a principle of necessity, therefore, society was formed; by which individuals uniting together, entered into a compact, to resign for the good of the whole, some portion of this savage liberty, which they had before enjoyed, and befriended and protect each other, against invaders—the weak against the strong.

As society increased their wants increased with them; mankind found themselves surrounded by numberless evils and calamities, to relieve which more intimate connexions than the general tie of society, were necessary. Hence would naturally arise private associations composed of those who could place in each other implicit confidence, with the humane object of extending to each other such charitable and kind relief against the ills of life, as their respective situations might seem to require. And as building would at once, become the most conspicuous as well as the most necessary art, among the early discoveries, it is reasonable to conclude, and in the absence of all other data from whence to calculate, we are justifiable in the conclusion, that among the builders, private societies were early introduced; and which, probably, under different shapes and forms, were continued down to the days of King Solomon. Hence it would seem that an organized state of the principles of our society, arose from the social and relative duties of mankind, and an anxious solicitude of individuals for their general well being.

History confirms the sentiment, that our order hath at all times, included both architects and philosophers. By this union, a degree of strength has been combined in the masonick society unparalleled in the annals of history. And it is from this circumstance, that the masonick family claim their consanguinity with the liberal arts and sciences.

When Moses was about to erect the Sanctuary, and afterwards, when Solomon built the Temple at Jerusalem, for the worship of the Only True and Ever Living God, they selected such as were most eminent for their skill and piety, and committed to their care the great undertaking. It was on those occasions, that our ancient brethren appeared to the

world, possessing greater knowledge than the multitude; labouring more successfully, and exhibiting to every beholder, monuments of art, completed without a discordant voice.

At the building of the Temple by Solomon, then King of Israel, our society acquired more character and stability. Solomon being inspired and receiving his commission to build the Temple, from on High; found it indispensably necessary, to organize his workmen, and form them into one well regulated body. He entered into an agreement with Hiram king of Tyre, who was then in league with Solomon, and his zealous friend, by which he obtained from that country, the most expert and skilful artisans, and workmen; whom he embodied with those selected from other parts. These, with the celebrated artist Hiram, commonly called the widow's son, and who had a Tyrian father, and a Jewess for his mother, cheerfully united in the grand undertaking; and such was the order and regularity observed, that every part of the Temple was executed, with the utmost promptitude, and with the greatest skill and harmony.

At the completion of the building, it is but a dictate of reason to suppose, that the workmen would be eminently skilled in their profession. That, being about to separate, they would endeavour to strengthen those ties of friendship, that had become contracted between them, by the strongest obligations and promises; that they would adopt, such a system of signs, words, symbols, and figures, as would enable them to make themselves known to each other, should they ever meet in foreign countries; and in short, that they would adopt such measures, as would be calculated to give stability, tone, and character to the institution; and enable them to hand it down, unimpaired, to successive generations.

From this time, masonry began to flourish. The wings of science, spread their genial influence, over the then civilized part of the world; and wherever its vivifying beams were felt, there was found its genius and foster-mother, *Masonry*.

We can rationally account for the sudden and universal diffusion of masonry, about this time, from the workmen of the Temple scattering and seeking in foreign countries, employment to which their skill and eminence entitled them.

One hundred and sixty-four years after the dedication of the Temple, the Tyrians, who had assisted in building it, planted a colony in the north part of Africa; from whence arose the Carthaginians. This became a great and opulent city; and from its commercial advantages carried on a flourishing trade with the surrounding countries. The Tyrians and Carthaginians, ever maintained a friendly correspondence and trade, from the founding of the city of the latter, until its destruction by the Romans. We may therefore conclude that masonry was early known in Carthage. The Tyrians not only sent colonies into Africa, but also into Europe. The city of Cadiz, now the great emporium of Spain, was very anciently founded by the Tyrians. The Carthaginians in process of time, possessed themselves of the greatest part of Spain, and several important islands in the Mediterranean.—All of which possessions afterwards fell into the hands of the Romans. By means of these different changes, the principles of masonry became transferred from one nation to another, and disseminated among the European countries.

During the reign of King Solomon, especially, as well as before and afterwards, an intimacy subsisted between the Jews and the Egyptians. Moses was born in Egypt, and was educated in Pharaoh's court, in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Solomon married the daughter of Pharaoh, and brought her to the city of David. An affinity seemed to grow up between the two countries; and history speaks of the commercial intercourse, that subsisted between them. From these considerations we may be induced to infer, that masonry was introduced into Egypt at a very early day. Be this as it may, we are well informed by authentic historians, that masonry did flourish in Egypt soon after this period; And through the benign influence of our principles, smiled upon by the Father of Lights, and patronized by His paternal providence, the arts flourished; science advanced, and ancient Egypt subsisted,

covered with glory during, a period of fifteen or sixteen ages. They extended our principles so far, as to punish with death, the man who refused to assist his brother in distress, when he had it in his power; and such was the high estimation, in which they held justice, that the king compelled his judges to take an oath, that they would never do any thing, against their consciences, though the kings themselves commanded them.

It is well known among historians that the Egyptian priests, have uniformly been considered, as possessing many valuable secrets. And from the manner in which this fact is communicated, connected with other circumstances, we have substantial reason for believing they were masonick. It was here that Pythagoras, was initiated into their mysteries, and instructed in their art. And among the antiquities of that country, the obelisks, pyramids &c. may be found innumerable instances of hieroglyphicks and masonick emblems, being engraved upon their surfaces.

Egypt by our ancient philosophers was considered, as the seat of the sciences. Hence we find that Homer, Lycurgus, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, Thales, and many others, of the ancient poets, statesmen and philosophers, frequently visited that country, and were initiated by the Egyptian priests into their mysteries.

By these means masonry, we conclude, was carried into the Grecian states; and indeed in the Grecian history, frequent instances occur, of individuals, who, having done some special service for their country, are initiated into the most exalted mysteries of their nation, as an expression of publick gratitude in their favour.

Instances may also be found in the Persian history, where the principles of masonry, have been recognized and cherished. They are the same in every age and nation; and when fostered in the human heart, will produce the same benevolent effects.—When Alexander the Great, in his conquest of nations, approached the city of Jerusalem, he was met by the High Priest in all his pontifical robes. No sooner did the conqueror discover the venerable person, clad with the insignia of his office, than halting his army, he advanced, reverently bowed, and saluting the High priest, conferred with him, and then departed in peace. This singular event, took place three hundred and thirty-three years before the advent of Christ.

[Conclusion next week.]

NEW-YORK.

A meeting of the officers of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and the trustees of the Masonick Hall Association, was held at the new Masonick Hall, Broadway, in the city of New-York, on the evening of Monday, November 5, 1827, when the R. W. George W. Hyer, Grand Treasurer, having been called to the chair, and W. Br. Edward Seaman, appointed Secretary, the following resolutions were offered and adopted unanimously, viz:—

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the R. W. Dr. Feltus, for the able and eloquent address, delivered by him, at the dedication of this hall, and that the Chairman and Secretary be delegated to wait on the Rev. brother, and request of him a copy of the same for publication.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr. J. G. Brooks, one of the editors of the Morning Courier, for the Ode written by him, and sung at the benediction.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr. Sanford, manager of the Lafayette Theatre, for his politeness in allowing the attendance of his orchestra; to Messrs. Howard, Keene, and Richings, for their important and efficient aid in the musical department; and to Messrs. Cox, Waite, Simmons, Child, and others attached to the orchestra, for their able performances on that occasion.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary, Oliver M. Lownds, esq. be requested to call a meeting of the presiding officers of the subordinate lodges in this vicinity, on Saturday evening next, to consult on the propriety of celebrating the approaching festival of St. John.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

It is stated that if Capt. Parry had been enabled to advance fifteen miles farther, i. e. to the 83d degree, he would have been entitled to the reward allotted by the Act of Parliament. This, however, is not quite correct. By the last Act on this subject, passed in the year 1818, a reward is offered of 20,000*l.* for the discovery of a passage from the Atlantick to the Pacifick Oceans, along the northern shore of America; also a reward of 5,000*l.* to those who shall first approach within one degree of the North Pole; and proportionate rewards, at the discretion of the Commissioners for Discovering the Longitude, to "such persons as shall first have accomplished certain proportions of the said passage or approach, namely, the passage between the Atlantick and Pacifick Oceans, and the approach to the North Pole." According to the account published, Capt. Parry only reached the lat. of 82 45, which is more than 400 miles from the Pole, and he was still very far, therefore, from fulfilling the condition which would have entitled him to the reward of 5,000*l.*

With regard to the proportionate reward, Capt. Parry, in order to be entitled to it, must have reached a higher northern latitude than any former navigator; and the simple question here is, how far has any former voyager, proceeded northward; what is the extreme point of human adventure in these polar seas? Few, certainly, have reached so high a latitude as 82, 45. In 1606, Hudson advanced only as far as 82 degrees. The Dutch navigators were never beyond N. lat. 80 11; and Capt. Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, was, in 1773, stopped by ice in lat. 80 48. Some of the whalers have however, gone beyond this. In 1816, the Neptune whaler of Aberdeen, was as far as 83 20, and if the present Act had been in force, might have claimed a share of the 5,000*l.* for accomplishing a proportion of the desired approach. The Act of Parliament does not assign a reward for reaching any particular latitude short of one degree from the pole; it is only to those who have advanced farthest into these unknown seas, that a share of the 5,000*l.* is offered; and unless the 83d degree be considered as the extreme limit of navigation in the Northern Ocean, no reward would attach to the reaching of this point. It would, we have no doubt, give general satisfaction if Captain Parry were found entitled to the 5,000*l.* or to part of it; for no pecuniary reward can be too great for the singular perseverance, skill, and intrepidity with which his arduous voyages have been conducted.

For the last ten years the Polar Sea has been the scene of naval discovery. But there is no great field for any farther enterprises of this nature. It seems impossible in the face of natural obstacles to penetrate to the Pole—and the attempts to open a passage from the Atlantick to the Pacifick have succeeded but partially. The only chance that yet remains of opening such a communication is through Behring's Straits. Cogk was here opposed by a complete barrier of ice from continent to continent. But some Russian adventurers having found these icy gates open, entered and went 40 or 50 miles beyond our celebrated navigator, where they saw an open sea. The chance, however, of discovery in these inhospitable regions is scarcely to be put in competition with the hazard of brave men's lives which must be incurred.

[Inverness Courier.]

RHYNOPLASTICK.

The French have given to the revived art of making false noses of living flesh the name of *rhy-noplastick*. This art was derived originally from the Indians. In the latter part of the last century, a Mahratta, belonging to the English army, having been taken prisoner by Tippoo Saib, and suffering frightful mutilations in consequence, escaped, and met at Kumor with a man whose skill in giving him a new nose excited the astonishment of the whole army, who were witnesses to the success of the operation. The art was afterwards practised in England; but the French declare that the false noses fabricated by Mr. Carpue, Mr. Hutchinson, and other English surgeons, resembled those vulgar noses

which are called sheep noses (*nasi ovilli*.) M. Lisfranc, a French surgeon, who has paid great attention to the subject, lately read to the Academie des Sciences a paper describing the modes of operation hitherto in use, and that to which he has himself had recourse. The Indians have, it seems, two methods of restoring the nose. The one, by striking the seat of honour smartly and repeatedly with a slipper, until the skin becomes exceedingly tumefied, when they remove a portion of it for the purpose of forming the false nose. The other mode is that which has been generally adopted by European practitioners, namely, of constructing the false nose of a portion of the skin of the forehead. The latter is also the mode which has been resorted to by M. Lisfranc, but with various modifications; the principle of which seems to be the introduction of pledgets of lint, in order to form a support for the skin. A French soldier, of the name of Eval, lost by the cold, during the Russian campaign, not only the bones and cartilages of the nose, but even a part of the protuberances of the upper jaw. His appearance was so disgusting and hideous, that nobody would eat or even work in his company. In the latter end of last year M. Lisfranc took him in hand, and completely restored him. Not only has he now a good decent nose, but his sense of smelling has returned; and a humour which flowed from his eyes, and was of so acrid a nature that it excoriated his cheeks, has been completely dried up.

NAUTICAL INVENTION.

Lieut. Ackerley of his majesty's ship Ocean (son of Counsellor Ackerley, of Bath,) has effected an invention termed *Self-acting Safety Rods*, whereby the lives of persons exposed to drowning from the upsetting of boats may be preserved, and boats which are upset may be righted. The invention appears to be particularly applicable to ferry-boats, from its extreme simplicity, and consequent cheapness, the fitting not exceeding six shillings. On the occasion of the Lord High Admiral's recent visit to Plymouth, his Lordship inspected Lieut. Ackerley's invention, and expressed himself gratified at its ingenuity; a waterman's boat was upset in his Royal Highness's presence, and the result showed that the self-acting principle of the metallic rods was efficient in supporting five men breast-high out of the water, and preserving their equilibrium in a rolling sea.

SINGULAR OPTICAL DECEPTION.

When the wheel of a carriage in motion is attentively viewed through vertical bars, such as the rails of a palisade or the laths of a Venetian blind, the spokes appear to bend downwards, and more or less so as they are situated farther from or nearer to the spoke which happens to be vertical, and which always appears to be perfectly straight. Dr. Mark Roget, in a paper which he has addressed on the subject to the Royal Society, explains this curious phenomenon by supposing that the impression made on the retina by a pencil of rays, when sufficiently vivid, continues for some time after the cause has ceased. He thinks it even possible to estimate the actual duration of any impression on that organ, from the apparent velocity of the spokes.

ENTOMOLOGY.

There is in Livonia a rare insect, which is met with only in the most northern countries, and the very existence of which has for a long time been doubted. It is the *furia infernalis*, described by Linnæus in the new Memoirs of the Academy of Upsal. This insect is so small, that it is very difficult to distinguish it with the naked eye. In warm weather, it falls upon persons, from the air, and its bite produces a swelling which becomes mortal unless prompt remedies be applied. During the hay harvest, other insects, called *meggar*, are equally injurious to men and beasts. They are of the size of a grain of sand. At sunset, they appear in great numbers, descend in a perpendicular line, pierce the strongest linen, and cause an itching with pustules which become dangerous if scratched. They occasion swellings in the throats of cattle which inhale them, and die unless speedily assisted. The cure consists in a fumigation of flax, producing a violent cough.

TORTOISE SHELL.

The following singular barbarous process for obtaining the tortoise shell, is abstracted from an Indian newspaper, called the Singapore Chronicle:—This highly prized aquatic production, when caught by the Eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stript and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its capturers this time, however, with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more true policy and skill, than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is a questionless proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

VARIETY.

A RARE PATRIMONY.

A young man of Nuremberg, (says a journal of that city,) who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visiter, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he would give you 20,000 dollars for it? [What an idea!] Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer; I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money; but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage; which accordingly took place; though it is said, that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

BOTANY BAY ETIQUETTE.

Etiquette is, if possible, more studied among our fashionable circles than in those of London itself. If a lady makes a call, she must not attempt a repetition of it until it has been returned, under pain of being voted ignorant of due form. Morning visits, too, are made in the afternoon; afternoon calls near the hour of bed-time; while cards are ceremoniously left, and rules of precedence so punctiliously insisted on by some of our ultras, that the peace of the colony was placed in imminent jeopardy only a few years back, by the opening of a ball before the leading lady of the ton made her appearance; the hurricane being fortunately smoothed down at its onset by the facetious master of the ceremonies assuring the indignant fair, that it was nothing more than the experiment of a few couples to try the spring of the new floor, and that they were still waiting her arrival to commence.

MORAL HONESTY.

They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion—my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozen and cheat as soon as he comes home. On the other side, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change, as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a dram better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him and please him and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be; he is a very good mastiff; but, if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.

[Selden.]

A PERSIAN DOCTOR.

While my companions were trying this experiment, and wondering at the cause, I remained on the terrace conversing with Hajee Ibrahim. I noticed a small village about a mile distant which seemed deserted.—"Is that oppression?" said I. "No," said the Hajee, "worse." "Why," said I,

"the Turkomans cannot have carried their inroads so near the town." "They could not have done the work so complete," said my friend, smiling. "Who has done it?" I asked. "A doctor," replied he; "a proper fellow, who acquired great reputation, and he deserved it, from the heirs of his patients at least. That village literally perished under his hands in five years. Now he is gone, I know not where, but good luck attend him, so he comes not again to our neighbourhood."

In the English Factory at Gombroon, was an old servant of the name of Suffer. When poor Suffer, who had been fifty years a servant in the factory, was on his death bed, the English doctor ordered him a glass of wine. He at first refused it saying, "I cannot take it; it is forbidden in the Koran." But after a few moments he begged the doctor to give it him, saying, as he raised himself in his bed, "Give me the wine; for it is written in the same volume, that unbelievers will be excluded from paradise; and the experience of fifty years teaches me to prefer your society in the other world, to any place into which I can be advanced with my own countrymen." He died in a few hours after this sally.

[Sketches of Persia.]

Talma, the celebrated French actor, lately deceased, having discovered a namesake in Holland, wrote to him, and the letter has found its way from the French to the English prints. It is chiefly occupied with remarks on the origin of the family of which the writer and his correspondent were members or descendants. The following brief extract is pleasant: "I forget also, to tell you, that Count Moradja, who resided a long time in the east, and who has written a work on the religious system of the Orientals, quotes a passage from one of their authors, which tells us that the King, or rather the Pharaoh 4th, of Egypt, who drove out the Israelites, was named Talma. He was a great rogue, this King, but we must not look too close when we say we sprung from so illustrious an origin."

A teacher of the Mussulman faith, who was struck on the face by an angry fellow, said, "I might return blow for blow; but I will not. I might complain to the Caliph; but I will not. I might represent to God in my prayers the outrage you have offered; but I will not. I might, at the day of judgment call on God to avenge it—but so far from doing so, if the great day were to come and my intercession could avail, I would not enter paradise, except in your company." And yet the narrow minded sectarian christians say 500,000 Mahometans go to hell every year, from want of having the gospel.

[Asiatick Journal.]

A grenadier of the regiment of Champagne was retreating from the ranks mortally wounded.—"Where is that grenadier going?" cried the officer as he passed. "To die," said the soldier, turning round, and expiring as he spoke.

Alady, after reading the manuscript of Congreve's *Way of the world*, asked him how he could think of writing such a part as that of Mrs. Frail; or expect that any respectable actress would preform it. "Oh, madam" answered he, "it was performed all over London, long before it was written."

A Gascon officer, hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince who in two assaults upon a town had killed six men with his own hand: "Bah!" said he, "I would have you know, that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world."

M——, a noted literary wit, the other day went to see Hook at Fulham, in a pretty considerable approximation to "half seas over." "I am come three miles," said he, "to sup with you." "Bein obliged," returned the wit, "for coming to me; but I should have been more obliged if you had first come to yourself."

In a recent cause at Westmoreland, Mr. Justice Bayley informed Mr. Brougham (who had yawned during a speech of Mr. Williams) that he had no right to yawn at another person's speech. "I believe so, my Lord," replied Mr. Brougham, "I believe it is so ruled." The court was convulsed with laughter.

POPULAR TALES.

[From the Atlantick Souvenir, for 1828.]

COBUS YERKS.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Little Cobus Yerks—his name was Jacob, but being a Dutchman, if not a double Dutchman, it was rendered in English, Cobus—little Cobus, I say, lived on the banks of Sawmill River, where it winds close under the brow of the Raven Rock, an enormous precipice jutting out of the side of the famous Buttermilk-Hill, of which the reader has doubtless often heard. It was a rude romantick spot, distant from the high road, which however, could be seen winding up the hill about three miles off. His nearest neighbours were at the same distance, and he seldom saw company except at night, when the fox and the weasel sometimes beat up his quarters, and caused a horrible cackling among the poultry.

One Tuesday in the month of November 1793, Cobus had gone in his wagon to the little market town, on the river, from whence the boats plied weekly to New-York, with the produce of the neighbouring farmers. It was then a pestilent little place for running races, pitching quoits, and wrestling for gin slings; but I must do it the credit to say, that it is now a very orderly town, sober and quiet, save when Parson Matthias, who calls himself a Son of Thunder, is praying in secret, so as to be heard across the river. It so happened that of all days in the year, this was the very day, a rumour had got into town, that I myself—the veritable writer of this true story—had been poisoned, by a dish of souchong tea, which was bought a great bargain of a country merchant. There was not a stroke of work done in the village that day. The shoemaker abandoned his awl—the tailor his goose—the batter his bowstring—and the forge of the blacksmith was cool from dawn till nightfall. Silent was the sonorous harmony of the big spinning wheel—silent the village song, and silent the fiddle of Master Timothy Canty, who passed his livelong time in playing tuneful measures, and catching bugs and butterflies. I must say something for Tim, before I go on with my tale.

Master Timothy was first seen in the village, one foggy morning after a drizzling, warm, showery night, when he was detected in a garret, at the extremity of the suburbs, and it was the general supposition that he had rained down in company with a store of little toads that were seen hopping about, as is usual after a shower. Around his garret were disposed a number of unframed pictures, painted on glass, as in the olden time, representing the Four Seasons, the old King of Prussia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in their sharp-pointed cocked hats; the bald-pated Marquis of Granby, the beautiful Constantia Phillips, and divers others, not forgetting the renowned Kitty Fisher, who I honestly confess, was my favourite among them all. The whole village poured into the garret to gaze at these chef-d'œuvres, and it is my confirmed opinion, which I shall carry to the grave, that neither the gallery of Florence, Dresden, nor the Louvre, was ever visited by so many real amateurs. Besides the pictures, there were a great many other curiosities, at least curiosities to the simple villagers, who were always sure of being welcomed by Master Tim, with a jest and a tune.

Master Tim, as they came to call him when they got to be a little acquainted, was a rare fellow, such as seldom rains down any where, much less on a country village. He was of "merry England," as they call it—lucus a non lucendo—at least so he said and I believe, although he belied his nativity, by being the merriest rogue in the world, even when the fog was at the thickest. In truth, he was ever in a good humour, unless it might be when a rare bug or gorgeous butterfly, that he had followed through thick and thin, escaped his net at last. Then, to be sure, he was apt to call the recreant all the "d—d vagabonds" he could think of. He was a middle-sized man, whose person decreased regularly, from the crown of his head to the—I was going to say, sole of his foot—but it was only to the commencement of the foot, to speak by the card. The top of his head was broad and flat, and so was his forehead, which took up at least two-thirds of

his face, that tapered off suddenly to a chin, as sharp as the point of a triangle. His forehead was indeed a large field, diversified like the country into which he had rained down, with singular varieties of hill and dale, meadow and ploughland, hedge and ditch ravine and water course. It had as many points as a periwinkle. The brow projected exuberantly, though not heavily, over a pair of rascally little cross-firing twinkling eyes, that, as the country people said, looked at least nine ways from Sunday. His teeth were white enough, but no two of them were fellows. But his head would have turned the brains of a phrenologist, in exploring the mysteries of its development; it was shaped somewhat like Stoney Point—which every body knows as the scene of a gallant exploit of Pennsylvanian Wayne—and had quite as many abruptnesses and quizzical protuberances to brag about. At the upper extremity of his forehead, as he assured us, he carried his money, in the shape of a piece of silver, three inches long and two wide, inserted there in consequence of a fracture he got by falling down a precipice in hot chase of a "d—d vagabond of a beetle," as he was pleased to call him. Descending towards terra firma, to wit, his feet, we find his body gradually diminishing to his legs, which were so thin every body wondered how they could carry the great head. But, like Captain Wattle, each had a foot at the end of it, full as large as the Black Dwarf. It is so long ago that I almost forget his costume. All I recollect is, that he never wore boots or pantaloons, but, exhibited his spindles in all weathers, in worsted stockings, and his feet in shoes, gorgeously caparisoned in a pair of square silver buckles, the only pieces of finery he ever displayed.

In the merry months of spring and summer, and early in autumn, master Timothy was most of his time chasing bugs and butterflies about the fields, to the utter confusion of the people, who wondered what he could want with such trumpery. Being a genius and an idler by profession, I used to accompany him frequently in these excursions, for he was fond of me, and called me vagabond oftener than he did any body else. He had a little net of green gauze, so constructed as to open and shut as occasion required, to entrap the small fry, and a box with a cork bottom, upon which he impaled his prisoners with the true scientific barbarity, by sticking a pin in them. Thus equipped, this Don Quixote of bug-catchers, with myself his faithful esquire, would sally out of a morning into the clovered meadows and flower dotted fields, over brook, through tangled copse and briery dell, in chase of these gentleman commoners of nature. Ever and anon, as he came upon some little retired nook, where nature like a modest virgin, shrouded her beauties from the common view—a rocky glen, romantick cottage, rustick bridge, or brawling stream, he would take out his little port-folio, and pointing me to some conspicuous station to animate his little landscape, sketch it and me together, with a mingled taste and skill I have never since seen equalled. I figure in all his landscapes, although he often called me a vagabond, because he could not drill me into picturesque attitudes. But the finest sport for me, was to watch him creeping slyly after a humming bird—the object of his most intense desires—half buried in the bliss of the dewy honeysuckle, and just as he was on the point of covering it with his net, to see the little vagrant flit away with a swiftness that made it invisible. It was an invaluable sight to behold master Timothy stand wiping his continent of a forehead, and blessing the bird for a "d—d little vagabond." These were pleasant times, and at this moment I recall them, I hardly know why, with a melancholy, yet pleasing delight.

During the winter season, master Timothy was usually employed in the day time, painting pleasure sleighs, which at that period it was the fashion among farmers to have as fine as fiddles. Timothy was a desperate hand at a true lover's knot, a cipher, or a wreath of flowers—and as for a blazing sun—he painted one for the squire, that was seriously suspected of melting all the snow in ten miles round. He would go ten or a dozen miles to paint a sleigh, and always carried his materials on a board on the top of his head—it was before the invention of high crowned hats. Destiny had decreed he should follow this trade, and nature had provided him a head on purpose. It was as flat as a pancake. In the

long winter evenings, it was his pleasure to sit by the fire-side, and tell enormous stories to groups of horror struck listeners. I never knew a man that had been so often robbed on Hounslow Heath, or had seen so many ghosts in his day, as master Tim Canty. Peace to his ashes—he is dead, and if report is to be credited, is sometimes seen on moon-light nights in the church yard, with his little green gauze net, chasing moths and beetles, as he was wont in past times.

But it is high time to return to my story; for I honestly confess I never think of honest Tim that I don't grow as garrulous as an old lady, talking about the revolution and the Yagers. In all country villages I ever saw or heard of, whenever anything strange, new, horrible, or delightful happens, or is supposed to have happened, all the male inhabitants, not to say female, make for the tavern as fast as possible, to hear the news, or tell the news, and get at the bottom of the affair. I don't deny that truth is sometimes to be found at the bottom of a well; but in these cases she is generally found at the bottom of the glass. Be this as it may—when Cobus Yerks looked into the village inn, just to say how d'y'e do, &c. to the landlady, he beheld a party of some ten or a dozen people, discussing the affair of my being poisoned with souchong tea, which by this time had been extended to the whole family, not one of whom had been left alive, by the bloody-minded damsel, rumour.

Cobus could not resist the fascination of these horrors. He edged himself in among them, and after a little while they were joined by master Timothy, who, on hearing of the catastrophe of his old fellow-labourer in bug-catching, had strode over a distance of seven miles to our house to ascertain the truth of the story. He of course found it was a mistake, and had now returned with a nefarious design of frightening them all out of their wits, by a story of more than modern horrors. By this time it was the dusk of the evening, and Cobus had many miles to travel before he could reach home. He had been so fascinated with the story, and the additions every moment furnished by various new comers, that he had forgot the time, till it began to grow quite dark; and then he was so horror-struck at what he had heard, that he grew fast to his chair in the chimney corner, where he had intrenched himself. It was at this moment master Timothy came in with the design aforesaid.

The whole party gathered round him to know if the story of the poisoning was true. Tim shook his head, and the shaking of such a head was awful. "What! all the family?" cried they with one voice. "Every soul of them," cried Tim with a hollow voice—"Every soul of them, poor creatures; and not only they, but all the cattle, horses, pigs, ducks, chickens, cats, dogs, and guinea hens, are poisoned." "What! with souchong tea?" "No—with coloquintida." Coloquintida! the very name was enough to poison a whole generation of Christian people. "But the black bull dog?" cried Timothy in a sepulchral voice, that curled the very marrow of their innermost bones. "What of the black bull dog?" quoth little Cobus. "Why, they do say that he came to life again after laying six hours stone dead, and ran away howling like a d—d incarnate." "A d—d incarnate!" quoth Cobus, who knew no more about the meaning of that fell word, than if it had been Greek. He only knew it was something very terrible. "Yes replied Timothy—"and what's more, I saw where he jumped over the barn-yard gate, and there was the print of a cloven foot, as plain as the day-light this blessed minute." It was as dark as pitch, but the comparison was considered proof positive. "A cloven foot!" quoth Cobus, who squeezed himself almost into the oven, while the thought of going home all alone in the dark, past the church yard, the old grave at the cross-roads, and above all, the spot where John Ryer was hanged for shooting the sheriff, smote upon his heart, and beat it into a jelly—at least it shook like one. What if he should meet the big black dog, with his cloven foot, who howled like a d—d incarnate! The thought was enough to wither the heart of a stone.

Cobus was a little knock-kneed, broad-faced, and broad-shouldered Dutchman, who believed all things past, present, and to come, concerning spooks, goblins, and devils of all sorts and sizes, from a fairy to a giant. Tim Canty knew him of old, for he

had once painted a sleigh for him, and frightened Cobus out of six nights' sleep, by the story of a man that he once saw murdered by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath. Tim followed up the story of the black dog, with several more, each more appalling than the other, till he fairly lifted Cobus's wits off the hinges, aided as he was by certain huge draughts upon a pewter mug, with which the little man reinforced his courage at short intervals. He was a true disciple of the doctrine that spirit and courage, that is to say, whiskey and valour were synonymous.

It now began to wax late in the evening, and the company departed, not one by one, but in pairs to their respective homes. The landlady, a bitter root of a woman, and more than a match for half the men in the village, began to grow sleepy, as it was now no longer worth her while to keep awake. Gradually all became quiet, within and without the house, except now and then the howling of a wandering cur, and the still more doleful moaning of the winds, accompanied by the hollow thumping of the waves, as they dashed on the rocky shores of the river that ran hard by. Once, and once only, the cat mewed in the garret, and almost caused Cobus to jump out of his skin. The landlady began to complain that it grew late, and she was very sleepy; but Cobus would take no hints, manfully keeping his post in the chimney corner, till at last the good woman threatened to call up her two negroes, and have him turned neck and heels out of doors. For a moment the fear of the big black dog with the cloven foot, was mastered by the fear of the two stout black men, and the spirit moved Cobus towards the door, lovingly hugging the stone jug, which he had taken care to have plentifully replenished with the creature. He sallied forth in those graceful curves, which are affirmed to constitute the true lines of beauty; and report says that he made a copious libation of the contents of the stone jug outside the door, ere the landlady, after assisting to untie his patient team, had tumbled him into his wagon. This was the last that was seen of Cobus Yerks.

That night his faithful, though not very obedient little wife, whom he had wedded at Tappan, on the famous sea of that name, and who wore a cap trimmed with pink ribbons when she went to church on Sundays, fell asleep in her chair, as she sat anxiously watching his return. About midnight she waked—but she saw not her beloved Cobus, nor heard his voice calling her to open the door. But she heard the raven, or something very like it, screaming from the Raven Rock, the foxes barking about the house, the wind whistling and moaning among the rocks and trees of the mountain side, and a terrible commotion among the poultry, Cobus having taken the great house dog with him that day. Again she fell asleep, and waked not until the day was dawning. She opened the window and looked forth upon as beautiful an autumnal morning, as ever blessed this blessed country. The yellow sun threw a golden lustre over the many-tinted woods, painted by the cunning hand of nature with a thousand varied dyes; the smoke of the neighbouring farm-houses rose straight upwards to heaven in the pure atmosphere, and the breath of the cattle mingled its warm vapour with the invisible clearness of the morning air. But what were all these beauties of delicious nature, to the eye and the heart of the anxious wife, who saw that Cobus was not there?

She went forth to the neighbours to know if they had seen him, and they good naturedly sallied out to seek him on the road, that led from the village to his home. But no traces of him could be found, and they were returning with bad news for his anxious wife, when they bethought themselves of turning into a by-road that led to a tavern, which used whilome to attract the affections of honest Cobus, and where he was sometimes wont to stop and wet his whistle.

They had not gone far, when they began to perceive traces of the lost traveller. First his broad-brimmed hat, which he had inherited through divers generations, and which he always wore when he went to the village, lay grovelling in the dirt, crushed out of all goodly shape, by the wheel of his wagon, which had passed over it. Next, they encountered the back board of the wagon, ornamented with C. Y. in a true lover's knot, painted by

Tim Canty, in his best style—and anon a little farther, a shoe that was identified as having belonged to our hero, by having upwards of three hundred hobnails in the sole, for he was a saving little fellow, though he would wet his whistle sometimes, in spite of all his wife and the minister could say. Proceeding about a hundred yards farther, to a sudden turn of the road, they encountered the wagon, or rather the fragments of it, scattered about and along in the highway, and the horses standing quietly against a fence, into which they had run the pole of the wagon.

But what was become of the unfortunate driver, no one could discover. At length, after searching sometime, they found him lying in a tuft of blackberry briars, amidst the fragments of the stone jug, lifeless and motionless. His face was turned upwards, and streaked with streams of blood; his clothes torn, bloody and disfigured with dirt; and his pipe that he carried in the button holes of his waistcoat, shivered all to nought. They made their way to the body, full of sad forebodings, and shook it to see if any life remained. But it was all in vain. There seemed neither sense nor motion there. "May be after all," said one, "he is only in a swoon—here is a little drop of the spirits left in the bottom of the jug—let us hold it to his nose, it may bring him to life."

The experiment was tried, and wonderful to tell, in a moment or two, Cobus opening his eyes, and smacking his lips with peculiar satisfaction, exclaimed—"some o' that, boys!" A little shaking brought him to himself, when being asked to give an account of the disaster of his wagon and his stone jug, he at first shook his head mysteriously, and demurred. Being, however, taken to the neighbouring tavern, and comforted a little with divers refreshments, he was again pressed for his story, when, assuming a face of awful mystification, he began as follows:—

"You must know," said Cobus, "I started rather late from town, for I had been kept there by—by business; and because you see, I was waiting for the moon to rise, that I might find my way home in the dark night. But it grew darker and darker, until you could not see your hand before your face, and at last I concluded to set out, considering I was sober as a deacon, and my horses could see their way blindfold. I had not gone quite round the corner, where John Ryer was hung for shooting sheriff Smith, when I heard somebody coming, pat, pat, pat, close behind my wagon. I looked back, but I could see nothing, it was so dark. By and by, I heard it again, louder and louder, and then I confess I began to be a little afraid. So I whipt up my horses a quarter of a mile or so, and then let them walk on again, I listened and pat, pat, pat, went the noise again. I began to be a good deal frightened, but considering it could be nothing at all, I thought I might as well take a small dram, as the night was rather chilly, and I began to tremble a little with cold. I took but a drop, as I am a living sinner, and then went on quite gayly—but pat, pat, pat, went the footsteps ten times louder and faster than ever. And then! then I looked back, and saw a pair of saucer eyes just at the tail of my wagon, as big and as bright as the mouths of a fiery furnace, dancing up and down in the air like two stage lamps in a rough road."

"By Gosh, boys, but you may depend I was scared now! I took another little dram, and then made the whiffly about the ears of old Pepper and Billy, who cantered away at a wonderful rate considering. Presently bang! something heavy jumped into the wagon, as if heaven and earth were coming together. I looked over my shoulder, and the great burning eyes were within half a yard of my back. The creature was so close that I felt its breath blowing upon me, and it smelt for all one, exactly like brimstone. I should have jumped out of the wagon, but somehow or other, I could not stir, for I was bewitched assure as you live. All I could do was to bang away upon Pepper and Billy, who rattled along at a great rate up hill and down, over the rough roads, so that if I had not been bewitched, I must have tumbled out to a certainty. When I came to the bridge at old Mangam's, the black dog, for I could see something black and shaggy under the goggle eyes, all at once jumped up and seated himself close by me on the bench, snatched the whip and reins out of my hands, like lightning—then

looking me in the face, and nodding, he whispered something in my ear, and lashed away upon Pepper and Billy, till they seemed to fly through the air. From that time I began to loose my wits by degrees, till at last the smell of brimstone overpowered me, and I remember nothing till you found me this morning in the briars."

Here little Cobus concluded his story, which he repeated with several variations and additions to his wife, when he got home. That good woman, who on most occasions, took the liberty of lecturing her good man, whenever he used to be belated in his excursions to the village, was so struck with this adventure, that she omitted her usual exhortation, and ever afterwards viewed him as one ennobled by supernatural communication, submitting to him as her lord and master. Some people, who pretend to be so wise that they won't believe the evidence of their senses, when it contradicts their reason, affected to be incredulous, and hinted that the goggle eyes, and the brimstone breath, appertained to Cobus Yerks's great house-dog, which had certainly followed him that day to the village, and was found quietly reposing by his master, in the tuft of briars. But Cobus was ever exceedingly wroth at this suggestion, and being a sturdy little bruiser, had knocked down one or two of these unbelieving sinners, for venturing to assert that the contents of the stone jug were at the bottom of the whole story. After that every body believed it, and it is now forever incorporated with the marvellous legends of the renowned Butter-milk Hill.

MISCELLANY.

JOHNNY, THE LAIRD'S BRITHER.

The subject of the following anecdote was the only brother of Mr. Dempster of Dunnichen, Forfarshire, of which country he was representative for many successive Parliaments. Poor Johnny was what in common Scottish parlance is called a haveler, viz. a natural fool. But in Johnny's muddled cranium there were some crevices stuffed with strange and unaccountable observation, and during his lucid intervals, truly electrifying flashes of wit and satire beamed from his generally unirradiated upper-story. The present anecdote affords an instance of a power of combination and invention almost unique in a reputed haveler. At one of his brother's electioneering feasts happened to be a Mrs. Geikie, the guacy gude-wife of an honest grocer in Cupar-Angus. This worthy woman was blessed with a truly edifying gift of the gab, and indeed her sole pleasure in life appeared to consist in hearing and making others hear the accents of her melodious tongue.—

She was, as usual, spinning a yarn, which Johnny said afterwards, "Nay doot it was a meerikill to say't but that wife's clashes hae naether beginnin' nor end." At last, being obliged to pause for lack of breath, Johnny relieved the guard, not less to her confusion than to the amazement of the company. "O! man, Geordy," says he addressing his brother, "I had an awsome dream last nicht."—"Had ye, my mon," said Mr. Dempster, clapping him kindly on the shoulder, "What sort o' dream was't, Johnny?" "O! Geordy, d'ye ken, I dreamt I was dead.* Weel, man, I gade awa to Heaven's yett,† and wha saw I there, think ye, sirs, wha! but the archangel Gabriel, wi' a great muckle flaming sword in his hand. Gin I had been a leevin' body, and no a ghaist, I wad hae swarfed‡ at the very sight o' him. Ye needna doot but mony mair beside me were ettling|| to win in at the yett, but hech! sirs, the fiery sword made an unco skaling§ o' them away to a place I'm laith to gie a name to. A weel, quo' I to mysel', he'll surely ken me; so up I gangs till him. But, Lord hae mercy on's a'! what a grosome¶ face he put on!"—"Wha's dog are ye?" quo' he. "D'ye no ken me, Gabriel," quo' I, "that's unco queer too, for I ken you brawley. I'm Johnny Dempster, the laird o' Dunnichen's brither."—"Feint a hair are ye the better o' that," quo' he; "he's ane o' Satan's Parliamentors (hear ye that Geordy?) and ye being sib till him canna come in here. Swith, awa wi' ye, or ghaist as ye are, I'll mak ye shorter by the craig.** Weel, I saw noth-

* Dead. † Gate. ‡ Swoned. || Endeavouring.
§ Scattering. ¶ Horrible. ** Neek.

ing for't but to creep into a corner, and may be, thinks I'll get in *heddlings*, when his back's turned. But, gudesake, wha should come up among ither but our gude freend Mrs. Geikie, ower there. Forrit she gade, hap, stap, and lowp, and for what no, she was aye a wonderfu' woman, and her gude-man Saunders, there, is as sponible a carle as ony in a' Angus. Gabriel takes a lang look at her, and at last, says he, "This is no a place for the like o' ye, ma leddy." Ye a' ken our freend's abeelities in the way o' speaking; she began ane o' her long stories till him, but I trow before she was half dune, Gabriel cried out like a demented creature, "Gang in woman, I wadna be troubled wi' your infernal clack for a' heaven itself."

PORTUGUESE ASSASSINS.

For the office of assassin, the very lowest order of negroes are hired, and these wretches undersell the Lisbon gallegos completely: a glass of cachaca (a species of rum) being with many a sufficient incentive. Their manner of setting to work is worthy of remark. They need no stiletto, ferro de gaiola (bird-cage awl), or any other weapon. In lieu of all these, they use only the head, and with it they butt like bulls; at the chest of their victim. I saw a field officer who had been murdered in this manner, and thrown over the wall into his own garden, where his family found him in the morning; the upper part of the body was flattened, as if the implement of death had been a mallet. I had an opportunity of observing the dexterity with which negroes effect the work of murder, whilst standing talking to a friend near the residence of the Pope's Nuncio.

A carriage was drawn up at the door of the house, and the coachman and lacquey were lounging against the stone posts on either side of the door. A negro slave going along the street passed betwixt the house and the carriage. So good an opportunity of mortifying a poor half-naked negro was too good to let slip, and the coachman gave him a very severe cut with his whip over the bare shoulders, which raised a welt as thick as my finger. The poor creature writhed with pain, upon which the blow was repeated, and the footman then seized the whip, and amused himself in a similar manner. I could not help expressing my astonishment at the negro's remaining there under such evident suffering, instead of attempting to escape, and but for the fear of Popish vengeance, if I had dared to take the part of a negro against domesticks of the Grand Lama's representative, I should certainly have interfered.

Blacky had, however, his reasons for thus appearing passive; he was watching his moment, and having found it, a flash of lightning is not more prompt than were his movements. With his head couched low, he butted at the coachman's stomach, who having the wall immediately behind him, was settled in the twinkling of an eye; then turning suddenly at the lacquey, the negro gave him, with the sole of his foot, a kick in the stomach with such force and dexterity, that he stretched him lifeless. Leaving both his victims, he then took to his heels with the swiftness of a deer, to our no small satisfaction at seeing such gratuitous and unprovoked brutality receive its due reward.

[Sketches of Portuguese Life and Character.]

FASTING.

Dr. Knight, in his recent work on Insanity, relates some curious instances of obstinate disinclination to food among the insane. One man, John Booth, aged about thirty-five, fasted fourteen days. "He certainly," says Dr. K., "took no food during this period, and though he had access to water, I believe he never drank any. He amused himself by walking in the galleries of the asylum, and very seldom sat or rested; yet he appeared as equal to exercise at the end of the fortnight as at the commencement. His pulse continued good to the last; his tongue, which was furred and brown at the beginning, had become clean; and his breath, which was very offensive, as the breath of a lunatic usually is, had become as sweet as an infant's. He was generally very haughty and taciturn; but had now become more tractable, and I at last succeeded in drawing him into conversation. He told me he had not ex-

perienced any benefit from eating, that it had frequently made him ill, and that he had, therefore, resolved to refrain from it altogether. I asked him if his objection extended to medicine also; to which he replied, he would take any medicine I thought fit to prescribe. I told him it would be necessary to drink it in beef-tea, to which he consented. A pint of good beef-tea was accordingly sent to him, and he readily took it, and in a convenient time the dose was repeated, and so he was humoured, till his appetite returned, when he again took his food as usual, and finally he was discharged well."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

Such of our subscribers as are in arrears, and can conveniently remit the amount of their subscription, will at this time confer a particular favour by so doing.

"W—" is received, and shall appear in our next. He will please to accept our thanks, with the assurance that a more particular acquaintance would be highly gratifying to us.

CHEMISTRY, NO. I.

The derivation of this word has been a matter of much speculation among etymologists, and is perhaps irreducible to any degree of certainty. It has been supposed to be derived by some, from *Kema*, an Arabick word applied to a book of witchcraft; from *Ham*, or *Cham*, the son of Noah, from whom Egypt derived the name of *Chemia*, or *Chamia*,—or from *Chemis* an ancient monarch of Egypt; or from a Greek word, *Chumo*, signifying to melt. All these sources present strong claims to the parentage of this word, but it is probable their respective claims will never be so permanently established as to ensure a preference for either.

Its definition has been as liable to variance among authors, as its etymology, and it was not till some fifty or sixty years ago, that it was entitled to any definite meaning. The one adopted by a learned writer of the present day, is this:—"Chymistry is a science by which we become acquainted with the intimate and reciprocal action of all the bodies in nature, upon each other."

This science is naturally divided into three parts: a description of simple substances; a description of compound substances, and an account of the nature of the power which occasions these combinations,—called *affinity*.

All bodies are simple or compound. By simple substances we mean such as have not yet been decomposed, or separated into others less complex; such as the metals, the gases. These are received as simple substances, because they have not yet been analysed; yet many of these, and perhaps all, may hereafter be discovered to be compound. Compound bodies are such as are known to consist of two or more simple substances combined; as water, which is a compound of hydrogen and oxygen; ochre, a compound of oxygen and iron.

The attraction between the particles of simple substances and other bodies with which they become combined, is termed by chymists, *affinity*, and is the power by which they unite when presented to each other, and become apparently one substance. This affinity is greater between some substances than others, and in others it does not exist at all; as between oil and water, which cannot be combined, and are therefore said to have no affinity to each other. This difference of affinity is of great use in

chymical processes, as may be illustrated by a simple and easy experiment. Let a quantity of common salt be thrown into a vessel of pure water. The affinity is so great between these two substances, that they readily unite and form what is familiarly termed brine. But let alcohol, or any other liquid for which water has a greater affinity than salt, be thrown into the solution, and the salt is immediately precipitated to the bottom, leaving the two liquids combined by themselves. By similar experiments nearly all that is known of chymistry has been obtained, and from the confusion and mystery which it presented a hundred years ago, it has been brought to its present yet imperfect state, as a science.

The number of elements were once believed to be but four, to wit, *air*, *earth*, *fire*, and *water*. Now the simple substances are known to be more than fifty; and some chymists believe this to fall far short of their real number. These are divided into two classes; the *confinnable* and the *unconfinnable* bodies. The former comprises the solids and liquids; the latter, the gases, heat and light.

We shall resume this subject at some future time, believing that none of our readers are so indifferent to the beauties of this noble science as not to excuse the didactic manner in which we address them.

We shall not pretend to the character of experimental chymists, nor will we promise to give them the whole compass of a science so extensive as the one we have now entered upon. Our only claim to originality in these numbers, will be for the language we use, and the manner of conveying the most useful information to the capacities of such as have not already become more proficient than ourselves. To those who have, we feel no necessity of making apologies, relying on their well known zeal for the diffusion of science, as the best motive to forbearance in regard to our own defects, and inexperience, in the practical part of this very interesting study. In a word, we are candid enough to own, that our principal motive for engaging on this subject, was drawn from the fact, that Doctor Priestly, a name particularly connected with chymistry, made it a constant rule to take up his pen on any subject he was very anxious to become a proficient in himself. The wisdom of others is most easily retained in the mind, by putting it into some tangible form, and associating it with some reflections and inquiries of our own.

It becomes our painful duty to inform our readers that THOMAS ADDIS EMMET is no more. He was struck with an apopleckick shock on Wednesday last, while attending to his professional duties in the Circuit Court, in New-York, and was taken home with all possible despatch, and medical aid called in; but during the night he expired. To the social circle he moved in,—to the city of New-York,—to the profession he followed with the most flattering success, and to his adopted country, his loss is such an one as will not speedily be retrieved. The editor of the New-York American, observes, "that there is in the manner of this death something glorious and consolatory. It recalls the great Chatham, struck down among his peers, or the warrior perishing upon the field of his fame. The spirit—the immortal mind—has worn out its feeble and more worthless tenement—and returned to the God who gave it—unbroken by decay—and who can lament such an issue to such a life? Better, oh! a thousand times better is it for such

to perish 'mid the shock,
Than linger piece-meal on the rock."

It is a striking circumstance, that the day of Mr. Emmet's death was the 24th anniversary of that upon which he had filed the declaration of his intention to become an American citizen.

FROM THE WEST. We have heretofore expressed an opinion, that the rapidity of the current which has carried every thing away with it a long season at the west, would increase its velocity as it approached the time of election, to such a momentum as to cause an immediate reaction; and that the "tide of ebb" would be no less rapid and overwhelming than the "tide of flood" has been. We were right in our opinion; and those who have so long trifled with the bad passions of the populace, are already beginning to feel the indignation of those they were hoaxing. Since the villanous farce of the *second* inquest over the body of Monro has become palpable to every candid observer, they have strained every nerve to retrieve the blunder, but all in vain. Every new shift has only contributed more fully to expose their impostures; and the "indefatigable" and "unwearied sentinels on the towers of freedom," vulgarly denominated the "Morgan Committee," are falling from the high seats they usurped on the credulity of the people,—proving themselves, with the exception of a few, honest enough publicly to disclaim any participation in the villanous intrigues of which the remainder stand convicted before the people, to be an unprincipled, political junto, rather than the vindicators of the insulted laws of the land.

Immediately after the *third* inquest, held at Batavia, and just on the eve of election, this Committee, or a portion of it, issued a handbill stating that the coroner who held that inquest was a mason,—that the body measured only five feet eight inches, insinuating that proof was yet clearly in favour of the supposition that it yet might be the body of Morgan, and that there was a shuffling on the part of the coroner contrary to his oath as a publick officer. These it is needless to add, were forthwith proved to be gross and malicious falsehoods. Mr. J. Bissel, jr. whose name was attached to this infamous libel, has since given notice that it was done without his knowledge or consent. The other names deserve to be recorded for the edification of political assassins. They were H. Norton, F. Whittlesey, S. Works, *Thurlow Weed*, who it is not doubtful wrote "advisedly," and F. F. Backus, the hero of mysterious letters. From the affidavits of the coroner who held the inquest, the constable who summoned the jury, and letters from sundry gentlemen who were present at the investigation, it is proved that the coroner is not a mason, that he took special care, believing the circumstances of the case demanded it, to have no masons on the jury, that he suggested to the coroner the propriety of summoning a jury who were not masons, and that the handbill in question was, from beginning to end, nothing but a tissue of falsehoods. These, and other outrages upon honest citizens, have arrayed the whole of the thinking part of community against them; the newspapers speak in terms of the highest indignation against such practices, carried on under pretence of bringing the guilty to punishment; and numerous meetings of the people who were not masons have been held in several places, declaring that "the Morgan Committee have forfeited all claim to publick confidence by their frequent publications of surmises for realities, and conjectures for proofs; and finally, by the conduct of such of them

as have basely attempted to palm off the body of Timothy Monro upon the publick as the body of William Morgan."

THE COMMITTEE IN TROUBLE. Mr. Charles C. Church of Batavia has conceived the heterodox opinion, that the Morgan Committee cannot vilify the character of an honest man with impunity, and has accordingly commenced a prosecution against that august body for charging him in their veracious handbill of being "notoriously implicated in the outrage on William Morgan." This we believe is a new doctrine at the west. We had almost been led to believe that a Morganite might say what he pleased with all the law on his side, having heard of but one solitary exception, in Livingston county, where a man recovered a verdict of \$20 for a similar charge. *Somewhere this side of the westward*, the only clause of law in favour of habitual slanderers is, if we recollect right, "*Pauperitatis damnum tacito ferre memento.*"—Rendered literally "sue a beggar and catch a louse."

The publication of the "*Signs of the Times*," in this city, by Mr. D. M'Glashan, was this morning resumed. The second number carries with it the same neatness and spirit of the first. From the friends of General Jackson it deserves, and will undoubtedly receive a liberal patronage.

Mr. JENKS, the able editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, has resigned the management of that paper, after having performed the duties, with only a short respite, for more than five years. The Inquirer will be edited in future by Mr. JOHN THORNTON, with no change in its political character. Mr. Jenks, in his farewell address, assures us that he leaves the concern "in hands abundantly competent to fulfil the just requisitions of its supporters, and to preserve whatever portion of credit the publick may have been pleased to award."

DESTRUCTIVE GALE. A gale from the north west commenced on Tuesday last, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and continued for about twenty-four hours without abatement. We have heard but little of the damage it has done, but there is reason to believe that, both in extent and destructiveness, its consequences have been truly melancholy. Many vessels have been driven ashore, or sunk at the wharves in the vicinity of New-York. Buildings have been prostrated in every part of the country; chimneys blown down, and much damage done on land and on the water.

FIRE AT MOBILE. A dreadful fire has almost completely destroyed the flourishing city of Mobile. It broke out about daylight on the morning of the 21st of October, in the upper story of the Mobile Hotel, which had been unoccupied for months; and at sunrise, the wind rising from the south-west, its progress was tremendous. Our last accounts state that between two and three hundred houses have been burned, and that the fire was still progressing, though in a great measure suppressed. Insurance offices must suffer considerably by this disaster, but their situation is not to be compared with the lot of those of the poorer classes, who could not afford to avail themselves of the advantage of insurance, and are now entirely ruined. The sufferers by this calamity are surely fit objects for the charity of those who have the means, and the hearts to perform the great duty for which they were created, to wit, that of administering to the wants of a miserable fellow creature.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

Mr. George Dunham, of Amenia, Dutchess county, has raised this season, from the planting of one potato, three bushels, good measure.—Two enterprising mechanics of Pittsburgh (Pa.) give notice that they manufacture *vices* at 17 cts. per pound, which they warrant to be superior to those of British manufacture. Major Noah pronounces this the most barefaced and wicked proclamation he ever read. Will the "Journal of Commerce" suffer an announcement like this to pass uncensored? Where is the society for the suppression of vice? And only 17 cents per pound! This is bringing vice down to the capacity of the poorest classes.—Governor Trimble has appointed the 29th day of November to be observed as a day of publick thanksgiving in Ohio.—Mr. Nathan Warner of Woodbury (Conn.) has kept some apples of the growth of 1826, in a perfectly sound state, by the simple process of packing them in dry flax-seed chaff. In June they were overhauled, the chaff dried, and sound apples packed down again along with the chaff as at first.—The Boston Patriot publishes a copy of a memorial to be presented to congress, in favour of an expedition to the south pole, as proposed by Mr. Reynolds.—There are eleven brothers and sisters now living in an eastern town, whose ages average 79 years. The eldest is now 91, the youngest 68 years.—The Territory of Arkansas has acquired a population which will most probably ensure its admission into the union in 1829.—A lad living on Taylor's Island, near the upper part of Chesapeake bay, lately killed, rank and file, *forty-eight ducks at a single shot!*—A fisherman of Calais has drawn from the bottom of the sea, a loaded cannon of a very ancient date. The ball was of lead, and was not oxidized more than the hundredth part of an inch.—The last Grand Jury in Rutland county, Vermont, broke up the old custom of treats from freshmen, and when they separated, no bar-bill was found.—The Berkshire American states that Hoosack mountain is quite populous with bears, which have made some depredations on the cornfields and orchards in the vicinity. Twelve have been killed within a month.—The Nantucket Journal states that an order has been received from England for thirty thousand barrels of oil.—The original club chair was lately sold at the Crown & Anchor Strand. It was put up by Cobbett for 8*l*, and knocked down for 45 guineas—a curious coincidence with Wilkes' celebrated number 45.

In an action, tried at the late Bristol (Eng.) Assizes, relative to some turtle, to the value of *four pounds four shillings*, the law expenses will not fall much short of *one thousand pounds!* The plaintiff and defendant were rival innkeepers at Truro. To them might be well applied the old epigram—

"Blind plaintiff, lame defendant share,
The kindly law's protecting care;
A shell for him, a shell for thee—
The oyster for the lawyer's fee!"

A Fife bailie, while reading a newspaper lately, gravely asked an acquaintance if the *portable gas* was made up in *cakes*.—Lord Norbury; at dinner, had a fried sole placed before him, over which, through carelessness of his cook, some *coal dust* had fallen. "What fish do you call this, Sir?" said he to his servant. "A sole, my Lord." "A sole, Sir!—body o'me, I took it for a scuttle fish."

The subscribers to *Carter's Letters* in Albany, Troy, Lansingburgh, Watford and their vicinity, are informed that the subscriber has been appointed agent for their delivery, and that the work is now ready at the counting room of the Albany Argus. Nov. 9. E. B. CHILD.

DIED.

At Savannah on the first of November, the Rev. ABIEL CARTER, aged 36. He survived his affectionate and much lamented wife but 82 hours. Mr. Carter was born at Concord, New-Hampshire, and received his education at Dartmouth college. He commenced the study of the law in the city of New-York, but his subsequent religious impressions prompting him to enter the sacred ministry, he took holy orders, and settled at Trenton, New-Jersey. In 1822 he accepted the rectorship of Christ church in Savannah.

GREAT LUCK AT G. ARMS'S Lottery Office, No. 395, South Market-street.—Drawing of the New-York Consolidated Lottery, class No. 9, for 1827:

23, 11, 23, 1, 33, 40.
Combination, 1, 11, 23, a prize of \$10,000,
do. 1, 23, 40, do. of 2,000,
besides several of \$120, 100, 90, 80, &c. were sold at the above office, where the fortunate holders are requested to call and receive the cash.

Tickets, and shares in a variety of numbers, in the 10th class of said lottery, to be drawn on the 29th instant, for sale. Orders from the country, enclosing cash or prize tickets, will receive prompt attention, if directed to G. ARMS, 395, South Market-street, Albany. Tickets \$15; halves \$7.50; quarters \$3.75; tenths 1.50. Nov. 17. L. J. 23

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO MARY.

BY I. EMERY.

Go, Mary, though there's something still
That binds my heart to love and thee,
My breast some sweet emotions fill,
And in thy smile there's ecstasy.

Yet go, fair maiden, go in peace,
Nor wed thee to my heart's despair,
And I will seek to find release
In absence, from love's witching snare.

When first we met, calm fortune smiled,—
Then health and peace and joy were mine,
And bliss unmarred each hour beguiled,
—But fortune's sun has ceased to shine.

Then better far, my love, to part;
Some happier one shall make thee blest.
The pangs that rend my anguished heart,
I would not they should pain thy breast.

PETER'S SONG.

BY RODGERS.

My mither ment my auld brecks,
An' wow! but they war duddy,
An' sent me, to get shod our mare,
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a laughin'.

For Robin was a wealthy carle,
An' had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak a man,
Though mony lads had sought her;
But what think ye o' my exploit?
The time our mare was shoeing,
I sallpit up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a wooing.

An' aye she o'ed my auld brecks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo I, my lass, ne'er mind the cloats,
I've new ones for the makin';
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me
An' lea the carle your father,
Yese get my brecks to keep in trim,
Mysel', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo she, your o'er's fair,
I really think I'll tak it,
See gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty,
But na;—I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
At losing o' his dochter:—
Through a' the kistra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak my mither.

Auld Robin grinned an' sheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo he you're merry,
But I'll just tak ye at your word,
An' end this hurry burry;
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

STANZAS.

BY W. C. SELWY.

Farewell!—and never think of me
When mirth lights up her festive bowers;
Farewell!—and never think of me
While joy strews round his gayest flowers:
But, when thou gazest on the spot
Where stands some lightning blasted tree,
Then be my fate not all forgot,
Then—and then only—think of me.

When all around is dark and drear,
Without one star to light thee on,
When misery sheds the unspilt tear,
And wanders through the earth alone,
When memory brings thee no relief,
No calm upon a troubled sea,
Nor time assuage the pangs of grief,
Then—and then only—think of me.

When o'er the universal wreck
The night of worlds is gathering fast,
And nature dwindles to a speck
Among the orbs to chaos past—
When snatched from elemental strife
The imprisoned soul again is free,
And bursts auid new realms of life,
Then will I cease to think of thee.

INCANTATION.

BY HENRY NEEDLE.

Spirit, sweet spirit, who dost dwell
In the loveliest, fairest shell,
E'er was formed of mortal clay,
Hear my spell, and come away!
Come and bless thy lover's eyes,
Come and stay his bursting sighs,
Come, though ocean rolls between ye,
Come, though mountains rise to screen thee,
Come, though nature's laws say nay,
Hear my spell, and come away!

Spirit, sweet spirit, while I speak,
My potent art its charm doth wreak
On thy limbs and o'er thy eyes;
Rapt in sleep thy body lies,
Whilst thou ridest the viewless air,
O'er turrets, rocks, and woodlands fair,
And when thou returnest, a dream,
All that thou hast seen shall seem,
Then haste thee, haste, make no delay,
Hear my spell, and come away!

By the hidden things of earth,
Formed before the mammoth's birth;
By the secrets of the deep,
O'er which the unfathomed waters sweep;
By the stars, whose lamps on high
Shew things to come to mortal eye;
By the name which spirits obey,
Unutterable by lips of clay,
Haste thee, haste, make no delay,
Hear my spell, and come away!

YAGER SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.

Come on, ye yagers, bold and free,
Your rifles in your hand;
Come on, the brave the world o'erthrow,
Then seek the field, and meet the foe,
Come, for your father-land!

From east, from west, from north, from south,
Revenge shall swell our ranks;
From Oder's flood, Weser and Main,
From Elbe, and from old father Rhine,
And from Danube the banks

Yet we are one, although we dwell
By many a distant flood;
One tongue unites us in its band,
One God, one hallowed father-land,
And one true German blood!

Then brethren say, with such a band
Shall we e'er dread disgrace!
No! we shall triumph as the brave
Have triumphed o'er o'er the slave,
And freemen o'er the base!

Come then and in the bloody fight
The Lord shall be our shield!
And we'll requite him with our blood,
For freedom is the highest good,
Though bought in many a field.

Come on, nor heed though softer tears
From weeping beauty flow!
Our God shall help us from on high;
Come seek the field and win or die;—
Come, yagers, meet the foe!

THE REFLECTOR.

CHRISTIAN CHARGE.

Extract from the charge of the Rev. Mr. Irving to the Rev. Hugh Maclean, at his recent ordination, at the Scotch Church, London Wall:—

Oh, if thou grow rich—oh, if thou shouldst die rich, I will be ashamed of thee. Look at the hard hearts of rich men; look at their vain self-importance! look at their contempt of Christ, and pray, oh, earnestly pray, to be kept from that great snare. Thy cloak and thy parchments, brother—that is thy decent apparel and thy books—be these thy riches, and then thou canst speak out against mammon, and tell these men of thousands and tens of thousands, whom thou art surrounded with, what they should do with their treasures. If thou spare them, God will not spare thee. I give thee in charge this day, that thou reprove them and their accumulations sharply. Keep thou hospitality. Show thou to the lordly prelates what the word Bishop meaneth. Show thou to substantial citizens what the word hospitality meaneth. Show thou to rich men what the word charity meaneth, and to all what faith meaneth. Go thou out as poor a man as thou came in, and let them bury thee when thou diest. And if God should bless thee with a wife and children, put no money in the bank for them, but write prayers in the volume of the Book of Life. Be this thy bank of faith; be this thy exchange, even the pro-

vidence of God; and let thy lords of the treasury be the prophets and the apostles who went before thee.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Gennadius, a physician, a man of eminence in piety and charity, had in his youth some doubts of the reality of another life. He saw one night in a dream, a young man of celestial figure, who bade him follow him. The apparition led him into a magnificent city, in which his ears were charmed by melodious music, which exceeded the most enchanting harmony he had ever heard. To the inquiry, from whence came these ravishing sounds, his conductor answered that they were the hymns of the blessed in Heaven, and disappeared. Gennadius awoke, and the impression of the dream was dissipated by the transactions of the day. The following night the young man appeared, and asked whether he recollected him? The melodious songs which I heard last night, answered Gennadius, are now brought again to my memory. "Did you hear them," said the apparition, "dreaming or awake?" I heard them in a dream.

"True," replied the young man, "and our present conversation is a dream; but where is your body while I am speaking to you?" "In my chamber." "But know you not that your eyes are shut, and you cannot see?" "My eyes are indeed shut."—"How then can you see?" Gennadius could make no answer. "In your dream, the eyes of your body are closed and useless, but you have others with which you see me. Thus after death, although the eyes of your flesh are deprived of sense and motion, you will remain alive and capable of sense and motion by your spiritual part. Cease, then to entertain a doubt of another life after death." By this occurrence, Gennadius affirms, he became a sincere believer in the doctrine of a future state.

THE PASSIONS AND THE SOUL.

Philosophers have long declaimed against the passions, as being the source of all our miseries; they are the source of all our misfortunes, I own, but they are the sources of our pleasures too; and every endeavour of our lives, and all the institutions of philosophy should tend to this—not to dissemble an absence of passion, but to repel those which lead to vice, by those which direct to virtue.

The Soul may be compared to a field of battle, where two armies are ready every moment to encounter; not a single vice, but has a more powerful opponent; and not one virtue, but may be overborne by a combination of vices. Reason guides the hands of either host, nor can it subdue one passion, but by another. Thus, as a bark after a storm, enjoys a state of rest, so does the mind, when influenced by a just equipoise of passions, enjoy tranquillity. [Goldsmith.]

LEMAN, —Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 21st

EXPIRATION of the time for redeeming Lands sold for Taxes in 1826.—Comptroller's Office, Albany, October 17, 1827.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the time for redeeming the lands sold for county taxes and the United States' direct tax and assessments for making roads, will expire on the 27th day of April next; and that unless the lands sold by the Comptroller at his last sale in 1826, are redeemed on or before the said 27th day of April next, they will be conveyed to the purchasers.

W. L. MARCY, Comptroller.
N. B. Lists of such lands in each county as had been sold, and were not redeemed at the date of the above notice, have been transmitted to each county treasurer, whose duty it is to publish the same in one or more papers in the county of which he is treasurer. Those interested are referred to such lists to ascertain if their lands have been sold and remain unredeemed. 346

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1827.

[No. 48.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ [Juv. Sat.]

AN ORATION.

Delivered before the Mansfield Lodge, No. 35, at Mansfield, Ohio, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 25, 1827.

BY BR. HENRY B. CURTIS.

(Concluded.)

The Romans succeeded the Grecians in universal empire, and from a variety of incidents that occur in their history, little doubt can remain, but that masonry was cherished and protected among them.

We cannot trace with accuracy the steps of masonry, though the dark ages of monkish superstition; but we are happy to find her, emerging from the gloom that had obscured her, and taking her seat upon the Island of Britain; whether before or after the conquest of Cæsar, is not satisfactorily determined. It is supposed to have found its way to this country by the Druids, whose institutions were founded by Pythagoras; concerning whom, a variety of circumstances concur, in confirming us in the belief that he was a mason. In no country perhaps, has masonry flourished to so great a degree, or been productive of more good, than in Great Britain. But such was the tumult of war, in the various struggles, between the Picts and the Scots, the Britons, Saxons and Danes, that masonry was not much cultivated until about five hundred and fifty years after the christian era. From that time we regularly trace her progress step by step, in the annals of masonic history.

The first Grand Lodge in England, was assembled by King Athelstane at York, in the year six hundred and twenty-six; which has been continued in regular succession, down to the present day.—Hence we are called "*Ancient York Masons*." The Kings of England have generally been patrons of masonry, and promoters of its principles. And such has been its general influence throughout the states of modern Europe, that kings and emperors have not thought it derogatory to their dignity, to lay by their sceptres, level themselves with our ancient order, and patronize our assemblies. Henry the VI. king of England, sometimes called "*the good*," was, in the early part of his reign, a virulent enemy to masonry. He afterwards however, embraced it, and became so zealous a member of the fraternity, that he has left some valuable lectures on the subject of masonry, written by his own hand; several of which are yet preserved among masons. The learned Mr. Locke, upon examining a manuscript lecture of Henry VI. on masonry; at once became so satisfied of its value and importance, that he determined to attach himself to the fraternity.

In the year sixteen hundred and thirty-three, a charter was granted by the Grand Lodge of England, to a number of brethren in Boston; with power to constitute lodges throughout North America, as occasion might require. From this parental stock, have the lodges in America sprung. And as no country presents a parallel to the United States, in its cultivation of the arts and sciences—in the march of mind: so, perhaps, no country can present a parallel for its advancement of the principles of our order.

In this brief review, of the history of our institution, is it not a pleasing reflection, that masonry has gone hand in hand with civilization—with religion and learning? She has basked in the sunshine of science and christianity; and with them she has withered under the blasting pestilence of bigotry and superstition. Through all the changeable scenes of this world, masonry has sped her way. Sometimes enveloped in the gloom and obscurity of barbarous and ignorant ages and anon shining forth with redoubled lustre. Its obscurity has been like the passing cloud, that floats across "the morn-

ing sun, and hides it from the view; and does so for a moment hide it, by involving the spectator, without even approaching the face of the luminary." While other human fabricks and institutions, have arisen, flourished, and crumbled to the dust, "neath the withering hand of time," freemasonry has still survived. Her wings have been unfurled at the Persian Gulf; unstayed by the pillars of Hercules, she has winged her flight to the western world. Those splendid monuments of art and antiquity, witnessed by her, and erected by her hands—where are they now? The ravages of time and desolation have swept them away. Nations have arisen, have triumphed, and have disappeared, leaving scarce a fragment on which the eye of philanthropy might repose, or whence history could trace their fame. The land of Maro, Tacitus, and Tully, exists only in the decayless empire of the mind. Their descendants, standing amid the monuments of their country's freedom, and the decaying tombs of those, at whose frown, nations trembled, "in unblushing corruption, hug their gilded chains, and smile at their infamy." The canvass glowed beneath the pencil of an Appelles; the marble breathed under the chisel of Phidias; Athens was mute under the eloquence of Demosthenes; and the groves of Attica resounded to the harp of Homer. Where now are all their glories! The land of Aristotle is the land of ignorance! The crescent waves her unhallowed banner over a christian country, and the descendants of mighty Greece, now struggle in chains and fetters! Hushed are the muses, and joyless the plains of Olympia. Desolation and war scatter their hated evils through the Morea, and infidelity sways her proud sceptre over a bleeding cross! The glory of Achilles has departed from Larissa; and the altars of Ida, and Delos and Parnassus, have crumbled into dust.

Thus has it been not only with man, but with all those subjects, connected with his happiness, which from their nature it would seem were not so liable to decay. Learning, religion, and accomplishments, have underwent their changes as ages rolled on, or sunk beneath the weight of remorseless barbarism; but masonry has stemmed the tide through a thousand generations. She has withstood the concussion of waves that have lashed her on every side, and the storms that have poured their fury upon her, in every age,

"Like some tall rock which rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though rolling clouds, around its breast are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Like the guardian angel of man's happiness, she has still hovered near us, contributing her benign and gentle principles, in warding off the calamities and ills of life.

Of what avail, has been the unhallowed persecutions, of mitred and crowned tyrants; the racking tortures of a Spanish inquisition; or the barbed shafts of bigotry, and superstition? Our institution, having the happiness of man for its object, has triumphed over its persecutors. Virtue may droop for a time, when persecuted and neglected; yet shall she rise resplendent as the glorious orb of day, and light our path to heaven. Their bloody instruments of persecution have revolted upon their own heads. An intelligent and enlightened world view with execration, the vile machines of destruction, that have been levelled at us. Deep, dark, and dreary is the grave of the memory of their authors. What is their posthumous fame? History blushed when she recorded their actions; and mankind abhor the pages upon which they are written.

The inquiry here arises, what are the advantages of masonry, and why has it so long subsisted? Masonry is considered in a two-fold point of view—operative, and speculative: Our ancient brethren united these two considerations; but modern freemasonry, more particularly embraces the latter; and its advantages arise from the pure and virtuous principles of morality, taught in the masonic lectures.

I have already observed, that the object freemasonry had in view, was the happiness of mankind. In whatever manner this can be promoted, that is the true path we should follow. Neither our religious, nor our masonic obligations ever require us, to do a single act that operates to the injury of our fellow-beings. On the contrary their dictates require, that we should identify our brother's happiness with our own, and be ready to extend the hand of benevolence and relief, when the occasion is presented.

There is nothing so much sought after by mankind as happiness. All seek for it; all endeavour to secure it, when alas, there is nothing in which they are so likely to fail. Not one of a thousand perhaps, knows wherein happiness consists. We live however in a blind and eager pursuit of it; and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the further we are from the object we would attain. Seneca says, that "To be happy we should enjoy that tranquillity or equality of mind, which no condition of fortune, can either exalt or depress; and have a clear understanding of our duties to God and man." Herein consists human happiness, yet how few of us attain it. The blessings of this life are within our reach; but we too often shut our eyes, and blindly come in contact with the great object of our pursuit. The principles of our order endeavour to point out to the "way worn traveller," the path of rectitude, in which he should walk; and which will lead to that felicity which he seeks. We are taught to make this life a blessing, and not a curse. To so square our actions by the square of virtue, following the silent admonitions of the plumb by walking upright before God and man, that we shall find our path of life instead of thorny and rugged, smooth and level. How many of us incline to think, that we should view this world, as a world of trouble, pain and care, in order to prepare our minds for a better. But we reason wrong. God is more beneficent to his creatures. He has placed many blessings within our reach, and it is our fault, not his, if we do not enjoy them. If we advert to history, we find it is those who have lived in the most tranquillity and happiness in this world, that meet death with most fortitude and indifference; and those who most complain, are generally least prepared to meet their final dissolution. We should therefore so shape our lives, that we shall not be afraid to die. There is something noble and dignified, in seeing a person meet death with fortitude—without murmur or complaint. It inspires our minds with reverent respect for the sufferer; and instead of seeing him writhing in fear, pain, and agony, we look forward, and fancy we see his noble soul wafted to a more congenial world. The brave Leonidas, a little before his engagement with the army of Xerxes, at the straits of Thermopylae said to his followers, who were about to take some refreshments, "*Come fellow soldiers, let us dine as though we were to sup in another world.*" And another, when about to face his enemy said to his army, "*It is necessary we should meet the enemy, but it is not necessary that we should return.*" There is something so dignified, in this noble indifference to death, that we are impelled to acknowledge, the highest respect, for the coolness, and fortitude of mind, with which the individual seems ready to lay down his life.

If freemasonry has ever contributed to remove the accumulated evils of life—if it has ever curbed the vicious, and impressed the heart with the truths of morality and religion—if it has ever raised the head of the drooping widow, or wiped the tear from the orphan's eye—if it has ever relieved the distressed wanderer, when far from home and friends—if it has ever turned the drawn dagger, or stayed the arm of the assailant, or relieved the suffering captive;—Then indeed, is it worthy of our admiration. Then indeed we need not wonder that it should have been so long cherished and supported; nor should we wonder that it hath resisted the united efforts of time and persecution. Are there not instances found on record where such effects have

been produced by masonry? Have you not read them, not only in the history of foreign countries, but in your own? Nay more, have you not instances of all these effects of masonry now recorded in your own memories—in your own bosoms? Yes, my brethren, we know that such is the object and design of our institution, and we are happy in knowing that such has been its effects. Far be it from masonry, even to wish to hold forth to the world its good and beneficial qualities, from a principle of vain glory or ostentation. But we desire the good opinion of the christian world. We wish you to form your opinions of us, from correct views of the institution, and not from the inadvertent errors and imperfections of individuals. Remember that charity seeketh not the public gaze of the world, and kind actions are generally done without show or parade. Not so with our vices, they expose themselves at once, and we are too apt to condemn from appearances. "The errors of mankind are inscribed on brass; their virtues we write in water."

Often have habits of a vitious and evil nature, that steal upon us unawares until they get such hold as to threaten our destruction, been checked in the bud by the kind and friendly admonition of a brother, or a recurrence to the principles of our order.

When the weeping widow and orphan press the joyless couch—when they view themselves as standing in the "wide bleak world," unfriended and alone—no husband to sooth the broken heart—no father to cheer the lonesome hearth—then masonry stepped forward, to offer the balm of consolation to the bleeding heart. Her gentle hand of kindness has wiped way the briny tear, and restored peace and tranquility to their aching hearts.

When the vicissitudes of war have compelled us to yield to the mercy of the conqueror—when the drawn dagger has intimated in the strongest language, that in a few moments more, our lives and our sufferings shall end; behold the genius of masonry has interfered—the arm of the victor is powerless! He gazes for a moment, and then in transport, instead of a victim he finds a brother. Oh! how grateful must be the heart of that man, who, when driven to the last extremity, finds in place of his murderer, a friend and a brother! With what fervent aspirations will he yield his gratitude to that beneficent being, who has saved him from an untimely death.

Such are a few of the advantages arising from the benevolent and charitable principles inculcated by freemasonry.

"Oh charity! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Thine are the ample views, that, unconfined,
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;
Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan,
Brother to brother binds, and man to man."

But masonry is not limited to the duties which we owe to our neighbours and to ourselves. It directs our attention to the more important duty we owe to our God. It admonishes us to make the *Holy Bible* the rule of our faith and practice; and ever to remember that we are travelling on the level of time, to that undiscovered country "from whose bourn no traveller returns." Every masonic emblem, that you see delineated on the master's carpet, has a moral illustration, intended to aid us in the path of duty. "The pot of incense is an emblem of a pure heart; an acceptable sacrifice to the Deity; and as this glows with fervent heat, so should our hearts glow with gratitude to the beneficent Author of our existence, for the manifold blessings and comforts we enjoy." The sword pointing to the naked heart, demonstrates "that justice will sooner or later overtake us, and however we may succeed in hiding our thoughts, words, and actions, from the eyes of man, yet that Allseeing Eye whom the sun, moon, and stars obey, and under whose watchful care, even comets perform their stupendous revolutions, pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, and will reward us according to our works."

With these admonitions continually before us, the good mason sees every inducement to press on in the way of well doing, and every discouragement against the way of evil. We are taught to exercise *brotherly love*; to regard the whole human species as one family, entitled to our kindness and good offices; to be generous in relieving the distressed—to love mercy—and esteem truth as the fountain of every virtue;

to revere the cardinal virtues, *temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice*, and endeavour to regulate our lives by their precepts; and so to circumscribe our walks in life by the two parallel lines, representing *St. John the Baptist* and *St. John the Evangelist*, that we shall become bright pillars of the Temple, and evince to the world that tranquility and comely order,

"Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartiest joy."

I will trespass upon that patience for which I am already grateful, but a short time longer. There are some objections made to our society that deserve my notice, to remove which, with the candid part of the community, shall be my present object; that they may no longer disrespect a system, that is founded in truth, and cannot be destroyed.

We are asked, if masonry contains intrinsic value, why are not its principles and secrets publicly disseminated, that mankind in general may enjoy their good effects? We answer, that our principles are already published to the world; but the manner of bringing those principles to have their proper effect upon the members of the fraternity, together with the other secrets of our order, the world at large have no right to know. Were they made publick, they would cease to produce that beneficial effect with which they have been attended from the earliest ages. Many are unworthy to receive the privileges of masonry; some for want of capacity to comprehend, others, because they would abuse and neglect them. Our principles being publick, if the world would profit by them, let it embrace them. Our doors are open to all who are pleased with our principles, and who evince a willingness to be governed by their precepts. We make no distinctions except that of goodness; all, from the monarch down to the untutored savage, if found worthy in heart, are admitted to the masonic lodges. But being a family of brethren, when thus united, it is right that we should preserve our secrets inviolate, to avoid imposition, as our secrets alone furnish the means by which we know our brethren. And as there exists among masons an additional tie of friendship, a bond of mutual kindness and regard—stronger than a three fold cord that is not easily broken—it becomes of importance, that we should be able to detect the impostor; and cherish the true brother, wheresoever we find him.

Again it is objected against us, that if our professions were sincere and masonry really contained any goodness, we would exclude from our lodges, many unworthy members, whose habits are vitious and evil.

Yes, brethren, it should be matter of deep regret with us, that masonry has exposed herself to reproach. It is too true that there are sometimes seen among us, those whose vitious, idle and intemperate lives, not only disgrace their honourable profession, but disgrace human nature. But charity inclines me to believe, that these cases are rare and seldom; and when they do occur, we can only do as the skillful surgeon would do with a diseased arm of our body—if he cannot cure it, he must cut it off. But with what reluctance do we part with it. We see its festering wounds inflame, we see its baneful influence upon our whole body, yet while there is a ray of hope, that a cure will be effected, we part not with the limb. So it is with us, in treating with a fallen brother. While there is hope that admonition or other gentle means may produce a reform, or there exists a belief that our restraints prevent him from running into greater excesses, we are unwilling to expel; and so far has our charity led us in endeavouring to reclaim and save a brother, that we have subjected the fair fame of our institution to publick reproach. Yet this reproach is not well charged. It is not masonry that has erred, but individuals. Against them the reproach should lie, but not against masonry. If as a body we have erred in this particular, we have erred on the side of mercy. Perfection cannot be expected on this earth. The best societies of Christians cannot entirely prevent this same evil, with which we are charged. We read that of old when the righteous had assembled together, Satan came also among them. Even in the family of our Saviour a Judas was found who could sell his Lord and master! How unwarrantable would be our conclusion, if we were to reject the christian reli-

gion, because an infatuated and intolerant princess was willing to lead to martyrdom the most pious followers of our Saviour! and equally unwarrantable would be our conclusion, were we to reject it, because all who profess to embrace its principles, do not follow the *GOLDEN RULE*.

Such is the organization of our society that females are not admitted into the fraternity, and with some this is an objection. I address myself to the ladies; for if their generosity will look over this apparent want of liberality, the rest of the world must be silent on the subject. Among no sect or order of men is female character more highly appreciated than among masons. Their profession is all that remains of that ancient and noble chivalry, that made the protection of female innocence its principal object. We do not admit to the honours and enjoyments of masonry, one whom we know to be unkind in his deportment to the tender relations of wife, mother or sister. Yet such is the masculine character of our institution, that it cannot, in the nature of things, be suited to the fine texture of female delicacy. Let none however say that we deem the fair and most amiable part of creation unworthy the secrets of our mystick profession, from any mental deficiency in them; for history, scripture and daily experience proclaim in loudest peals, their abilities and virtues. Were we to admit for the sake of experiment, an admission of members indiscriminately, from both sexes, what would be the result? Love, and all the finer feelings of our nature would soon control our better judgements, and the objects of the institution would become subverted. 'Tis the fear of woman's influence that excludes her from our assemblies, and not a want of respect for her. Think not therefore, dear ladies, that you are remembered by us, less rapturously, because we do not admit you to the mysteries of our order. We regard you as the solace and comfort of our lives—"Heaven's last, best gift to man," and the honour of our knighthood, is your security for our interest and protection.

"There is no bliss in all this world,
Like virtuous woman's smile;
There is no wo on life's long list,
That she cannot beguile."

Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren,

You are guardians of the fair fame of masonry. The eye of the world is upon you, and they will judge of masonry not by its history, but by what they see among its present votaries. Let us then, cherish the friendly principles of our order. Let us dwell together in harmony and love, avoiding all contention, "except that noble contention, or rather emulation, who best can work, or best agree," that our temple may present to the view of the beholder, the *wisdom, strength and beauty* that masonry approves; and that shall be acceptable, when the *GRAND ARCHITECT* comes to examine our work. So shall the tenour of your lives be marked with tranquility; and when old age advances, you shall enjoy "the happy reflections consequent on a well spent life, and die in the hope of a glorious immortality."

May you emulate the virtues of him we celebrate. May you have faith that "works by love; and purifies the soul." May the exercises of your charity, be as constant, as the returning wants of the distressed widow, and helpless orphan. And oh! may you cherish and secure a well grounded hope, which is as "an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast;" and which "exults in the prospect of the boundless joys of heaven."

"Eternal hope—when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed the first notes, to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last Thunder shakes this world below;
Thou, undimayd, shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile."

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The annual communication of the *Grand Lodge of South Carolina*, will be held in Columbia, on the 7th day of December, 1827, at which time and place the officers and members of the Grand Lodge, and the representatives and proxies of the subordinate lodges under its jurisdiction, are summoned to be punctual in their attendance.

EDW'D HUGHES, G. Sec'y.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

POISONS.

These substances, which are derived from the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms, act very variously upon different individuals and upon different animals; indeed so much so, that in some animals, the smallest proportions are productive of the most baneful consequences, while in others, they are taken with impunity; and many of the vegetable tribes in particular, which, in their natural state are the most active poisons, by culinary and other processes, are rendered a luxurious nutritive diet. This circumstance serves to confirm an observation made in a former paper, that none of the substances denominated poisons are without their use, in the arts, in medicine, or in domestic economy. In the animal kingdom, many of the fish tribe, which have a direct poisonous effect upon some individuals, may be taken by others with impunity; and many substances are eaten by quadrupeds and birds, which are uniformly poisonous to man; while particular articles which are favourable to the human constitution, prove immediately destructive to the brute species. Aloes, which to man, is a useful drug, has been found to kill dogs and foxes; and the sweet almond, one of the luxuries of our table, is poison to cats. The phellandrium aquaticum, or water fennel, while it is fatal to horses, is eaten greedily by oxen. The bird pepper, from which cayenne is prepared, and which is only used in the smallest proportions as a condiment by the human subject, forms the principal article of food to the wild parrot, which picks out the seeds that are the strongest in preference to every other; as we have often witnessed in the West Indies. The land crab of St. Domingo feeds on the leaves of the manchineel tree, which, to every other animal, is an active poison; and many other illustrations might be offered in confirmation of the variable operation of the vegetable poisons upon different animals. The articles, therefore, which uniformly are destructive of animal life, are very limited indeed; though the human subject appears to be susceptible of the operation of an extensive range of substances, from which most of the brute species are more or less exempt. In the West Indies, the mountain crab is considered one of the greatest luxuries which those islands produce, and it forms a leading article at every gentleman's table. In Jamaica, they have only one species, which is the black crab; the flesh of which is extremely light and easy of digestion. In St. Domingo, twenty leagues only to the eastward of Jamaica, there are two species of mountain crabs; the one black, as in Jamaica, the other white; terms which are derived from the colour of their shell and flesh. The black crab of St. Domingo, like that of Jamaica, is a very wholesome diet. The white crab, which in the latter island is to be found in profusion, from feeding on the leaves of the manchineel, (a highly poisonous tree peculiar to the West Indies,) possesses a very deleterious quality when received into the stomach, and therefore is most carefully avoided. From all these circumstances we are led to conclude, that shell fish of every kind, in consequence of their occasional feeding upon, or being attached to, poisonous substances, may, in particular instances, disagree with the stomach upon one occasion, while upon another it proves easier of digestion than any other article of food. It may here also be mentioned, that there are certain idiosyncrasies, or peculiarities of constitution, belonging to individuals, by which particular articles shall uniformly disagree and sometimes produce very alarming effects; while every other article, not immediately poisonous, may be taken with impunity. This observation is particularly applicable to the eating of fish, and to those of the shell tribe more than any other; the effects which they produce, when they disagree, bearing a strong similarity to those occasioned by fish that are uniformly poisonous, differing only in degree.

[Lempriere's Popular Lectures.]

PRUSSICK ACID.

This acid, which is composed of hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, is prepared from dried blood, or the horns or hoofs of animals, by distillation with fixed alkali; or it may be obtained by decomposing the

the prussian iron or stone blue, of which it forms one of the constituent parts. The prussick acid exists in the form of a colourless fluid; and has a strong odour, resembling peach-tree blossoms. When in the state of vapour or gas, it is very volatile and inflammable, and it has an acrid and acid taste, though possessing very few of the other properties of the acids. It exists in a natural state in bitter almonds, the kernels of apricots, the leaves of laurel, and in peach blossoms, and in Germany it has been lately discovered in opium, from which we may conjecture, that all narcotic vegetables possess a portion of this acid. It has also been found in the mineral kingdom, in combination with iron. It is easily decomposable at high temperatures, and becomes converted into ammonia, carbonic acid, and carburetted hydrogen gases. [Ibid.]

SELF-WORKING SHIP PUMP.

In company with several other citizens, we went aboard of a sloop, and took a short voyage on the Hudson, to witness the operation of an ingenious and simple apparatus for working the vessel's pump. On the outside of the sloop, nearest the pump, were fastened to the wale timber two iron arms, about three feet apart, and stretching down twelve or fifteen inches into the water. Through the lower ends of these arms, and running parallel with the side of the sloop turned a small iron shaft, at the fore-end of which was a short crank, connected by means of an upright iron rod, with the outer arm of a thick wooden lever, the inner arm of which was fastened to the head of the piston, the fulcrum of the lever being about half-way from the pump to the gunwale, and rising a little higher than the top of the pump. On the iron shaft were fastened, by their edges, two copper plates, about three feet long and about fifteen inches broad each, making the width of both when secured to the shaft on opposite sides, about two feet and a half. These plates were placed upon the shaft in a spiral form, exactly resembling that of a screw augur. When the sloop was hauled out, and began to feel the breeze, as the water passed along the inclined sides of this spiral wheel—this great augur—it began to turn, and as the speed of the sloop increased, the motion of the wheel increased also. Going through the water at the rate of three to four knots, the pump was worked very briskly; and such was the energy of the motion, that a man weighing two hundred pounds placed himself on the inner arm of the lever, without perceptibly diminishing the action of the pump. All on board were equally gratified with the perfect success of the experiment, and were entirely convinced that an apparatus of the kind, properly fitted to the side of a sloop, might be often the means of great good, and the saving of much hard labour. Especially does this apparatus seem calculated to be serviceable at sea, in heavy gales, when the ship leaks fast and the crew is overlaboured. It can be very easily attached to the side of the vessel; it is not in the way; it requires no change in the construction of the pump, and can be used or not, as may be convenient.

[Edinburgh Scotsman.]

ART OF BAKING.

A machine for accelerating the fermentation of flour has been invented at Lausanne, in Switzerland. It consists, simply, of a round box of pine wood, a foot in diameter, and two feet long, placed upon gudgeons, and put in motion by a handle or winch, resembling exactly the cylinder used for burning coffee. An opening is made on one side for receiving the dough. The time necessary for fermentation depends on the temperature, the rapidity of its motion, and many other circumstances; but, when the paste is properly raised, the operator discovers it by the hissing sound of the fixed air, as it rushes out of the machine. It never fails to work well, and requires at most, half an hour's attention. The labour is nothing, as a child can turn the machine. If made longer, and divided into compartments, it would serve for the preparation of several kinds of paste at the same time.

MULE SILVER.

We are informed by a correspondent, that the mules employed at the amalgamating mines, in Mexico, are opened after death, and that from two to seven pounds of silver are often taken out of the

stomach. He says that he is in possession of a specimen which is perfectly pure and white as it generally is. [Silliman's Journal.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

Mr. Emmet was born at Cork, April 24th, 1765—his father was a physician of great practice and reputation, and resided at Dublin—and Mr. E. after receiving a most liberal education, devoted himself to the study of medicine. After passing some time at Edinburgh, he visited the schools of the Continent, and returned to Dublin, having made all the acquisitions which unremitting labor and a vigorous mind could achieve at that period of life. We believe, however, that Mr. Emmet practised but little; the death of an elder brother, who even in this talented family was pre-eminent, changed his determination, and gave a direction to his future fortunes, and laid the foundation of his future fame. Dr. Emmet wished him to embrace the profession of his deceased brother, and he immediately entered into its studies with an ardour proportioned to his future success. Called to the bar, he was immediately distinguished among his contemporaries, and might have looked to the highest honors of his profession, had he squared his politics with his interest. Becoming the associate and friend of Curran, O'Connor, and Grattan and Keogh, he espoused the cause of Ireland—a cause which at last brought his brother to the scaffold—and was one of the executive committee of united Irishmen in the memorable rising of 1790—and was actively engaged in the organization of that society and plans for revolutionizing Ireland. Such was then his reputation at the Bar, that he was invited to the important office of defending Archibald Hamilton Rowan; which he declined from the best motives, and yielded that task to the firmness and fearless devotion of Curran. He was soon called to experience the fate of his client—and with M'Neven and many others he was imprisoned in the jail of Dublin, on a charge of high treason. After remaining here some months without any overt act charged against him, overtures were made by the government to him and the other prisoners to detail the plan of the intended revolution, and the names of those implicated in it, as the price of their release. The proposition was rejected with indignation, as a reflection on their honor. Dr. M'Neven and Mr. Emmet were the committee who received the offer. The prisoners were then removed to Fort George in Scotland, and thus the bonds which bound Mr. Emmet to a father, a gallant brother, and an affectionate sister were severed forever. After two more years of lingering captivity, Mr. Emmet was released, and passing to France, he sought in her sunny skies oblivion of past sufferings, and the reparation of a shattered constitution.

In 1804 he found a resting place in New-York, and soon won his way to popular favour and professional reputation, and helped by his matchless eloquence to add another triumph to the universality of Irish talent. He first distinguished himself here in defending some fugitive slaves, and astonished his audience by the ardour of his enthusiasm and the novel excellence of his manner. He held for a short time, in 1812 and 13, the office of Attorney General of this state, but soon resigned the appointment, and never after sought or occupied a public station.

Simple and unostentatious in his private life, Mr. Emmet devoted his whole soul to his profession, midnight vigils too often followed the severe labours of the Forum—and no client ever complained that the merits of his case had not been perceived and sustained. His knowledge was profound—his researches to his last moments unremitting. He possessed a mind of extraordinary comprehension, and the strongest and most extensive powers of analysis—he possessed the secret of identifying himself with his case, and adding a sort of personal interest to his professional obligation. Endued with a brilliant imagination, fortified with accurate and discriminating views of English history, enriched with all the fruits of various knowledge, and blessed with a noble enthusiasm—he appeared at the bar, the very model of a learned, accomplished, and eloquent lawyer. [N. Y. Albion.]

POPULAR TALES.

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

[From the London Literary Magnet.]

Among the innumerable lovers of the scenery of Devonshire, there are many who have never seen or heard of the Castle of Berry-Pomeroy. Its situation is so retired, so undiscoverable without a guide, that it is no wonder if many a party of tourists have passed its very entrance without being aware that an object so well worthy their attention was at hand. The situation of the ruin is as singular as it is beautiful. At a short distance from Totness, a narrow lane diverges from the main road, at the extremity of which is a gate and palisade, so high as to prevent the visitor from forming any idea of what is to be seen beyond. Entrance being afforded by the gate-keeper, the traveller descends a deep path, which winds between two wooded hills, till he finds himself at the bottom of a deep dell, circular as a basin, the sides of which are feathered with every variety of foliage up to their very summits. In the centre of this dell, rises an insulated conical hill, and on its top towers the majestic ruins of the castle of Berry-Pomeroy. So deep is the valley, that the highest pinnacle of the ruin is beneath the level of the high road. The harmony of tint between the ruin and the foliage, which surrounds and over-spreads it, is exquisite. Dark masses of ivy, and the higher verdure of the ash and the birch, contrast finely with the the gray hue of the mouldering walls. The spacious apartments, which were once the abode of comfort and luxury, are now unable to afford a shelter from the storms of the sky. The long trailing weed, and the clustering ivy, are the only hangings the walls can now boast; the stars their midnight lamps; the winds of heaven their only music. The ground is carpeted by soft and verdant turf; and the wood anemone springs in profusion on every side. A fine stream of water runs round the base of the hill, and on it is a water-mill, placed as if purposely to contrast its humble comfort, with the mouldering grandeur of the ruin which towers above it. The right time to behold this scene is just before sunset, when the lower part of the dell is enveloped in the shadows of evening, and the castle alone stands radiant in the sunlight. Then, while the birds are yet singing their evening song, and the brook makes music with them, the miller may be seen, with his horse, descending the steep path which leads to his dwelling; and his daughter, graceful and beautiful as evening, is tending her flowers, in the garden which slopes down to the stream, or her voice may be heard, echoing up the hill to warn the children who are at play among the ruins, that the sun is setting and it is time to come home.

Never was situation more retired than this; for there is no access to it but by the gate, of which the miller keeps the key. Yet, as parties of strangers sometimes visit the castle, and as on these occasions the beautiful girl I have mentioned is sometimes obliged to act as guide, she has acquired an address free from awkward shyness, and as graceful as it is modest. As a child, Mary was the gayest of the gay; and her parents let her run wild, and amuse her little life as she would. But when she was about seventeen, a sudden and remarkable change took place. She loved and was beloved; but being somewhat spoiled by indulgence, and too young and giddy to make a right use of her power, she trifled with her lover, offended him, and while boasting of her influence, and meditating some new exertion of it, she was struck dumb by receiving a letter from her lover, announcing his departure from Dartmouth as a sailor, and bidding her farewell. Mary never got over the shock. She never complained, for she knew that she had brought her sorrow on herself; she never mentioned his name, nor did her parents speak of him; but they tried by fresh indulgence to win back her smiles and lighten her heavy heart. But Mary no longer liked, nor would accept indulgence. She was humbled; and she seemed to find comfort in being as unlike as possible to what she had formerly been. She became industrious, grave, and womanly.

She took care of the little ones; she assisted her mother; and the only amusement she seemed to care for, was to set the children to play hide-and-seek

at the castle. In vain did her parents sigh for the sound of her light laughter: she was gentle; but it was plain that she could no longer be gay.

One day a large party arrived to view the castle. The miller was gone to Totness, and his wife was busy; so Mary took the key, and acted as guide. She left the gate open, as she thought her father might return while she was in the ruin. He did return, and impatiently sought his wife; and with a countenance of astonishment asked who had arrived, and where Mary was. Being told that she was with a party of strangers at the castle, and that no remarkable visitor was among them, he related an extraordinary tale. He was descending the path just above the mill, when he heard a rustling among the leaves, and looking that way, he saw a man stealing along behind the trees, evidently wishing to avoid notice. The miller called, but no answer being returned, he jumped from his horse, and pursued the intruder, who once turned his head, and then fled faster than the miller could pursue. Yet the glimpse which he had obtained of the face, urged the good man to greater speed; for it seemed the face of Mary's lover. After a fruitless chase, the miller paused, and thought it best to hasten home to ask his wife's advice. She felt certain of her husband's having mistaken the identity of the person; for George was not to return these many months; and for his having a sailor's jacket on, so many sailor's came up from Dartmouth, that that fact told nothing. However, the dear child must not be left to be alarmed by any trespasser, and he must make as much haste as he could up the hill. The miller was still breathless, but he delayed no longer than to agree with his wife that not a syllable should be said to Mary of the adventure. He kept a sharp look out, as he followed the winding path up the hill. Once he thought, but he could not be sure, that he saw a man standing in the shadow of the ruin; but when he reached the spot, no one was there.

Then he heard the tone of a gruff voice very near. The miller turned quickly round an angle of the building, and seized on a man who stood with his back to him. It proved to be a gentleman of the party, and the good man was obliged to apologize again and again, in the best words he could find; and to make the most of his certainty of a trespasser being at hand. Luckily, his daughter was not present to witness so unusual an exertion of the good man's energies. When she came up with the rest of the party, she offered the key to her father saying, her mother wanted her; but to her surprise, the miller forbade her to leave him. The mysterious stranger appeared no more that day; and the only effect of the apparition was, to make Mary's parents determine never to lose sight of her, never to allow her to ascend the hill by herself, till they should hear some certain intelligence of George. It was no difficult task to keep Mary in sight, without her being aware that she was watched. For many days no strangers arrived, and Mary was fully occupied at home, and found in her pretty garden all the relaxation she wanted. Then rainy weather came, and there was no temptations to go out.

The first fine day, after a week of rain, was market day at Totness, and the miller's wife mounted her horse to go to the town. She had never believed that the apparition which troubled her husband, was George himself. She was far from being convinced that he had seen any one; or, if he had, it was either some servant belonging to the strangers, or a sailor, who chose to see the ruin without feeling the gate-keeper. Whoever it might be, the danger seemed over, as he had never returned. So the good dame did not trouble herself to tell her husband the hour of her departure; but, leaving Mary plenty of employment, she trotted off, unnoticed by the miller. Mary sat down to her work, but was interrupted by the children.

"Mary! you have not played with us ever since the day the last company came; do take us up to the castle."

"I am busy my dears, but you can go by yourselves. Here, John, take the key you can unlock the great door."

"But you can do your work this afternoon, when the sun is gone down; and we have not had such a fine day as this for a week."

"Very true," said Mary; "and I will go with you just for half-an-hour."

So she tied her bonnet, and carried the youngest child up the steep hill, while the others ran on before. The children were full of play; they climbed the broken walls, and called to their sister to jump them down again. They laughed at their own little feats, and when they looked in Mary's face, she smiled kindly at them; but then she remembered the time when she was as merry as they, and she sighed. When she and the children were tired of climbing and jumping, they sat down, and the little ones pulled off her bonnet and stuck it all round with wood anemones; and then she remembered who had done the same thing, in the same place, a year before, and the tears came into her eyes. After a while, the children besought her to play at hide-and-seek with them, and she did so. She hid herself with all proper caution, and burst from her hiding-place to catch her little playmates, whose shouts of glee echoed through the building.

"And now I must go," said she, at last; "I am sure I have been more than half an hour with you."

"O, don't go yet, Mary," cried little John, "I am to hide this time, and you must stay till I have my turn."

"Well, just one turn more, and then I must go."

So the children hid themselves; and Mary, having given notice to them to keep close, began her cautious search. She had by this time caught the spirit of the game, and was almost as intent upon it as her little brothers; she kept a watchful eye on all sides; she listened for every little noise; and trod as softly, as if there was any fear of a step so light as her's being heard. She fancied that the children had chosen to hide in a different part of the building from that where they had previously played, though equally near to the goal. That way she turned, and, presently, she saw behind a corner, the flap of a coat. She gave notice of having seen it, and ran to the goal, but no one followed. She called again, but no one came out; she thought she had been mistaken, and again began her search, amidst the most profound stillness. With stealthy pace she approached the corner, ready to spring away at the first alarm. No alarm was given, and the coat flap was no longer visible. She drew nearer and nearer, touched the wall, and pushing back her bonnet, bent her head forward and forward, and at length fairly turned the corner. She caught some one, but it was not John or Charles; no, it was George himself. Mary screamed and sunk on the ground. The children flew from their hiding-places, and her lover raised her, and soothed her startled spirits with his words of tenderness.

He loved her more than ever. He had heard of the change which had taken place in her after his departure: he determined to see and judge for himself, before he ventured to subject himself again to the heart-breaking caprices of one he could not cease to love. For this purpose he had trespassed again and again, though he had only once been observed; for this purpose he had overlooked her garden from the top of a neighbouring tree; for this purpose he had flitted through the thickets on the sides of the hill, and concealed himself in the ruin. He had seen Mary many times; and always quiet, grave, and spiritless. He had seen the tears start to her eyes this day, and her sigh was not lost upon him. It determined him to seek her that very day, and he only waited her departure from the castle to follow her home and renew his suit. It was not his intention to startle her as he had done, but she was so bent on searching the corner where he had concealed himself, that there was no escape. No harm was done; she soon recovered sufficiently to send the children down, and to follow with no other support than the arm of her lover.

Her fond mother has again been gladdened by her merry laugh; and her father is often heard to appeal to Mary's judgement, whether, of all the sports that ever were invented, there is one that can compare with Hide-and-Seek.

To look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it is another; if we look backwards to antiquity, it should be as those who are winning a race, to press forwards the faster; and to leave the beaten still farther behind.

MISCELLANY.

NEGRO PROVERBS.

[From the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, for November.]

The Woloffs, or Voloffs, are a nation of negroes who reside on the western coast of Africa, in the vicinity of the river Senegal. They live under the government of an Emperor, who is despotick, and dwell in miserable log huts, filled with straw. They can neither read nor write, and their minds are entirely uncultivated. Yet they have among them many proverbs, which shew great acuteness of mind, and a sound moral feeling. The following are extracted from a grammar of the Woloff language, lately published at Paris, by M. Dard, who resided a long time and still resides among these people.

1. When you saw the palm tree, the palm tree had seen you before.
2. The child looks all around and sees nothing; the old man sits on the ground and sees every thing.
3. What the child says he heard at home.
4. The large fruit baobab had a little seed for his mother.
5. If the small measure only goes to the store, the millet will last long.
6. The house-roof fights with the rain; he who is under shelter does not know it.
7. Not to know is bad; not to ask is worse.
8. If you well understand the beginning, you need not trouble yourself about the end.
9. To love the king is well; to be loved by the king is better.
10. If you know the person who is to die on the same day with you, you will be his fast friend in this world.
11. What the convalescent refuses, would please him who is dead.
12. He who sells bones has no business in the other world.
13. Were it not for the fingers the hand would be a spoon.
14. The frog loves to be in water, but not in hot water.
15. The woman whose rival is dead does not mourn.
16. I have forgotten your name is better than I don't know you.
17. Deny, if you please; but if you see, believe.
18. Truth, if it rises, will overreach lies, however numerous.
19. The partridge loves pease, but not those that go with her into the pot.
20. The sky is the king of rooves; the night is the queen of shade; the earth is the queen of beds; the sun is the king of candles.
21. A razor cannot shave itself.
22. The child hates him who gives him all he asks for.
23. He who was born the first, has the greatest number of old clothes.
24. I don't care for the kettle that is not boiling, nor for the finger that has no nail.
25. If you tread on the serpent, nobody will say let him alone.
26. Where the mouse laughs at the cat, there is a hole.
27. If you don't stay at home, you will have no work.
28. The tree that is not bigger than yourself, can nevertheless put you in the shade.

The above are thought sufficient to show the spirit of observation which exists among these uncultivated people. It would be curious to know whether our American Indians have proverbs; a collection of them, if any they have, would be interesting. We beg leave to recommend this subject to our Indian agents, and others, who reside among the Indians, or in our frontier settlements.

HENRY, DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

This nobleman was greatly beloved by his numerous tenantry, and well deserved to be so, since his unceasing attention was directed to the furtherance of their comforts, and his intercourse with them was distinguished by a total absence of that hauteur too commonly exhibited by persons of his exalted rank. Instead, therefore, as is but too often the case, of dreading the appearance of the

great man amongst them, they were highly delighted whenever they saw him. His grace took an interest in all their little domestic and agricultural matters, and many a time and oft the princely owner of Dalkeith Palace has entered into a lowly cottage, containing only a *but* and a *ben*, and with infinite gusto partaken of the contents of the *kale pot* and *singit* sheep's head. One of his small tenants, Jamie Howie by name, had a son about four years of age, who, having heard much of the great Duke of Buccleugh, was very anxious to see him, and was continually pestering his father for a sight of such a wonderful animal. Honest Jamie was so worried by the boy's importunity, that he determined the next time he set his eyes on his grace, he would trust to his good nature and impart to him the subject of his bairn's uncontrollable longing. He had not to wait long for an opportunity. In a few days he was honoured with a visit from the duke, when Jamie, doffing his bonnet, and making a reverential bow, says, "O, ma lord! ye maunna be angry we' me, but it's God's truth, ma lord, there's a daft wee callant o' mine, that canna rest, nor let ithers rest, night nor day; he has ta'en in his head sic a notion o' seeing what like ye are. Gude sake, ma lord, I dinna think he has ony yedeas ye are a man at a', but some farawa, outlanish, owersea creature." The duke, mightily tickled with his fancy, desired Jamie to bring the youngster into his presence forthwith. Out comes the juvenile inquisitor, with his finger in his mouth, and cautiously reconnoitres the personage before him. At last, quoth the urchin, "Can ye soom?" "No, my little fellow," replied his grace, "I canna soom." "Can ye flee?" "Na, I canna flee." "Weel, man, for as muckle's ye are, I wadna gie ane o' my father's dukes for ye, for they can baith soom and flee."

* Swim.

† Fly.

AGOSTINE POSARI.

THE SOMNABULIST.

Paying a visit to a friend in the country, says an eye-witness, I met there an Italian gentleman, called Agostine Posari, who was a night-walker; or a person who, whilst asleep, does all the action of one awake. He did not seem to exceed the age of thirty, was lean, black, and of an extremely melancholy complexion; had a sedate understanding, a great penetration, and a capacity for the most abstracted sciences. His extraordinary fits used generally to seize him in the wane of the moon; but with greater violence in the autumn and winter, than in the spring and summer. I had the curiosity to be the eye-witness of what was told me, and prevailed with his valet de chambre to give me notice when his master was likely to renew his vagary. One night about the end of September, after supper, the company amused themselves with little plays, and Signor Agostine made one among the rest. He went to bed about eleven, and his valet came soon after and told us that his master would that night have a walking fit, and desired us if we pleased, to come and observe him. I went to his bedside with a light in my hand, and saw him lying upon his back, his eyes wide open, but fixed, which was a sure sign of his approaching disorder. I took him by the hands and found them very cold; I felt his pulse and found it so slow, that his blood seemed to have no circulation. At or about midnight he drew the curtains briskly, rose, and dressed himself well enough. I approached him, and put the candle to his nose; found him insensible, with his eyes still wide open, and immovable. Before he put on his hat he took his belt, from which the sword had been removed for fear of an accident.

In this equipage did Signor Agostine walk backwards and forwards in his chamber several times. He came to the fire, sat down in an elbow chair, and went some little time after to the closet, where was his portmanteau. He fumbled it a long time, turned every thing topsy-turvy, and after putting every thing in order, he shut the portmanteau, and put the key in his pocket; whence he drew a letter and put it over the chimney. He then went to the chamber door, opened it, and proceeded down stairs. When he came to the bottom, one of the company falling, he seemed frightened at the noise, and mended his pace. The valet bid us walk

softly, and not speak, because when any noise was made near him, and intermixed with his dreams, he became furious, and ran with the greatest precipitancy, as if pursued.

He traversed the whole court, which was very spacious, and proceeded to the stable. He went in, stroked and caressed his horse, bridled him, and was going to saddle him; but not finding the saddle in its usual place, he seemed very uneasy, like a man disappointed. He, however, mounted his horse and galloped to the house door, which was shut. He then dismounted and taking up a cabbage stalk, knocked furiously at the door. After a great deal of labor lost, he remounted his horse, guided him to the pond, which was at the other end of the court, let him drink, went afterwards and tied him to the manger; and then returned to the house with great agility. At the noise some servants made in the kitchen, he was very attentive, came near the door, and clapped his ear to the key hole; but passing on a sudden to the other side, he entered a parlor where was a billiard table. He walked backwards and forwards and used the same postures as if he was actually at play. He proceeded to a pair of virginals, upon which he could play, and made some jangling. After two hours exercise, he returned up stairs to his chamber and threw himself in his clothes upon the bed, where we found him the next morning at nine, in the same posture we had left him; for upon these occasions he ever slept eight or ten hours together.

His valet told us there were but two ways to recover him out of these fits; one was to tickle him strongly upon the soles of his feet; the other, to sound a horn or trumpet at his ears.

PURITY OF ELECTION.

Previous to choosing a member for the borough of Caermarthen, a learned Bishop addressed a circular letter to the clergy of his diocese, informing them, "that Sir William Mansell had his hearty good wishes, and that he hoped he should not have the mortification to find a single clergyman, so false to his character and duty, as to assist the other candidate, who had voted in favour of the repeal of the corporation and test acts."

The prelate in this instance was unsuccessful; Mr. Phillips, an honest, independent country gentleman, of amiable manners, and a member of the church of England, but of a liberal mind, was elected.

In the reign of king Charles the Second, the Countess of Dorset, receiving a hint of the same kind from one of the secretaries of state, returned the following answer:

"Sir,—I have been bullied by an usurper, and I have been neglected by a court, but I never will be dictated to by a minister.

"Your man shan't stand.

"ANN DORSETT & MONTGOMERY."

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when to serve in parliament was thought a burden rather than an object of desire, the Earl of Leicester addressed the following letter to the electors of Andover in Hampshire:

"Whereas it hath pleased her majesty to appoint a parliament to be presently called, and being steward of your town, I make bold to pray that you would give me the nomination of one of your burgesses, and if you wish to avoid the charge and allowance, if you will bestow the nomination of the other also upon me, I will thank you for it, appoint a sufficient man, and pay all expenses.

"Praying your speedy answer, I bid you right heartily farewell. LEICESTER."

SIR THOMAS MORE.

The greatest of men are sometimes seized with strange fancies, at the moment one would suppose they had ceased to be occupied with the things of this world. Sir Thomas More, at his execution, having laid his head upon the block, and perceiving that his beard was extended in such a manner that it would be cut through by the executioner, asked him to adjust it upon the block; when the executioner said he need not trouble himself about his beard, when his head was about to be cut off, "It is of little consequence to me," said Sir Thomas, "but

it is a matter of some importance to you, that you should understand your profession, and not cut through my beard, when you had orders only to cut off my head."

PORTUGUESE CLERGY.

Most of the Portuguese clergy employ their leisure hours in devising means of debauching their female parishioners. Such are the advantages of the vow of celibacy. In a certain city of Portugal, I was lodged for several weeks in the house of a Franciscan friar, whose convent had been temporarily converted into an hospital. This man lived in incestuous commerce with his own sister. In the aldeia (village) of S. B., I slept one night in the house of the curate. Previous to retiring to rest, we had a glass of wine together, when he proposed to my companions and myself the choice of all the females, in his parish, offering his immediate services to procure them. At about midnight I was awakened by a noise of footsteps in my room, and perceived by the light of the moon the two nephews (not to call them the illegitimate sons) of this holy man busily engaged over my canteen, in emptying the contents of my brandy bottles into an earthen jar for the pastor. On my return through the same aldeia, about two months afterwards, I found written, with chalk upon the curate's door, by a friend and countryman of mine who had preceded me two days, "Dear —, dont billet yourself here, for the rascal has stolen our silver spoons." The effrontery of the Portuguese clergy proceeds from their consciousness of impunity. A lavrador near Lisbon, observing that the curate of his parish was indefatigable in his endeavours to debauch his wife or daughter (I am not sure which) accosted this holy man, who under the pretence of going a shooting, was hovering about the house, threatening that unless he desisted from his purpose, steps would be taken to compel him to do so. "I'll take care to prevent that," was the answer of the priest, accompanied by a discharge of his fowling piece into the farmer's brains. The holy murderer was, it is true, confined for his offence in the castle of St. George, but that was the whole extent of his punishment. But in relating instances of depravity in this class of men, which have come under my own observation, I might proceed for ever.

VARIETY.

COVES AT SYDNEY COVE.

An opinion has, I know, been put forth that free emigrants become gradually inoculated with roguish propensities after their arrival here. This I have not been able to perceive; though certainly no vast scrupulosity is manifested by some of them, which may as justly be ascribed to former habit as recent corruption. Not so however, thought Samshoo, an East Indian servant boy belonging to a merchant here, who had been detected by his employer in purloining a large bag of dollars. "Samshoo" said his astonished master, "what has made you turn such a rogue? you, that have been so long in my service, and always shown yourself before such an honest lad?" "Massa," blubbered Samshoo, shrugging his shoulders, "when Samshoo came here, Samshoo very good boy; now Samshoo dam rogue; every body, massa, turn rogue here! by an by, massa turn rogue too!" [Two Years in Ava.]

INCREDIBLE STORY OF A HAWK.

It happened one day, that Abbas Mirza fatigued with hunting had sat down on the top of a hill with a favourite hawk on his hand; he called for some water, and a cup was brought from a neighbouring spring; the hawk dashed the cup from the king's hands as he was about to drink; another was sent for, but the bird managed to spill it likewise; a third, and a fourth shared the same fate. The monarch in a rage killed the hawk. Before he had time to take another cup, one of his attendants noticed that the water was discoloured. This gave rise to suspicions; and the spring was found to have been poisoned with the venom of a snake or some plant. Shah Abbas, inconsolable at his rashness in destroying the bird which had saved his life, built a dome to his memory, and is said to have often visited it. [Sketches of Persia.]

A TURKISH MIRACLE.

When there has been a drought of long continuance in the neighbourhood of a Turkish city or village, the Imams of the place incessantly put up prayers for rain. When those fail the Pacha of the province is applied to, who, supposing himself to have more influence with heaven than ordinary persons, goes out into the fields in grand procession, and, after performing a rustick operation, prefers his prayers in his turn. This method seldom fails to succeed; but it should be remarked, that the Pachas generally take good care to be sure of the promises of the clouds before they attempt their miracle.

FEAR OF DEATH INCREASES WITH AGE.

Age that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which in the vigor of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors, as we grow old, our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the remnant of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

It is a singular circumstance, that Italia, or as it is called in English, Italy, has, under all the changes and revolutions to which it has been subjected, always preserved its name. Every other country in Europe is now known to its inhabitants by other names than were given to it by their ancestors in the time of the Romans; but Italia continues to be the name of the country at the present day, and we have no authentick records by which we can ascertain that it ever bore any other.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

We want money. Can our delinquent subscribers assist us?

CHEMISTRY, NO. II.

The most important simple substance known, perhaps, is OXYGEN GAS. The term *gas* was first introduced into chymistry by Van Helmont. He seems to have intended it to denote every thing which is driven off from bodies, in a state of vapour, by heat. Its present application is to all the *airs*, if we may be allowed the term, differing in their properties from common atmospherick air. Oxygen gas is an elastick, colourless fluid like common air; and also capable of expansion or compression in the same degree and manner. It is absolutely necessary for combustion, and no substance will burn for a moment without it. It is an ingredient in atmospherick air, and can be burned out of it, by setting a lighted candle under a large tumbler, or in any confined place. The moment the oxygen is consumed, the candle goes out; the oxygen becoming combined or fixed in the wick, and all attempts to rekindle it are useless without a reinforcement of oxygen from the atmosphere. If a lighted candle be let down into a jar filled with oxygen, it burns with such brilliancy as to dazzle the eyes of the beholder. The heat also is much greater than when burning in common air. It will continue burning much longer than in common air; but is extinguished in a moment, as soon as the oxygen is consumed. Many substances which are not combustible in the atmospherick air, may be burned by presenting fire to them in oxygen. A naked iron wire will burn, and throw off sparks like a lighted twig, if fire be presented to it when immersed in a jar of oxygen. Oxygen gas is also absolutely ne-

cessary for respiration. No breathing animal can live for a moment in any fluid that does not contain it. Atmospherick air, when respired by animals, loses a part of its oxygen, and by repeated respirations, it becomes wholly destitute of it. This is the cause of suffocation, when there is no means of replenishing the air we breathe, by that which holds its due share of this vital fluid. The oxygen inhaled is supposed to become incorporated with the blood, and its place supplied by another gas, very different in its properties, and unfit to sustain animal life. Common air wholly deprived of oxygen, is fatal if breathed into the lungs, and causes instant death. Hence its name *azote*, which signifies "destructive to life."

Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, another gas which we shall notice in a future number. By the oxygen contained in water the animated tenants of that element are enabled to sustain life. By a force pump, a bottle of common water may be made to absorb half its bulk of oxygen, and retain it in solution. Water thus impregnated differs neither in taste nor appearance from common water, but it is said to be a valuable remedy in many diseases.

Oxygen is capable of combining with a great number of bodies, and in many different proportions with the same body, forming compounds of very different appearances and qualities. We shall treat more on the nature of these combinations when we come to speak of those substances, with which it is combined. Its combinations, both natural and artificial, are of the greatest use to mankind, not only in abstract chymistry, but in almost every pursuit in which we may engage. Such bodies as have the greatest affinity for oxygen, we shall first introduce, and proceed in order as our subject shall lead us. In doing this we shall not pretend to offer any thing new to the learned reader, nor can it be expected, when such geniuses as Kirwan, Lavoisier, Davy, Fourcroy, Vanquelin, Scheele and Seguin have been in the field. The discoveries of these amateurs in science have left little for the test of experiment, and that little far beyond the soarings of ordinary minds. Our ambition, deatched as it must be from such fields as these great men have explored, extends no farther than the wish to beguile the tedium of an hour or two of our own, by compiling a few hints to our readers, which may lead them to a more profitable if not more entertaining reference to the works of more eminent minds. The great end of our existence seems to be to indulge an innate thirst for knowledge, since, to the temperate and truly wise, that thirst knows no gratification but in continual search. Every branch of useful knowledge has its pleasures together with its profits; but, if a knowledge of the works of Him

"——— To us invisible,
Or dimly seen in these our lower works,"

afford a real gratification to the uncorrupted mind of youth,—and they surely do,—there is no branch that is better qualified to exalt and refine that gratification, than the study of chymistry. In the progress of this study, system is almost useless. The field of study is as copiously filled with subjects as the firmament with stars; one knows not where to commence his searches, no more than the child who may be anxious to enumerate the stars. Yet the field is full of interest, and none retire from it unprofitably, but he who knows not, nor would admire if he did know, the powers of the human mind, and the beauties of creation.

INTRODUCTION OF EXOTICS. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Rush, has, in the name of the President, issued a circular to a portion of the American Consuls abroad, soliciting their aid to give effect to a plan for introducing all such trees and plants from other countries, not heretofore known in the United States, as may give promise, under proper culture of becoming useful, as well as superior varieties of those already cultivated here. The plan will no doubt succeed, and ought to meet with the cheerful co-operation of every well-wisher to the agricultural and horticultural interests of the country. It is strange that the project has not been agitated before; but at no previous time has there been any thing like the present prospect of success. Our relations with foreign countries, and the indefatigable perseverance of citizens in the work of improvement at home, offer encouragements to such experiments that must ensure them success if they are worthy of it.

We would remind the editor of the *Canal of Intelligence*, that the article in that paper of the 14th ult. headed "Autumn," originally appeared in our columns, and that he has been somewhat remiss in the due forms of borrowing by not giving us the customary credit. The *Wilmington Delaware Gazette* does not lie so much open to censure for publishing the same article without credit, in its last; having given it full credit when copied some weeks before. We should rather be grateful to the *Gazette* for the compliment implied by inserting our article twice in so short a period. The *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, we perceive, has the same unlucky article introduced into its columns *sans ceremonie*. We follow a strict and impartial course, in this respect, towards our editorial friends, and we ask only the same impartiality from them.

MORE TROUBLE WITH THE COMMITTEE. We understand that Capt. DAVID SCOTT, of Attica, has saluted the famous "Lewiston Committee" in the name of "the people of the State of New-York," &c. The Committee, in their famous report made honourable mention of a certain former member of the legislature, residing in Attica, and Miller having admitted that Capt. Scott was the person alluded to, the latter very politely introduces the worthy gentlemen to the civil authority. How these "honest patriots" are persecuted.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Contents of the *Western Monthly Review* for October: Extracts from the Journal of a voyage from Alexandria, Red river, Louisiana to New-York; Flowery Shrubs, and Plants of the Mississippi Valley; Traits of the Indians of the Western country; Population and Prospects of the West; Newspapers; Stanzas to a Mocking Bird; An Evening Walk. REVIEWS:—Marshall's History of Kentucky; Caldwell's Preliminary Discourse; Pierpont's National Reader; Wilson's Sermon; Upham's Dedication Sermon. To Correspondents.

The first number of the *Colonial Magazine*, by S. H. Wilcocke, an octavo pamphlet of from 80 to 100 pages, forming two volumes a year, at \$6, has been received. It is intended to be "a Repository of Literature, Science, and Amusement;" and from the known talents of the Editor, we wish it a liberal and extensive patronage.

Number 6, of the "*Spirit of the Old Dominion*" has been received, which closes the first series of that work. It is the intention of Mr. Mitchell, its

able Editor, to change the plan of the work, and make it a Monthly Magazine, open to communications on the usual subjects for such journals. He announces his wish to receive original contributions of the following kinds, viz:—Biography of distinguished Virginians; Facts relative to the early History of the State; TALES; Notices of Agricultural Improvements; Essays upon Taste, Literature, Science, &c.; Descriptions of Natural Curiosities; General Reviews, and notices of periodical publications, POETRY, &c. &c.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

Governor Williamson, of New-Jersey, has appointed Thursday the 13th day of December next, to be observed throughout that state as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer.—The sugar cane is now growing luxuriantly in several gardens, at Augusta, Georgia.—A gentleman of Baltimore has grapes of a second growth this season, and it is thought practicable to produce two crops every year, from vines in a southern exposure.—Governor Butler, of Vermont, has appointed the 6th day of December next, as a day of thanksgiving and praise.—William Russell jr. esq. of New Bedford, has invented a substitute for copper sheathing, so necessary to sea vessels.—The French censors of the press have suppressed a price-current of colonial produce, because in giving the prices of sugars, it had the usual expression, "*Les brutes Bourbonnais sont en baisse*;" that is "the raw Bourbons, (sugars of the isle of Bourbon), are falling." [We have heard of the sagacious magistrate who committed his neighbour's wife to prison for frying bacon, by virtue of the statute which pronounces firing a beacon high misdemeanor; but we are one wrinkle wiser by learning that a publication of the price of sugar may be suppressed as seditious. Thus we see that the iron face of the law may be ruffled by an accidental pun.]—A third establishment for the manufacture of white flint glass will commence at Pittsburgh on the first of January.—A person in Norwich, Connecticut, has raised 150 bushels of shelled corn, and five wagon loads of winter squashes, on an acre and half of ground.—A letter from the secretary of the navy to Oliver Wiswall esq. mayor of the city of Hudson, states that it is probable the remains of the late lamented Lieut. William H. Allen, will soon arrive at New-York, in the U. S. schooner *Grandpas*.—It is stated in the *Mobile Register* that in consequence of the great demand for mechanics since the fire in that city, carpenters' wages have advanced to five dollars a day, and even at that price, it is impossible to engage enough of them.—On the first of January next, France will have afloat 39 ships of the line, 35 frigates, and 194 smaller vessels; 170 vessels are in service.—Mr. Gallatin is expected to be on his passage home.—The *Quebec Gazette* says that the naval establishment in the Canadas is to be more extensive and efficient than heretofore. A small vessel is to be put in commission on each of the lakes, and another at Quebec.—Commodore Thomas Tingey, of the U. S. navy, at his own request, has been permitted to resign his seat at the board of navy commissioners, and to resume the command of the navy yard at Washington.—The celebration of the founding of Jefferson city took place on the 15th inst. It is situated on Mount Prospect, about 14 miles from New-York, and 15 from Newark. It is intended for a place of summer fashionable resort; a place for which its mineral springs, its good air, and beautiful views, amply qualify it.—The ancient project of uniting the Rhine and Danube is now reviving in Germany.—The following pithy placard has been twice posted up at Madrid:—"The French in the Ebro—the English in the Tagus—The liberals at the devil—and down with the king!"—A fellow lately entered a public house somewhere east, and stole all the boarders' boots. A reward of ten dollars is offered for his apprehension, and the advertisement states him to be five feet four inches high. [It seems they took his measure, though the boots were ready made.]—An Indiana clergyman lately broke out in the middle of his discourse—"My dear sisters, I have no doubt there are *corset-boards* enough in this congregation to shingle a hen-roost!" [Do you hear that! Who will wear corset-boards now?]—It is said that shoes sewed with cotton thread are worth ten or twelve per cent more than those sewed with flax.—The Mexican congress have made a liberal appropriation for examining and fixing the boundaries between their territory and our own.—There twelve daily papers in London, twelve in Paris, and before the discontinuance of the *Times*, there were twelve in New-York.—The members of the Islington Florists' Society have challenged the same number of gentlemen in any part of England, Scotland, or Ireland, to compete with them for a sum not exceeding £100, for twelve blooms of Carnation, the produce of their own gardens.—

Messrs. Conrad, Leddigea, & Sons, nursery men at Hackney, England, have in their collection of plants 1459 kinds of roses.—At Lawrence's tulip bed, Hampton, four bulbs of the Polyphemus tulip were sold for 50 guineas; and Mr. Goldham was offered £100 for one called Louis XVI in May last.—We understand, says the *Commercial*, that William Sampson esq. has been selected to write the biography of Mr. Emmet; and his excellency De Witt Clinton to pronounce his eulogy.—The *Belvidere Apollo* gives the following whimsical illustration of the term "Ebony and Topaz":—"Two of our patrons absconded last week without leaving the change due to us—they are *ebony*—and we received three subscribers this week who paid in advance—they are *topaz*."—A few days ago, a Canadian woman at Chambly, while making an omelet, opened an egg for the purpose, and to her surprise, found it to contain a live snake!! The hen that laid the egg was killed, a number of soft eggs taken out of her, in each of which was found a snake, in size and proportion to the egg containing it! [What a pity they killed the hen! She would certainly have hatched a brood of *sea-serpents*, as there is truth in a scribbler's noddle.]—A New-Orleans paper, contradicting the reported death of a person, not only protests that he is not dead, but that he never has been dead!—The *Lodi Pioneer* advertises thus for an apprentice:—"An active boy, aged xiv. or xv. wishing to make a trial at riding post, sawing wood, feeding pigs, and learning "to print" is wanted at this office."

You may take sarza, says Bacon, to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you impart grifs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it.

A leaf of the Fallipot tree has lately been brought over from Ceylon, of which island it is a native, and is now in the possession of the Rev. R. Fletcher, of Hampstead. The leaf is in a good state of preservation, and measures fully eleven feet in height, sixteen feet across its widest spread, and from thirty-eight to forty feet in circumference.

An etymologist was asked whence gin had its name? "That is obvious enough," said the scholar: "from being a *snare* to old women, and all who drink it."

[Communication.]

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Among the various inventions and discoveries of the present day, perhaps there is no one of greater importance, or better calculated to meliorate the condition of man, than the *antidote to intemperance*, recently discovered by Dr. Thomas Brown of this city: inasmuch as it strikes at the root of one of the greatest evils in the world, has a tendency to restore peace to distracted families, and to render many miserable and useless persons, happy and valuable citizens. This medicine has a peculiar claim to public notice, as it is entirely free from danger in its operation, being composed of the vegetation of our own country, unaccompanied with any mineral substances, or imported drugs. It is conducive to the health of the patient, and will not fail if rightly administered, of destroying the inordinate desire for spirituous liquors, in nine cases out of ten. HOWARD.

MARRIED,

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ferris, Mr. WILLIAM HOTCHKISS to Miss ELIZABETH SHERMAN, all of this city. On the 15th inst. by the Rev. F. G. MAYOR, JAMES B. ELDREDGE, esq. of Madison county, to MARY C. youngest daughter of P. Hochstrasser, esq. of this city.

In Rochester, Vermont, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hurlbut, Mr. LUTHERA TUCKER, one of the editors of the *Robbester* (New-York) Daily Advertiser, to Miss NAOMI SPARHAWK, daughter of Eben Sparhawk, esq. of the former place.

DIED,

At Herkimer on the 9th inst. of a paralytick shock, HENRY HOPKINS, esq. formerly member of the assembly, sheriff, &c. for that county, aged 49. His body was interred on the 11th, in masonic form, and an excellent sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Whipple.

In New-York, where he had gone for medical aid, Mr. DAVID HAYDON, a respectable citizen of Lockport, Niagara county, aged 34.

In Templeton, Massachusetts, on the 11th October, lieut. JOSEPH BALCOM, aged 75. He entered the revolutionary army at an early period, was promoted to the rank of ensign, and subsequently to that of lieutenant, and continued actively engaged till the peace, in 1783. He settled in Templeton in 1788, and maintained through life a fair character for firmness and integrity.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

DREAMS.

Why does pleasure haunt me when
Musing on my pillow?—
Pleasure that flows back again
Like the thwarted billow—
Pleasure I would fain forget
Mid the pangs I since have tasted,
But in dreams comes brightly yet
Though its warmth is wasted.

Where the cottage of my birth
Smiles upon the valley,
Still around its joyous hearth
Nightly visions rally;
There in spirit do I greet
Every friend so fondly cherished,—
Some I yet may live to meet—
Others who have perished.

Yes; the dreaming spirit brings
Even the departed
Who once moved the social springs
With the joyous hearted;
Form, and smile, and tone are yet
By the wing of years unshaded,
And a moment we forget
That one bud has faded.

Pleasure then has one pure spring—
Time shall never dry it,
While returning night may bring
Childhood with its quiet;
Though the heart be wrong or broken,
Though the harp hang on the willow,
Heavenly peace and hope are spoken
O'er the dreaming pillow.

G.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO MY FLUTE.

Oh! sad are the thoughts that thy melodies waken,
Thou friend of a former and happier time,
In recalling the joys and the pleasures I've taken
At a home that's far distant,—in "days o' lang syne."

In the years that are gone—Oh! sweetly seemed blooming
The flowerets that circle young fancy's gay shrine;
And her visions, the brightest may day-dreams assuming,
Entranced me with hope that they yet might be mine.

But that hope has passed—It has fled me forever!
The clouds of misfortune have darkened my prime;
My home I have left, to return to it—never—
My hopes and my prospects in "days o' lang syne."

W—

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

SONNET TO ENFIELD'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY L. EMERY.

And is it thus? and must I sit me down
To sober truth and sad reality?
To scholia and demonstrations long?
Must gravitation with depressing frown
Confine me to the earth? And must I fly
From every thing but truth, and with a strong
Conviction yield to right?—Away! away!—
Fancy, I'll ever grapple to thee,
And demonstrate by *theses* thy lovely sway;
My *corollaries*, *scholia*, shall be
Derived from *tutor* Love's delicious power;
I'll study *metaphysics* in each grove and bower,
And *opticks* in each lady's sparkling eye,
And learn *mechanics* from her symmetry.

THE SEA SYLPH'S SONG.

Awaken musick's numbers,
We are spirits of the wave,
And our nature never slumbers
But within a coral cave;
We have tresses darkly waving,
That around our temples twine,
And those locks are ever laying
In the crystal foam of brine.

We have garlands greenly growing
Far beneath the babbling sea,
We have fountains freshly flowing
There, and heather haunts have we,

We have bowers brightly blossoming
As bland as rosy May,
And we've diamond lamps illuminating
Our homes beneath the spray.

The harp o'er which our fingers oft
In girlish gladness glide,
Whose magick musick lingers soft
Along the leaping tide,
Are strewn upon the shining sands
That circle coral cells,
And sea sylphs are the only hands
That can awake those shells.

The sunbeams on the waters
May shed bright and burning rays,
But Neptune's fairy daughters
Ever laugh at Phœbus' blaze.
And whilst they're gayly stringing
Purest pearls adown the main,
Their lips and shells are singing
Forth a soul-entrancing strain.

Our bark is every billow,
And our sail is every breeze,
And every pearl our pillow
Is, beneath the babbling sea,
Where carmine cheeks are blushing,
And where lips have purple dyes,
And beauty's light is gushing
Forth from rainbow painted eyes.

There laughing love reposes
On a couch of halcyon plumes,
A wreath of budding roses
Round his brow emits perfumes,
But ah! his barren quiver rests
All harmless by his side,
For he has pressed unto his breast
A sea sylph for his bride.

Then 'waken musick's numbers,
We are spirits of the wave,
And our nature never slumbers
But within a coral cave,
Our bark is every billow,
And our sail is every breeze,
And every pearl our pillow
Is, beneath the babbling sea.

[Atlantic Souvenir.]

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Voilà la piece fin; allons souper. Charles XII.

Thine was the death that many meet,
That many deem the best;
To lay them down at glory's feet
To their eternal rest—
For glory's glittering toy to rave,
And find the bauble in the grave!

What 'twas it when we barto life?
Whether upon the plain,
Amid the spirit-stirring strife,
Or on the stormy main?
On land or sea, it is the same;
We die; and what to us is fame!

Why liest thou stiff and idle there,
Thy hand upon thy sword,
While rapine shouts upon the air
His fearful signal word?
Up, up! and join the gathering clan
Of human fiends, that prey on man.

Up, and away! the squadroned horse
Approach in fierce array;
They'll mar thy poor dishonoured corse,
And tread thy form away;
Madly o'er faint and dead they pour,
And hoof and felloek smoke with gore.

Thou heed'st me not; thou hearest not
The trumpet echoing near;
And even the roaring cannon-shot
Flies soundless by thine ear,
Thy leader shouts—away, away!
Ah, soldier! thou canst not obey!

An hour ago thou wert all life,
With fiery soul and eye,
Rushing amid the kindling strife,
To do thy best and die—
And now a gay mass of clay
Is stretched upon the warrior's way.

Why are those trappings on thy form?
The harness could not shield
Thy bosom from the iron storm,
That hurled o'er the field.
Men fled the terrors of thy brow—
The culture does not fear thee now!

A thousand like thyself, ah me!
Are stretched upon the ground;
While the glad tramp of victory
Is pealing round and round.
Hark, how the victors shout and cheer!
It matters not—the dead are here!

Arise! the Paan rings aloud,
The battle field is won;
Up, up, and join the eager crowd,
Before the booty's done:
What wilt not take the meed of toil,
Thy share of glory and of spoil!

Silent, and grim, and sad to view,
Thou liest upon the plain;
To bleach or fester in the dew,
The sun, the winds, the rain;
What art thou now, poor luckless tool?
A murderer's mark, a tyrant's fool!

Phil. Month. Mag.]

H. D. B.

LOVESICK WILLY.

One Willy Wright, who kept a store,
But nothing kept therein
Save earthen jugs, and some few kegs
Of whiskey, ale and gin,—

Grew sick, and often would exclaim,
Oh! how my heart does burn!
And every week the poor man lived
He had a weekly turn.

Now when they saw him thus decline,
Some said that death must come;
Some wondered what his ail could be,
Some said his ale was rum.

At last the very cause was known.
Of every pang he felt—
Remote, at one end of the town,
Miss Martha Towns-end dwelt;

A portly, love-resisting dame,
Contemptuous, proud and haughty;
But yet, though "fat and forty" too,
She was not two-and-forty.

And Willy long had sought and sighed.
To gain this pretty maid;
"I have no trade," said he, "so sure—
My love can't be be-tray'd."

To Martha then he trembling went,
And said, "My dear, 'tis true,
Though I have nothing in my store,
I've love in store for you.

And if thou wilt thou mayest become—"
But here his tongue was tied;
And though she *wilted*, yet she said
She ne'er would be his bride.
Then turning Willy out of doors,
Said she, "Go, go along;
I hate the man who's always Wright,
Yet always doing wrong."

"I leave you then," said he, "farewell!
Of peace I'm now bereft—
If I am always Wright and wrong,
You must be right and left."

So then he closed his little store,
Shut up each door and blind,
And settled his accounts and died,
And left no Will behind!

[Conn. Herald.]

LEMAN, Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Ma-
sonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-
st. Albany. June 23. 21st

GREAT LUCK AT G. ARMS'S Lottery Of-
fice, No. 395, South Market-street.—Drawing
of the New-York Consolidated Lottery, class No. 9, for 187:
28, 11, 23, 1, 33, 40.
Combination, 1, 11, 23, a prize of \$10,000,
do. 1, 23, 40, do. of 2,000,
besides several of \$120, 100, 50, &c. were sold at the
above office, where the fortunate holders are requested to call
and receive the cash.

Tickets, and shares in a variety of numbers, in the 10th
class of said lottery, to be drawn on the 25th instant, for sale.
Orders from the country, enclosing cash or prize tickets, will
receive prompt attention, if directed to G. ARMS, 395,
South Market-street. Albany. Tickets \$15; halves \$7.50;
quarters \$3.75; tenths 1.50. Nov 17. 423

EXPIRATION of the time for redeeming Lands
sold for Taxes in 1826.—Comptroller's Office,
Albany, October 17, 1827.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given,
that the time for redeeming the lands sold for county taxes
and the United States' direct tax and assessments for making
roads, will expire on the 27th day of April next: and that un-
less the lands sold by the Comptroller at his last sale in 1826,
are redeemed on or before the said 27th day of April next, they
will be conveyed to the purchasers.

W. L. MARCY, Comptroller.
N. B. Lists of such lands in each county as had been
sold, and were not redeemed at the date of the above notice,
have been transmitted to each county treasurer, whose duty
it is to publish the same in one or more papers in the county
of which he is treasurer. Those interested are referred to
such lists to ascertain if their lands have been sold and remain
unredeemed.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of
North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are
Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two
Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six
months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription
received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar
and Fifty Cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated
by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents in
advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive
attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office with
accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1827.

[No. 44.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Tranquilla ^{mita comit.}
er virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK.

[From the N. Y. Saturday Evening Gazette.]

Proceedings of the Grand Lodge, with respect to the Masonick Hall.

Copy of a resolution passed at the last June communication.

"On motion, Resolved, that the R. W. Oliver M. Lownds, R. W. Welcome Esleek, and the W. Brethren Lebbeus Chapman, H. Marsh, and John O. Cole, be a committee to convey to the M. W. P. G. Master Elisha W. King, the thanks of this Grand Lodge, for the able and disinterested manner in which he has discharged the duties of the Chair, and to request his acceptance of a piece of Plate, with suitable inscription, in testimony of the high respect entertained for his services."

After the ceremonies of dedicating the New Masonick Hall in Broadway, were concluded, the R. W. Oliver M. Lownds, and the W. Brethren Lebbeus Chapman and Henry Marsh, in pursuance of the foregoing resolution, presented to the M. W. Elisha W. King, an elegant silver vase, accompanied with the following address:

Most Worshipful Brother—At the last June communication of the Grand Lodge, a committee was appointed to convey to you the thanks of that body, for the able and distinguished manner in which you have discharged the duties devolving on you as *Grand Master of Masons*, and to request your acceptance of a piece of plate, with a suitable inscription, in testimony of the high respect entertained for your services.

In behalf of that committee and the Grand Lodge, I now have the honour of presenting you their thanks, and this token of their affection and respect.

To those who, by their active exertions and influence, have contributed to the preservation, advancement and honour of the institution, a disposition has at all times evinced its readiness to award testimonials of gratitude and respect, and in this instance, that readiness has not less been exemplified. An unhappy difference had existed among the members of the craft in this state, which seemed to threaten the severance of those ties, which had before bound us together; by your prudent management, (as well as those of the highly respectable and amiable individual who preceded you in office, and the distinguished mason who now presides over the fraternity,) the high tone of feeling which burst forth was kept subservient to the great interest of the body; and happily after the lapse of a few years, without any sacrifice of principle, interest or feeling, the angry elements have been hushed to silence, and the great family of masons in this state, are again united in the bond of friendship. At the first meeting of the Grand Lodge, after the termination of those difficulties, the members resolved to present you with this token of their regard—this circumstance, we hope, will give an additional lustre to the present, which though inconsiderable in value, compared with the services rendered, while it shows the high esteem in which you are held by the Grand Lodge, will also serve as a memorial of the extinction of difficulties, and a lasting evidence of the happy union of the brotherhood.

It would be suppression of feeling, were I not to express my personal respects, for your publick and private character, and to assure you that the general expressions of esteem by the Grand Lodge, are only equalled by my individual regard for your virtues as a man and a mason.

M. W. ELISHA W. KING'S REPLY.

Right Worshipful Brethren—The assurance that I have discharged the duties of the high station assigned to me by the Grand Lodge, in a manner ac-

ceptable to them, is the highest reward which they could bestow.

The period at which I was called to preside over the deliberations of that body, was peculiarly embarrassing. The unhappy differences which then existed among the craft, like other controversies among friends, were of the most painful description. To allay those dissensions, and to accomplish an union of the brotherhood were objects which lay near my heart; for the attainment of which, I had only to steer my course by the chart, which had been prepared by my highly esteemed predecessor, and to rely upon the support of the officers and members of the Grand Lodge, in which I am happy to say, I have in no respect been disappointed.

By these united means, an union has been accomplished upon terms alike honourable to all parties, and we have had the happiness of witnessing this glorious event, when all sectional feelings, all private animosities, and other passions inconsistent with the principles of freemasonry, were sacrificed at the altar of brotherly affection.

The distinguished present from the Grand Lodge, I accept with the more heart-felt gratitude, because it is intended not only as a token of their regard, but as a memorial of the extinction of difficulties, and a lasting evidence of the happy union of the brotherhood.

I avail myself of this occasion, to tender my grateful thanks to the Grand Lodge, for the many and distinguished favours they have conferred on me; but especially for their kind co-operation and support during my late administration, and to assure them that those incidents are among the most pleasing of my life, and shall be cherished "whilst memory holds her empire."

The committee, under whose direction this elegant specimen of the American arts has been prepared, are entitled to my warmest thanks.

To you, Right Worshipful Brother, I am under especial obligations for the kind manner in which you have been pleased to express for me your personal regard, and beg you to believe, that it is most cordially reciprocated.

Address by BROTHER REYNOLDS, Architect of the Building on restoring to the Grand Master, the implements intrusted to his charge, at the laying of the foundation stone.

Most Worshipful Grand Master—But a little more than a year has passed away, when, having been appointed by the Committee of Trustees, to the distinguished office of Architect of this *Freemason's Hall*, I and my assistant received from your hands, the several implements appurtenant to our respective stations. The duties arising out of that appointment being now fulfilled, by the completion of the building, we present ourselves before you, for the purpose of resigning our authority and superintendence, and of restoring to the head of masonic power, the symbols by which it was officially conveyed.

Upon this occasion, Most Worshipful Grand Master, I cannot avoid congratulating the fraternity upon the opportunity which has been afforded of exhibiting, in a country where its recent introduction renders it still a novelty, another specimen of Gothic architecture. Its sombre and heavy aspect, and its consequent peculiar adaptation to our grave and solemn ceremonies, seem to claim for it as of right, a preference; but in yielding to this claim, we have been studious to select from the most approved remains of antiquity, and to render subservient to our own use, the most admired specimens of the florid style.

The difficulties which have attended the execution have been ably and successfully overcome, by the spirited exertions of the Committee of Trustees, and we should justly incur the imputation of ingratitude, were we here to withhold the acknowledgement, that to their energy and liberality, we are indebted for being enabled in so short a

time, and with so much mutual satisfaction, to effect the completion of our task.

Bending to their views, we have endeavoured in its design and construction, to produce an edifice, which, while it proved to be an ornament to our city, should be also convenient and creditable to our ancient and benevolent order: and should our efforts have been so fortunate as to procure for us the approbation of the fraternity, we shall then have attained the realization of our hopes, the height of our ambition and our sole and best reward.

To the master workmen employed to carry our plans into execution, although but partially accustomed to practice this branch of the art, we owe a heavy debt of obligation, and if this publick homage to their skill and ingenuity can have any value with them, or weight with the publick, it is most truly and justly their due.

Permit us now, Most Worshipful Brother, to restore you these emblems of the power with which we have been intrusted, and to implore the Great Architect of the universe, that the interior labours performed within these walls, may merit and receive a corresponding approval with that, with which the exterior labours have been thus far crowned.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

Whereas, it having pleased our heavenly father to call to his abode the immortal soul of our brother and friend the Rev. ABIEL CARTER, Past Grand Chaplain of this Grand Lodge, it becomes us to pay due respect to the memory of that good man

Be it therefore Resolved, That the columns of the Grand Lodge be clad in black for the space of six months, and that all masons in the state of Georgia wear crape on the left arm during the term of sixty days. Published by order,

L. H. FURTH, *Grand Secretary*.

At a meeting of the members of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, resident in Augusta, holden at the lodge room, November 7, 1827:—R. W. Deputy Grand Master, B. D. Thompson, was called to the chair, and William T. Gould appointed Secretary.

On motion of P. M. Luther Cumming, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this meeting deeply deplore the afflicting dispensation of divine providence, in removing by death our much respected brother, the Rev. ABIEL CARTER, Past Grand Chaplain, of the Grand Lodge

Resolved, That as a token of respect for the memory of our deceased Brother, the members of the Grand Lodge, in this city, will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the lodges of this city be requested to unite in the foregoing resolutions.

B. D. THOMSON, D. G. M.

W. T. GOULD, *Secretary*.

At a regular meeting of the *Union Lodge, No. 8*, held at their hall in Savannah, on the 1st inst. the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted and ordered to be published.

It having pleased the Divine Architect of the universe to take from among us our worthy and highly esteemed brother, the Rev. ABIEL CARTER, an honorary member of this lodge, and past Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, and feeling deeply impressed for the loss that the craft in general, and this lodge in particular, has sustained in this dispensation of divine providence: Be it therefore *Resolved*, That the jewels and furniture of this lodge be clad in mourning and the members wear crape on the left arm for sixty days. Extract from the minutes.

EMANUEL De LA MOTTA, *Secretary*.

VIRGINIA.

The annual meeting of the *Grand Encampment of Virginia*, was held in Winchester, on the 12th and 13th days of November, 1827. Among the br-

business transacted was the issuing of charters to new encampments at Portsmouth and Halifax C. H., and continuing the dispensations to Petersburg and Brunswick. There are eight encampments in Virginia, and fifteen in the state of New-York.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

M. E. Sir Daniel W. Thomas of Winchester, Grand Master; Sir Linnæus Dupuy, of Lynchburg, Deputy Grand Master; Sir Charles A. Grice, of Portsmouth, Grand Generalissimo; Sir William Frame of Halifax, Grand Captain General; Rev. Sir H. W. Ducachet, of Portsmouth, Grand Prelate; Sir John R. Hayden, of Harpers-Ferry, Grand Senior Warden; Sir Lemuel Bent, of Winchester, Grand Junior Warden; Sir Samuel H. Davis, of Winchester, Grand Recorder; Sir Peter Lauck, of Winchester, Grand Treasurer; Sir Solomon Heister, of Winchester Grand Standard Bearer; Sir Granville Craddock, of Halifax, Grand Sword Bearer; Sir Howsen S. White, of Lynchburg, Grand Warder; Sir James Foster, of Winchester, Grand Sentinel.

VERMONT.

The third Communication of the *Grand Encampment of the State of Vermont*, was held at Mason's Hall, in Middlebury on the 18th October last. In addition to the regular members, a number of visiting Sir Knights were present, and a respectable number of the masonic fraternity voluntarily joined in the public exercises of the day. The procession was formed at half past 11 o'clock, and moved to the Congregational meeting house, where an excellent and appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. Sir Kt. Abel Drury, and a respectable choir joined in the exercise by performing several pieces of music. After the public exercises closed, the procession moved to the Vermont Hotel, where they sat down to an excellent dinner provided by Mr. Carver. They then retired to the hall, when the following officers were elected for the year ensuing:—

M. E. Sir Silas Bowen, Grand Master; Sir J. H. Cotton, Deputy Grand Master; Sir D. L. Potter, Grand Generalissimo; Sir John Purdy, Grand Captain General; Sir J. W. Copeland, Grand Senior Warden; Sir Richard Gookin, Grand Junior Warden; Sir Alexander Lovell, Grand Orator; Sir J. M. Weeks, Grand Tyler; Sir J. W. Hubbard, Grand Recorder; Sir Asahel Parsons, Grand Warder; Sir Nathaniel Gibson, Grand Standard Bearer; Sir D. P. Chase, Grand Sword Bearer; Sir — Skinner, Steward; Sir — Jones, Sentinel.

At the Annual Communication of *King Solomon's Royal Arch Chapter*, holden at their hall in Montpelier, October 31, A. L. 5827, the following companions were elected, for the year ensuing:—

Sylvanus Baldwin, High Priest; Joseph Howes, King; Harry Richardson, Scribe; Jeduthan Loomis, Captain of the Host; Samuel Goss, Principal Sojourner; John Reed, Royal Arch Captain; George W. Hill, Harvey W. Carpenter, Joseph Wiggins, Grand Masters of Vails; Timothy Hubbard Treasurer; John Goldsberry, Secretary; Asa Gaylord, Tyler.

NEW JERSEY.

At the annual meeting of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of New Jersey*, held at Trenton, on Wednesday the 14th November, 5827, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz:—

John Scott, Grand High Priest; Joseph W. Scott, Deputy Grand High Priest; Jeptha B. Munn, Grand King; Thomas L. Woodruff, Grand Scribe; Andrew Parsons, Grand Secretary; F. S. Van Arsdalen, Grand Treasurer; Rev. Thomas L. Johnston, Grand Chaplain; Joseph Y. Miller, Grand Marshal.

The address of the Grand Secretary, is "Paterson, New-Jersey."

RHODE ISLAND.

On Thursday evening, November 8, 5827, the *Providence Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 1, made choice of the following members as officers for the year ensuing:—

Henry Martin, High Priest; James Salisbury, King; William Trescott, Scribe; Cyrus Fisher, Captain of the Host; Luther Woodward, Royal

Arch Captain; Charles Cheney, Principal Sojourner; Jesse Clark, 3d, John T. Jackson, 2d, Pardon Clark, 1st, Masters of Vails; Jason Williams, Secretary; Abraham Stilwell, Treasurer; William P. R. Benson, Tyler.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The officers of the *Central Lodge* were installed at their Hall, in the first Baptist meeting house, in the east part of the town of Dudley, on the 14th November, A. L. 5827. An oration was delivered, and public services had, suitable to the occasion.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

A friend has favoured us with a print and description of the *Menai Suspension Bridge*, near Bangor, Wales. The bridge is commenced at each shore with seven small piers, the spring of the arches of which is 65 feet from high water line; the span of each arch 52 feet. The distance across from pier to pier is 553 feet, which is the length of the suspended part of the road. The extreme length of the chain, from the fastenings in the rocks, is about 1714 feet. Of these chains there are sixteen, which pass from their fastenings over the two suspending piers, the height of these piers being 52 feet above the road-way. The road-way, which is 100 feet above high water line, is suspended from the chains by means of vertical rods which pass down to and support the sleepers for the flooring of the road-way; these rods are five feet apart, and of various lengths from 9 to 52 feet, the chains settling 43 feet in the centre. The road consists of two carriage ways, of 12 feet each, with a foot path of four feet in the centre. The chains consist of five bars each, length of the bar 9 feet 9 inches, width 3 inches by 1 inch—with six connecting lengths at each joint, 1 foot 6 inches, by 10 and 1 inch—secured by two bolts at each joint. The supporting rods are of iron, one inch square. To counteract the contraction and expansion of the iron, from the effect of the change of the atmosphere, a set of rollers are placed under cast iron saddles, on the top of the suspending piers, where the chains rest.

The first chain of this great work, weighing twenty five tons, was thrown over the straits in Menai, with great labour, and in the presence of an immense concourse of persons, on the 26th of April, 1825; and the last chain on the 9th July following. This stupendous undertaking was commenced in the year 1819, and was opened, for passage January 30, 1826, on which latter occasion cannons on each side of the bridge were kept firing, colours flying, and music playing, to the gratification of some thousands of persons who assembled as spectators. Mr. Telford was the architect of this bridge, which is spoken of as a splendid specimen of British Architecture, and as not having its equal in the known world. The road-way being one hundred feet above high water line, the bridge must offer but little or no obstruction to navigation. The tolls for passing this bridge, reduced to our currency, are for stages 56 cents; pleasure carriages with four horses 65c.; do. with two horses 42c.; chaises &c, 11c.; waggons &c. 22c.; foot passengers one penny.

Should the population in the region of Genesee river, for twenty years to come, keep pace with the past ten years, in the ratio of increase, we may then see a bridge of similar construction to the above, suspended from bank to bank over the deep valley of that river. We indeed look forward to the time when we may cross the Genesee on such a bridge, and perhaps before the ruins of the wooden structure at Casthage are entirely obliterated.

[*Boston Patriot.*]

MAGNETISM.

Mr. John Jackson, a young mechanick in this city, (Edinburgh) who has given much attention to the subject of magnetism for some years; has made a valuable improvement in the construction of artificial magnets. It is well known that if five single magnets, each raising one pound, are put together, the compound magnet formed of the whole, instead

of raising five pounds, will only raise two or three. Mr. Jackson has discovered a method of combining any number of single magnets, by which this disadvantage is obviated, and the power of each preserved entire in the compound magnet, or rather increased. We shall describe the method in some future number; it is so simple that were we to describe it now, every artist in the country could operate upon it, and the young man would lose the only benefit he can derive from his industry—the small profit he may gain from the sale of the magnets—before the process becomes known. This is not, however, his only improvement, for much practice and observation have given him a skill in manipulation which has enabled him to make single magnets of a superior quality. The compound magnet of his construction, which was examined a few days ago, in presence of Mr. John Ruthven and another gentleman, was formed of five single magnets, weighing about thirteen and a half ounces each, and the whole five of course about four and a quarter pounds. It was in the horse-shoe form, about seven inches long, each separate magnet consisting of a bar of steel three fourths of an inch broad, and one fourth thick. It was loaded in our presence with six five pounds, which is fifteen times its own weight, and a few pounds more than the aggregate of the force of all the magnets separately. As the power is found to extend itself very slow and gradual loading, it may be proper to state, that the whole weight was put on in five minutes. Very small magnets have been made to carry a hundred times their own weight; but with large ones the case is different. Coulomb thought himself very successful in making a magnet weighing twenty pounds to support a weight of one hundred pounds.

[*Edinburgh Scotsman.*]

ELECTRICITY.

We understand that Mr. Ritchie, of Tain Academy, has fallen on a method of making an Electric Plate-Machine of any convenient size, and at a much less expense than by the usual method. The following is a short description of the process. Let two circular pieces of baked wood be procured, about a foot in diameter, and nearly an inch thick. These pieces, when placed together on the same axis, have a groove in the circumference capable of receiving the plate glass destined for making the machine. The glass is cut in the form of portions of the section of a circle, to the number of four or six, and fixed in the groove and to each other by strong electric cement. The pieces of wood are secured fast together while the cement is soft, so that the whole becomes stronger than one piece. As small pieces of plate glass are much cheaper in proportion than one large plate, an elegant machine may, by this means, be made of three, four, or even five feet diameter, at a much smaller rate, and equal in power to those formed of one piece. [ibid.]

TAKING UP THE CAROTID ARTERY.

Dr. MACLAY AUL, of Somerset, Ohio, performed this operation, during the last spring, upon a female child aged twelve years, preparatory to the extirpation of a large semi-ossific tumour, situated upon the right half of the inferior maxillary bone, including its angle and processes. It also involved the parotid gland, most of the right sup-maxillary and malar bones, and the zygomatic arch.

The patient was evidently scrofulous, though apparently in tolerable health, but disposed to leanness. The tumour commenced without any obvious cause, by a slight uneasiness about the lower jaw, supposed, at first, to be nothing more than a common tooth-ach. Finally a firm round tumour presented itself upon the lower jaw, under the cheek, which resisted every remedy used for its discussion. A consultation of Physicians, eighteen months after its first appearance, decided in favour of an operation, by first tying the carotid artery, and then dissecting out the tumour.

Doctor M. A. commenced the operation, as proposed, by first securing the artery, which he accomplished with little difficulty. In this he manifested an accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the human neck, and a deliberation, in operating, seldom displayed by so young a surgeon.

After separating the artery from the vein and nerve, he passed a blunt probe, properly curved, and armed with a long silk ligature, under the artery. The probe was released by cutting the ligature, which was equally divided—then separated three fourths of an inch upon the vessel, and tied; the lower one being doubly secured, the artery was divided.

The extirpation of the tumour was now commenced by a crucial incision through its greatest diameters, down to its morbid capsule. The incision was embarrassed by the firm, bony attachments of the diseased to the healthy parts. Great force and violence was required to remove the tumour, which was imperfectly accomplished, by piecemeal, within two hours from the commencement, including the taking up of the artery. The extracted fragments weighed two and a half pounds, and consisted, mostly, of bone and cartilage.

At the commencement of the dissection, the facial artery was divided, which bled but for a moment. The infra orbital nerve was cut, with no particular increase of pain. The parotid gland was now attacked and with great difficulty brought out. The hæmorrhage, when bisecting the arteries passing through and around the gland, was for a moment, profuse and alarming; it however soon ceased. The division of the portio dura gave great pain.

The exhausted condition of the patient forbade any farther attempt at removing a still remaining portion of disease, situated on the inner side of the angle of the inferior maxillary, involving the root of the tongue; but it was hoped by the Doctor, that the destruction of its nourishing blood vessels would prevent a re-growth of the tumour.

The wound was dressed with a number of hare-lip sutures, formed with tailor's blunts and silk, together with adhesive strips, compresses and bandages. Her recovery was rapid, and in a short time she was enabled to chew her food, and resume the employment of her years.

[*Western M. and P. Journal.*]

AMPUTATION OF THIGH WITH A SINGLE FLAP.

Dr. DUBOIS, of Warren county, Ohio, has recently applied to the thigh, the method of operating which is pursued in amputating the leg above the ankle joint, with a *single flap*. His object was to throw the entire cicatrix on the circumference of the stump; so that the weight of the body, when an artificial leg should be used, might rest upon the sound integuments. To this end he made from a point on the outer side of the limb, a curved incision downwards and forwards; and from a corresponding point on the inner side, another, causing the two to meet in front. He then dissected up a semi circular flap, and made his circular cut to the bone, immediately below the lateral points where his first incisions were begun. The operation was completed in the usual way, and the wound healed kindly by the first intention.

We have recently had an opportunity of examining the limb of his patient, and found the seam comparatively limited in its extent, smooth, firm, and quite on the margin of the stump; so that the object proposed to himself, by the operator, was perfectly accomplished. [*Ibid.*]

HYDROPHOBIA.

In the 30th volume of the Proceedings of the Royal Academy of Turin, there is a very interesting memoir, by M. Rossi, one of the members of the Academy, on hydrophobia and the consequent madness. The memoir is divided into two parts; in the first the author treats of spontaneous hydrophobia, without any bite from a rabid animal; the other contains a number of facts respecting canine madness. In the first part, M. Rossi speaks of seven cases of spontaneous hydrophobia, which, with a single exception, all proved mortal. In the second part, some remarkable circumstances are related, from which we select the following; showing the almost inconceivable feeling by which animals are rendered aware of their danger when they are in presence of any individual animal, of whatever kind, and however feeble, that is affected. A large yard-dog, freely ranging, suddenly perceived a lap-dog, and was

seized with a trembling in all his limbs. This formidable enemy approaching, the yard-dog allowed himself to be bitten, and died mad. It being thus known that the little dog was mad, he was pursued and killed; and the inspection of his carcass completely established the fact. An analogous occurrence may also serve as a warning to those imprudent persons who leave animals shut up in their houses during their absence for a shorter or a longer time. A cat which had been confined in this manner, after four days of captivity and privation of food and drink, became mad. M. Rossi introduced two dogs into the chamber in which was the cat. Although very strong, they exhibited the same symptoms of alarm that the yard-dog had done, and were bitten by the cat without making any resistance whatever. The consequence of course was, that they became mad also. M. Rossi seems to consider the actual cautery as the only application to the wound resulting from the bite of a mad dog, from which any beneficial consequences can be expected; and he recommends that burning should not be merely superficial. [*Eng. paper.*]

MISCELLANY.

LEGISLATION.

Most readers must be so far acquainted with the ancient form of Polish Diets, as to know that their resolutions were not legally valid if there was one dissenting voice, and that in many cases the most violent means were resorted to, to obtain unanimity. The following instance was related to our informer, a person of high rank. On some occasion, a provincial Diet was convened for the purpose of passing a resolution which was generally acceptable, but to which it was apprehended one noble of the district would oppose his *veto*. To escape this interruption, it was generally resolved to meet exactly at the hour of summons, to proceed to business upon the instant, and thus to elude the anticipated attempt of the individual to defeat the purpose of their meeting. They accordingly met at the hour, with most accurate precision, shut and bolted the door of their place of meeting. But the dissentient arrived a few minutes afterwards, and entrance being refused, under the excuse that the Diet was already constituted, he climbed upon the roof of the hall, and it being summer time, when no fires were lighted, descended through the vent into the stove by which, in winter, the apartment was heated. Here he lay *perdu*, until the vote was called, when just as it was about to be recorded unanimously in favour of the proposed measure, he thrust his head out of the stove, like a turtle protruding his neck from his shell, and pronounced the fatal *veto*. Unfortunately for himself, instead of instantly withdrawing his head, he looked round for an instant with exultation, to remark and enjoy the confusion which his sudden appearance and interruption had excited in the assembly. One of the nobles who stood by, unsheathed his sabre, and severed at one blow the head of the dissentient from his body. Our noble informer, expressing some doubt of a story so extraordinary, was referred for its confirmation to Prince Sobiesky, afterwards King of Poland, who not only bore testimony to the strange scene as what he had himself witnessed, but declared that the head of the Dietin rolled over his own foot, almost as soon as he heard the word *veto* uttered. Such a constitution required much amelioration; but that formed no apology for the neighbouring states who dismembered and appropriated to themselves an independent kingdom, with the faults or advantages of whose government they had not the slightest right to interfere.

[*Scott's Napoleon.*]

TOLERANCE OF THE TURK.

The Turk, though the prince of bigots, is the most tolerant of professors. Provided he suffer no injury from his neighbour's creed, in property or person, he neither punishes him for his opinions, nor attempts to drag him out of them; and consequently Roman Catholics and Protestants, Armenians, Jews and Greeks, have all their respective temples and religions, equally protected by the sultan as the mosque of Mahomet. Proselytism is

neither sought after nor encouraged; and though the prophet of Mecca may have used a sword to establish his religion, he seems to have handed it over to his Christian brethren when once a footing was obtained, from whence Islamism could in future be upheld by gentleness and not slaughter. Proselytes in the West are often made by blood; in the East a more salutary method is pursued: the Turk lays hold of the neophyte's purse, who, finding himself thus deprived of consequence in the eyes of others, and of wealth in his own, is glad to fall into the fold of the faithful, to restore his honour and protect his property.

[*Letters from the Levant.*]

ANECDOTES.

Sir Colquhoun Grant being in command of a regiment at Clonmel, he gave offence in some way to an honest shopkeeper, named Mulcahy, who struck him on the parade, in presence of his whole corps. The officers rushed forward to seize the delinquent, but Sir Colquhoun interposed, declaring that he had been the aggressor, and as the gentleman thought proper to resent his conduct in so gross a manner, it remained for him to seek the usual reparation.—"Oh!" exclaimed Mulcahy, "if its for fighting you are, I'll fight you; but it shall neither be with swords nor pistols nor any thing else but my two fists"—(and fine big mutton fists they were enough).—"Well, then," replied the gallant officer, "with all my heart. By insulting you, I have put myself on a level with you, and of course cannot refuse to meet you on your own terms. Come along, Sir." The men were dismissed; and Colonel Grant, accompanied by his adversary and some mutual friends, repaired to the mess room, where he speedily closed up Mr. Mulcahy's peepers, and sent him home perfectly satisfied. That was the proudest day of Mulcahy's life, and many a time has he boasted of the black eye he got from a K. C. B. as if it were an honourable ordinary emblazoned upon his escutcheon. "Ever since that morning," would he say, "let me meet Sir Colquhoun Grant where I might in town or country—among Lords or Ladies—dressed in plain clothes, or dizened out in gold and scarlet—he would give me his hand and say, 'How are you, Billy!'"

During a late trial in Philadelphia, Mr Ingersoll, related to the Jury an interesting anecdote in reference to the late Col. Cadwallader. A harmless maniac, that had been for years suffered to pass as an inoffensive idiot, one day took the mischief into his head to load a gun with ball, and shoot the first man he might meet in the street. With his loaded musket he sallied out, and it happened that Col. Cadwallader, was the first object that struck his sight. The maniac went up to the Colonel and sternly demanded "What o'clock is it?" Col. Cadwallader, observing the singular state of the maniac, flattered him by making a very low bow, pulling out his watch and replying with great affability, "Just twelve Sir." The maniac said, "That man is too polite, I won't shoot him;" and went his way. The very next man he met he levelled his gun, and shot him dead on the spot.

THE BROTHERS.

At the siege of Bommel in 1599, two Spaniards, brothers, who having been separated in early life, had never seen each other since that time, suddenly met in the field of battle. Having recognized each other, they ran and fell on each other's necks, and while in this close embrace, their heads were at once carried off by a cannon shot, the bodies falling to the ground together.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

A theatre has been opened at Detroit.—Washington Irving's history of New-York has been published at Paris in a French edition.—The original "Harvey Birch" known as Enoch Crosby, has been attending the Circuit Court at New-York, as a witness in the Astor suit, and visited the La Fayette theatre, to witness the melo-drama of the Spy.—Capt. Isaac Carter, of Clarksburgh, Mass. informs his friends and the public generally, by a newspaper advertisement, that on the 22d day of November, 1827 he did enter into partnership for life, with Miss Priscilla Smith, of Stamford, Vermont.

POPULAR TALES.

THE MANIAC OF FOND.

A troop of comedians were travelling from Rome just as the *mal aria* had begun to render that imperial city uninhabitable. They were hastening to Naples to join the company of the Theatre San Carlos for the ensuing season. Light-hearted, as players always are, and as much more so as the laughing skies and bland air of Italy could make them, they journeyed like people who had nothing to do in the world but to laugh, and to gather enjoyments from every thing that presented itself to them. Some of the females were in a travelling coach, old and clumsy in itself, and infinitely more cumbersome from its being loaded with musical instruments, packages, theatrical dresses, and *properties*, as they are called here. Two lean horses, driven by a *vetturino*, who was in no hurry, dragged the crazy vehicle. Some of the men were mounted on such horses as they had been trusted with, and to close the *cortege* came a *caleche*, in which the principal singer and his young wife travelled. They had been married only a few weeks. He was a person of some consideration in the little society of which he was a member; she was the *prima ballerina*; and, in the ballets, enjoyed as great a celebrity as he had achieved in the operas. The marriage was one of pure affection, and they were as happy as folks in their situation may be imagined to be.

There was not, indeed, a sad heart in the whole company. Poor they were, for the greater part, but jocund and gay, as if they had lands and revenues, and homes and hopes; while—God help them!—saving their good spirits and their carelessness, they possessed neither money nor money's worth. The singer and his bride should be excepted from this latter qualification; but, in respect of mirth, they were not the least distinguished of the company.

Laughing, and singing, and jesting, this merry cavalcade had proceeded for some leagues, when the road began to assume a wilder and more desolate appearance. A rugged pass between rocks, the tops of which were covered with thick shrubs and bushes, with occasionally a spiral cypress rearing its pointed head between, presented itself.

"By the blood of San Januario," cried a little fat man, who was the *buffo* of the company, "this would make a capital scene for a melo-drama."

"And for a brigand," said another, "thou, Ruffo, wouldst top the part."

As he spoke, the discharge of muskets was heard, and bullets were perceived to whistle over the heads of the speakers. The women shrieked, the *vetturino* drew up to the side of the road, the men pulled in their horses, and every one was filled with the deepest anxiety. They knew very well that this was an attack from the redoubted Fra Diavolo, a bandit, who, with his gang, infested this part of the road.—The players had believed that their poverty and their profession would have protected them from any such attack. Ariosto was let pass unmolested by the famous robber of the Appenines; and they thinking, with truly theatrical modesty, that they deserved no less consideration, did not believe they had ought to fear from Fra Diavolo. So at least they flattered themselves; perhaps, if the truth were to be strictly told, their real security arose from their poverty, which they took to be as well known to the Capo del Briganti as to the rest of the world. Little time was, however, given to them for deliberation. Immediately after the discharge some ill-looking ruffians made their appearance, and, cutting the traces of the vehicles, began to ransack them with as much cool indifference as if they had been custom-house officers instead of being less privileged thieves. There was little found to repay the trouble they were so good as to give themselves. Diadems of operatic monarchs, as gorgeous as coloured glass and tinsel could make them—muskets and pistols, wholly innocent of gunpowder—pointless daggers—robes, with fictitious lace—plenty of musical scores and instruments—some rouge, and spangles—were all that the treasures of the dramatic troop afforded them; and the thieves knew their trade too well to encumber themselves with such trash.

They would perhaps have vented their disappointment in some hard words, and have left the players

to make the best of their way, without any other damage than the disarrangement of their properties, but that at this moment their leader made his appearance. He was a person of slight figure, and, saving his great ugliness, he looked as little like a leader of banditti as possible. He had been intended for a monastick life, and had actually taken orders, and made the vows which belong to such a state. The discipline of his convent, however, by no means suited the liberal notions of Fra Nazzaro, as he was then called. Frequent irregularities brought down the censure of his superiors; his discontent at these rebukes soon broke into open rebellion; and, to save himself from the punishment which his disgraceful and disorderly conduct would have incurred, the holy brother took to the mountains one fine morning, and changed his religious function for the more liberal one of plundering travellers. From a feeling of audacity and perverseness which had always distinguished him, he scorned to adopt any disguise, or even to assume a dress better fitted to his new occupation. In the dress of a Franciscan friar, his loins girt about with the rope of the order, and his head always scrupulously trimmed with the usual clerical tonsure, but wearing at the same time pistols and poniard, and carrying always a heavy rifle, the renegade churchman levied contributions throughout the surrounding districts. His courage was of the most dauntless kind, his ingenuity and skill far greater than were commonly possessed by persons of his profession, and his habits dissolute and profligate to even a greater degree than those of apostates are usually. With such qualifications he could not fail soon to hold a place of distinction among his lawless associates; and it must be confessed that he had not as yet, by any weakness or shrinking from his purpose, however fatal or dreadful that might be, forfeited his title to be first among a set of men as bad and as bold as ever defied the laws of any country.

In the dress which has been described, the Fra Diavolo (for this was the name he invariably went by in his troop and among the people of the district, neither of whom would refuse to pay him the honours which belonged to his holy order) presented himself to the frightened players. A few words were changed between him and the robber who seemed to be the leader of the party by whom the scanty effects of the comedians had been just inspected. The Fra Diavolo seemed to be dissatisfied, and approaching, with an angry step, the *caleche* in which the newly married pair were sitting, he ordered them to alight.

The man obeyed, telling him at the same time that if there was any thing he wished to have, it was at his service; but beseeching him not to alarm further the lady, who sat weeping, and too much terrified to say any thing.

The brigand ordered a trunk to be unloosed which had escaped the eyes of his followers, and finding, on opening it, that it was filled with clothes, bade his men carry it away. He then desired the lady to alight, and told her husband, in the plainest possible terms, that he should insist on her accompanying him to his hole in the mountains. Half distracted, but yet not believing that he meant to do a thing so unusual, the husband urged him, in the most passionate manner, not to interrupt them in their journey, but to be satisfied with taking all they had. Fra Diavolo made no reply; but motioning his men, they bound the other male passengers of the troop, and were proceeding to perform the same office for the husband of the luckless young woman, when, snatching up a carbine, which one of the robbers had laid down near him, he threatened to fire upon the first who approached him.

"Cut him down, cowards!" cried the chief, to his followers, with a horrid imprecation. They seemed disposed to obey, but the menacing attitude of their victim kept them for a moment aloof. Fra Diavolo leveled a pistol at him, and, before the miserable man knew whether he really intended, to fire, the bullet entered his temples, and he fell, almost without a groan, at the feet of his young wife. One wild scream burst from her as she threw herself on his body, and a fainting fit deprived her for a short time of consciousness. Fra Diavolo gave the signal for his men to depart, and they set off at a sharp pace, bearing the senseless woman with them; and leaving the

dead body of her husband in the road, and his companions bound, for the next passengers to release them. When she recovered she found herself carried in a sort of litter, formed of the carbines of the brigands crossed, over which a cloak was spread, and she perceived they were proceeding up the mountains. The chief was not in sight, and, believing that he had fallen in the affray, she besought her conductors to release her. The ruffians were, however, too well taught to heed this request, but carried her on for some time further in total silence.—At length they stopped where a part of the rock was carved into steps, and, setting the wretched woman down, told her she must ascend. Trembling, and borne down by grief, she climbed the steep, with the assistance of the principal of the remaining robbers, the others following loaded with the trunk and other things of which they had plundered the actors' *cortege*.

At a turn of the path they came opposite a rude sort of cavern, cut in the solid rock. On a fragment, at the entrance, sat an old woman of most hideous aspect, who was spinning with a distaff. The lieutenant of the Fra Diavolo told this old witch that she was to take care of the lady whom he had brought her, by the order of their master. The crone muttered some ungracious reply, but conducted her within the cavern, where she fell upon a sort of couch, and wholly overcome with the horrors of her situation, she again sunk into total forgetfulness. The cares of the old woman were for a long time in vain; and at length, when Marina awoke, she found herself in a state of fever and indisposition, which rendered it impossible for her to rise. Such attention as the old dame could afford her, was administered, and the influence of Fra Diavolo ensured the rude services of all who were about her. For several days the wretched young woman remained in a state of great danger, but at length her youth and the vigour of her constitution triumphed over the disease. She became convalescent; but a deep and immovable melancholy took the place of her former cheerfulness.

The chieftain, as soon as he saw she was able to leave her chamber, waited upon her to apologize for the violence he had used. She learnt now to her horror, that she had been so unfortunate as to inspire the murderer of her husband with a passion for herself. The brigand professed, in the most unequivocal terms, his admiration of her, and this too in a manner which seemed too clearly to intimate that her refusal would provoke his most brutal authority. Still she continued to repel his advances timidly, and in the fear that she might provoke some fate more horrible than even that she had yet experienced, but yet resolutely. She saw that this could not last long, and that the bitterest dishonour awaited her unless she averted it by means as fatal, though not so repugnant to her feelings. The pangs of her broken heart, the despair of ever again finding the happiness she had only begun to know at the moment when she lost it, and the despair which grew out of these circumstances, drove her to absolute madness. Dire thoughts occupied her mind. Suicide, the wretch's last resource, and the horror which surpasses all the other horrors and sufferings of humanity, began to present itself to her mind, and by means of her utter wretchedness to make itself familiar to her. "Shapes and sounds, and sights unholy," surrounded her, and worked upon her until she thought that nothing could be worse than the sufferings it was her lot to endure daily.

At length the festival of the brigand's patron saint arrived. Il Giorno di San Nazzaro was a day of revelry and license among the troop of marauders, and Fra Diavolo intimated to Marina that he would no longer put up with her refusal, but that on that day he would, either with or without her consent, make her his bride. She received the intimation like a criminal, who, having long waited between hope and fear, finds even the realization of his worst apprehensions better than the indistinct terrors that doubt had engendered. From that moment no tear was seen in her eyes. A dull settled look of woe possessed her features; but no complaint, no sigh, gave outward evidence of the pangs which rent her heart. She seemed as if the resolution to "bend up each corporeal agent" to the encounter of the destiny which awaited her had enabled her to triumph over sorrow and dismay.

The day arrived, and was spent in the noisy sports which may be supposed to delight such a set of persons as owned the sway of the Fra Diavolo. Men, distinguished in no respect from the brute creation, and women (who, when they are degraded, reach the lowest depths of infamy,) mingled in the coarse merriment which the occasion sanctioned. A plentiful repast was spread, the wine-skin passed rapidly from hand to hand, and at length, partly from intoxication, and perhaps in a still greater degree from the taunts of his co-mates, the chieftain rose to seek Marina, who had remained alone in the wretched abode which had sheltered her since the day of capture.

He led her out to the assembled troop, and swearing a loud oath, declared that his bride should dance a measure in honour of their nuptials, which he would no longer defer.

The place on which the feast was celebrated was a green spot of only a few rods, on the summit of a high rock. It was selected not less because the evergreen sward afforded an excellent place for dancing, than because it was inaccessible to all attacks. On one side the ascent was by numerous steep steps; and on the other a frightful precipice reared its perpendicular side, of which nothing broke the unvarying continuity, save a few shrubs and trees, the seeds of which had been scattered by birds, and which seemed to grow in hardy and grotesque luxuriance, as if in mockery of the rude spot which had given them birth.

Upon this spot was Marina led by the half-drunk brigand. In a moment less disastrous, she would have gazed with rapture on the scene which presented itself. Below the rock, and on the side where the precipice reared its horrid wall, was a rich and fertile country. The fields, filled with yellow corn, or glowing with the almost ripe product of the vines, lay basking in the beams of the setting sun. The town of Fondi, in the extreme distance, pointed its glittering spires to heaven, and a rich purple vapour filled the whole space with that brilliant colour which Italian skies can alone give, and which none but Italian painters have yet known how to portray. Marina looked upon it but with ungladened eye; and the thought that to enjoy such a scene was forevermore denied to her, lighted up a sudden frenzy in her brain, to which the accidents of the last few days had led the way. The brigand approached, and putting his arm round her waist, gave the signal to the wretched piper, who formed the orchestra of the wild rout over which he presided. The musician began an Austrian waltz, which was at this period very common in Italy. The brigand danced, and Marina mechanically followed his steps. The music became louder and more rapid. The devoted woman drew nearer to the edge of the rock. The wine he had drank, and the excitement of the moment, prevented the brigand from seeing the peril he was in. Marina's arm was around his waist—they stood on the very brink of the precipice—one vigorous whirl of her arm, to which the fury of despair gave an irresistible energy, dashed them both from the fearful height. The brigand rolled from the top to the very bottom of the rock, and such was the force, and the distance of his fall, that nothing remained of his frame but a horrid mass, so mutilated and mangled, that it was almost difficult to discover in it the traces of humanity. Marina's body was caught by the projecting branches of a tree, but so bruised and stunned, that it was long before she was restored to consciousness.

On the following morning she was found and rescued by some soldiers, who had been sent to disperse the brigands, in consequence of their daring having become so intolerable, that even the sluggish papal government could no longer permit it to go unpunished. They were traced, by means of spies, to their mountain hold; and their leader (to whose energy and daring they were indebted for the society they had too long enjoyed) being destroyed they were easily cut to pieces. Marina was recovered alive, but her wits were fled forever. In a cottage at Fondi, under the care of her aged mother, the wretched young woman lived till lately—perhaps still lives—if the visible marks of decline, which two years ago had shown themselves in her beautiful features, have not put an end to her existence and her sufferings together.

THE REPOSITORY.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

[From the *Atlantick Souvenir*.]

She was, indeed, a pretty little creature,
So meek, so modest: what a pity, madam,
That one so young and innocent, should fall
A prey to the ravenous wolf.

—The wolf, indeed!
You've left the nursery to but little purpose,
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,
Though, in the time of AEsop, or before.

—Was't not a wolf then? I have read the story
A hundred times; and heard it told: nay, told it
Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrank
Together in the sheets, from very terror,
And, with protecting arms, each round the other,
Even subbed ourselves to sleep. But I remember,
I saw the story acted on the stage,
Last winter in the city. I and my school-mates,
With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely,
And so it was a robber, not a wolf
That met poor little Riding Hood i' the wood?

—Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale
Contains a hidden moral.

—Hidden: nay,
I'm not so young, but I can spell it out,
And thus it is: children, when sent on errands,
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.

—Tut! wolves again: wilt listen to me, child?

—Say on dear grandma.

—Thus then, dear my daughter:
In this young person, culling idle flowers,
You see the peril that attends the maiden
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,
And quits the onward path to stray aside,
Allured by gaudy weeds.

—Nay, none but children,
Could gather butter-cups and May-weed, mother.
But violets, dear violets—methinks
I could live ever on a bank of violets,
Or die most happy there.

—You die, indeed,

At your years die!

—Then sleep, ma'am, if you please,
As you did yesterday, in that sweet spot
Down by the fountain; where you seated you
To read the last new novel—what d'ye call it—
The Prairie, was it not?

—It was, my love,
And there, as I remember, your kind arm
Pillowed my aged head: 'twas irksome sure,
To your young limbs and spirit.

—No, believe me,
To keep the insects from disturbing you
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek
When the breeze lulled.

—You're a dear child!

—And then,
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,
So gently sloping to the rivulet,
All purple with my own dear violet,
And sprinkled o'er with spring flowers of each tint
There was that pale and humble little blossom,
Looking so like its namesake, Innocence;
The fairy-formed, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, called by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil too,
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness,
And her companion of the season, dressed
In varied pink. The partridge evergreen,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries.

—Did you see all these flowers? I marked them not.

—O many more, whose names I have not learned—
And then to see the light blue butterfly
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee—
And there too was the fountain, overhung
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood, met
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,
Leaped joyful o'er the fairy mound of rock,
And fell in music—then passed prattling on,
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.

—I dreamed not of these sights nor sounds.

—Then just
Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,
Like a rich riband, of enameled meadow,
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top
Was crowned with rose-bay. Half way down there stood
Sylph like, the light fantastick columbine
As ready to leap down upon her lover
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
Of green and crimson.

—Tut! enough, enough,
Your madcap fancy runs to riot, girl,

We must shut up your books of botany,
And give you graver studies.

—Will you shunt
The book of nature, too, for it is that
I love and study. Do not take me back
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms
And dull routine; its artificial manners
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer
O let me hold communion here with nature.

—Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture—

—Poor Red Riding Hood!
We had forgotten her; yet mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.
And now the hidden moral.

—Thus it is:
Mere children read such stories literally,
But the more elderly and wise, deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that you must guard against is—LOVE.

—I thought love was an infant; "tojours enfant."

—The world and love were young together, child,
And innocent—alas! time changes all things.

—True, I remember, love is now a man,
And as the song says, "a-very saucy one"—
But how a wolf?

—In ravenous appetite,
Unpitied and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence.

—I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him.

—You'll do wisely.

—Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whether I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

—That's my child.

—Nor in my grandma's cottage, nor elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or bid him pull the bobbins.

—Well, my dear,

You've learned your lesson.

—Yet one thing, my mother,
Somewhat perplexes me.

—Say what, my love,
I will explain.

—This wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandma first, and ate her up:
What is the moral here. Have all our grandmas
Been first devoured by love?

—Let us go in;
The air grows cool—you are a forward chit.

B.

[From Ackerman's "Forget-Me-Not."

DESTRUCTION OF THE KENT EAST INDIAMAN.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

There is a fearfulness in the solitude of the ocean which every one feels, under whatever circumstances he traverses its mighty depths. Night, with its storms and tempests, may add terror to the sensation; but there is in the very vastness of the waters, in the awful uniformity of their murmurs, and in their unchanging aspect a loneliness so deep and perfect, that the human heart has no passion, either of hope or fear, which it does not deepen or overcome. The moonlight of a desert solitude, the gloom of evening or midnight in a ruined city, may carry the traveller's thoughts through years of by-gone happiness; but it is in his passage across the deep, in the hush and loneliness of the ocean, that the visions and bodings of his spirit become palpable and real. The "world of waters" is a strong and beautiful expression. It speaks of new forms and new modes of existence; or a separate part of creation, in which the substantial realities of life are lost in dim and indistinct visions, and where the farthest waves meet the horizon, we seem to see the actual brink and verging step of eternity.

It is not surprising when the ocean itself is so fitted to awaken images of awe and wonder, that we should listen to the adventures of mariners with a deep and intense interest. No romance can ever be so full of rich imaginative eloquence, as the relations of our olden navigators. While writing their simple statements, the awful associations in their memories seem to have put a new spirit into their hearts, and we follow their recitals as those of men

who have seen creation in its strangest forms and elements. Of the fearful accidents and perils to which the wanderers of the deep are liable, we have naturally had fewer details since the modern improvements in navigation; and it is not often, therefore, that we now meet with those appalling pictures of desperate hardihood and suffering, in which the chronicles of our early naval history abound.

Among the few memorials of this kind which relate to events in our own times, none, perhaps, is more fearfully interesting than that of the burning of the Kent East Indiaman. The circumstances attending that catastrophe were few, but terrible. The struggle of the perilous hour was one of rapid and withering anxiety; and the descriptions which have been given of it, present the whole scene to the mind with a strong and glaring distinctness that appeals the imagination. It is hardly possible to conceive a situation in which human nature could be surrounded with greater horrors—horrors which must have appeared to start up from the wild caverns of the deep itself: for there was no preparation for the thoughts, none of those signs of approaching peril which precede the whirlwind or the tempest; but, almost in an instant, the crew of the lonely vessel found themselves assailed by an enemy, against which human foresight could have provided no protection.

There is something in the misfortunes which happen at sea, that awakens in our bosoms more than ordinary sympathy with the sufferers. The loneliness of the ocean, as we have said, is, even in idea, fearful to the mind, and the complete separation of those who are on its paths from the rest of mankind, makes us follow them in our sympathies as if they had once been sharers of our home. This feeling is of course deepened when any of the objects of our pity have been actually known to us, or have once lived in our own neighbourhood. How many a village tale of war or shipwreck has been handed down from generation to generation, because some one whose name is in the parish register happened to be present! How often has the circle round the winter hearth in the most inland county of the kingdom listened tremblingly to the howling blast, because the son or the husband of some one in the town was passing over the deep!

It happened that the writer of this article was residing, in the beginning of the year 1825, in a small and rural village, of which he was the curate. Among the simple inhabitants of a country parish, there will now and then be found a family, whose long residence in the place and established character for sobriety have given them a certain rank among their neighbours, of which few know the importance but those skilled in village politics. Such, however, was the family of the parish clerk, who was himself a fine specimen of the English peasant, when his head has become hoary with honest and successful industry.

The old age of this happy-hearted old man was green with the blossoms of a second spring. He had saved out of his small gains enough to keep him from the fear of want, and he used to boast that, through a long life and with a large family to bring up, he had never once been chargeable to his wealthier neighbours. He had three sons and a daughter living. Of the former two were at home, and the third in the army. It was after this absent child that the old man's heart was continually yearning. He would have resigned all his little wealth to bring him home, and yet he had that sort of pride which prevented his expressing a wish for his discharge, had it been offered. Often has the writer heard a long tale of the youthful exploits of this son, and seen the father weep and laugh at the same time; and sometimes, just as he seemed about to repeat his regret that he was not at home to cheer his old age, he has heard him end his lamentation with a proud expression of thankfulness that he had such a son to serve the king.

From all, indeed, that the writer could learn of this young man, he was highly deserving of his father's love. By a little scholarship and a good deal of attention to discipline, he had in a short time been made a sergeant; and there was a prospect, if he should be sent on foreign service, of his acquiring further promotion. This at length occurred; and his regiment was one of those whose detachments were on board the Kent, when the catastrophe took

place which exposed so many to destruction. There is no suffering to which we are liable in the present state of existence more terrible to the heart than that of uncertainty respecting the fate of friends; and this the virtuous old man whom we have been mentioning, was doomed to suffer in its most dreadful form. It happened that tidings of the burning of the Kent arrived on a Sunday: the old man listened to them with a firm brow and a swelling heart; and the only alteration in his appearance during the service, was a slight bowing of the head, as if he bore a burden for which his strength was unequal. It was a considerable time before it was known who had perished and who had been saved; and week after week did the robust frame of the anxious parent become more and more feeble, and his gray hairs almost visibly heavier with sorrow. There was not a soul in the little parish who did not respect the old clerk, or, rude as were their expressions, did not commiserate his misfortune.

It was on a bright evening when the disconsolate father, seated in his arm-chair and endeavouring to enjoy the setting sun, was conversing with some old men of the village who were gathered around him, that the writer met not far from the cottage a group of villagers running and shouting as if in truth mad with joy. They were all too breathless to answer his inquiries; and as he looked across the fields, several other persons were seen hurrying on in the same joyous manner. His curiosity was soon satisfied, by finding that the son of the old clerk was the object which had roused the village, and that he was now hastening on to the embrace of his parents.

It was not many days after this that every particular respecting the burning of the Kent was known through the country for ten miles around; and such was the delight with which the clerk's son was listened to, that the daughter of an opulent farmer had much to do to secure him for herself, though her father had offered him his discharge and a snug farm next his own. At last however, she succeeded, and should any one wish to hear again the awful story of the Kent and her crew, let him go down to the parish of S——, and the clerk's son will tell him, how on the wildest track of the wild ocean the fire spirit overtook them; how in the helplessness of despair they heard the signal of their distress reverberating among the mountainous waves; how, as the waters were let in, the vessel grew steady amid the uprushing flames; and how, when the Cambria came in sight, and her boats were heaved into the ruddy glare of the burning ship, hope grew fierce in its doubtfulness, till at last they stood on the deck of the friendly vessel, and, looking back on their short but fearful track, they saw the majestic bark, which had passed the waters like a conqueror, become a mighty pillar of fire in the vast desert of the ocean.

CONSIDERATION OF MAN.

Man considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and soon quits his post to make room for him.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short time. The silk worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies; but a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted—capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transported into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not a more pleasing and triumphant

consideration in religion than that of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it—to look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

[Addison.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopædia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

It gives us the highest feelings of pleasure, when we introduce to our patrons, an acquisition of such promise as we discover in our new correspondent "D." We earnestly solicit a continuance of his favour, and if possible, a more particular acquaintance. All communications from him, or any body else, possessing the unambitious and chaste merits of the present article, will be cordially welcome to our columns, with many thanks to the author.

DECEMBER.

"Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs—"

BERNARD BARTON.

A new aspect does the fickle genius of the seasons give to the relative features of earth and heaven: The silence and the pensive languor of the Autumnal evening, are now supplanted by the more rugged and impetuous rush of the winds over the grassless fields, and through leafless groves. Such is the accustomed tenour of the season; but there is often a relaxation of its strength, and we look with a tender and melancholy pleasure on the smoky reign of summer's last smile. When the strength of the north wind had for a while exhausted its fury on the woods, and the pools and rills are already crystallized around their borders, and the tops of the mountains assume the livery of winter, and the valley is deserted by its browsing tenants,—to see the sky assume a smoky gloom, the sun a bloody hue, and the warmth of spring to come down like a departed spirit, to look again on its deserted seats, may bring a glimmer of gayety on the soul of some,—but it is like the bliss which enters the heart at the reviving smile of a dying loved one—more sad and comfortless because the last.

We all know the sympathetical influences of an Indian summer. It is a season that calls to its associations all that was bright and dear, but now vanished forever. The poet has hallowed its images, and the poetical soul has responded to them. But few have felt the reviving glow that lightens up the desolation of the winter-beaten spirit, which this temporal calmness so strikingly illustrates. When the frosty hand of age and disappointment has made the affections a waste, and the slowly ebbing current of life is approximating to its goal, then often comes a halcyon hour like this—but like this it is a too faithful warning that the vital warmth is forever exhausted, and that the spring of the resurrection alone can repair the ravages of winter in the soul.

But such pathetical hours will be few during this stern and tempestuous month. A more grand and awful subject of reflection will offer, when the strength of frost, and the sweep of the storm, come

down every where around us. Nor are these all. The tune of joyous and light hearts will be set for all who have cheerful and grateful affections to exercise, and even the melancholick temperament of the more pensive will be banished for a while, by the appropriate festivity of Thanksgiving, and the dignified merriment of Christmas.

The pools and broad streams, too, present a surface smoother than the stream of life ever did; and though congealed by the most intense cold, they are the joyous haunts of the warmest hearts. There, in a thousand mazes, the beings of as many destinies mingle, and in the vortex of the present wild merriment, forget that sorrow has ever passed, or that it may ever come. The youth that to-morrow may be wasted by the canker of solicitude, to-day is as free from the touch of sorrow's blighting fingers, as the destined nabob of future wide domains. The health-braced stripling, who to-morrow may be emaciated by the persevering strength of disease, is as gay, and exults in his agility with the same hope, as he whom sickness shall never touch. All alike are happy to-day, let their future fate be dark or bright. And why should they not be so? Has not futurity enough of the bitter, without lending its deadly influence to nauseate the sweets of to-day? Has not to-day enough of its own, without borrowing anything from the dark side of futurity? The present then is the season to be happy, virtuous and wise; and he that will not "let the morrow take thought for things of itself," may look for his darling to-morrow in eternity.

You will find around the warm hearth, and out of the reach of the sweep of the elements, as much luxurious mirth, and as hearty a participation of the good things that bounteous nature withholds from few but the selfish, as when all was sunshine and warmth without doors. You will see the fur-clad belles and the cloak-hidden beaux, gliding along the snowy way, to the music of the shrill bells, setting the united might of time and space at defiance, with not a single wish for the more element air, or the less cloudy sky of June. The tempest may rush forth like a legion of furies; but there is no tempest at the fire side. Frost may boast his blighting touch; but he cannot pierce the fortifications which fashion has built around warm and bounding hearts. Snow may strew the way with many a threatening barrier; but the nimble horse will only hurry the glad sledge along the road with greater ease for the seeming obstruction. Blue devils may come; but Thanksgiving will build its fortifications of pies, and Christmas open upon them a battery of cakes, and their discomfort is inevitable; and when we look back from the "space between the years," with hope for the future and a tender regret for the past, our spirits will linger with feelings of no ordinary tone around the stern but wholesome enjoyments we owe to the cold hand of DECEMBER.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER.

Winter! thou art here—and wild
Is thy sceptre brandished o'er us,
And, where plenty lately smiled,
Thou art wasting all before us.
What though deadly be thy breath
To the flowers we love to cherish,—
Not like life's last winter, death,
Does its prey for ever perish.

Thou art chilling us with frost,
Thou art frowning on our pleasures;

Yet the fervour we have lost,
And the autumn's rifled treasures
Never to the bosom lend
Feelings half so melancholy
As the cold look of a friend,
Or the scornful frown of folly.

There are tempests in thy train
Howling through the snowy valley,
As if every gust were vain
Of the legions could rally;
They may beat upon our path
Till all earthly things are riven;
But they have no weight of wrath
Like the storm that fate hath given.

Yet around our happy hearth
There are warmth, and smiles, and quiet,
Far above all heartless mirth,—
Or the wintry soul would fly it.
Spite the ruin nature sends,
Or that fate has fixed above us,
Smiles are with our faithful friends,
Peace and warmth with those that love us.

Let the tempest then come down
And rave wildly round the mountain;
Let the skies above us frown,
And the frost seal up the fountain;
All around, beneath, above,
Vital strength at once dis sever,—
Yet within that sphere is love—
And that summer lasts for ever.

G.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Evening Bulletin*, a new daily paper, published in Boston by J. F. Howe, and edited by Samuel H. Jenks, late of the Nantucket Inquirer, has commenced, in a style not unworthy of the reputation of its editor. The Bulletin stands neutral as to politics. Its mechanical appearance is neat, and we believe it to be a valuable acquisition to the literature of Boston.

The editor of the *Black Rock Gazette*, not having met with a sale for his establishment, has determined upon removing the same to the village of Buffalo. The paper will be continued in the latter place, under the title of the "*Black Rock and Buffalo Gazette*."

The celebrated John Neale, formerly of Baltimore, has returned from Europe, and proposes to publish a new literary paper, in Portland, Maine, to be entitled "*The Yankee*." Mr. Neale has been in literature what Cobbett is in politics. He has sent into the world, through the medium of European periodicals, more flagrant abuse to American literature than perhaps any other man; and as such self made arbitrators of taste always know how to suit their judgement to the occasion, we presume that when he is again located among us, his invectives will be as profusely bestowed on the sons of Johnny Bull, as they have been lavishly dealt out for Brother Jonathan.

THE DUEL.

[From the New-York Statesman of Thursday.]

"Alas, poor Yorick!—A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy—Where are your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on the roar?"

We mentioned yesterday the report that William G. Graham, Esq. associate editor of the New York Enquirer, fell in a duel at Hoboken yesterday morning. We learn since that he fought with a Mr. Barton, of Philadelphia. The parties landed early in the morning, and proceeded to the beach, about one mile above Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, and on the margin of the North River. Here the ground was marked out by the seconds—the principals placed at ten paces distant—and on the word fire being given, both fired without effect. A second shot was then exchanged, which proved fatal to Mr. Graham, the ball taking effect in his groin. He immediately fell and exclaimed—"I am a dead man."

He was taken into the boat which conveyed him to the spot, and died before they reached this side of the river.

The New York Enquirer of Friday morning, publishes the following letter from Mr. Graham to Mr. Noah, handed to him by a friend of the deceased after the fatal encounter:—

11 o'clock.

Dear Sir—What may be the result of the unhappy rencontre which is to take place in the morning between Mr. Barton and myself, cannot of course be predicted by me. In the supposition that it will be fatal, I bid you *farewell*, in the only language now left me. I am perfectly indifferent as to myself, but I trust most earnestly that Mr. Barton (towards whom I have not the faintest enmity of any kind) may escape. I admit that I am in the wrong—that in giving him a blow, I have forced him into the condition of a challenger, and that by not doing what he has, he would have blasted his character as a gentleman forever. In common justice, I am bound thus to absolve him from all suspicion of unbecoming conduct respecting the challenge. The provocation, though slight, was still a provocation, which I cannot overlook. It is out of the question for me to explain, retract, or apologize. I will not hear of any settlement short of some abject and craven submission from him.

Mr. Barton is a talking man, who dwells very complacently on his own skill as a marksman; on his experience as a duellist, and on his accuracy as a person of ton. I pretend to none of these, and therefore must oppose the most inflexible obstinacy. After he is perfectly satisfied, I may, perhaps, apologize—that is, in case I am fatally wounded. It is perfectly needless for me to say, I heartily detest and despise this absurd mode of settling disputes, and *salving* the wounds of honour. But what can a poor devil do except bow to the supremacy of custom.

God bless you, W. G. GRAHAM.

[From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.]

The trials expected to come on at Canandaigua this week, are postponed till February. Mr. Bruce, one of the three defendants, was unable to attend, owing, as is stated, to severe domestic afflictions.—The other two, Capt. Darrow and Mr. Turner of Lockport, were in attendance, ready for trial; but, as we understood, the publick prosecutor declined putting them to the bar at present.

[From the Same.]

The court of Oyer and Terminer of Niagara (Judge Birdsall presiding) closed its session last Wednesday. The Judge urged Hill, who was in jail there, self-accused of the murder of Morgan, to go before the grand jury; but this Hill declined, saying that he had already given a confession in writing, and by that he was willing they should be guided in finding a bill against him. The jury however, after careful and thorough examination, saw nothing to warrant a belief in his statement. "He has made his exit, (says the Lockport paper,) and we hope, not to make any farther attempt to palm this or a like imposition on the publick. If he does, may he not nave to utter a single murmur that equity and justice are too slow to suit his convenience."

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lacy, Mr. GEORGE KANE to Mrs. ESTHER WOOD, all of this city.

In New-York, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. H. J. Feltus, Mr. JAMES P. PERKMAN, of this city, to Miss CORNELIA LOUISA, daughter of Samuel Judd, esq. of the former city.

In Johnstown, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Hosack, Mr. CORNELIUS GATES, of this city, to Miss SARAH, daughter of Samuel M'Elroy, late of this city.

On the 5th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Young, Mr. HENRY MARTIN to Miss ANN ELIZA BURROWS, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 27th ult. MARGARET, daughter of Mr. James Aiken, printer, aged one year and six months.

In this city, on the 28th ult. Mr. RICHARD ALLINSON, a respectable citizen and distinguished architect.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

"THERE IS A TEAR FOR ALL WHO DIE."

The stream of time is ever rolling on,
And ever sweeping names and things away:
Many we loved are now forever gone,
And scenes held dear, have sunk in dark decay;
How soon ourselves shall go, we can not say;
But can we constant see, with tearless eye,
The changes sad of every weary day?
See those we loved shrouded and coffined lie,
And turn from them away with eye proud, cold and dry?

Just where yon mountain meets the lowland wide,
A cottage stood some few short years ago;
It was a spot where art and nature vied,
To make it wild and lone, yet lovely too:
'Twas such a scene as nature's lovers woo:—
Here spread a garden decked with flowers fair,
While just above the mountain forest grew;
Here climbed the grape—and the sweet woodbine there;
All told of rustick pride, and constant, ceaseless care.

Its inmates three; the parents and the child—
But my chief care is of the last to tell;
Though cottage born, and "nurtured in the wild,"
Her native charms none other could excel—
Such sweetness in no other face could dwell;
And when with lightsome step she trod the green,
At view of her what bosom would not swell?
And what proud youth, but wished that he had been
An unknown mountain lad of that wild woody scene?

Her face bespoke the temper of her mind;
'Twas open, cloudless, innocent and fair.
Her light blue eye to all was soft and kind,
Yet mirth and pity often blended there.
Half hid was her clear brow with auburn hair,
But no coquette her look or speech had trained,
And no coquette could e'er with her compare;
Her matchless charms from nature's self were gained,
And a polluter's kiss her lip had never stained.

Her dawn of life showed what the day would be;
Old ROBERT saw, and led her opening mind,
Taught it to soar in hope and fancy free,
And leave this fading earth afar behind:
But 'twas her nature to be good and kind;
To weep with others, and with them rejoice,
Be gentle, mild, and under ills resigned,
And ever act as was her parents' choice—
And if by nature coy,—in mirth the merriest was her voice.

And even when age his frame began to stoop,
The old man often gladly smiled to see
His modest JANE, the gayest in the group
Of youthful friends, in mirth indulging free:
Must some one sing—O who could sing but she?
And sweeter far upon the ear they rung—
Those notes of wild and artless melody,
When "bonnie Doon," or "auld lang syne," she sung,
Than aught I ever heard from more instructed tongue.

The sprightly form, the glowing cheek and eye,
Nourished by pure love and affection due,
Promise long life, and happiness, and joy;
But look around you—do they promise true?
The budding rose is often fair to view,
And sweet its fragrance, while the worm beneath
Preys on its stem: then vain the evening dew,
The shower, the sunshine, and the morning's breath—
In vain all fostering care,—it withers down in death.

Death here was busy with his fatal dart;—
Too bright the morn for an unclouded day!
She who a few weeks since was light of heart,
And sung, and smiled before us, is but clay,
And to the last long home is borne away!
Such is the fate of all things here below;
The earliest flower falls soonest to decay;—
And all must have their proper share of woe,
But the survivor's grief—Oh! who can tell or know?

Had she but lived till came the autumnal moon,
That moon had seen her mate the lovely bride
Of one whose soul prized high the precious boon,
Whose heart exulting owned her his with pride:
But death regardless dashed their hopes aside,
And maiden still, she passed the gloomy hour;—

But he, a wanderer on the country wide,
Finds not again in either hall or bower,
So deep and pure a love—so fair and sweet a flower.

The parents now were stripped of hope and stay,
Yet did they not on heaven lay the wrong;—
No; HE who gave, had right to take away,
And in his promise, still their trust was strong;—
All else was gloom: they heard no more the song,
And saw no more the sunny brow of Jane—
And seemed her flowers to fade—and even the throng
Of woodland warblers seemed to hush their strain;—
But, ere one year had passed, death ended all their pain.

Beside their new made graves alone I stood,
Down at the garden's foot in evening mild:
The birds about me sung in merry mood,
And all around the face of nature smiled:
I thought of them—and of their lovely child
That 'neath those flowers and that green turf was sleeping,
And one long dream the lingering hours beguiled:
But when the darkness on the earth was creeping,
For years I took my leave—with eyes bedimmed with weeping.

Those grounds no more bespeak old Robert's care,
The cottage even is tumbling down with years,
And bats and reptiles sole inhabit there,
While on the hearth its head the thistle rears;—
Yet memory still the lonely spot endears;
For there were beauty, innocence and worth,
And holy hope, and young love's joys and tears,
And merry hours, around that cottage hearth;
But years and death have passed, and stilled the voice of mirth.

Here were their graves—but now no mound is seen,
Or stone that does their resting place disclose:
Briers and weeds, luxuriant and green,
Possess the sod where they at last repose
From life itself—its transient joys and woes.
Sad changes these. Few years have passed away
Since blossomed here the lily and the rose,
And all around was beautiful and gay;—
But me and flowers alike ran swiftly to decay.

Thus Time's stern hand the humble cottage fells,
Nor has the palace a much longer date,
Nor earthly thrones, where human greatness dwells:
They and their owners share the self-same fate
That cottages and lowlier names await—
Ruin and death, which spare nor great nor small:
The difference is, those crumble down in state,
And in their wreck are gazed upon by all—
While these in noiseless life almost unnoticed fall.

D.

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

She sleeps!—but not the free and sunny sleep
That lightly on the brow of childhood lies;
Though happy be her rest, and soft and deep,
Yet, ere it sank upon her shadow'd eyes,
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erwhelm'd
Her soul's meek stillness—she had prayed and wept.

And now in vision to her couch they come,
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—
That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,
Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled;
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—
Not as they were when binding up the flowers,
Telling wild legends round the winter-hearth,
Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours;—
These things are past:—a spiritual gleam;
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding years
In those pure aspects may no more be read,
Thenceforth hath sorrow melted—and the tears
Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed,
Are all effaced;—there earth hath left no sign,
Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But oh, more soft, more tender, breathing more
A thought of pity than in vaulted days;
While hovering silently and brightly o'er
The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze
With their immortal eyes, they seem to say,
"Yet sister! yet we love thee—come away!"

"Twill fade, the radiant dream! and will she not
Wake with more painful yearning at her heart?
Will not her homesick yet a lonelier spot,
Her task more sad, when those bright shadows part?
And the green summer after them look dim,
And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild hymn?"

But let her hope be strong! and let the dead
Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still;
Be their names utter'd, be their memory spread,
Yet round the place they never more may fill
All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

THE GLEANER.

SLANDER.

It has been frequently asserted, that calumny is generally its own best refutation. Slander will wither quicker than it can be crushed. In the truth of this observation, every day's experience confirms us. The most contemptible scoundrel obtains some consequence, if the subject of his malignant aspersions condescends to rebut or even refute his calumnies; and a gentleman derogates from his standing in society, by stooping to chastise every worthless fellow who assails him—it would be thought ridiculous in a person to spurn every cur that yelped at his heels. If you grapple with the fellow, said a gentleman to his son who was rudely jostled by a sweep, you may beat him, it is true, but a portion of his filth will cleave to you. [Middlesex Gaz.]

A SCRAP FROM HISTORY.

In the fifth century there arose a set of fanatics termed *Styckies*, or pillar-saints, who passed their lives on the tops of pillars of various height. Some a native of Cilicia, was the founder of this sect. In his thirteenth year he left the employment of shepherd to enter a monastery. With the most romantic zeal of religious phrenzy, he exhibited himself to his astonished followers on the top of a column 60 feet high, on the mountains of Syria. He died in 461, aged 69 years, of which he had passed 47 on the top of a column, exposed to the inclemencies of the air, and of the season, and often supporting himself for hours and for days on one foot in his elevated situation. This phrenzy prevailed in the east for many centuries.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

A medical correspondent of the Portland Patriot, thinks it would be advantageous for females to pass their twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year before they subject themselves to the cares and fatigues of a married life; as the constitution of few women can be regarded as firmly established until after their twentieth year. Every female who does not have an offer to her taste previous to that age will apply his advice; but such as may meet with husbands to their minds will judge of their own fitness, and laugh at the Doctor.

As Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of eloquent and witty memory, was standing at his window with his first wife, a poor man selling matches, imperturbed him very much to buy some; on which Sheridan exclaimed, "My good fellow, you only lose your time. This lady once made a match herself, and is resolved never to have any thing more to do with another."

A relative of the writer's, riding out not long since in the vicinity of Dublin, saw some odd-looking buildings, for which he could not imagine a use: a little girl was passing—"Well, my dear, are these houses for a school?" said he. "Ah, no! Sir, they are a manufactory." "O! for a manufactory; and what do they make there?" "Nothing, Sir."

LEMAN, — Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Mosonic, and Sign Painter, No. 362 North Market-st. Albany. June 23. 21st

GREAT LUCK AT G. ARMS'S Lottery Office, No. 395, South Market-street.—Drawing of the New-York Consolidated Lottery, class No. 9, for 1821:
28, 11, 23, 1, 33, 40.
Combination, 1, 11, 23, a prize of \$10,000,
do. 1, 23, 40, do. of 2,000,
besides several of \$120, 100, 80, 60, &c. were sold at the above office, where the fortunate holders are requested to call and receive the cash.

30—Tickets, and shares in a variety of numbers, in the 10th class of said lottery, to be drawn on the 28th instant, for sale from the country, enclosing cash or prize tickets, will receive prompt attention, if directed to G. ARMS, 395, South Market-street, Albany. Tickets \$15; halves \$7.50; quarters \$3.75; tenths 1.50. Nov. 17. 42d

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1827.

[No. 45.]

MASONIC RECORD.

*Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ.* [Juv. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before Harmony Lodge, No. 7, in Natchez, state of Mississippi, January 8, in the year A. L. 5814.

BY BR. HENRY TOOLEY, M. D.

At the request of my brethren, I have consented to become their spokesman to this respectable assembly. It is my sincere desire to present before them an outline of the beauty, wisdom and excellency of masonry, such as I have found it drawn by the hand of the master, but am conscious my abilities are inadequate. In the address which I shall deliver, there will be no doubt many errors—to excuse which I must plead the immensity and infinite perfection of the subject, far beyond human power to display.

Met together to celebrate the birth of St. John the Evangelist, he who enjoyed the ineffable privilege of leaning upon the bosom of the Grand Master of Christian Masonry, unto whom was revealed all the mysteries of the art—the mild and peaceful patron of its truths—it becomes us to celebrate the day with humility and ardent praise, with the exultations of joy, yet with trembling, knowing that the ground on which we stand is holy.

Before the beginning of time, masonry has existed. "When the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy," masonry was the theme of their song. When the "worshipful ones" fixed the plan of creation, the Grand Architect of worlds planted the one point of the compass upon the deep, and with the other described the boundary of matter. As yet darkness covered the formless void, but the power of the Master moved thereon, and at his strong bidding light arose from the bosom of chaos, sphered in a radiant cloud. It was by masonry that he stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and laid the strong foundations of the earth. It was by this divine art that the congregated atoms were united, and being warmed by the vital influence of the sun, this spacious earth, with all thereon, sprang into life: and last of all, the "worshipful ones" formed man after their own image, and gave him capacity and power to become the glory and beauty of creation. It was by masonry that the heart is placed within man, as the fountain of life, and conveying by innumerable channels the vital current to every part, the brain as the source of sensation, perception, and thought—and by ten thousand silver cords dispensing and returning the same. Who can appreciate the blessings of seeing, feeling, hearing, tasting, smelling? What physiologist can describe the various and important functions of this complicated machine? None. But there is placed within man an immortal spirit, capable of happiness in this life, and by obedience to the laws of the Master, of happiness in another and more glorious existence.

When man fell from primeval innocence and righteousness, subjecting himself to the bitter penalty of the law—when wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked—when exposed to fierce conflicting passions, set on fire of hell—when creation suffered a shock sufficient to sink the whole into original darkness and confusion—the Grand Master of the universe spoke the word, light sprang up in darkness, order was again established. Deity had pity upon fallen man, and gave him masonry as a perfect system of moral and temporal righteousness, whereby he might escape the evil, and serve his Almighty Creator in spirit and in truth. Fain would I speak of the unbounded goodness of the "worshipful ones"—fain would I number the blessings of masonry; but as well might I attempt to encompass the universe with my arms, and take up the unfathomable ocean in the hollow of my hand, as to undertake that which the all wise and almighty God can alone display. All hail, glorious and divine art! among the greatest and best gifts of

Heaven!—May thy blessing continue to pour into the bosoms of the worthy, until we salute each other in the Grand Lodge above.

This state of existence is short—man is an inhabitant of this world, as a probationer, here to be prepared for an entrance into the grand lodge of heaven, or by neglect of righteousness, to be cast into illimitable darkness and woe! Masonry teaches how to ensure the one and escape the other—its rules extend to every state and condition of man: it gives wisdom and fortitude in the most trying situation, and to the poor in spirit it yields consolation and relief. To the destitute and afflicted, masonry pours out its blessings, as well as to the rich man arrayed in all the splendour and honours of this world. The foundation of masonry is TRUTH, surmounted by CHARITY, and supported on the right and left by FAITH and HOPE. It looks not at the exterior, but at the heart, and while a proud, blasphemous and intemperate man, abounding in earthly riches, is rejected and left in darkness, a worthy and faithful beggar is exalted to the right hand of the "worshipful ones," in the fulness of that light which is the glory of heaven.

To counteract the deadly venom of moral evil, the Eternal Father of Mercy has given to man the Holy Bible. This book contains doctrines and rules easy to be understood, and suited to the condition and capacity of every individual of the human race, and by practicing the same, all may arrive at great happiness, wisdom, and usefulness. But there are superadded to the written word, doctrines, traditions, and symbols communicated to the first man by God himself, and thence handed down to this period, that enable men more completely to comprehend the being and attributes of Deity, to understand the science of the human heart, together with the arts of usefulness and elegance. These doctrines, traditions and symbols are kept inviolably secret by masons, and can be communicated to the worthy and well qualified in manner and form only known to them. Like the eternal truths of the gospel, the benefits of masonry cannot be bought with money. "Rivers of oil, cattle upon a thousand hills, all the gold of Ophir," are of no value compared to masonry. But to those who find themselves wretched, and poor, and blind and naked, the door of the masonic temple is thrown open, and from the rich treasures of truth and science deposited there, all their wants are supplied without money and without price.

When we take a view of the plan which the Grand Master has delineated upon the trestle board of revelation, we are struck with admiration at its wisdom, beauty, and excellency. No situation in which human beings can be placed—no possible state or condition in which the heart may be found—whether in nations, cities, families or individuals, a remedy is provided for every evil, and by suitable encouragement, and just recompense of reward, men are incited to be good and true. Prophecies may fail, tongues may cease, knowledge itself may vanish away, but the wisdom and goodness of God stand secure amid the crush of worlds.

Although man is a fallen being, yet we view him as a moral agent, and being assisted by that light which those who sat in darkness have seen, he is able and qualified to obey the law, and perform every duty imposed by the grand superintending master builder. By improving himself in the doctrines, and by scrupulous obedience to the dictates of truth, man may arrive, step by step, to that degree in spiritual masonry, that will enable him to give the proper tests that shall admit him to the fellowship of saints in the Grand Lodge above.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are, is part of a charge delivered by an eminent and enlightened mason, and like that magnificent, beautiful, and costly temple, built at the direction of God,

by our ancient grand master Solomon, and when dedicated to God, was filled with the divine presence, so should masons be. Having escaped that state of darkness, nakedness and want, so ably described by him whom we this day commemorate; and being dug from the quarries of Lebanon, and from rough ashlers have been wrought by the master mason so as to become living stones of a spiritual temple, it becomes us by all manner of ways, to keep ourselves unspotted in virtue, unbroken in duty, and ever bound to each other by the cement of brotherly love. To accomplish this valuable purpose permit me to remind you of some of the grand principles of our order.

TRUTH is an attribute of Deity, but communicated to man, and is the inexhaustible source of every valuable and amiable virtue. To be good and true should be the first lesson learned in masonry. On this we should meditate, says the Psalmist, day and night. By the light of truth we walk securely through the devious paths of life. By the doctrines of truth, we are able to perform every relative duty, and by obeying its sacred precepts masons will give light to all around. Dissimulation and deceit should never be named among them. Sincerity and uprightness distinguish the order. The heart and tongue unite in promoting the happiness of the human race, and rejoice with joy unspeakable at the welfare of the brotherhood.

FIDELITY is the offspring of truth, and flows from a heart good and true. By it we learned the necessity of performing the various duties of life, with a pure heart fervently. Fidelity requires us to speak the truth in all our communications, and if in the compass of human power, to perform every promise lawfully made, and never promise that which cannot lawfully be performed.

SECRECY. Debate thy cause with thy neighbour himself, and disclose not the secrets of another, is the precept of one of the most enlightened masons upon earth. By secrecy we learn to keep that inviolably, which being disclosed, could not tend to the happiness of man. By observing the doctrines of secrecy, we are able to keep a tongue of good report, and rather than unlawfully divulge a matter entrusted to us, we should be willing to suffer any pain or consequence that wickedness can inflict. In a word, to depart from truth is to become the child of the devil. To be unfaithful, is to destroy the foundation of earthly happiness, and to divulge a secret unlawfully, is to forfeit the human character.

CHARITY is the bond of perfectness, says the learned St. Paul, and compared to it all earthly treasure is as dross. Like that refulgent light which encircled the Lord of life upon Mount Tabor, when saints and angels ministered to him—so wherever charity fills the heart, a divine and radiant glory pervades the man, as from a centre, light and life is diffused to all around, unto whom the angels of God are ministering servants. He that loveth his brother, abideth in the light, says the holy evangelist, and not only so, but rich streams of living kindness will issue to every individual of the human race. Charity requires that we save and not destroy, imitating the example of the Grand Master of Christian Masonry, who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Hence masons should become the protectors and supporters of the weak and feeble, especially to save the lovely female from violence, injury and distress. By charity we extend the hand of munificence to the distressed of all sects and conditions of men, and in discharge of the duties of a mason the naked is clothed, the hungry are fed, the sick and imprisoned are visited and relieved, to the panting thirsting soul the cooling drink is administered, and the wayfarer stranger is entertained. How will the heart of a mason be transported as with heavenly rapture, when the blessing of him who was ready to perish, and the gratitude of the fatherless and widow in songs of joy, shall encircle his head with a crown of glory. But I must stop.

The feeble expressions of a mortal man are insufficient to display the excellency of charity. Let the imagination range from east to west, and between the north and the south, and from earth to Heaven, and we shall find that Charity is the universal source of happiness, whether in earth below, or Heaven above.

From the most remote antiquity masons have ever been the repository of the divine science of living well, and of the arts of usefulness, and elegance. Early taught to be diligent and faithful, good and true, that which has been intrusted to them has been safely kept, and the same perfect system of moral science, usefulness and elegance first communicated by the Grand Master of the Universe, has remained among them unaltered and entire. Taught in a manner peculiar to themselves, by impressions made on their minds, in a way that none but the craft can know, masons have been the wisest, best and most accomplished men in all ages and in all countries. In every nation, tongue, and kindred, with but one exception, the royal Art is known. In Asia, Europe and America—from the burning line to the freezing poles, the Christian, Mahometan, Hindoo and Jewish Masons know each other by the universal language of the craft, give the hand of fellowship, and are united in a bond of brotherhood that no earthly power can dissolve. *Happy the man who possesses the divine art, but more happy he who practices the same.*

Lovely females! You have presented before you an order of men possessing knowledge, and enjoying privileges peculiar to themselves. Set apart from the world as the repository of virtue and science—to preserve the beauty and harmony of charity and brotherly love—whose greatest happiness is to promote the welfare of the human race—among whom none but the worthy can enter—think it no evil to your sex, or abridgement of your natural rights that ye are excluded the masonic temple.—Masonry is planned by wisdom—all its operations tend to good. The fair daughters of Eve are under its influence though unseen, and derive from it more lasting benefits than they could were they professors of its mysteries. Masons look with delight upon your beauteous forms, and are enraptured to behold your spotless virtue—fair as the driven snow. We are your friends and brothers, and under the protection of a genuine mason you have safety.

A word to the brotherhood. Be, I intreat you, what the badge of a mason represents. Selected from the world, worthy of the sacred deposit of masonry—chosen to be kings and priests unto God, in the words of a great and learned mason—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise think on these things. Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and seen, do ye: and the God of peace will be with you."

NEW-YORK.

ALLEGANY COUNTY.

On the 27th day of November, A. L. 5827, at a regular meeting of *Almond Union Lodge, No. 425*, held at the Masonick Hall, in the town of Almond, in the county of Allegany, and state of New-York, the following brethren were duly elected and installed officers of said lodge:—

Willett Larrabee, Master; George Stevens, Senior Warden; Samuel F. Popple, Junior Warden; Joseph Corey, Secretary; Roswell Clark, Treasurer; Peter Rose, Senior Deacon; Luke Green, Junior Deacon; Roswell W. Knight and William Howe, Stewards; Amos Ellis, Tyler.

The regular meetings of *Almond Union Lodge* are on the Tuesdays immediately preceding the full moon in each month, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the Masonick Hall erected and kept by companion George Stevens, in the village of Almond.

CONNECTICUT.

At a meeting of *Washington Encampment, No. 1*, at Colchester, on the 10th November, 5827, the fol-

lowing Sir Knights were chosen Officers for the ensuing year:—

Amherst D. Scovall, Grand Commander; Leonard Hendee, Generalissimo; Thomas T. Wells, Captain General; Lucius Tyler, Prelate; Alonzo W. Birge, Senior Warden; Wm. S. Frink, Junior Warden; Asa Bigelow, Treasurer; Wm. T. Turner, Recorder; Asa May, Sword Bearer; Chester D. Tilden, Standard Bearer; Joshua B. Wheeler, Warder; George Way, Steward; Elkanah C. Williams, Tyler.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

[From the New-York American.]

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE, vs. MORGAN.

The material points in this communication were written a number of days since, and immediately after the first intelligence was received that the body of the late William Morgan had been discovered and identified on the New York shore of Lake Ontario. It was written, as will be perceived, with a view of disproving the possibility of the truth of this report, and to demonstrate that the coroner and jury, at the second inquest upon the body discovered, were led into error by a specious catenation of circumstances, in subscribing their belief that the corpse was that of the long lost Morgan. The last American received announces that the body found has, since its interment, been ascertained to be that of a man by the name of Munroe, who was drowned in Niagara river on the 26th of September last. It hence appears that this corpse, instead of having been floating about at the mercy of the winds and waves for the term of fifteen months, had not actually been defunct for the marvellously long period of as many days, since it was discovered at Oak Orchard creek on the 7th October. As all possibility of the supposed identity of this body with that of Morgan has now vanished, we might, perhaps, as well have extended to this notice of the affair a corresponding quietus. But if this brief essay can have any influence in guarding the publick by a just exposition of well established philosophical principles, from the excitement of some future false alarm of a similar nature, or if it can divert any lurking expectation of future recognition of the body of Morgan, if he were drowned at the period alleged, its publication cannot but be of some utility. The facts and circumstances related upon oath before the coroner and jury, upon the occasion of holding the second inquest, were calculated to produce conviction on the mind of almost every one not particularly acquainted with the philosophical principles involved in the question, that the body was actually that of Morgan—in fact, the published evidence of the supposed identity, was generally considered so conclusive, that any one, who intimated a doubt upon the subject, incurred, for his incorrigible scepticism, the general displeasure of the company, where it happened to be the topic of conversation. But, without criticising any of the statements made and published by the authority of the aforementioned jury, or replying to the exaggerated rumours, for the circulation of which, the jury, perhaps, are not at all responsible, we shall be content to rest the issue upon contra evidence: upon evidence drawn from a quarter where prejudice and a love for the marvellous can have no influence. The evidence is of that description, which has received the name of Medico-legal, and which falls within the jurisdiction of that branch of science which is called Medical Jurisprudence. It is a fact well established, though perhaps not generally known, that physicians and surgeons, who are deservedly praised for their professional skill, are not from this especial pre-eminence, the best qualified to give their testimony in cases calling for their knowledge of physic and surgery. A physician may be well skilled in knowing how to attempt the resuscitation of a person drowned, and yet be at a loss, under oath, in describing the immediate cause of death by drowning, and unable to state clearly to the court and jury, the different appearances which indicate death by drowning and death by inhaling

noxious vapours. A physician might be deservedly eminent, and yet be unable to say, on oath, what appearance of a different kind he should expect to find upon the body of a man who had been murdered by being strangled with a cord, and then suspended, and on the body of the suicide who had hanged himself. Among the illustrious men of the medical profession, who have left behind them lasting monuments of their reputation, and whose opinions, at the present day, are constantly exercising their influence in the courts of judicature in England and the United States, and yet, who may be adduced as examples in illustration of this remark, it will suffice to mention Mr. John Hunter and Dr. Wm. Hunter, both of them Englishmen, without enumerating any of the *magnates* of our own country, some of whose names, if mentioned, might, perhaps, excite in those individuals a degree of *goussesflesh* quite incompatible with the ordinary sleekness of their persons. A physician, in order to be a competent witness in assisting the progress of justice, should be in possession of a different kind of knowledge from that which is required in his visits at the bedside of his patients. He ought not to lay aside, as is generally the case, the book of Nature, when he has read as far as the death of his patient, as if that were all which concerned him, without a thought crossing his mind that the subsequent pages of the volume contain much, which interest, duty and honour demand he should be acquainted with. He should not be content with the knowledge of medical articles alone—he should be acquainted with the whole class of poisons and the phenomena of death accompanying the exhibition of each, and the methods of detecting them in the dead body. Deaths produced by violence, open a vast field for this fund of knowledge. It is not, however, the dead alone, but the living too, are often the subjects of medico-legal investigation. The study then, of medical jurisprudence, is of infinitely greater importance to the medical profession, than it is usually considered. It is the want of this knowledge that has made physicians and the profession so notoriously ludicrous in courts of justice, by their clashing testimony, whenever two or more, have been summoned. The present Solicitor General of Massachusetts once observed that if he wished to throw darkness and perplexity into the minds of a jury in any case, he would summon eight or ten physicians to give their testimony, and be confident of accomplishing his purpose. The idea seems hardly yet to have taken possession of the minds of physicians, that medical jurisprudence is an essential branch of the profession; happily this will not apply to our own country alone. An era of better things, however, is already commenced. Fodere, Male, Smith, Paris, and Fonblanque, to say nothing of those who preceded them, have not exerted their talents in vain, and Dr. Theodore Romeyn Beck, of New York, whom we are proud to call our countryman, has, within a few years, published a work on medical jurisprudence, which has been received with unqualified approbation on the other side of the Atlantick, and been republished in London, and which may be consulted as a text book with greater advantage by the profession, than any other book upon the subject.

But to return from a digression, to the subject in discussion;—had those physicians who were present when the body was taken from the grave, after its first burial, been intimately acquainted with the successive changes which animal matter undergoes, when subjected to the continued influence of air and water for a number of months, we cannot refrain from believing that this mighty hubbub of the supposed identity of Morgan's body might have been prevented. We are told by the detailed testimony, that the body was not much changed—that it was somewhat offensive—that the face was bloated. To the interrogatories of some of the jury, one of the physicians replied, "If a body had been floating about in the water, exposed to the air, since the time Morgan was missing, it would have putrified more than this body; but if it had been under water, it might have been better preserved." To similar interrogatories another physician replied, "I should not suppose that it was remarkable to find a body preserved as this is!"

Why really brother Todu, this is to "out Herod Herod." We very much doubt if Dr. Sitgreaves, could he have heard this, would have rested easy in his coffin. It would have almost unsealed the lips of a dead man to proclaim the *lights of science*. Had Morgan been drowned, the body, if it escaped being devoured by fish, would in the space of fifteen months, even had it been at the bottom all the while, have been converted into *Adipocere*.—"Presque toutes les matieres animales, plongees dans l'eau, se convertissent en une substance grasse, voisine du brane de baleine, que j'ai deja indique sous le nom d'*adipocere*." (Syst. Connaiss. Chem. par Fourcroy, Tome ix. p. 61.) Animal matter passes more rapidly into *adipocere* when it is exposed to running water, than when the water is stagnant. Dr. Gibbes of Oxford (England) a number of years ago, enclosed a piece of the muscle of an ox in a box perforated with several holes, and caused it to be sunk in a stream of running water—in a month he found it converted into *adipocere*. Dr. Male, of Birmingham, relates the following circumstance. A gentleman who was insolvent left his house with the intention (as was presumed from his recent conduct and conversation) of destroying himself. Five weeks and four days after that period, his body was found floating down a river, the face disfigured by putrefaction, and the hair separated from the scalp by the slightest pull; but the other parts of the body were firm and white, without any putrefactive appearance. The clothes were unaltered, but the linen was exceedingly rotten. On examining the body it was found that several parts of it were converted into *adipocere*. *Adipocere* has a close resemblance to spermaceti (blanc de baleine) and possesses the properties of both wax and fat; when cut it has a cheese like consistence, and has been compared to that substance. *Adipocere* has less odour than spermaceti, and melts at the temperature of about 120 deg. Fahr. It is used in the arts in England, and is obtained from the carcase of the horse, which is kept for that purpose, in running water. Every texture of the body is converted into *adipocere*, if we except that of the hair, and perhaps that of the bone. If, however, the body when drowned, instead of being confined to the bottom, rise to the surface by means of its specific gravity being diminished, it is then exposed, partly to the action of the water, and partly to that of the air—and in this situation a rapid decomposition takes place, which is still more accelerated if the weather is warm. Immediately after the body of a person drowned, rises to the surface of the water, it is usually but little changed—there is a degree of flabbiness perceptible upon handling it, but nothing else; the body very soon begins however, to grow soft, and a slightly disagreeable odour is perceptible. These appearances announce the commencement of the putrefactive process; as this advances, the body becomes spotted; the spots assume a dark colour, and the odour exhaled is more foetid. In a few hours more, every part of the body, upon which putrefaction has seized, emits a noisome and disgusting smell which affects the atmosphere for fifteen or twenty rods; and upon approaching the body, if it now be taken from the water, an animal odour is perceptible.

The last mentioned odour is the accompaniment and consequence of rapid decomposition. As soon as the work of putrefaction is accomplished, (the rapidity of which will be materially influenced by the temperature of the atmosphere) it will be perceived that the animal odour is entirely dissipated—that the putrid effluvia so unusually annoying is now, comparatively, trivial; and lastly, that the bulk of the mass subjected to putrefaction, is extraordinarily diminished. Upon examining the residuum of the soft parts, after putrefaction has ceased, we find it to consist of a gelatinous matter, which, exposed to the atmosphere for a still longer period, and until it becomes dry, has an earthy appearance, and easily crumbles between the fingers. This is often observed by those familiar with the dissecting room, and the appearance of a partially cleaned skeleton, when recently removed from the macerating tub. This has been erroneously termed animal earth, and it passed for such, until M. Poulletier demonstrated the contrary, by showing that heat caused its fusion, when it assum-

ed a fatty appearance, and emitted an oily and empyreumatic odour—it is in fact, *Adipocere*. These facts, and the universality of nature's laws, we believe, furnish evidence in abundance, that the body discovered in Oak Orchard Creek, could not have been that of Morgan; and it is to be regretted that the jury were deceived by a few coincidences, (such as the height, apparent age, and above all the *double teeth*) into the belief that it was his; for after what we have said, even if the corpse had opened its mouth and declared itself to be that of Morgan, we would, in spite of its teeth, have disbelieved it. J. M.—sur. ANDRISCOGIN.

SELF MOVING MULE.

We have recently seen one of these machines in operation in the Pawtucket Great Stone Factory, in the part occupied by Mr. E. Walcott. A great variety of mechanical movements are combined here, by which the machine, when set in motion, runs in and out, stopping at the proper time, and performing every requisite movement that is usually given to the mule by hand. The only attention necessary is that of one person to mend the threads which break but seldom. One person can thus tend two mules, making a great saving in labour, as mule spinners generally command the highest prices. This machine has been so far improved that the breaking of a single thread would stop it, but this was found to be unprofitable, occasioning too much delay, and was abandoned. The self-moving mules are manufactured by Mr. I. Gay who lives, we believe, in Dunstable, Mass. He formerly served as a journeyman in Pawtucket, and was connected with the firm of Pitcher and Gay, machine makers. The invention, we presume is original in Mr. Gay, though, we understand a similar machine has been operated in the English Factories for some time. There appears to be a variety of opinions as to the success of the new mule. Many manufacturers are opposed to it, and the mule spinners of course object to it. Others contend that it winds the thread more evenly on the cops, causes less breakage and waste, and has an uniformity and regularity of motion which it is impossible to give by the hand. The machine costs but little more than the old mule. The machine now operated by Mr. Walcott, is, we believe, the only one in the state. [Providence American.]

SELF MOVING TEMPLES.

The self-moving Temples are another invention by a Rhode-Islander, Mr. Osman Stillman, that promises to be very useful. Every one who ever saw a loom in motion, knows the care that is required in moving the temples, (sticks with points in them to stretch the cloth and prevent its shrinking) so as to keep the cloth even and not retard the operation of the loom. The self-moving temple is a very simple invention, which is fastened on each side of the loom, and by means of a spring that causes the temple to open when pressed so as to permit the cloth to slide a little; and closing upon at the instant it passes a proper distance, the operation of the loom is uniform, without being retarded, and the attention of a hand, in this respect, is dispensed with. A person, it is calculated, may tend one additional loom, by means of the temple. There are, however, objections to every invention, though the principal one we have heard to the self-moving temples, is, that they diminish the labour of attending looms so much as to occasion carelessness in the hands [ib.]

HISTORICAL.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES,

BY MAHOMET.

From Lord John Russell's recently published work, a Discourse on the establishment of the Turks in Europe.

This island was in possession of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. On the approach of danger they assembled in council, and agreed to pay implicit obedience to their Grand Master, D'Aubusson, who joined to the wisdom of a prudent commander the ardent courage of the knight, and enthusiastic faith of a martyr. At his call, the Knights of St. John assembled from all parts of Europe, bringing with them some of the bravest of the nobility of France

and Italy. Among them was the Viscount D'Aubusson, brother of the Grand Master. The brothers were descended from Renaud D'Aubusson, brother of Turpin, who was Bishop of Limoges in the year 898. Louis de Craon, Scaligero della Scala, and others whose names were spurs to their valour, joined this illustrious company. The Turks on the other hand, were directed by Misach Palæologus, of the Imperial family of Constantinople, who had risen by apostacy, to the rank of first Pacha of the Turkish monarchy.

The force destined to besiege Rhodes was composed of one hundred and sixty large vessels, and one hundred thousand troops. In May, 1481, the Turks commenced the siege, opening their first battery against Fort St. Nicholas, which was esteemed the key of the town of Rhodes. The Grand Master himself, accompanied by his brother defended the breach; his helmet was knocked off by a stone; he took a soldier's hat, and continued to fight with desperation, till the Janissaries, after suffering immense loss, were obliged to retreat.

The Turkish general then resorted to other measures, and directed his artillery against the quarter of the Jews, where the wall was known to be weak; but when his cannon had made considerable impression, he found to his dismay, that D'Aubusson had built a second wall behind the former, of stronger and better materials. Thus foiled a second time, he attempted by emissaries to poison the Grand Master; but the plot was discovered, and the emissaries torn to pieces by the people. He then returned to the plan of attacking the fort of St. Nicholas. This fort was separated from the Turkish camp by a narrow channel; the Pacha built a bridge of boats, and one of the soldiers, diving a considerable depth, fastened an anchor to a rock under water, close to the fort, and passing the cable through the ring of the anchor, hoped to draw the bridge of boats to the wall. But an English sailor, of the name of Gervas Roger, who perceived the stratagem of the Turk, dived in his turn under water, and detached the cable. The Turks thus baffled in their stratagem, towed their bridge, by means of a number of boats, close to the fort. They began the attack during the night, and attempted to scale the wall, but the fire of the Christians, directed by the sound, was exceedingly destructive. The few who reached the top of the wall were all slain. After several repulses, the Turks still renewed the assault; the whole of the night passed amidst the noise of artillery, the confused voices of the assailants, the cries of the wounded, and the explosions caused by the fire-ships of the Grand Master. When day at length appeared, the cannon from the fort broke the bridge, and all who were on it were drowned. The Turks, in despair, were obliged to retire with the loss of numbers of their best and bravest soldiers. After some fresh attacks, the Pacha tried the way of negotiation, and proposed to the besieged an honourable capitulation. Many of the knights seeing the immense force of the enemy, were inclined to listen to terms, and even blamed the Grand Master for his obstinacy; but D'Aubusson, using the absolute power with which he had been invested, called the knights together, and said:—"Gentlemen, if any one of you does not think himself in safety in the place, the fort is not so strictly blockaded but what I can secure his departure." A general silence ensued. "If you wish to remain among us," continued he, "leave every thing to me; I declare that I will cut off the head of the first man who shall speak of capitulation." Filled with shame and admiration, the knights defended the place with new vigour. The most formidable assault of the Turks was yet to come. Two thousand five hundred of their best soldiers mounted and gained the wall unperceived by the garrison. The Grand Master himself flew to the spot, and led his chosen companions to the attack of their own defences. He was wounded in five places, but still pursuing onwards, he inspired his followers with such heroic valour, that they drove the Turks back in confusion. Had he been killed, the place must have fallen; but this successful effort crowned his admirable exertions. The Pacha Palæologus, finding his army disabled and dispirited, at length raised the siege, and carried back to Constantinople the fleet and army.

POPULAR TALES.

EBONY AND TOPAZ.

We trust that we shall be accused of no sinister motives in offering this translation to our readers. Our only design in procuring an English version of Voltaire's fable, was to gratify a very natural curiosity excited in consequence of an allusion to the story, recently made at a publick festival, by the Chief Magistrate of the United States. [Boston Lyceum.

Every body in the province of Candahar has heard of the adventures of young Rustan. He was the only son of the Mirza of the country; as we should say in France, a Marquis, or a Baron amongst the Germans. The Mirza, his father was sufficiently rich. They were about to marry the young Rustan to a young and beautiful Mirzasse of his own rank. The two families desired it passionately. He was to be the consolation of his parents, to render his wife happy and to be so with her.

But unfortunately he had seen the Princess of Cachemir at the fair of Cabul, which is the most important fair in all the world, and incomparably more frequented than those of Basora and of Astracan. The reason why the old Prince of Cachemir had come to the fair with his daughter was as follows: He had lost two of his most valuable treasures; one was a diamond as large as his thumb, on which a figure of his daughter was engraved by an art which the Indians then possessed, but which is now lost—the other was a javelin which went off of itself where ever its possessor wished to send it.

A Fakir of his highness had stolen these treasures and carried them to the princess. "Take great care of them," said he, "your destiny depends on their safety." He then departed and was never seen afterwards. The Duke of Cachemir, in despair resolved to go and see the fair of Cabul: whether among the merchants who assemble there from the four corners of the earth, there was one who had his diamond and his javelin. He carried his daughter with him in all his journeys, the jewel being concealed in her girdle. The javelin she had hid carefully at Cachemir in her great china coffer.

Rustan and the princess saw each other at Cabul; they loved with all the good faith of their age and all the warmth of their climate. The princess, as a pledge of her love, gave him her diamond, and Rustan promised her at his departure to visit her secretly at Cachemir.

The young Mirza had two favourites who served him as secretaries, squires, maitres d' hotel and valets de chambre. One was called Topaz; he was handsome, well made—white as a Circassian, mild and serviceable as an Armenian, wise as a guebree. The other was called Ebony; he was a pretty negro, more active and industrious than Topaz, and who found no duty enjoined on him difficult to execute. When Rustan communicated to them his intended journey, Topaz tried to dissuade him, with the respectful zeal of a servant who did not wish to displease. He represented to his master the hazard of the undertaking. How could he leave two families in despair? How could he break the hearts of his parents? Rustan hesitated! Ebony re-assured him, and all his scruples vanished.

The young man wanted money for his expedition. The wise Topaz would not borrow, but Ebony procured it for him. He adroitly stole his master's diamond, had a false one made, which he put in its place, and pledged the true jewel to an Armenian for some thousands of rupees.

When the youth had obtained the rupees, all was ready for his departure. They loaded an Elephant with his baggage, and mounted their horses. Topaz says to his master, "I took the liberty to remonstrate against your enterprise; but after having remonstrated I must obey. I am your's—I love you, and will follow you to the end of the world; but let us consult on the way, the oracle, which is but two parasangs from hence." Rustan consented.—The oracle answered, "If you go to the East you will be to the West." Rustan comprehended nothing of this answer. Topaz insisted that it meant nothing good. Ebony, always complaisant persuaded him that it was very favourable.

There was another oracle at Cabul which they visited. The answer here, was in these words:—"If you possess, you shall not possess; if you are conqueror, you shall not conquer; if you are Rus-

tan, you shall not be he." This oracle appeared still more unintelligible than the other. "Beware," said Topaz. "Fear nothing," said Ebony; and this adviser, as one may readily believe, was always in the right in the eyes of the master, whose passion and hopes he encouraged.

Leaving Cabul, they marched into a deep forest, where they seated themselves on the grass to eat, and loosed their horses to feed. When the attendants prepared to unload the Elephant that carried the provisions, Topaz and Ebony were not with the little Caravan. Immediately the forest resounded with the names of Ebony and Topaz. The slaves searched for them, on every side, but returned disappointed from an unsuccessful search. "We have found nothing," they said to Rustan, "but a vulture combatting an eagle, and stripping him of his feathers." This recital excited the curiosity of Rustan; he went on foot to the place, but found neither vulture nor eagle, but he saw his Elephant, still loaded with the baggage, attacked by a large Rhinoceros. One struck with his horn, the other with his trunk. The Rhinoceros fled at the sight of Rustan. They brought back the Elephant, but the horses were no where to be found. "Strange things happen in the forest!" exclaimed Rustan. The slaves were terrified, and the master was in despair at having lost his horses, his dear negro and the wise Topaz, for whom he had always felt a regard, though never of his opinion.

The hope of being soon at the feet of his beautiful princess of Cachemir, consoled him. He proceeded and met a large striped ass, to whom a rude and ferocious peasant, was applying a hundred strokes of his cudgel. No animal is more beautiful, more rare, nor feeter than the Asses of this kind. The beast answered these terrible blows by cries which might have uprooted the oaks. The young Mirza took as was natural, the part of the Ass. The peasant fled, crying to the Ass, "you shall pay me for this." The Ass thanked his liberator in his own language; approached, allowed himself to be caressed, and caressed his liberator in his turn. Rustan mounted him, after having dined, and took the road to Cachemir. His slaves followed, some on foot and some mounted on the Elephant.

Hardly was he on the Ass, when the animal turned toward Cabul, instead of following the road to Cachemir. In vain did Rustan pull upon the reins and apply the whip and spurs. The obstinate animal still turned towards Cabul.

Rustan sweated and foamed in despair, and at length met a Camel Merchant, who said to him. "Master, you have a very obstinate beast. If you will give him to me you shall choose one of my Camels." Rustan thanked Providence for having procured so good a bargain. "Topaz was very wrong," said he, "to tell me that my journey would be unfortunate." He mounted on his finest Camel, joined his caravan, and found himself in the high road to happiness.

He had gone onward four parasangs, when he was stopped by a cataract, deep, large and impetuous, which rolled over rocks whitened with foam. The two shores were frightful precipices, which dazzled their sight and proved their courage; no way to pass, none to go to the right or the left. "I begin to fear," said Rustan, "that Topaz did right to blame my journey, and that I was very wrong to undertake it. If he were here, he could perhaps give me some good advice. If Ebony were here, he could console me, and devise some expedient for my assistance;—but all is lost!" His embarrassment was increased by the consternation of his followers; the night was black and they passed it in lamentations. At last fatigue and sorrow plunged the amorous traveller into a profound sleep. He awoke at the break of day, and beheld a beautiful marble bridge erected across the torrent.

Nothing was now heard but exclamations of astonishment and joy. "Is it possible? is it a dream? what a prodigy! what enchantment! shall we dare to pass?" The whole troop sank on their knees, arose, went to the bridge, kissed the earth, looked to Heaven, extended their hands, placed first a trembling foot, went, returned, and were in ecstasy. "For this time, Heaven favours me," said Rustan, "Topaz did not know what he was talking about; the oracles were in my favour; Ebony was right; but why is he not here?"

Hardly were the troop over the torrent, when the bridge fell with a loud crash. "So much the better! So much the better!" exclaimed Rustan, "God be praised!" He intends that I shall not return to my own country where I should have been but a simple subject. Heaven ordains that I shall marry her I love. I shall be a prince of Cachemir; it is thus that in possessing my mistress, I shall not possess my little marquise of Candahar. "I shall be Rustan, and I shall not be," for I shall be a great prince; a great part of the oracle is now explained entirely in my favour; the rest will be explained in the same manner. I am too happy! but why is not Ebony here? I regret him a thousand times more than Topaz."

He advanced with the greatest gaiety; but at the decline of day a range of mountains steeper than a counterscarp, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been had it been finished, enclosed the terrified caravan.

Every one cried out, "God ordains that we shall perish here! He has broken the bridge to take from us all hope of returning. He has raised this mountain to prevent our advancing. Oh, Rustan! O most unhappy Mirza! we shall never see Cachemir, we shall never return to the regions of Candahar!"

The most poignant grief, the most overwhelming depression succeeded in the soul of Rustan to the unbounded joy which he had previously felt—to the hopes which enchanted him. He was very far from interpreting the prophecies in his favour. "Oh, beneficent God! have I indeed lost my friend Topaz?"

As he pronounced these words, heaving deep sighs and shedding tears amidst his despairing followers, suddenly the base of the mountain opened. A long arched gallery, lighted by a thousand flambeaux, presented itself to their dazzled eyes. Rustan shouted aloud. His people prostrated themselves in astonishment and cried "A miracle! Rustan is the favourite of Vishna! the well beloved of Brama! he will be master of the world!" Rustan was in ecstasy. "Ah! Ebony! my dear Ebony! where are you? why do you not witness these wonders? how have I lost you? Beautiful Princess of Cachemir, when shall I gaze on your charms?"

He advanced with his domesticks, elephant and camels, under the roof of the mountain, and then entered a meadow enamelled with flowers and bordered with streamlets; at the end of the meadow were long vistas of trees, and beyond these alleys, a river, along whose banks were a thousand delicious gardens and pavilions. He hastened over one of the bridges, and then inquired of the first man he met, what beautiful country he was in. "You are in the province of Cachemir," was the reply; "you see the inhabitants in great joy, and engaged in celebrating the marriage of our beautiful princess, who is about to marry the great lord Barbabou, to whom her father has promised her; may God perpetuate their felicity." At these words, Rustan fell senseless, and the Cachemirian lord, thinking him subject to the epilepsy, had him carried to his own house, where he lay for a long time without signs of life. They sent for two of the ablest physicians, who felt the sick man's pulse, and Rustan having recovered a little, sobbed, rolled his eyes and cried from time to time, "Topaz, Topaz, you were very right."

One of the physicians said to the Cachemirian lord, "I perceive by his accent that he is from Candahar: the air of this country does not agree with him—we must send him home; I see by his eyes that he is mad; confide him to my care, I will return him to his country." The other physicians assured him that he was only sick from grief, and that it was necessary to take him to the princess's wedding and make him dance. Whilst they were consulting, their patient came to his senses, the physicians were sent off, and Rustan remained alone with his host.

"My lord," said he, "I beg pardon for having fainted before you, it was not polite; I beg you to accept my elephant, as an acknowledgment of the kindness with which you have honoured me." He afterwards related his adventures, taking care to say nothing about the object of his voyage. "But in the name of Brama," said he, "inform me who is this fortunate Barbabou, who is to marry the princess of Cachemir; why did her father choose him for his son-in-law, and why does the princess accept him for her husband?"

"My lord," said the Cachemirien, "the princess has not accepted Barbabou; on the contrary, she is in tears, whilst all the province celebrates her espousals. She is shut up in the tower of her palace, and will not witness the rejoicings made for her." Rustan in hearing these words, felt himself revive—the colour of his cheeks returned. "Tell me, I entreat you, why does the prince of Cachemir persist in giving his daughter to the Barbabou, when she hates him?"

"For this reason," answered the Cachemirien, "do you know that this august prince had lost a diamond and a spear, which he valued more than all his wealth?" "I know it very well," said Rustan. "Learn then," said his host, "that our prince in despair at having no news of his treasure, after having sought them all over the world promised his daughter to any one who would bring the one or the other. Then came Barbabou, who was provided with the diamond, and he marries the princess to-morrow."

Rustan turned pale, stammered a compliment, took leave of his host, and hastened on his dromedary to the great city, where the ceremony was to take place. He arrived at the palace of the prince, and said that he had important news to communicate. He demanded an audience, but they answered him that the prince was occupied with preparations for the marriage. "It is for that reason," said he, "that I would speak with him!" He insisted, and was introduced. "May God crown all the days of your life with happiness, glory and magnificence! your son-in-law is a scoundrel."

"How a scoundrel! what is it if you dare to say? Is it thus you speak to the Duke of Cachemir, of the son he has chosen?" "Yes a scoundrel," replied Rustan, "and to prove it to your highness, here is your diamond, which I bring back to you."

The astonished Duke compared the two diamonds and as he was no great judge, he did not know which was the true stone. "Here are two diamonds, yet I have but one daughter; behold me in a strange embarrassment!" He sent for Barbabou, and inquired if he had not deceived him. Barbabou swore that he had purchased his diamond of an Armenian. The other did not say where he had got his, but he proposed that his highness should please to let him fight his rival on the spot. "It is not sufficient," said he, "that your son-in-law should give you a diamond, but he should also give you some proof of valour. Do you not think it perfectly fair that he who kills the other should marry the princess?" "Very fair," answered the prince, "and it will be a pleasant show for the court: you may fight immediately, and the conqueror shall take the arms of the conquered, according to the custom in Cachemir, and marry my daughter."

The two pretenders descended directly to the court yard. There was on the stair case a magpie and a crow. The crow cried, "fight, fight;" the magpie, "do not fight." This made the prince laugh; the two rivals hardly noticed them, but began the combat. The courtiers made a ring around them, and the princess kept herself shut up in the tower, and would not behold the spectacle. She little thought that her lover was so near. The battle was exceedingly well conducted, and Barbabou was killed, at which the people were delighted, because he was ugly, and Rustan handsome.

The victor put on the armour, the scarf and casque of the conqueror, and followed by all the court, advanced by the sound of the trumpet to present himself under the lattice of his mistress. Every body shouted: "Beautiful Princess, come forth and behold your husband, who has killed his ugly rival." Her attendants repeated these words, and the princess unfortunately looked out of the window, and seeing the armour of the man she abhorred, ran in despair to the china coffer, and drew out the fatal javelin which sped through the heart of Rustan, at the opening of his cuirass. He uttered a loud cry, and at the sound, the princess thought she recognized the voice of her unhappy lover.

She descended with disordered tresses, and death in her eyes and heart. Rustan had fallen, covered with blood, into the arms of her father. What inexpressible emotions of grief, of tenderness, of horror, rent her bosom! She threw herself upon the body of her lover. "You receive," said she, "the first

and the last kiss of your mistress—your murderer." Then she plucked the dart from the wound, plunged it into her own heart, and died upon the bosom of him who was the lord of her affections. In vain did the distracted father endeavour to recall her to life. The soul had fled. And then he heaped his idle curses upon the fatal dart, broke it in pieces, throwing far from him his two fatal gifts. Then, whilst they prepared the solemnities for his daughter's funeral instead of her marriage, he bore the bleeding body of Rustan to the palace, for some little spark of life was yet left.

The slaves placed him upon a couch, and the first objects he beheld were his Ebony and Topaz. His strength revived, and he spoke. "Ah, my friends, why did you abandon me? perhaps the princess would have been still living, if you had been near the wretched Rustan." "I have not quitted you a single moment," said Topaz. "And I have been ever near you," said Ebony.

"What say you! Why do you insult me in my last moments?" said Rustan, in a languid voice. "You may believe me," said Topaz; "you know that I never approved this fatal expedition, the horrible consequences of which I foresaw, from the beginning. I was the Eagle that fought the Vulture, and tore off his feathers. I was the Elephant who carried off your baggage, to force you to return to Candahar. I was the stupid Ass, who bore you, in spite of yourself, towards the home of your father. I led astray your horses. I turned the cataract which prevented your passing. I raised the mountain which enclosed that fatal road. I was the Physician who recommended your native air. I was the Magpie who warned you not to fight."

"And I," said Ebony, "was the Vulture who fought the Eagle, the Rhinoceros who pierced the Elephant, the Rustick who beat the stupid Ass, the Merchant who gave you the Camels; I broke down the bridge you passed; I hollowed the cavern which you traversed; I was the Physician who encouraged you to go on, and the Crow that bid you fight."

"Alas! do you remember the Oracles," said Topaz, "If you go to the East, you shall be to the West?" "Yes," said Ebony, "they bury their dead in this country, with their faces turned to the West. The Oracle was clear; why would you not understand it? Thou hast possessed, and thou didst not possess it, because the diamond was false and you knew nothing of it. You are conqueror, and you die. You are Rustan, and you cease to be; all has been accomplished."

As he spoke thus, four white wings covered the body of Topaz, and four black wings that of Ebony. "What do I see?" cried Rustan. Topaz and Ebony answered together, "thou seest thy two Genii." "Well," said the wretched Rustan, "why did you meddle with my affairs? and why should there be two Genii for one poor miserable man?" "It is the law," said Topaz, "every man has two Genii. I am your good Genius, my charge was to watch over you to the end of your life; I have acquitted myself faithfully." "But," said the dying man, "if your duty was to serve me, then am I of a nature superior to my Genius; and how dare you say that you are my good Genius? You have allowed me to be deceived in all that I have undertaken, and have suffered my adored mistress and myself to perish." "Alas! it was your destiny," said Topaz. "If it is destiny which does all," said he, "of what use is the good Genius: Ebony, you with the four black wings, you are apparently my evil Genius." "You have said it," answered Ebony. "But you were then also the evil Genius of the princess." "No, she had her's, and I have seconded him." "Accursed fiend! your nature surely is different from that of Topaz; you have been formed by two different principles, one of which is good, the other evil." "That is not a necessary consequence," said Ebony. "It is not possible," resumed the youth, "that a benignant being should create a malignant spirit." "Possible, or not possible," answered Ebony, "the thing is as I tell you." "Alas!" said Topaz, "my poor friend, do you not see that this wretch has still the malice to make you dispute, so that he may heat your blood and hasten your death?" "Go," said Rustan, "I am not much more satisfied with you than with him. He confesses that he wished to do me all the harm possible, and you pretended to protect me, and have done me no good." "I am sor-

ry," said the good Genius. "And I too," said the youth.

"There is something in all this which I do not comprehend." "Nor I either," said the good Genius. "But I shall soon know all," said Rustan. "We shall see that," said Topaz. Immediately every thing disappeared from his sight. Rustan found himself in his father's house, which he had not left, and in his bed, where he had slept an hour.

He sprang up, amazed, and shouted for his attendants. His valet de chambre, Topaz, came running to him in his night cap, gasping for breath and but half awake. "Am I dead or alive?" cried Rustan: "will my beautiful princess of Cachemir survive?" "My dear lord, you are still dreaming," said Topaz.

"Ah!" cried Rustan, "what has become of that fiend Ebony, with his four black wings? he it was who brought upon me so cruel a death." "My lord, I left him snoring up stairs; shall I call him down?" "The villain! six months has he persecuted me; he led me to the fatal fair at Cabul; he stole the diamond which my beautiful princess gave me; he is the sole cause of my unlucky journey; of the death of my dearest love; of the aim of the javelin which pierced me in the flower of my age!"

"You have never been at Cabul, there is no princess of Cachemir. The prince never had but two children, and they are boys at school. You never had a diamond; the princess cannot be dead, for she was never born; and you are in the best possible health."

"How! is it not true that you saw me in the bed of the prince of Cachemir? Did you not confess, that to keep me from so many evils, you had been an eagle, an elephant, a stupid ass, a physician, and a magpie?" "My lord, you've dreamed all this. Our ideas do not depend on us any more when we sleep than when we wake. God has commanded this train of thoughts to pass through your brain, to give you some instruction which apparently will be of use to you."

"You are mocking me; how long have I slept?" "My lord, you have not yet slept an hour." "How! vile reasoner, will you make me believe that within this hour I have been, six months ago, at the fair of Cabul; that I have returned; made a journey to Cachemir, where we lie dead, Barbabou, the princess, and myself?" "My lord, nothing is easier or more common, and you might have sailed round the world, and had twice as many adventures in much less time. Is it not true that you can read in an hour, the abridgement of the history of Persia by Zoroaster? Nevertheless this abridgement contains eight hundred thousand years. All the events pass through your mind, one after the other, in an hour; now, you will own it would be as easy for Brama to crowd them all into the space of an hour, as to extend them into the space of eight hundred thousand years; it is precisely the same thing. Figure to yourself that time revolves upon a wheel, whose diameter is infinite; in this immense wheel are an innumerable number of wheels, one within the other; that of the centre is imperceptible, and makes an infinite number of revolutions in the same time that the grand wheel makes but one. It is clear that all the wheels, since the commencement of the world to the end, can arrive, successfully, in much less time than the hundred millionth part of a second, at a given point."

"I do not understand this," said Rustan. "May it please you," said Topaz, "I have a parrot who will easily make you comprehend my meaning. He was born some time before the deluge; he was in the ark, has seen a great deal, but is, however, not a year and a half old; he will tell you his story, which is very interesting."

"Go, quick, bring your parrot," said Rustan, "he will amuse me until I can go to sleep again." "He is with my sister," said Topaz, "but I will find him, and you shall see that his memory is faithful, and that he relates his tale simply, without trying to show much erudition." "So much the better," said Rustan, "that is the way I like stories." They brought him the parrot, who spoke thus—

[N. B. Miss Catharine Wade was never able to find the parrot's story in the port folio of her cousin Anthony Wade, author of this tale. It is a great pity, considering how long that parrot had lived.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1827.

Mr. ELISHA WILCOX, proprietor of the Canal Book-store, on board the boat *Encyclopedia*, is our authorised agent on the line of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. Mr. Wilcox is, at present, our only general agent west of this city.

Our own affairs.

As the present volume of the Record is drawing towards a close, it may not be improper to indulge ourselves in a few reflections on the general interests attached to the establishment, as they have been, as they now are, and as we intend they shall be in future. We entered upon the year in a new dress. The first volume of our work, having been projected at a venture, we could not of course subject ourselves to a great expense on the strength of uncertain patronage; and the quality of the paper, and other materials, as well as the execution, though tolerable when compared with the majority of similar periodicals, were not such as we deemed suitable for a paper devoted to the objects it assumed. Our present volume was commenced by an improvement in appearance and size, a new name, and though not substantially a new work it was nominally so. Our success had encouraged us to proceed thus far, and we have the satisfaction of finding that these attempts to please were not made in vain.

We entered upon the volume in the panoply of controversial warfare. The selfish and illiberal attacks of a set of men, who, under pretence of ferreting out and punishing the guilty, only vented their spleen upon the principles of our order, hurling their anathemas alike on the offender and the innocent, and not even scrupling to thrust the hand of persecution behind the curtains of the dead, drew us at once into the attitude of defence. We could not suffer the whole Masonick fraternity to be wantonly abused, and we urged in its defence all that prudence dictated, and more than our opponents possessed either the candour or the ability to scan. We continued our stand until we discovered the utter inefficiency of their force; for though very giants in pretensions, they appear to the eye of rational creatures, more like the dwarfish varieties of a species of animals, which seem calculated to make up by petulance and noise, what they lack in dimensions.

Aside from this dispute the whole circle of our acquaintance has used us with perfect good will and decorum: and as we are the last on earth to begin a quarrel, our relations with church, state and neighbours, have been those of uninterrupted harmony.

To our correspondents we feel grateful for their continued additions to the interest of our literary as well as our masonic department. They who have been contributors to our columns for a long time, are already apprised of our sentiments of respect and gratitude; they who are of a more recent acquaintance, need only make that acquaintance more intimate and particular to convince themselves of the same. Considering the age of the establishment, and our unwillingness to insert any article which has no other merit than the appearance of originality, we believe that we have presented to our patrons as much new matter as they could in any reason expect. The number of our contributing correspondents, it will be seen, is increasing, and we venture to predict that the number of their effusions will increase in a regular proportion. By the aid of our foreign periodicals, too, we have enriched our columns with much interesting literary matter, which possesses all the novelty of

original, by receiving its first introduction to the American publick through our numbers. These funds of instruction and amusement it is our intention to improve with all possible care, and from time to time, we shall add to them with a single eye to the wishes of our judicious and polite readers.

But it is our intention to make the next volume of the Record still more worthy the liberality of its patrons, by such improvements in its appearance and execution, as we conceive to be more appropriate to the rank it holds among American periodicals. With other important alterations, the second volume will be printed with a new type; and great care will be taken to have our other materials to correspond with it so as to present a work, for beauty and neatness, surpassed by few in America.

Our readers need not be told that these improvements will be to us a subject of very heavy expense, to meet which we look with confidence for the immediate aid of those who are in arrears with our accounts. Our demands are not of an amount above the ability of any subscriber to pay; and if collected, they would be of much greater importance to us, than to them in the present state. They would facilitate the preparations we are about to commence for the future volume,—preparations which already require our attention, and which cannot be entered into without a tangible demonstration of the "needful."

We hope we shall not suffer any inconvenience from the delays of those who are indebted to us, and invite one and all to suppose themselves interested in the great objects we have in view. If they are prompt and liberal, we shall go on with ease; if not, our intended improvements will cause us no little embarrassment and vexation.

THANKSGIVING.

Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land;
And gives me for my bushel sown,
Twice ten to one.

HERRICK.

The day appointed by the Executive of this state as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, is approaching, and it is truly a season that may draw forth the above quotation from a very old poet, figuratively if not literally, from the heart of almost every individual in the community, who has a soul to acknowledge the presence of a divine bounty. Never perhaps were the hopes of the anxious husbandman, that staff of the commonwealth, more universally crowned with fruition, than in the abundant harvest of the present year; and in his fullness, it may be said with justice, the whole happy population of our paternal domains, of whatever class or vocation, possess a quarry of plenty and independence. No unwelcome rumours of war have disturbed the unwelcome pursuits of our citizens; no pestilence has spread consternation and death on the air; but peace and health have gone hand in hand with plenty, to administer to the happiness of all.

The custom of setting apart a particular day, for the purpose of thanksgiving, has been adhered to with more than ordinary zeal, in the states east of this, for an age or more, with very little variation in the manner of observing it. Their example was not followed by this state till very recently, so far as even to appoint a day for this purpose; and in the manner of observance, it may be said, excepting our large cities, and such districts as have been chiefly populated by emigrants from the east, there is very little to distinguish this from any ordinary day. The custom is however, becoming more popu-

lar every year; as much so as could be expected, considering the novelty of the thing, and the repugnance of the people generally to innovations bearing any stamp of a religious character. Yet in many a happy family do the whole household sit down on that day, to partake of the fat of the land, with the complacent gratitude that is far more acceptable in the sight of Him who delights in the happiness of his creatures, than all the fasting, and self denial that voluntary penance can invent. There are some who would mar the beauty of this season, by putting on the mock-humble countenance of a misanthropist; and fain would have us believe that the way to be thankful for the happiness of a year is to put on the protracted physiognomy of misery for a day. They mistake the innocent demonstrations of joy for rebellion against heaven, and believe it to be inconsistent with humanity to be humble and cheerful at the same time. There is no religious denomination who cannot count some such among its adherents, though we believe their number is few, and their influence weak. The truly thankful father, or the head of a family, will not only let his thankfulness shine out in his countenance, but will exert every prudent means to have his hilarity emulated by those around him. What if the little beings who are to become the future arbiters of custom,—what if they grow noisy in their merriment? What if there be in the warmth of their amusements a spice of mischief? What if the consequences extend even so far as to a mutilated garment, or a bruised skin? So long as their recreations are of a moral and healthy kind, can it be called judicious in the parent to restrain or discourage their sports? These are privileges of the season. The hand of custom has put a seal to them; and where on the plea of immoral tendency, we deprive our children of such recreations as we enjoyed; such companions as we were allowed, to participate in those recreations; such pecuniary means of perfecting the zest they possess, we directly impeach our own morality. If their tendency is to vitiate, and corrupt our principles, and to render us less fit to fill the rank of parents, citizens, or Christians, we must present our own propensities as our *exce signum*. Our children will naturally look into our own characters for proofs of the correctness of our reasoning, and none but living proofs will carry conviction strong enough to their minds, to induce them to join in the crusade against practices supported by the authority of tradition, so appropriate and congenial to their health and happiness, as the ga but temperate merriment of THANKSGIVING.

— the curious preciseness
And all pretended gravity of those
That seek to banish hence these harmless sports,
Have thrust away much ancient honesty."

Since the above remarks were prepared, we have seen the following from the pen of our friend Jenks, late of the Nantucket Inquirer. The humour and aptness of the article will ensure it a favourable reception from our readers.

[From the Boston Evening Bulletin, Nov. 30]

THANKSGIVING. Now hath arrived the festival proclaimed of yore, when the strait bodied grandfathers of our goodly commonwealth found themselves planted triumphantly in the land whilom enjoyed by heathen salvages. Now doth the carnival prevail, and the civil magistrate ordaineth stuffing. Lo! the farmer fatteneth beeves and swine, and the fletcher cutteth up briskets and spareribs, and Jotham trudgeth to the market-town therewith. Now bustling housewives wield the chopping knife, and spread the crust, and spatter the treacle; while duteous Molly

brandisheth the carver, dealing death to ducks and diddles;—across some hickory log she also guillotineeth the patriarchal rooster, slasheth likewise the weasand of dame Partlet, her age of laying past! His last gobble bath the gray gander gotten, and the fan-tailed turkey bidden farewell to herbage, and the porker grunted moodily in mud his greasy requiem. The larder groaneth with the burthen of bacon, and the stall staggereth beneath mountains of mutton: There is a savour of sauce in the kitchen, and a smacking of cider in the cellar, and a pageantry of plates in the parlour. Now cometh to table pudding and priest, and goose, and guest, and all things meet for the mandibles of man. Omnivorous man! how doth thy foul cravings cause devastation among the feathery tribe, the fourfooted kingdom, and the vegetable empire? Dreamest thou of paradise in thy potatoes of porter, and presumest thou to moralize amidst thy gormandizings? Alas! for thy absorbings, thou shalt suffer tumefaction: and for thy gluttony, there is in store for thee a purgatory of lumbago. A thankful heart should not be smothered in spirits, nor a grateful bosom crammed with cabbage!

Now, in cities dense, the long-expected holiday brings freedom to the lads, and much fat produce into market. Mark the portly merchant from his princely meal outnarching—with gladness resting on his cheek, and poultry in his stomach. Yon happy urchin too, hath been to greet with ready compliments his antiquated aunt; while welcomes issue from her lips, and pastry from her pantry. Now belles, all plumed and ribboned, trip to church, with sober mind intent on piety and pie; and beaux bedizened, strut on iron heels to hear the organ and the hantem.

Now, 'tis a merry time in hall and hovel—while the nabob gloats with eager eye on viands luscious and far-fetched, the labourer spreads before a famished household his little store of gleanings eleemosynary, teaching rudely the rudiments of gratitude.—Hail, jubilee of innocence! Long may the virtues of our fathers be remembered with THANKSGIVING!

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *North American*, a reputable weekly periodical, published at Baltimore, Maryland, has been discontinued. The establishment was offered for sale some time since, the editor having entered into such arrangements, in the line of his profession, as to prevent him from giving it the attention he wished, but not having an adequate offer, he has taken his final leave of his patrons.

Contents of the October number of the *Western Medical and Physical Journal*, Cincinnati:—Original Essays and Cases: Observations on Sick Stomach, Practical Observations on the Typhoid state of Autumnal fevers. Reviews: Chlorurets of Lime and of Soda as disinfecting agents, Principles of Dental Surgery. Original Intelligence and Notices: Taking up of the Carotid Artery, Amputation of Thigh with a single flap.

The *Colonial Magazine*, No. 2, for October, is received. Contents:—Biography of Mr. Canning, Island of Anticosti, Owls-head mountain, Paraguay and Dr. Francia, Anecdote of the French Revolution, Trial of Mrs. Whipple, Old Newspapers, Middle Florida, River Magdalena, Trinity Church New-York, Waterspouts and Whirlwinds, Death of Violet Fane, The Wolf Charmer, Matrimony, Slave Trade. Collectanea: Poetry; Monthly Summary: Postscript.

The *Richmond Republican* has reached its seventh number. It is published in Tompkinsville, Staten-Island, by Charles N. Baldwin, esq. late editor of the New-York Morning Chronicle.

The "*Chronicles of the Canongate*," by Sir Walter Scott, will be published next week, by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, in Philadelphia.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

The king of Saxony is said to be making an attempt to exterminate all wild animals from his dominions.—Wild turkeys have been shot lately on the roofs of the houses in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Maria Truscott, of Niagara, Upper Canada, "warns all honest women against her husband, Samuel Truscott, who has abandoned her several times within two years." He is, in the words of Major Noah, an *abandoning* man, and she an *abandoned* woman.—Two respectable young ladies, residing in a western village, devoured at one meal *twenty-seven slap jacks*!

A benevolent society in Providence, commenced their observance of the day appointed for thanksgiving in that state, by presenting, through their agent, Mr. Walter Paine, to about forty indigent children, a fowl each, for a thanksgiving dinner.

[Will any of our charitable institutions do as much at our coming thanksgiving?—The printers in the employ of the editors of the National Intelligencer, Washington, lately subscribed for forty shares of canal stock, amounting to \$4,000, exclusive of that subscribed by the employers themselves.

[It is really cheering news to hear that printers any where have money enough to subscribe for stock.]—The number of turkeys for sale in the Boston market on the day preceding thanksgiving, was estimated at *fifty thousand*.—It is decidedly asserted in an official article of the Paris Moniteur, that Turkey, whatever course she may pursue, has lost Greece forever.

The rebel force in Spain, continue to hold the field with an army estimated at 25,000 men.—The venerable Dr. Holyoke, of Salem, attended public worship and passed his *hundredth thanksgiving day* in the enjoyment of all his faculties.

Another sanguinary conflict has happened between the Persians and Russians, near the village of Vanand, in which the Persians were defeated.—At a dinner given to Mr. Hunt, at Cork, the following toast was drunk:—"The United States—May their matchless democracy last forever, and its glorious achievements serve as a lesson and example to the oppressed."

By a decree of the Mexican Congress of October 16th, all Spanish ecclesiasticks are ordered to leave the country, carrying nothing with them but their own personal effects. We learn too, that all Spanish subjects have been ordered to the city of Mexico, in consequence of which they had become alarmed and were embarking for the United States and Great Britain.

The revenue of Rhode-Island for the last six months, amounts to \$18,083 63—its expenditures during that period were only \$9,585 12.—Albert Gallatin, esq. and family arrived on the 28th ult. in the Sylvanus Jenkins from Liverpool.

Mr. A. Willard, jr. of Boston, has made a clock for a large church in Mexico, the first ever made in this country, to strike hours and quarters.—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, of New Hampshire, will publish her poetical effusions in a volume, to be called "The Mother's Lay, for a new year's gift."

A remembrance of events, from the creation to the present time is about to be published in Baltimore. [This may be with propriety named *mundum in tomo*.]—A man in North-Carolina, worth about \$200,000, has been convicted of forging an instrument for the paltry sum of *thirty dollars*!

A Colombian corsair has been captured by the Algerines,—the latter not recognising the Colombian flag.—Major J., an English officer, is said to have lost 300,000 francs, by gaming, at Paris, on the 24th of September; and afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to rob the mail.

The following drawn numbers decide the fate of the late lottery:—25, 22, 42, 27, 7, 39.—*Dark Day*—The Detroit, (Michigan) Gazette of the 13th inst. mentions that on the preceding day the atmosphere was so filled with vapour and smoke, that from a few minutes before 10 o'clock until nearly noon, it became necessary to light candles in stores and dwelling houses.

Mr. Abijah Colburn, of Dedham, Mass. on splitting open a maple log, some day last month, which had been felled about a year, discovered in a cavity *twenty-one* young rattle snakes. They were in a torpid state, and from nine to ten inches in length.—*Important if true*. The New-York Morning Courier of Monday last states, upon the authority of a letter received by a gentleman of that city from a correspondent in London, "*occupying a responsible official station*,"

—"that there is an express agreement (not an understanding,) entered into by England, Russia, and France, to conquer and partition the *Turkish* dominions in Europe and Africa. Constantinople and its dependencies are allotted to Russia—Egypt to England—and the isles of the Mediterranean, and some portions of the land adjoining that sea, to France. The Turk is to be driven into Asia, and the Greeks are to have a government of their own, under the guaranty and protection of the *Three Powers*."

The society formed at Berlin for the conversion of the Jews, held a meeting in that capital a few days ago. It has somewhat lost in the public opinion lately, and seems not to have displayed discrimination in the choice of the means that it employs to accomplish its ends.—A tremendous fire broke out on the 26th ult. at Erlau, in Hungary, which destroyed the Hotel de Ville, 2 churches, 2 convents, and 350 houses.—The town of Toka, in Asiatic Turkey,

celebrated for its rich copper mines, has been almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake.—By a notice in the Shawneetown Gazette, it appears that the antagonist of Mr. Conway, late delegate from Arkansas, whose death in a duel was recorded some days ago, was Robert Crittenden, esq. Secretary of that Territory. Mr. Conway fell at the first fire.

REMINISCENCE.

Twenty-eight years ago, William Henry Harrison, now a senator in Congress from this state, presented his credentials to the House of Representatives as a delegate from the whole Northwestern Territory. What a change has taken place under his eye. The fierce natives of the forest, after many a struggle, have disappeared before the face of white men. Their shrill war-hoop is no longer heard to animate the heart of the warrior to battle, or to sound the signal of death at midnight to the white inmates of the cabin—their canoe is no longer seen to float on the bosom of Huron or Erie, or wend its way among the sinuosities of the beautiful river. The council fire is broken up—what few have survived the bloody contest with their daring invaders, have turned their face to the distant west, and with a sigh bid farewell to the rich vallies and huntinggrounds where the bones of their fathers repose. A new race now occupy their possessions, and the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose. The forest is thinned by the blows of the backwoodsman—villages and cultivated fields arise on every side—the land teems with population—the rivers which felt no weight before but the canoe of the warrior hastening to battle, are now covered with freights, conveying the rich products of the west to market—canals and roads are constructed for commercial and friendly intercourse—halls of legislation and justice are erected for the government of this thriving people, and Colleges, Seminaries and Common Schools are founded to dispense the treasure of ancient and modern knowledge to their sons.

Such is the wonderful change that has passed under the eye of this sole delegate of the Northwestern Territory in 1799. The territory which he then represented is now cut up in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and the Territory of Michigan, and leaving a tract of country to the northwest sufficient to form several more states. At that time this district contained about fifty thousand inhabitants. The population at present is over a million; and is represented in Congress by Eighteen Representatives, Six Senators, and one Delegate. An advance similar to this in population, and improvement, will perhaps never be witnessed again.

[Ohio State Journal.]

COOKERY.

Some of the recipes in Mr. Ude's work on Cookery, have been sold as high as fifty guineas each. The "Recipe for Turtle," is inestimable. It occupies four pages of the volume. When Lord Sefton gave his first party after he possessed Ude, he considered that, as turtle was purely an English dish, he ought to engage an English cook to dress it. When Ude tasted the soup he exclaimed, "*Ventre-bleu, dis is tortose au pauvre homme*—dis is work house turtle!" and after meditating for a week, and making experiments for a month, he produced such a soup, that Ude said of it, "*Par dieu! Sir William Curtis say I make water in de mouth when he taste my pottage a la tortue!*" When Herschel made a discovery of a new star some years ago, Ude said; "*Ah, I do not want new stars—parbleu, I would prefer to see one new dish! but for de new star, I do not care much; we always see of dem enough, plenty of old stars.*" Sir Humphrey Davy dined with Lord Sefton after being appointed President of the Royal Institution; and Ude, who was a privileged person, said to him, as he passed him in Picadilly one day, "*Sromfredi, de Society of de Institution shall not be complete till dere is one Chair of Cookery.*" [London paper.]

MARRIED.

In New-York, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. M. M. NOAH, to Miss REBECCA, only daughter of Mr. Daniel Jackson, all of the city of New-York.

Also, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Upfold, JOHN E. HINMAN Esq. of Utica, late sheriff of Oneida county, to Miss MARY, eldest daughter of George C. Schroepel, Esq. of the city of New-York.

POETRY.

From the "Atlantick Souvenir, for 1828."

THE EAGLE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLER.

Sail on, thou lone imperial bird
Of quenchless eye and tireless wing,
How is thy distant coming heard
As the night breezes round thee ring!
Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
In his extremest glory!—how!
Is thy unequalled daring done,
Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now?

Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
Thy roaring orag, thy lightning pine,
To find some secret, meaner home,
Less stormy and unsafe than thine!
Else why thy dusky pinions bend
So closely to this shadowy world,
And round thy scorching glances send
As wishing thy broad pens were furled!

Yet lonely is thy shattered nest,
Thy cry desolate though high!
And lonely thou, alike, at rest,
Or soaring in the upper sky!
The golden light that bathes thy plumes
On thine interminable flight,
Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
And makes the North's ice mountains bright!

So come the eagle-hearted down,
So come the proud and high to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth!
So quails the mind's undying eye
That bore unveiled fame's noontide sun—
So man seeks solitude, to die,
His high place left—his triumphs done!

So round the residence of power
A cold and joyless lustre shines,
And on life's pinnacles will lower
Clouds dark as bathe the eagle's pines.
But oh! the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves,
It warms the spirit as it soars,
And sheds deep radiance round our graves!

[From "The Token," for 1828.]

THE HUNTER OF THE HILLS.

The hunter was a-weary: all the day
His foot had traversed the broad woods, and tracked
The deer herds to the distant hills that skirt
The horizon's shadowy verge. The vulture's eye
Had caught at noon the glitter of his gun,
From her lone eyry on yon far-off peak
Half hid in the blue haze. The eagle heard
His echoing death shot in the golden cloud,
And curbed his flight to wheel above the cliff
O'er which the dun deer passed,—those carrion birds
Made a rich banquet in the wilds, that day!

The shadows of the ancient beech that hung
E'en at his cabin door, were lengthening fast
O'er the green slope, ere well his chase was done.
On its soft herbage he reclined, to catch
The sweetness of the passing wind, and list
The many voices of the falling stream,
And murmur of the bird and roving bee.
At times the wren would utter her faint cry
In the deep thicket; and the shrill carlew
And lonely bittern send their sudden screams
From their green nests, far in the river sedge.
Meantime the shadows of the yellow woods
Grew heavier on the turf; the honey-bees
Came with a drowsy murmur to their hive
Beside his cabin wall, and the wild birds,
That built their palace by his straw-thatched roof,
Grew silent as the sunny day went by.
Deep silence was abroad! and twilight's cheek
Caught a rich tincture as she turned away.—

The hermit hunter bent a thoughtful glance
On the calm beauty of the scene, then sang,
With a clear tone, his low, contented hymn.

The kings of this earth lie down
With a heavy heart at night;
Though they put away their crown
And the weapons of the fight,
Still the voice and the ghastly look of pain
Will pass o'er the monarch dreamer's brain.

The chief, on the battle field,
Is glad when the fight is won,
For 'tis sweet, on his broken shield
To dream what his sword hath done;
But there come, in the dim and midnight dream,
To haunt his slumbers, the wild sob and scream.

Are the seamen's slumbers sweet
On the dark and savage main,
When, with sickened hearts, they meet
With the midnight hurricane!
Oh! the startled sea boy doth seldom find
A dream unbroken by the raging wind.

But ne'er doth the holy night
Bring an hour of care to me;
I hear not the din of fight,

Nor the whirlwinds of the sea;
The wearying children of Pride ne'er come
To visit with sorrow my ample house.

From "The Memorial," for 1828.

CANYONET.

Musick and dances,
Smiles and bright glances,
Love's happy chances,
All are at play;
Girls from the city,
Country maids pretty,
Simple and witty,
Foot it away.

Viols are tinkling,
Light feet are twinkling,
Snowy veils crinkling,
Round as they go;
Soft voices prattle,
Castanets rattle,
Love's mimic battle!
Mingles them so.

Now the dance closes—
Baskets of roses,
Woven in posies,
Gayly they twine;
Goblets are clashing,
Amber lights flashing,
Young lovers dashing
Beauty in wine.

All now is over,
White mantles hover,
Each with her lover,
Back to the town;
None of them misses
Sweetest of blisses,
Dewy wet kisses—
That is Love's down.

From "The Amulet," for 1828.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnaeus, and marked
the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of
the flowers arranged in it."

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezy main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Hath sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth.
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's, gentle birth!

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

[From the London "Forget-Me-Not," for 1828.]

COUNSELS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though bright thy morn of life may seem,
Remember clouds may rise;
And trust not to the transient gleam
Of calm and smiling skies.
So tread life's path, in sunshine drest,
With lowly cautious fear,
That when grief's shadows o'er it rest
Its memory may be dear.

If dark life's matin hours may be,
Despond not at their gloom;
Joy's cloudless sun may rise for thee,
And hope's bright flowerets bloom.
So trace thy pathway thorn-bestrewn,
That thou, in happier hours,
With pure and pangless gratitude
Mayst bless its fragrant flowers.

Through cloud and sunshine, flower and thorn,
Pursue thy even way,
Nor let thy better hopes be born
Of things that must decay.
Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,
Take life as life is given;
Its rough ascent, its flowery slope,
May lead alike to heaven!

LOVE AFTER DEATH.

Gone! is the smile that once lightened my way,
Gone! is the eye whose each look was a ray,
Gone! is the heart—so unchanging and true,
Gone! is the lip which to mine fondly flew.

Cold! is the brow on which love had oft spoken,
Cold! is the cheek, and each beauty-line broken,
Cold! is the hand which to mine trembling stole,
Cold! is each nerve that once thrilled with the soul.

Dead! grows this heart to the world's garish splendour,
To the smile of the gay, and the sigh of the tender;
To the sorrower's tear, and the scorner's rude laughter;
Dead! to all hope, save of meeting hereafter.

THE GLEANER.

FUNERAL CUSTOM IN RUSSIA.

When a corpse is buried in Russia, it is attired in its
best clothing, or in an expensive substitute for it;
or, if the individual held any situation under gov-
ernment, in his appropriate uniform. This custom
led to a singular occurrence on the decease of the
late General Alabief. After his interment, a bill
of 20,000 roubles was missing; suspicion fell upon
his secretary, who was threatened with a prosecution
unless it was produced. Unable to account for the
deficiency, the idea at length occurred to him that
the paper might have been buried with his master,
the coffin was opened, and the bill found safe in the
General's pocket.

WOMAN.

As the vine which has long twisted its graceful
foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it, into
sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the
thunderbolt cling round it with its carressing ten-
drils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beau-
tifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is
the mere dependant and ornament of man in his
happier hours, should be his stay and solace when
smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into
the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly support-
ing the drooping head, and binding up the broken
heart. [Sketch Book.]

SORROWS.

What are the sorrows of the young? Their grow-
ing minds soon close above the wound; their elastic
spirits soon rise beneath the pressure; their green
and ductile affections soon twine around new objects.
But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward
appliances to sooth; the sorrows of the aged, with
whom life at best is but as a wintry day, and who
can look for no after growth of joy; the sorrows of
a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over
an only son, the last solace of her years; these are
the sorrows, which make us feel the impotency
of consolation. [Ibid.]

FOOD.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet.
Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbage
the food of this species—fish of that, and flesh of a
third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in
his way; not the smallest fruit, or excrement of the
earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape
him. As to his meats, they are so disguised by cook-
ing, that neither the eye nor the taste can discern
the quality, compound, or name of many fashion-
able dishes, supplied by professed restaurateurs.

FLATTERY AND PRAISE.

Nothing is more offensive than flattery which is
direct and pointed. Praise is considered as happy
and elegant, in proportion to the slightness of the
associations by which it is conveyed. [Stewart.]

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the
hand that warned Belshazzar, derived its horrifying
influence from the want of a body. [Lacon.]

LEMAN.—Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Mo-
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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1827.

[No. 46.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

THE MASONICK HALL, IN NEW-YORK.

This edifice has been erected by a joint stock company composed of a society of public spirited individuals, feeling a deep interest and indulging a just pride in the venerable institution of which they are members. The idea we believe was first suggested in the year 1825, when it was supposed that a structure of which the prominent features would be strength, beauty, and a striking resemblance to the sublime magnificence of the gothick style of architecture. The stock was soon taken up, and in the summer of 1826, the foundation stone was laid. The ceremonies usually adopted in similar cases were resorted to on this occasion with increased effect. The processions were composed of the various brethren in all their different gradations of honour and distinction: a religious rite was performed. Several documents were deposited under the stone, and the effect was altogether very imposing and solemn. The walls have been sometime erected and several lodges have had meetings in the upper stories.

The Masonick Hall, is a splendid gothick building, presenting much of the refinement of modern art united to the venerable aspect of more distant date. To the part of Broadway, in which it is situated, it is a valuable ornament: The towering eminence of the building; the unfrequency of the construction, the respect which the order of architecture to which it belongs invariably inspires, and the peculiar purposes, so sacred and so classic, for which it was erected, combine to render this structure an acquisition of no ordinary kind in improving the appearance of the neighbourhood in which it is situated. The part not devoted to Masonick purposes is appropriated to the public accommodation and attended to by Mr. Pardessus the present lessee. The lower story consists of handsome and extensive refectories in which all the daily and weekly papers are received. Four handsome and large gas lamps light the visitor through an ample entrance; on the right is the coffee room, a well arranged and comfortable place of public resort; on the left, is a room employed for the sale of fancy furniture of the most fashionable description. On the second floor is situated the most extensive and most magnificent Hall in the United States: it is intended for public as well as Masonick meetings; its length is ninety feet; its breadth forty-six feet eight inches. It is finished in the purest and most perfect style of gothick embellishment. The ceiling of this room is ornamented in appropriate style, forming a double arch highly decorated; in the centre are four gothick pendants to which are attached four superb chandeliers of a corresponding design, each containing ten large burners suited to gas which will afford a full and luminous light. The blank windows in the room are filled with mirrors which render the hall, gay, lightsome and extremely brilliant, reflecting all the beauty and splendor of the scene. Immediately over the entrance to this room is situated the gallery intended to hold a band of musicians, on proper occasions, which in point of design is the most beautiful we know of and affords a novel and useful kind of accommodation, and adds altogether to the splendour and beauty of the hall. We ascend to the third story and still find that the elegance of the building is preserved. Here are two highly finished lodge rooms, combining neatness and convenience, in addition to two banquetting rooms intended for "the feast of reason and flow of soul," where wit and champagne will sparkle together, where the lyric muse will inspire many a glee, and where fraternal love will give a zest to all. The rooms on the attic story are designed chiefly for the practical labours of the Masonick craft. It contains two superb rooms, the one a master mason's lodge, the other a chapter

room. These rooms will be the scene of the more sublime operations of masonry. They certainly surpass any thing of the description ever fitted up in this country, and perhaps in any other. They are supplied with all the beautiful and appropriate means and appendages in performing the rites and consummating the object of the institution. The Chapter room in particular is prepared in a sublime style, and cannot fail to inspire the beholder with admiration and awe. There are several rooms in this building devoted to the labours of masonry, and are well worthy of a particular description, but our space will not permit us to extend the description any farther, we only hope that the original object for which this edifice was erected will be borne in mind by those possessing an interest in it, and that no sinister motive or vain show will intercept the benefits which it is calculated to effect for the advancement and respectability of the masonick art. [N. Y. Sat. Ev. Gazette.]

EXTRACT

From an Oration, delivered before the Boyer Lodge, in the city of New-York, by B. F. HUGHES, a man of colour.

To the contemplative mind, Masonry has been a theme of paramount interest.

It has engaged the attention of the wise, the great, and the good from the earliest antiquity—and has enlivened the imagination of the poet, and nerved the pen of the orator. Its praises have been commemorated on the page of history, and reverence for its intrinsic worth, has prompted the ancients to inscribe its dignity on their Mausoles.

It is a bond, which cements in one common tie, men of the most exalted rank and character—of the most extensive influence, and highest intellectual endowments, with those of inferior stations and more limited acquirements; and allays all the little asperities of party, and prejudices of country, which among men distinct from the Fraternity, are frequently productive of the worst consequences.

Masonry ranks first on the list of benevolent institutions; and in this assertion, I stand upon independent ground. I speak without limitation. Never was there an Institution, originated by finite capacity, having for its base, such enlarged benevolence, such purity of morals, such reverence for the Deity, as that, of which our Fraternity can justly boast.

Although, it was not, till the period in which Solomon, King of Israel, flourished, that Masonry assumed a distinct organization, yet, as an Institution, every where fostering and patronising the arts and sciences, and as there evidently existed at all times, men cherishing the principles, and practicing the virtues of our Order, we look back upon the period in which Omnipotence effected the beautiful and sublime order of nature, which we now behold, as the Masonick data.

Our principles are derived from the Sacred page, and are therefore, measurably allied to Christianity—and I am bold to assert, that no man should be esteemed a consistent Mason, who rejects the sacred volume.

Like Christianity, Masonry has been subjected to the scoffs of the ignorant, no less than to the violence of the wicked and the fulminations of the bigoted and superstitious; and every species of cruelty ever invented by malice, have been brought into requisition for the torture of her votaries. In the rage of inquisitorial madness, they have been scourged, impaled, decapitated;—but a firmness marked their character which was invincible. Their patience was unparalleled—their fortitude, heroic—their magnanimity, generous—and the Fraternity grew more illustrious, as they were more oppressed, till those who were foremost to exterminate the brotherhood, eventually became their greatest patrons and their warmest advocates.

Firmer than a rock, Masonry has withstood "the iron tooth of time;" has survived States and Em-

pires which have awed the world; and will continue to out-brave the storms of ages, until "its expansive and outstretching roots shall encircle the globe we inhabit," and the whole Fraternity be summoned to unite in one general chorus in the Grand Lodge above, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

We are taught by Masonry, to regard the whole human species as one common family, created by the same Almighty Parent, with similar feelings, similar desires and necessities, and inhabitants, of the same planet, on which they are placed, for the aid, support, and protection of each other, during their probationary state.

More especially should we, as Masons feel bound to all the Fraternity, in affection and kindness, without regard to those adventitious circumstances, which elevate one man above his brother; promptly to relieve their necessities, carefully to conceal the secrets they may have confided to us, meekly to admonish them, when they may have departed from the path of wisdom, and affectionately to cast the mantle of charity over their foibles. The errors of a brother should never fill us with disgust and aversion, till we have resorted in vain to every measure in our reach for his conviction and reformation. When he shall have been convinced, he will naturally reform, his heart will overflow with joy, his soul will be filled with gratitude to him who was instrumental in saving him from ignominy.

In acts like these, we bear the testimony of a good conscience; we sensibly progress in Masonry, adding virtue to virtue, emerging more and more into the light, till the full blaze of meridian day shall have opened upon us in all its glory.

EXTRACT

From an Oration, delivered at St. John's Hall, in the city of New-York, by Dr. GEORGE HOWARD.

Brethren, take a view of the symbols of our order; see the COFFIN, that narrow dwelling in which we are to be laid, and the SPADE, used for planting our bodies in the dust.

Look into the grand volume of human nature, and read the uncertainty of life. You will learn that it is like the dew which bespangles the mountain, 'tis exhaled by the rays of the rising sun, and not one trace remains to denote its former being.

That the tender bubble which floats upon the fountain, breaks not easier than the fragile cord which binds us to existence.

That it is rapid in its course, as the wild stream of the mountain, that rushes with resistless fury to the silent vale below.

Let the sign of the cross, supported by the BRIDGE, point you the way to cross in safety the Jordan of Death, for the night will soon come that night of gloom which will wrap all human nature in the darksome shroud, and doom our bodies to undivided dust. But thanks be to him whose irresistible fiat gave birth to the universe, there is a light shall pierce the deepest tomb, shall scatter every sombre cloud, and break the sleep of death.

It is the star which beams on high, the Great Redeemer's countenance, which casts its rays throughout creation's empire, and kindly welcomes all.

It bears us through the last dread hour of our existence here, disgorges earth of all her sleeping tenants, and cancels Calvary's blood.

It guides us to the portals of the sky, conducts us to the realms of bliss, and presents us perfect in our order, to the Great I AM.

NEW-YORK. ALBANY COUNTY.

The following companions were elected to fill the respective offices attached to their names, by *Wadsworth Chapter*, No. 108, in Rensselaerville, at its regular communication on the 6th December, instant:—

Ephraim B. Russ, High Priest; John Niles, King;

Asa K. Jackson, Scribe; David Holdridge, Captain of the Host; Henry M. Bennet, Royal Arch Captain; Gideon Cornell, Principal Sojourner; Francis Milo, Josiah Tanner, and Stephen St. John, Masters of Vails; Alpheus Dwight, Treasurer; John I. Frisbee, Secretary; Isaac Hyde, and J. B. Moore, Stewards; Nobles B. Raymond, Tyler.

WARREN COUNTY.

At a regular communication of *Hamilton Lodge, No. 144*, held at the lodge room in Glen's Falls, Warren county, on the 29th November, 5827, the following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Luben Putnam, Master; Israel Putnam, Senior Warden; Lyman J. Cool, Junior Warden; J. Palmer, Treasurer; E. G. Lindsey, Secretary; Ebenezer Storer, Senior Deacon; Herman Peck, Junior Deacon; Royal Leaven, and John F. Gazley, Stewards.

James Palmeter, Enoch Ellis, and John F. Gazley, were appointed a committee to settle the accounts of the lodge for the past year.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS.

[From a work under the above title, by Doct. Arnott, recently published in London.]

BAROMETER.

To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting his prognostication of the weather drawn from local signs familiar to him; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is often enabled to take in sail, and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. The marine barometer has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, after a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet the old sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and they were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard, and, amidst the general consternation even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the extraordinary strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, would have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves an unsightly wreck.

BALLOON.

There are, perhaps, few occasions calculated more to surprise and delight the mind, than when a balloon is first beheld sailing high in the bosom of the air, and lifting man to regions far beyond those which the soaring eagle has ever reached; and to the intrepid aeronaut himself, the scene of a world displayed beneath him is unquestionably the grandest which mortal eye has ever compassed. Even wide-spread London, the queen of the cities of the earth, and a little world within itself, when viewed from such an elevation in the sky, appears but as a dusky patch upon a map, where the far-famed Thames is seen winding as a silvery line, and where the magnificent temples and palaces scattered around appear but as darker points rising out of the general

mist of buildings, in which a million and a half of human beings reside.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

The Æolian harp is a long box or case of light wood, with harp or violin strings extended on its face. These are generally tuned in perfect unison with each other, or to the same pitch, as it is expressed; but when the harp is suspended among trees, or in any situation where the fluctuating breeze may reach it, each string, according to the manner in which it receives the blast, sounds either entire or breaks into some of the simple divisions just described—[referring to a preceding part]—the result of this is the production of the most pleasing combination and succession of sounds that fancy has ever listened to or perhaps conceived. After a pause, this fairy harp is often heard beginning with a low and solemn note, like the bass of distant music in the sky; the sound then swells as if approaching, and other tones break forth, mingling with the first and with each other. In the combined and varying strain sometimes one sweet note predominates and sometimes another, as if single musicians alternately led the band; and the concert often seems to approach and again to recede, until with the unequal breeze it dies away, and all is again at rest. It is no wonder that the ancients, who understood not the nature of air, nor consequently even of simple sound, should have deemed the music of the Æolian harp supernatural; and in their warm and chaste imaginations should have supposed that it was the strain of invisible beings from above, descended in the stillness of evening or night, to commune with men in the heavenly language of soul, intelligible to both. But even now that we understand it well, there are few persons so insensible to what is delicate and beautiful in nature as to listen to this wild music without emotion; while to the informed ear it is additionally delightful from the fine illustration which it affords of those simple laws of sound which human ingenuity at last has traced.

STEAM ENGINE.

The fertile genius of James Watt did not stop at the accomplishment of two or three important particulars, but throughout the whole detail of the component parts and of the various applications of the engine, he contrived miracles of simplicity and usefulness. It would exceed the prescribed bounds of this work to enter more minutely into the subject; but we may remark that, in the present perfect state of the engine, it appears almost a thing endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, and it counts and records them as a clock does the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work; the briskness of the fire; the supply of water to the boiler; the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with mathematical precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts that should be vacuum; it warns its attendants, by ringing a bell, when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify;—and with all these talents and qualities, and though it have the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child; its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible; it consumes none while idle; it never tires, and wants no sleep; is not subject to malady when originally well made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age; it is equally active in all climates, and will work at any thing: it is a water-pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller—indeed it is of all occupations; and a small engine in the character of a *steam pony* may be seen dragging after it on a rail-road ninety tons of merchandise or a regiment of soldiers, with speed greater than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the genii of eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man.

LANGUAGE.

No intelligent mind can meditate on human speech, and its influence in the world, without being roused to vivid admiration. But for speech, the most gifted individuals that have lived, had they existed at all, could have been little superior

in their worldly state to the leading oxen of our herds, or to leading monkeys in the woods. Even at the present day, among the natives of Australia, where language may be said scarcely yet to be known, human nature is seen thus shockingly debased. On the other hand, in the history of the world, we may trace, as a consequence of speech, the following progress in art and civilization.—Fathers by language have communicated their gathered observations and reflections to their children; these, again, have transmitted the inheritance with gradual accumulation to new descendants; and so on to the present day: and when the precious store had increased until the simple powers of memory could retain no more, the art of writing arose, making language visible and permanent, and enlarging without limit the receptacles of wisdom. Printing came last, and now rolls the still swelling flood of knowledge into every hamlet and every hut. Thus language, at the present moment of the world's existence, may be said to bind the whole human race of uncounted millions into one gigantic rational being, whose memory reaches to the beginnings of written record, and retains imperishably the important events that have occurred; whose judgement, analyzing the treasures of memory, has already discovered many of the sublime and unchanging laws of nature, and has built on them the arts of life, and through them pierces far into futurity, seeing distinctly events that are to come; and whose eyes, and ears, and observant mind, are at this moment, in every corner of the earth, watching and recording new phenomena, for the purpose of still better comprehending the magnificence, and simplicity, and beauty of creation.

WAVES.

The common cause of waves is the friction of the wind upon the surface of the water. Little ridges or elevations first appear, which, by continuance of the force, gradually increase until they become the rolling mountains seen where the winds sweep over a great extent of water. The heaving of the bay of Biscay, and still more that of the open ocean beyond the southern capes of America and Africa, is one extreme,—and the stillness of the tropical seas, which are guarded by near encircling lands, is the other. In the vast archipelago of the East, where Borneo, and Java, and Sumatra lie, and the Molucca islands and the Philippines, the sea is often famed only by the land and sea breezes, and is like a smooth bed, on which these islands seem to sleep in bliss—lands in which the spice and perfume gardens of the world are empowered, and where the bird of paradise has its home, and the golden pheasant, and a hundred others of brilliant plumage—whose flight is among thickets so luxuriant, and scenery so picturesque, that European strangers find there the fairy land of their youthful dreams.

CORK BOOTS.

A great inventor (in his own estimation) published to the world that he had solved the important problem of walking safely upon the water, and he invited the crowd to witness his first essay. He stepped boldly upon the wave, equipped in a pair of bulky cork boots: but it soon appeared that he had not pondered sufficiently on the subjects of the centre of gravity and of flotation,—for in the next instant all that was to be seen of him was a pair of legs sticking out of the water. He was picked up by help at hand, and, his genius cooled and schooled by the event, he was conducted home. Some soldiers once finding a few cork jackets among old military stores, determined to try them; but mistaking the shoulder straps for lower fastenings, they put them on as drawers, and on then plunging in, with the hope of being able to sit pleasantly on the water, their heavy heads went down, and they were nearly drowned.

LIFE.

That function by which the animal body assumes foreign matters from around, and converts them into its own substance, although little inviting in some of its details, is altogether one of the most wonderful subjects which can engage the human attention. It points directly to the curious and yet unanswered question—what is life? The student of nature may analyze with all his art those minute

portions of matter called seeds and ova, which he knows to be the rudiments of future creatures, and the links by which endless generations of living creatures hang to existence; but he cannot disentangle and display apart their mysterious life! that something under the influence of which each little germ in due time swells out, as if to fill an invisible mould of maturity that determines its form and proportions. One such substance thus becomes a beautiful rosebush, another a noble oak, a third an eagle, a fourth an elephant—yea, in the same way, out of the rude materials of broken seeds and roots, and leaves of plants, and bits of animal flesh, is built up the human frame itself, whether of the active man, combining gracefulness with strength, or of the gentler woman, with beauty around her as light. How passing strange that such should be the origin of the speaking eye, whose glance pierces as if the invisible soul were shot with it—of the lips which pour forth sweetest eloquence—of the larynx, which by vibrating fills the surrounding air with music, —and, most wonderful of all, of that mass shut up within the bony fortress of the skull, whose delicate and curious texture is the abode of the soul, with its reason which contemplates, and its sensibility which delights in these and endless other miracles of creation.

STEAM GUN.

It has lately been shewn that a gun-barrel may be connected with a high pressure steam-boiler, as with a chamber of condensed air; and as the steam can be supplied as long as water remains in the boiler, if bullets be allowed to fall into the barrel fast enough, from a chamber or magazine above it, a hundred may be thrown out every minute with the same force and precision as if each issued from a common piece of artillery. The rapid succession may almost be said to resemble the issue of water from a jet pipe; and if such an engine could be used in a field of battle, the barrel of death, made to point gradually along a line of men, would mow them down like cornstalks before the scythe—none could escape. The horrible idea and proposal have been excused by saying, that to prove the possibility of such havoc must have the effect of putting an end to war altogether.

THE HEEL.

The Heel, by projecting so far backwards, is a long lever for the strong muscles which form the calf of the leg, and terminate in the tendo Achillis, to act by. These muscles, by drawing at the heel, lift the body in standing on the toes, in walking, in dancing, &c. In the negro foot the heel is so long as to be ugly in European estimation; and its great length rendering the effort of smaller muscles sufficient for the various purposes, the calf of the leg in the negro is smaller in proportion than in other races of men. In a graceful human step, the heel is always raised before the foot is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were part of a wheel rolling forward, and the weight of the body rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes. The muscles forming the calf of the leg lift the heel, as just described, by drawing at the tendo Achillis, and produce a bending of the foot in a corresponding degree. But where strong wooden shoes are used, or any shoe so stiff that it will not yield and allow this bending of the foot, the heel in walking is not raised at all until the whole foot rises with it, so that the muscles of the calf are scarcely used, and in consequence soon dwindle in size and almost disappear. Many of the English farm servants wear heavy stiff shoes, and in London it surprises one to see the drivers of country wagons, with fine robust persons in the upper part, but with legs which are fleshless spindles, producing a gait most awkward and unmanly. One regrets that, for the sake of a trifling saving, fair nature should be thus deformed. The wives and sisters of these men, and their brothers who are otherwise employed, are not thus misshapen. An example of an opposite kind is seen in Paris, where, as there are no side pavements in the streets, and the ladies consequently walk almost constantly on tip-toe, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given a conformation of the leg and foot, to match which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world. They are not aware, probably, that it is a defect in their city to which the peculiarity of their form is in part owing.

VENTRILLOQUISM.

Ventriloquism, according to P. Mayer, is produced in the glottis as the ordinary voice, but during inspiration. A ventriloquist begins by dilating his chest with a considerable quantity of air, to give sufficient resonance to his voice. The deception depends on the following circumstances:—

1st. The ear does not directly receive the sonorous undulations as before, and we look elsewhere than the belly for the sounds, which we do not perceive coming from it.

2d. By the strong dilatation of the larynx and of the chest, the sounds are strengthened by a small echo, and become hollow, which leads to believe that the person we hear is at great distance below us.

3d. As the larynx descends for about an inch, the sounds are much deeper and more elongated.

4th. A fourth mode of deception is the almost complete shutting of the mouth; it is reduced to a simple fissure. The tongue is thrown back, the point of which rests against the palate; a means by which the sonorous undulations are to a great degree forced to pass by the nose. The voice of a ventriloquist is in general of an octave, much higher than his common voice, which completely changes the voice. It will be seen that this theory differs from that which supposes that the ventriloquist speaks during inspiration. [London Lancet.]

THE HORSE.

RULES FOR ASCERTAINING THE AGE OF HORSES.

[From "Ten Minutes Advice to Horse Purchasers."]

A horse that is fit for work should have forty teeth: twenty four grinders, which teach us nothing, and sixteen others, which have their names, and discover his age. As mares usually have no tusks, their teeth are only thirty six. A colt is foaled without teeth; in a few days he puts out four, which are called pinners or nippers; soon after appear the four separators, next to the pinners; it is sometimes three or four months before the next, called corner teeth, push forth. These twelve colt's teeth, in the front of the mouth, continue, without alteration, till the colt is two years, or two years and a half old, which makes it difficult without great care, to avoid being imposed on during that interval, if the seller finds it his interest to make the colt pass for either younger or older than he really is; the only rule you have then to judge by, is his coat, and the hairs of his mane and tail. A colt of one year has a supple, rough coat, resembling that of a water spaniel, and the hair of his mane and tail feels like flax, and hangs like a rope untwisted; whereas a colt of two years has a flat chat, and straight ears like a grown horse.

At about two years and a half old, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, according as he has been fed, a horse begins to change his teeth. The pinners which come the first, are also the first that fall; so that at three years he has four horse's and eight colt's teeth, which are easily known apart, the former being larger, flatter, and yellower, than the other, and streaked from the end, quite into the gums.

These four horse pinners have, in the middle of their extremities, a black hole, very deep, whereas those of the colt are round and white. When the horse is coming four years old, he loses his four separators or middle teeth, and puts forth four others, which follow the same rule as the pinners. He has now eight horse's teeth and four colt's teeth, and is called a horse.

During this year also, his four tusks, which are chiefly peculiar to horses, come behind the others; the lower ones often four months before the upper; but whatever may be vulgarly thought, the horse that has the two lower tusks, if he has not the upper, may be judged to be under five years old, unless the other teeth show the contrary, for some horses that live to be very old, never have any upper tusks at all. The two lower tusks are one of the most certain rules that a horse is coming five years old, notwithstanding his colt's teeth may not be all gone.

Jockeys and breeders, in order to make their colts seem five years old when they are but four,

pull out their last colt's teeth; but if all the colt's teeth are gone, and no tusks appear, you may be certain this trick has been played; another artifice they use, is to beat the bars every day with a wooden mallet, in the place where the tusks are to appear, in order to make them seem hard, as if the tusks were just ready to cut.

When a horse is coming six years old, the two lower pinners fill up, and instead of the holes above-mentioned, show only a black spot. Between six and seven, the two middle teeth fill up in the same manner; and between seven and eight, the corner teeth do the like; after which it is said to be impossible to know certainly the age of the horse, he having no longer any mark in the mouth.

You can indeed only have recourse to the tusks, and the situation of the teeth, of which I shall now speak.

For the tusks, you must with your finger feel the inside of them from the point quite to the gum. If the tusk be pointed flat, and has two little channels within side, you may be certain the horse is not old, and at the utmost only coming ten. Between eleven and twelve the two channels are reduced to one, which, after twelve, is quite gone, and the tusks are as round within, as they are without; you have no guide then but the situation of the teeth. The longest teeth are not always a sign of the greatest age, but their hanging over, and pushing forward, as their meeting perpendicularly, is a certain token of youth.

Many persons, whilst they see certain line holes in the middle of the teeth, imagine that such horses are but in their seventh year, without regard to the situation the teeth take as they grow old.

When horses are young, their teeth meet perpendicularly, but grow longer and push forward with age; besides, the mouth of a young horse is very fleshy within in the palate, and his lips are firm and hard; on the contrary, the inside of an old horse's mouth is lean both above and below, and seems to have only the skin upon the bones. The lips are soft and easy to turn up with the hand.

All horses are marked in the same manner, but some naturally and some artificially. The natural mark is called begue; and some ignorant persons imagine such horses are marked all their lives, because for many years they find a little hole, or a kind of void, in the middle of the separators and corner teeth; but when the tusks are grown round, as well within as without, and the teeth point forward, there is room to conjecture, in proportion as they advance from year to year, what the horse's age may be, without regarding the cavity above mentioned.

The artificial manner is made use of by dealers and jockeys, who mark their horses, after the age being known, to make them appear only six or seven years old. They do it in this manner: they throw down the horse to have him more at command, and, with a steel graver, like what is used for ivory, hollow the middle teeth a little, and the corner ones somewhat more; then fill the holes with a little rosin, pitch, sulphur, or some grains of wheat, which they burn in with a bit of hot wire, made in proportion to the hole. This operation they repeat from time to time, till they give the hole a lasting black, in imitation of nature; but in spite of all they can do, the hot iron makes a little yellowish circle round the holes, like what it would leave upon ivory; they have therefore, another trick to prevent detection, which is, to make the horse foam from time to time, after having rubbed his mouth, lips and gums, with salt, and crumbs of bread dried and powdered with salt. This foam hides the circle made by the iron.

Another thing they cannot do, is to counterfeit young tusks, it being out of their power to make those two crannies above-mentioned, which are given by nature; with files they make them sharper or flatter, but then they take away the shining natural enamel, so that one may always know, by these tusks, horses that are past seven, till they come to twelve or thirteen.

A gentleman being asked what o'clock it was, replied "little or nothing." "How so?" said the inquirer. "Why," replied the wit, "it is not quite one, and that which is less than one, must be little or nothing."

POPULAR TALES.

THE MAGICIAN'S VISITOR.

[From Ackermann's "Forget-me-Not," for 1828.]

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterwards a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting at his studies. The stranger although finely formed, and of courteous demeanour, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him, which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellant effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow; and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was gray; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with Oriental characters, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale; but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow. "Pardon me, learned sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, "but your fame has travelled into all lands and has reached all ears; and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament." "You are right welcome, sir," returned Agrippa, "but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honour, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavouring to unravel the secrets of nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences." "Tallest thou of long years!" echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features; "thou, who hast scarcely seen four score since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs today,—the still and solemn tombs; I saw them smiling on the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought it was better to slumber amongst those tombs than to be like him. To-night he sank behind the hill, apparently to repose; but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried, but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears he sheds over his tyrannous destiny." Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the stranger described; but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from any thing which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder.

His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse. "But I trouble you, I trouble you; to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight. The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down the stream every thing that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears; but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me,—the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once more again look upon the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright, and that step more stately, than the Antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a

gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me, except the grave." The passionate pleadings of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honours to do so) that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visitor. "Whom would'st thou see?" "My child, my own sweet Miriam," answered the stranger. Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct, that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated; but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed to be rapidly passing. "Diel she in wedlock's holy bands?" inquired Cornelius. "She was a virgin as spotless as the snow." "How many years have passed away since the grave closed her?" A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently. "Many, many, more than I now have time to number." "Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in yon mirror." "Wave on then," said the stranger, and groaned bitterly. "Wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary," Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger, he exclaimed, "Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years—still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist, as thou hast described to me?" "Wave on, wave on," was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the stranger. The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visitor.

As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger, exclaiming, "Wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculation of his art, had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented. An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains, crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the middle, and in the fore-ground were seen camels, grazing, a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noon-tide sun. "Tis she! tis she!" shouted the stranger; and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said, "Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter; and shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely." Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while, from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation. "Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me? By Heaven she moves! she

smiles! oh speak to me a single word! or breathe, or sigh! Alas! all's silent—dull and desolate as this heart! Again that smile! that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand winters have not been able to freeze up in my heart! Old man it is in vain to hold me! I must, will clasp her!" As he uttered the last words he rushed frantically towards the mirror; the scene represented within it faded away, the cloud gathered again over its surface, and the stranger sunk senseless to the earth. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples and gazing on him with looks of wonder and fear. He immediately rose on his feet, with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, he said, "Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness, and for the sweet but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes." As he spake these words he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius; but the latter returned it, saying, "Nay, nay, keep thy gold friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare take it; but be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art." "Behold!" said the stranger pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room. "I see," said the philosopher, "An exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross." "But look again!" said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture. Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before—the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger of whom indeed it might be said to be a portrait. "That," said Cornelius with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine sufferer for not walking faster, and was therefore condemned to walk the earth himself until the period of that sufferer's second coming." "'Tis I! 'tis I!" exclaimed the stranger; and rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared. Then did Cornelius Agrippa know that he had been conversing with the WANDERING JEW.

MISCELLANY.

A MODEST CONFESSION,

In a Letter to a Lady, by Montgomery, the Poet.

Dear Madam—I know you love me in my proper place; where that is, I leave you to guess at present; it may not, indeed, be in your eye, but, I assure you, it is not far from it. I am one of the race of Valetudinarians; and to such, you know, it is a pleasure to complain, perhaps the only pleasure of their lives. Pray do not say, it is no pleasure to hear idle complaints, till you have heard mine. Who I am it will be no easy matter to tell in more words than one, I am determined, however, to hide myself in many, that you may find me out, before I name that, which, like a charm, will bring me in all my beauty and confusion upon you. In the first place I am not a riddle; yet I am a very fit subject for one, and probably, while I describe myself, I may speak in paradoxes; but unless I come across you, do not puzzle yourself as you go along; my signature, at the close of this epistle will make all clear, and prove to your satisfaction, that I have an especial claim to the countenance of a lady.

I am neither a person, a passion, a being nor an abstraction. I am neither a vice nor a virtue; a member of the body, nor a quality of the mind; neither matter, nor spirit;—I am simply a motion!—Without form I am seen; without substance I am felt; without intelligence I am the most infallible interpreter of the heart, though my meaning, unhappily, is so ambiguous that it is seldom understood in the right sense; and it is the misapprehension of this of which I principally complain. I come from the heart, and there it is that my presence is felt; for though I speak to the eye when I appear, the heart feels as if it were visible, and O! which of

The wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best, even of your own sex could bear to have a fellow creature prying into her secret thoughts, all of which, especially those she is most anxious to conceal, seem to be betrayed the moment she perceives

me; and, to tell the truth, they would be, if people understood my language as well as they pretend to do.

I am peculiar to humanity; no brute animal, however endowed with instinct or sensibility, being capable of distinguishing or exhibiting me. Though I belong to either sex, I am pre-eminently "the glory and the shame" of yours. The female who has discarded me from her affections, has lost all sense of honour, all purity of soul; yet she with whom I am not familiar is most abashed by my presence; her pulse throbs quicker at the thought of me; her fear brings me upon her, though I come most unwillingly. The mere recollection that my being in company with her exposed her to public observation in a certain place, makes me visit her again in her closet. For the world she would not part with the fine feelings which draw me to her; yet when I am present she would give the world that I were gone. This is the more remarkable, since there is nothing even in woman more graceful than I am, and one would therefore imagine nothing more desirable especially as I am in the strictest sense, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." The poet's eye beholds me in the rainbow and in the rose; in morning clouds, on the ocean at sunset, in the face of the full moon rising. The loveliest countenance grows more lovely the instant I approach it; indeed, it then becomes so lovely, that it is a sin to look upon it, because of the unimaginable anguish which a single glance inflicts on the fair sufferer whom I am overpowering.

I am always honest, but I am not always the sign of honesty; nay, I am so frequently associated with guilt, that the vulgar and superficial are apt to think me identified with it. This is so much the misery of my life, that I am only happy when I am put out of existence, which I may be, and yet revive again a hundred times a day. Something not fit to be named, is roundly uttered, or insidiously hinted in conversation, and I instinctively betray the consciousness of the young and the uncorrupted to the grossness of such an insult; since, it is impudently inferred, that they know more than they ought, though it is only proof that the wretch who provoked me knew less than he ought, either of good sense or good manners. How can any thing be more unjust and injurious, than to call the swift witness of virtue, which I am, the evidence of depravity?—Should this letter (though intended for none but yourself, fair lady, who happen to be just now reading it) ever fall into the hands of man, who dares to speak what modesty dares not bear, who takes a pride in raising me to confound innocence; let him beware, lest I rise up to his face in the day of judgement, and overwhelm him with shame and contempt.

Hypocrisy may affect me, and force my resemblance where I never am found, but it must be a dull eye that cannot distinguish her false colours, and despise her for deceiving herself in wearing them. Of all their other foibles and weakness your inimitable sex may be occasionally vain:—a lisp, a mole, a cast of the eye, may be a subject of self-complacency, for nothing is too little or too mean for vanity;—but you are never vain of me,—except where I am not. Then indeed a prude or a wanton may assume me to conceal the want of me; but the exertion costs more than the counterfeit is worth, and as it is made at the hazard of an apology, I am seldom violated in this way. But I must further exemplify some of my sufferings.—Among half a dozen children, one has been playing a mischievous prank unknown to the rest. They are suddenly interrupted in their sport, by a parent or tutor, who denounces the offence, and inquires who has done it. Four of them have presence of mind to exculpate themselves on the spot; the rogue appears quite indifferent, and escapes by cunning equivocation or audacious denial; the sixth, the least likely in the group to commit such a trespass, feels me rushing upon him; he trembles, sobs, bursts into tears and is speechless. Thus, though the fault cannot be brought home to him, he must bear the imputation, for no other reason than because he could not bear it.

A friend, with whose credit our own is by sympathy involved, says a silly thing before strangers; I punish you for it, and you do for him what he ought to do for himself. In a large mixed company, some

scandalous or dishonest transaction is talked of,—some absent person is the subject of censure,—some folly is mercilessly ridiculed, some vice is ostentatiously exposed. Now there are people, of both sexes, whose nerves are so sensitive, that their animal spirits on these occasions are apt to be suddenly discomposed and they manifest such ineffable perturbations as may easily be mistaken for the workings of an evil conscience by those hardier mortals, who are at all times so perfectly at peace with themselves, as never to suspect that any thing can be suspected of them, inconsistent with their own high character in their own esteem. These are very distressing cases, in which the writhings of morbid sensibility are regarded as symptoms of self-accusing guilt, startled into remorse, like the king's feelings in Hamlet, on seeing his crime represented in a play,—though the very reverse is the truth: these too, are cases more common than the majority of mankind, who are happily not blest with nerves of gossamer and spirits of ether, imagine. Here then, the first time since the creation that I have spoken in the dialect of men, (seeing my own symbolical form of expression is so liable to be misrepresented) I warn you, and all to whom these presents may come, to avoid hasty and unworthy opinions concerning persons, otherwise amiable, on presumptions so slight and uncertain as these.

I told you before that I was not a passion; yet of every passion I am the earliest and the surest symptom. In love, when the youth tells all that is in his heart to her who knew it before he opened his lips, I give a warmth to his eloquence which no art can rival, and a voice to her silence which no tongue can utter. In eagerness of hope, you behold me glowing with the liveliest emotion: and at a sudden disappointment deepening almost to blackness. In envy, I rather vanish than appear; when I am gone, you remember that I have been, and I am followed by an image of ghastlier hue than that which the grave hides in the feature of the dead, and from which the living shrink with equal horror. In pride, I burn with a fierce and crimson flame, which electrifies the eye of him that dares to look upon me. In rage, I flash abroad like lightning, followed by instantaneous thunder. In jealousy, I am wild and wavering, gleaming out of darkness, and sinking in to it like the meteor of the marsh. In revenge, I explode like the fires of Vesuvius, smothered at length in smoke and ashes. In joy, at the meeting of friends long parted, I come like the joy of heaven upon them, making their faces as the faces of angels one to another. O then—perhaps then only,—am I welcome, welcome and delightful beyond expression! On such occasions alone, were I left to my choice, would I visit you, and those whom you love for I cannot but believe that they resemble you in all that endears you to me.

I dare say, that you have found me out long ago; if not read the first five words in this epistle, and then look where you are sure never to encounter anything ugly,—into your glass, and you will perhaps see me. I ought to be ashamed of having troubled you at such a great length, but I will not aggravate the offence by an apology:—you are a lady and can excuse
A BLUSH.

OLD EXAMPLES IN LAW.

Start not, gentle reader—for an extract from a law book may possibly afford some amusement. Swinburne, it is true was a grim old Lawyer, but the quaintness and gravity with which he introduces this piece of serious nonsense, have induced us to lay it before our readers; and from the character of the work we feel quite sure that it will be at least new to most of them. [Political Arena.]

But what if an Idiot or natural Fool should make his Testament so well and wisely, (in Appearance) that the same may seem rather to be made by a reasonable Man, than by one void of Discretion? Whether is this Testament good in Law, or no? Some have been of Opinion, that such a Testament is good and available in Law; because God doth sometimes so illuminate the Minds of the foolish, that for that present, they are not much inferior to the Wise. And to this Purpose divers creditable Writers do remember a merry Accident, which (if they say truly) was no Fable, but an undoubted Fact: And this is it.

"At Paris one Morning a hungry poor Man,

begging his Alms from Door to Door, did at the last espy very good Chear at a Cook's House, whereat his Mouth began to water; and the Spur of his Stomack pricking him forwards, he made as much Haste towards the Place as his feeble Feet would give him Leave: Where he was no sooner come, but the pleasant Smell of the Meat and Sauce, did catch such hold of the poor Man's Nose, that (as if he had been holden with a Pair of Pincers) he had no power to pass from thence, until he had (to stay the fury of his raging Appetite,) eaten a Piece of Bread which he had of Charity gotten in another Place. In the Eating whereof his Sense was so delighted with the fresh smell of the Cook's Meat, that tho' he did not lay his Lips to any Morsel thereof, yet in the End his Stomack was so well satisfied with the smell thereof, that he plainly acknowledged to have gotten as good a Breakfast as if he had there eaten his Belly full of the best Chear. Which when the Cook had heard, (being an egregious Wrangler) he in haste steps forth to the poor Fellow, lays hold on him, and in a choleric Mood bids him pay for his breakfast? The honest poor Man amazed at this strange Demand, could not tell what to say: But the Cook was so much the more earnest, by how much he perceived the good Man to be abashed at his Boldness; and did so cunningly cloak the Matter, that in the End the poor Man was contented to refer the Deciding of the Controversy to whatsoever Person should next pass by that Way, and abide his Judgement. Which Thing was no sooner concluded, but by and by cometh to the Place a very natural Fool, and such a notorious Idiot as in all Paris his like was not to be found. All the better for me, thought the Cook; for more he doubted the sentence of a wise Man than a Fool. Well, Sir, to this foresaid Judge they rehearsed the whole Fact; the Cook complaining, and the other patiently confessing as before. A great Multitude of People were gathered about them, no less desirous to know what would follow, than wondering at that which had gone before. To conclude, this Natural perceiving what Money the Cook exacted, caused the poor Man to put so much Money betwixt Two Basins, and to shake it up and down in the Cook's Hearing: Which done, he did award, that as the poor Man was satisfied with the Smell of the Cook's Meat, so the Cook should be recompensed with the Noise of the poor Man's Money. Which Judgement was so commended that whoso heard the same, thought, if Cato or Solomon had been there to decide the Controversy, they could not have given a more indifferent or just Sentence."

The like Case is reported to have happened at Bonania. There a certain covetous Man lost his Purse, with Twenty-one Ducats in it; which when he could not recover with diligent Search, he was like a madman, and ready to have hanged himself for Sorrow. Another honest Man having found such a Purse, moved with Compassion, came and delivered the same to this covetous Person; who never thanking the Bringer, fell forthwith to telling of the Money, and finding but Twenty Ducats therein, with great Greediness he exacted the odd Ducat: Which because the Finder denied, he is brought before the Magistrate, a Man of very great Wealth, but of very little Wit. (But such Magistrates are many Times elected, where the Matter lieth in the Mouths of the Multitude.) The one Party sweareth, that there were but Twenty Ducats in the Purse which he found. The Magistrate, although a Fool, giveth no foolish Sentence: For he Pronounced, that the Purse which was found, was not that Purse which was lost; and therefore condemned the covetous Person to restore the Twenty Ducats to the other Party.

By these Reasons and Examples therefore it may be reasonably inferred, that if a Fool do make a wise and reasonable Testament, the same ought to be allowed as lawful.

A GOOD SHOT.

It is now, said Von Wyk, more than two years since, in the very place where we now stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting, within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, busied in doing

something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door! My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attentions, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it in the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in: and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and invoking the name of the Lord; fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.

[Lichtenstein's Travels in South Africa.]

HUNTING WITH TIGERS.

On the coast of Coromandel, the natives hunt the antelope with tigers. These ferocious animals, which are not much inferior in size and strength to the royal tiger, are tamed by hunger and blows until they are quite docile. When a hunt is determined on, the tigers are led out by boys, with caps over their eyes that they may not break away prematurely. As soon as the hunters consider themselves sufficiently near a herd of antelopes, the sign is given to the boy, who instantly uncovers the tiger's eye and slips off his leach: the antelopes, with their leader at their head go bounding along the plain or valley, and the tiger crouching among the long grass, approaches their line of motion in an oblique direction. When he thinks himself sure of the leader, he rises to his full height, growls, and springs forward with immense force and inconceivable swiftness toward the herd. If he strikes the animal he aims at, it is instantly dead; but when he misses his aim, whether through exhaustion or shame, he slinks away and lies down in the most sulky humour in the first hole or ditch he can meet. When he is successful, the boy cuts off a piece of the antelope's flesh, and gives it to him; and with this he is satisfied, and immediately relinquishes his prey.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

The relations between man and man cease not with life:—The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and all the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us.—Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labours. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruits of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks, and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those whom we have loved, we too shall join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not bu-

ried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.

[Professor Norton.]

POLITICAL.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

[From the Boston Evening Bulletin.]

To those who, like ourselves, anticipate personally neither benefit nor injury from the issue of the present contest, it may be amusing to imagine the odd overthrows and strange dilemmas that may possibly occur at the end of the campaign. Allowing the existing incumbent to be re-chosen, what a variety of wry mouths and elongated visages may be perceived among the more ardent partisans of the opposing candidate! Newspapers supporting the claims of the latter, following the magnanimous example of the grandfick National Intelligencer, will, many of them perhaps, whisk to the right-about, and declare that, as good and loyal citizens, it is the duty of all to submit to the majority, and support the rulers thus elected by the people, so long as such and such principles shall be maintained. Now the struggle is past, let us unite with the victorious party, rise to the surface of the stream, and float along, cheek by jowl, enjoying, if we may, some share in the biscuit and herring of popularity. True, things did not terminate according to our wishes—but then the controversy was fairly and honourably managed on both sides—especially on ours; nor is the event quite so bad as might have been feared. On the whole, we are better off than some of our friends would fain persuade us we should be—and as Johnny Broadcast has it, “we hae muckle reason to be thankful that we are as we are.” Others, whose purses may have been marvellously thin from much exudation and depletion; and, by the force of sympathy grown rather irritable withal, will lament the unfortunate result in rhubarb rhapsodies and wailings of wormwood—promising to fight the powers that be, manfully, consistently and perpetually. Of course, the first cause of complaint will arise from the mode or circumstances of the election. Something unfair, illegal, or unconstitutional will be surmised or smelt out; something wrong, somehow or other, in somebody's wig. Then, there must be a string of protests against the new cabinet—Mr. Dribblechin is chosen Secretary of State, to the evident chagrin of the whole commonwealth of Delaware, whose particular favourite, Mr. Drabbleskin, is thereby thrust out of the ministry; and the interests of the North are to be sacrificed to the policy of the North-West-by-North, in consequence of the disappointment of the Honourable Ezekiel Whistlefort! Here too, is Barnabas Balderdash, Esquire, who, defeated in his Congressional aspirations, has been waiting a compensative call to the Treasury department, being all along a staunch “supporter of the National Administration;” and his claims, his high claims, *miserum memorat!* overlooked—grossly slighted! Such are some of the awful consequences to be apprehended from the reelection of John Quincy Adams.

Turn we now to a contrary supposition—viz: the elevation of Andrew Jackson to the chief magistracy. What a lugubrious helter-skelter must ensue! Here are countless gapers for the pudding of patronage. One wants a mission to Nova Zembla, another asks for a consulship at the court of Cat-head the king of the Kangaroos—this red-gilled ragga-muffin clamours for a clerkship in the mint; and that blustering politician petitions to be made Collector of the port of Winnepiseogee. The present office-holders, with glum and piteous aspects, may prepare for retreating, like rats smoked out of an old ship—or closet themselves, write remonstrances, contrive recantations, and send in their allegiance to the new dynasty. But some metamorphoses must inevitably take place—all this snatching and biting assuredly shall not go for nothing. Of course there will be much footing of long bills, and drumming up of vouchers, and embezzlement of old chairs, filching of stationery. Gramercy! Only think of the uproar in one single department—the Post-office for instance. Think of hundreds—yea, an army—of fat, full-fed postmasters, tumbling out of salary

and squireship, neck and heels—losing their incomes and their franks, worth all the way from four-and-six-pence to ever-so-much! There will be business for state-printers, and jobs of journeywork incalculable, and contracts will be re-written, and new leases taken, and honours dispensed, and the number of Esquires and Honourables, and Excellencies in the land shall be multiplied twofold. And then all the great officers must appoint all their vicegerents, and the vicegerents their deputies and the deputies their subordinates, down to the very sweepers of administration bureaux and chimneys ministerial. In short, one may rationally anticipate a most delectable hurly-burley among the outgoers and incomers exceeding pleasant and amazing to behold.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1827.

Q.—Such of our subscribers as do not give us an early notice of their intention to discontinue the Record at the end of the present volume, will be considered as wishing a continuance of the same, and the next volume will be sent accordingly. Such as are still in arrears, are informed that we have not yet got hold of the “horn of plenty.”

Q.—For the information of our masonic brethren who are not already aware of the fact, we state that the communications of the several masonic bodies in this city are now held in the New Masonick Hall, recently erected on the corner of State and Lodge streets, directly opposite St. Peter's Church.

Q.—We solicit our masonic correspondents to furnish us with the result of the several elections in their respective masonic bodies, throughout the Union and the Canadas. Secretaries of Chapters and Lodges, and postmasters, will oblige us by endeavouring to extend the circulation of the Record, and forwarding the names of such patrons as may offer.

Q.—We are under additional obligations to our Natchez correspondent, for a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, at their last annual, and late special communications, which came safely to hand by the last mail.

Q.—We have received from our friend Snowden, of the National Advocate, a package of English papers, received by the late arrivals, for which he will please to accept our thanks.

GREECE. The fate of this distressed country still hangs in the most cruel suspense. By the latest arrivals we find no different state of affairs from those presumed on the authority of our former advices. Enough however is apparent to confirm our hopes that the Allied powers are both willing and ready to put a stop to the inhuman waste of lives—a policy which ought to have occupied their attention years ago. Their coldness and inertia for so long a time has borne but a melancholy comparison to their former zeal,—when they carried war into the heart of a powerful empire to put down a ruler of its own choice, and all in the name of relieving the oppressed! Then they were ready to slaughter millions of Frenchmen, on their own soil, for the laudable purpose of giving them freedom. Now they have looked coldly on the struggles of a remnant of the parent stock of heroes, and deliberated, time out of mind, on the propriety of speaking in their behalf! Then their blows were aimed with all the strength they could muster, on the native citizens of the land they pretended to liberate; now they have not scrupled to lengthen out a war of words in behalf of a people oppressed by a power, neither of their religion, their country nor their choice. Nay; Austria, then the foremost in the ranks of brasted liberators, is now meanly, and clandestinely aiding the Turks, protecting them by the loan of her flag, and the diplomatick chicanery of duplicate shipping papers! Shame on their disinterested and philanthropic aid to the banished Bourbons!—who will land it so lavishly now?

On the whole, it is no pleasant dilemma for the Porte, to be thus assailed by offers of mediation.

After boasting, threatening, and obstinacy without parallel, common pride would hardly suffer him to yield to such measures as Russia & Co. propose; but he has a still more powerful motive to a continued obstinacy. They who are acquainted with the ties of tyrant and slave, need not be told that the slave becomes the tyrant the moment the tyrant plays the coward. The least concession on the part of the Porte may be fatal; his slaves,—and all his subjects are such—would take advantage of the very first symptom of weakness, his power would fall to the ground at once,—and his head would not be slow in seconding the motion. On the contrary, to persist in his obstinacy must ensure the destruction of his power, and the ruin of the Turkish empire, and if we do not mistake the character of the Turk, the Crescent is waning fast to a total eclipse. Then it will be left for united Europe to decide, whether Greece shall be made by them a sanction to the principles of popular freedom, or be compelled to fall down and do homage to the brazen image of legitimacy.

SPAIN. The insurrection now raging in this kingdom is matter of astonishment, both with regard to its rapid progress, and its mysterious character. Sometime since it was stated that Ferdinand was about visiting the rebellious region in person, at the head of his army, but we have since learned that he has taken the more pacific method of inviting the leaders of the rebel junta to meet him, and talk over their mutual grievances. They have hitherto marched on with astonishing and furious success; and the conduct of Ferdinand has been altogether so crooked and equivocal, that though it is impossible to infer any thing from his words—his actions are equally as mysterious. The designs of the rebels are no less so. They are led by a friar and a parish priest. In their proclamation from Catalonia, it is not difficult to discover what sort of men compose the body and soul of this insurrection. They cry out "Live Religion!—Live the King ABSOLUTE!—Live the Inquisition!—Death to the Police!—Death to Masonry and the Secret Sects! &c." The French army and the French government look on them and their feats of brutality and plunder, without saying a word. This, with the mysterious movements of Ferdinand, are enough to warrant the suspicion that the French cabinet is at the bottom of the plot. We might quote much of the history of their invasion of this kingdom; their protracted stay, and the motives for both to strengthen this suspicion, and we think they are not materially distant from the line marked out at the time of that invasion. Others imagine that the movements of the king may be accounted for on the supposition that he is laying a snare for the rebels, by inviting them to treat with him. But time alone can teach us the destiny of that distracted and miserable country.

MORE HUMBUGGING. It appears by the western papers that a man calling himself Thomas Hamilton, who has amused himself by sundry attempts to "raise the wind," under the name of lectures on masonry, has been almost poisoned to death by a pint of spirits, and the Lord only knows now much poison in it! The liquor it seems was sold him by a tavern keeper who was no doubt a mason, and intended to finish him. Mr. Hamilton, "if so be that his name be Hamilton," has published a long letter in Miller's Advocate; therefore, who can doubt it? By other papers we learn this is not the first instance of persecution, which the gentleman has felt. In

July last, the same person came to Rochester with a long face, a black coat, good recommendations, and an empty purse, to get it filled from the pockets of the unsuspecting Methodists of that village. Under the guise of an unfortunate teacher of that order, aided by the charitable and confiding generosity of the members of the persuasion, he succeeded in drawing somewhat deeply on their liberal funds; but being luckily found intoxicated at a tavern on the Sabbath, he was arrested as a vagrant, an impostor, and a swindler; was tried before three magistrates, and sentenced to ninety days in the county jail. His name was, there, by his own story, J. H. Wilson. Since then he has made himself acquainted in several towns in that vicinity. The physicians who attended him under the spasms &c. which followed the deadly draught in question, very likely were of opinion that the liquor contained poison; but we cannot find that they pronounced it to be different either in quality or quantity from that which every pint of spirits contains. If it can be proved that the distiller was a mason, we think the case is clear.

ROSWELL H. HILL. This singular man has made a second attempt to draw the attention of the law upon his "confessions." He has again committed himself before a magistrate, under pretence of disclosing the names of his co-operators. It is strange that infatuation should possess a man to make himself guilty in spite of reason and every thing else. It is needless to say he was discharged, not furnishing information sufficient to allow the possibility of his guilt. He believes himself much slighted by the legal authority, and is much in the same predicament of the horse-thief, whom the jury cleared, on the grounds that he was too great a liar to have even a confession of his crime believed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Western Monthly Review* for November, is published. The contents are as follows:—To a Coquette, to the Nightingale Sparrow, Poetical Shifts. REVIEWS: Scott's Life of Napoleon, Tannehill's Sketches of Literature, Pierpont's Discourse, Genin's Oration, Fisher Ames. To Correspondents. This is a highly interesting work, and we should be happy to see it better patronized in this section of country. Any persons wishing to subscribe, may leave their names with us, and they shall be forwarded to Mr. Flint, its editor.

The Casket. The December number, and last of the present volume, is received. It is embellished with a correct engraving of the Capitol at Washington, a front view of the Philadelphia Library, three Nos. of the School of Flora, and the Ballad of "Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue," as sung by Miss Clara Fisher. It is also accompanied by an engraved title-page, and general index of contents to the present volume. The first number of the next volume will appear early in January next.

NEWS & TABLE-TALK.

Charles W. Clark has recently recovered \$6000 at St. Augustine, Florida, of Abraham A. Massias, for assault and battery, and false imprisonment. The offence was committed while the defendant was in command of the United States' troops at Amelia Island, in 1812. He had imprisoned Clark, who was a Spanish subject and an officer of that government, for the space of five or six months.—A billiard table has been constructed in France, within which there are a number of small bells which are put in motion and play a tune at every hazard. [Really this is one application of musical ingenuity beyond the reach of puzzling powers. Some disciple of the modern school of improvement suggests the propriety of attaching a fiddler to the table whose duty it shall be to play a

waltz at every motion of the cue; the whole to be moved by a newly invented steam engine.]—Mr. Salrente, a Prussian chymist, has invented a black pigment from hemp seed, which, for brilliancy and intensity of colour, bids fair to rival the famous Prussian blue.—The French College of Physicians have lately decided that the cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, is the great friction of the tongue.—The Emperor of Russia has sent an order to one of the principal manufacturers in Leicester, for three dozen pairs of gauze stockings for his own use. [From this we must infer that the Russian climate has somewhat relaxed its frigidity, or that his imperial majesty is graciously pleased to wax hot about these days, in spite of ice palaces or snow three fathoms deep.]—The Rev. Ammi Rogers, formerly of the "land of steady habits," says in the memoirs of his life,—"I have known them [in Connecticut] take even a man's Bible, and sell it at the post to pay the minister's tax!"—We have heard of a singular bet lately won by Mr. Brown, a great genealogist, who undertook to prove that he had lineally descended from King Jeremiah, thus:—King Jeremiah (said he) might be easily corrupted into Jeremiah King, Jeremiah King into Jerry King; Jerry King into Jer King; Jer King into Gherkin; Gherkin into Pickled Cucumber; Pickled Cucumber into Mango; Mango into Muñgo; and Muñgo into Black Man—which Mr. Brown was.—An author, whose works have been severely criticised by the Edinburgh Review, assured a friend, that he wished of all things to write down that journal!—then you must write in it, said his friend.—Pennsylvania contains 47,000 square miles, and England only 50,000; yet England maintains a population of more than ten millions.—The Western Herald printed at Steubenville, Ohio, mentions an ear of corn which was at their office, that was 18 inches in length and 10 inches in circumference. It has 20 rows of corn on it, and 60 grains in each row,—total 1200 grains.—The Warren Star computes that there have been shipped from Bristol, (R. I.) 585,994 bunches of onions, raised in that town the present season, and 200,000 bunches remaining on hand.—The court of Cassation at Paris have given 40,000 francs damages to the widow, and 4000 to the children, against the antagonist of a person killed in a duel.—A Pennsylvania paper states that a lady of Mercer county in that state, had five children at one birth, and twelve in the course of 18 months!!—A meeting has been called in the village of Buffalo, to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a branch of capt. Partridge's "American Literary Scientific and Military Academy."—The legislatures of Pennsylvania and Virginia, commenced the early part of this month.—Commodore Porter, with all the Mexican squadron except the schooner Hermion, remained at Vera Cruz when the Virginia left that place, on the 15th ult.—After a loud preface of O yes, in an English court of justice, the judge made the following general proposal to the gapers:—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," said a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied the judge, if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."—In 1738, when penalties were laid on the dealers in spirituous liquors, an ingenious mode of avoiding information was adopted. The customers, on entering the house, cried *puas*, to which a voice from within cried *mew*; a drawer was then thrust forward, into which the customer put his money; the drawer, being pulled in, was soon after thrust out again with the quantity of spirits required.—One Samuel Jessup, who died in 1817, at the age of 65, is asserted to have engorged in the course of 21 years, 226,924 pills, and 40,000 bottles of mixture! This man's carcass might make an excellent article to hang up in an apothecary's shop in order, as occasion may require, to slice into emetics.—By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy, was condemned to live with both wives. [Punishments were cruelly severe in old times!!! Few crimes would prevail under a criminal code, founded wholly on such principles.]

BY THE LATEST ARRIVALS.

The London Gazette of October 30, contains an Order in Council, permitting vessels of the United States to enter ports of the Bahama Islands, in ballast, for the purpose of exporting thence fruit and salt.—A letter from Riga, of October 14, states that the Emperor Nicholas was on the way to put himself at the head of his army destined to act against the Turks, in case the mediation was not agreed to at Constantinople.—Despatches from Admiral Codrington announce that the Egyptian fleet, in the harbour of Navarino, had violated the armistice, by attempting to sail to the relief of Patras. Admiral Codrington fired into some of the transports to make them show their colours. Three or four disregarding the summons, they were boarded, and the remarkable fact appeared that they were protected by Austrian papers. After some detention, they were permitted to return to Navarino.—Lord Cochrane has equipped, in spite of the difficulties with which he has been surrounded, a squadron of 20 ships.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONIC RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

Let the soldier rejoice for the contest is o'er,
And the foe from our country at last has withdrawn;
She hears the loud din of the battle no more,
And the time to enslave her, forever is gone.
Yet stern was the battle and loud was the blast,
And deadly the blows, that decided the fight,
But now that the carnage and uproar are past,
Let the soldier rejoice, and be merry to night.

Let the soldier rejoice—for his labour is done,
And peace to his country again is restored;
He has fought for her freedom, and nobly 'twas won,
By the flow of his blood, and the weight of his sword;
He has fought as became the free-born and the brave,
And the foes that opposed him are scattered in flight,
They have fled from his wrath o'er the dark rolling wave,
Then let him rejoice and be merry to-night.

He has trodden the Lion full low in the dust,
And humbled the proud and outwitted the wise,
Has taught them no more id their greatness to trust,
And himself and his cause never more to despise.
Of Liberty's tree he has sown the fair seeds
O'er the earth, and ere long shall they tower in their might,
Has spread o'er the wide world the fame of his deeds,
Then let him rejoice and be merry to-night. D.

From Ackermann's "Forget-Me-Not," for 1828.

THE SNOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE, &c.

The snow! the snow!—'tis a pleasant thing
To watch it falling, falling
Down upon the earth with noiseless wing
As at some spirit's calling;
Each flake is a fairy parachute,
From seeming clouds let down,
And earth is still, and air is mute,
As forest's enchanted zone.

The snow! the snow!—behold the trees
Their fragrant boughs stretch out,
The blossoms of the sky to seize,
As they duck and dive about:
The bare hills plead for a covering,
And, ere the gray twilight,
Around their shoulders broad shall cling
An arctic cloak of white.

The snow! the snow!—alas! to me
It speaks of far-off days,
When a boyish skater, mingling free
Amid the merry maze:
Methinks I see the broad ice still;
And my nerves all jangling feel,
Blending with tones of voices shrill,
The ring of the slider's heel.

The snow! the snow!—soon dusky night
Drew his murky curtains round
Lone earth, while a star of lustre bright
Peeped from the blue profound.
Yet what cared we for darkening lea,
Or warning bell remote?
With shouts and cry we scudded by,
And found the bliss we sought.

The snow! the snow!—'twas ours to wage,
How oft, a mimic war,
Each white ball tossing in wild rage,
That left a gorgeous scar;
While doublets dark were powdered o'er,
Till darkness none could find,
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,
And catiff chiefs behind.

The snow! the snow!—I see him yet,
That piled-up giant grim
To startle horse and traveller set,
With titan girth of limb.
We hoped, oh, ice-ribbed Winter, bright!
Thy sceptre could have screened him;
But traitor Thaw stole forth by night,
And cruelly guillotined him!

The snow! the snow! Lo eve reveals
Her starred map to the moon,
And o'er hushed earth a radiance steals
More bland than that of noon:
The fur-robed genii of the Pole
Dance o'er our mountains white,
Chain up the billows as they roll,
And pearl the caves with light.

The snow! the snow! It brings to mind
A thousand happy things,
And but one sad one—'tis to find
Too sure that Time hath wings!
Oh! ever sweet is sight or sound
That tells of long ago;
And I gaze around, with thoughts profound,
Upon the falling snow.

From "The Token," for 1828.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

BY H. P. WILLIS.

Wo for my vine clad home!
That it should ever be so dark to me,
With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree!
That I should ever come,
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on! my orphan boy!
Thy home is not so desolate to thee—
And the low shiver in the linden tree
May bring to thee a joy;
But, oh, how dark is the bright home before thee,
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on! for thou art now
My sole remaining helper. God hath spoken,
And the strong heart I leaned upon is broken;
And I have seen his brow,
The forehead of my upright one, and just,
Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there
Who blest thee at the eventide, my son;
And when the shadows of the night steal on,
He will not call to prayer.
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy! thy sire
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
And the proud glory of my life hath past
With his high glance of fire.
Wo that the linden and the vine should bloom,
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

Why—bear them proudly, boy!
It is the sword he girded to his thigh—
It is the helm he wore in victory—
And shall we have no joy!
For thy green vales, Oh Switzerland, he died!—
I will forget my sorrow in my pride!

From "The Amulet," for 1828.

THE CATARACT & THE STREAMLET.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Noble the mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness;—thunder in its deafening sound;

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sun-beams with reflected dyes,
Mimicks the bow of day,
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;—

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around;—Oh! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair!

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet, flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives; itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village church-yard:—its low plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright,
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed;
But Egypt would turn pale
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed.

From "The Bijou," for 1828.

ON A LITTLE GIRL.

BY WILLIAM FRASER.

That beautiful and starry brow,
With youth and joy all splendid now—
Can it be marred by years?
That passionless and stainless breast,
Where innocence hath raised her nest—
Must it be racked by fears?
That glowing cheek and sun-bright eye
Whence laughter wings its archery—
Will it be stained with tears?
Such is, alas! the bitter doom
That waits each tenant of the tomb;—

And how canst thou, young bud of beauty, be
Excluded from the pale of destiny!

But years will pass nor leave behind
One stain upon thy seraph mind—
Then, come, thou fearful age!
And fears that rack thy breast may prove
The token sure of passionate love—
Such is love's heritage!
And tears from pity's fount will flow,
And on the cheek full sunny glow,
Of joy the fond presage!
Thy days shall onward wing their way,
Like the month of fragrance-breathing May;
Or should grief come thy beauties to enshroud,
It shall pass o'er thee like an April cloud.

ANECDOTES.

QUAKER WIT.

A Quaker invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking pretty freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host, insomuch that the quaker's patience was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:—"Friend, I have given thee a meat offering, and a drink offering, and a burnt offering, and for thy misconduct, I will now give thee a heave-offering;" and immediately threw him into the street out of the parlour window.

A BITTER PUN.

An apothecary asserted that all bitter things were hot. "Pardon me," said his friend, "this is a bitter cold day."

A STAYMAKER'S PUN.

A poor corset-maker, out of work, and starving, thus vented his miserable complaint: "Shame, that I should be without bread; I that have stayed the stomachs of thousands!"

A NEGATIVE PUN.

"I am happy, Ned, to hear the report that you have succeeded to a large landed property!" "And I am sorry, Tom, to tell you that it is groundless."

MATRIMONIAL CONSOLATION.

A younger brother had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, but extremely rich. He used to say "whenever I find my temper giving way, I retire to my closet, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

A captain of a West Indianman wished to purchase a horse: in consequence he applied to a well known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made, the captain observed, "Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what are they." "What do you mean to do with him?" replied the other. "Why, to take him to sea," said the captain, "to the West Indies." "Then I will be candid," replied the dealer, "he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, for I would not have sold him."

Boileau, being one day visited by an indolent person of rank, who reproached him with not having returned his first visit—"You and I," said the satirist, "are upon unequal terms. I lose my time when I pay a visit; you only get rid of your's when you do so."

A wine merchant once left a suspected assistant in his cellar, and said to him, "now, lest you should drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth so that I may know it." He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips and pretended to leave the mark of chalk on them. The man drank of the wine, and to be even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus discovered himself.

A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a Bishop—a wag remarked, that "it must be Bishop the composer."

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1827.

[No. 47.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered by W. Br. A. PEYCHAUD, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of the State of Louisiana, on the 14th of January, 5827, at the installation of the Grand officers.

Most Worshipful Grand Master, Grand Officers, and you my Brethren—

At the moment when the Grand Masonick assembly of the State has been organized for the year which we have first entered upon, may I be allowed, brethren of all the Lodges, assembled in the bosom of the Grand Lodge under which we hold, to congratulate you on the happy auspices under which we meet, on the appointments made to the different dignities, and on the prospect of happiness and prosperity which opens before us.

The Royal Art has made unceasing progress in this jurisdiction. The zeal, the ability and the talents of the Grand Master, have powerfully contributed to spread the light, and to give to the profane world, a high idea of our august mysteries. We have seen the subordinate Lodges filled with the most respectable citizens; we have seen various columns arise, fair and strong supporters of the building on which we all labour with so much zeal, success and unanimity. Worthy brothers, zealous in the cause of masonry, flying from persecution and intolerance, have come to seek a refuge in this blessed land of liberty. Here they have founded temples, and, above the fear of being disturbed by a suspicious and pusillanimous government, they find themselves protected and encouraged in their noble task. Ah! in taking a view of the governments of the old world, how dear to us will be the liberal institutions under which we live—how deeply will we be penetrated with love, admiration and gratitude for the immortal founders of our independence. If they saved their country, by delivering it from an odious yoke, they are also entitled to be called the benefactors of the human race. Animated by a sentiment of humanity, a tender and active compassion for the evils which afflicted mankind, they have in their writings, vindicated the natural rights of man and of opinion—they have proclaimed that those rights are unalienable and imprescriptible; thus raising, in all countries, an aspiration for liberty of thinking and writing, for free commerce and industry, for entire freedom of worship, for the abolition of torture and cruel punishments—they gave to the nations, the model of a government the best adapted to work their happiness—in a word, they have paved the way for a regeneration of all nations, by destroying political and religious prejudices, and by restoring to them a proper feeling of their own dignity, too long suppressed by their oppressors. A memorable conflict between two countries arose, the one defending the natural rights of man, the other supporting the impious doctrine which subjects those rights to prescription, to policy, or to written conventions. This Grand cause was pleaded before the tribunal of public opinion in the presence of all Europe. The rights of man were boldly sustained and developed, without restriction or reserve, in writings which freely circulated from the banks of the Neva to those of the Guadelquivier. These discussions penetrated into countries the most debased, and the most remote hamlets—the inhabitants of which were astonished to know that they possessed rights—they learned how to appreciate them, and were informed that other men had conquered or defended them.

This digression, my brethren, into which I have been drawn, by my admiration for the founders of our independence, is not foreign to my subject. I was discoursing of the progress and prosperity of our order. And is it not to their glorious labours, to their sublime conceptions, that we owe this prosper-

ity? Under the ægis of their guardian institutions, the brethren spread over the surface of our vast Republic, have nothing to fear from intolerance and superstition: On the contrary, the most illustrious citizens, the highest in office, are proud to belong to the great masonick family.

Our European brethren do not enjoy the same degree of security. Religious and political prejudices, the spirit of intolerance and persecution, seem again to revive to work the misery of mankind. Suspicious and pusillanimous governments have conceived a hatred for our order, so peaceful in its principles so tranquil in its labours—and already the tyranny of priests, fit auxiliary of kings, is striving to destroy our venerable institution. But should the throne and the altar, conspiring together, succeed in closing the temples and arresting the noble career of the children of light, still, the triumph of masonry, the reign of reason and liberal ideas, will only be deferred. We all feel that the human race can never return to its ancient barbarism.

If we take a view of the present state of Europe, we shall see that the principles of our immortal constitutions are acknowledged by all enlightened men; we shall find them too widely diffused, too loudly professed for the united efforts of tyrants and priests to hinder them from gradually penetrating the mass of the people and teaching them their rights. Yes, my brethren, let us accord our belief to the prophetic words of a great orator: "The day will come, when liberty, reigning without a rival in the two worlds, will realize the wish of philosophy, will cleanse mankind of the crime of war, and proclaim universal peace; then the happiness of the people will be the sole object of legislators, the sole force of laws, the only glory of governments. Then private passions, converted into public virtues, will no longer tear assunder the bonds of fraternity by their sanguinary quarrels—that fraternity which ought to unite all governments and all men—Then, finally, will be consummated the pact of union between the whole human family."

This charming idea of a brotherly union of the whole human family, which no national or political interest would have force to disturb, is perhaps a vision; but a vision consoling to philosophy! In the midst of political discord, arising from the struggle of the oppressed against tyranny even in the enlightened age in which we live, the friend of humanity cannot taste unmixed pleasures, but by yielding himself to the pleasing hopes of futurity.

As for us, my brethren, let us enjoy, with gratitude to the Almighty, all the blessings he has bestowed upon us. Let us continue to deserve the public esteem; let us persevere in spreading the light—and, casting its rays from all the altars of happy America, may it become a vast beacon, to direct the nations of the earth on the road to happiness and liberty.

NEW-YORK.

CLINTON COUNTY.

At a regular communication of *Clinton Lodge*, No. 151, held in Plattsburgh, in the county of Clinton, on the 5th December, inst. the following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Winslow C. Watson, Master; Hiram Carter, Senior Warden; David Hare, jr., Junior Warden; George W. Hicks, Treasurer; Zephaniah C. Platt, Secretary; Moses Chace; Chaplain; Alexander M'Cotter, jr. and William Weed, Stewards; S. Emery, Senior Deacon; E. B. Jones, Junior Deacon; M. M'Dermot, Tyler.

HERKIMER COUNTY.

At the last regular communication of *Newport Lodge*, No. 179, preceding the festival of St. John the Evangelist, held in the village of Newport, in the county of Herkimer, on the 28th of November, 5827, the following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Sherman Wooster, Master; John Rodgers, Sen-

ior Warden; William S. Bensley, Junior Warden; John Coffin, Treasurer; H. B. Rounds, Secretary; David Herendeen, Senior Deacon; William Baird, Junior Deacon; Wise Chittenden and Aren Brown, Stewards; Erastus Tucker, Tyler; Daniel Schermerhorn, Marshal.

Newport Lodge have recently erected a convenient hall, in a conspicuous part of the flourishing village of Newport, which will be dedicated the ensuing season.

SCHENECTADY COUNTY.

Officers of *Cyrus Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 57, elected at its regular meeting in the city of Schenectady, December 11, 5827:—

Isaac M. Schermerhorn, High Priest; Ezra Babcock, King; R. M. Cook, Scribe; Giles F. Yates, Captain of the Host; J. C. Burnham, Principal Sojourner; Thomas S. Willard, Royal Arch Captain; John Allen, Secretary; R. Osborn, Treasurer; B. Homan, E. Yates, G. Stephens, Masters of Vails; M. Smith Tyler.

Regular meetings second Tuesday in each month.

Officers of *St. George's Lodge*, in the city of Schenectady, elected December 17, 5827:—

Giles F. Yates, Master; R. Perry, Senior Warden; J. Langdon, Junior Warden; John Allen, Secretary; J. C. Burnham Treasurer; John Lassells, Senior Deacon; John C. Crowley, Junior Deacon; John C. Barhydt, and J. M'Michael, Stewards; John S. Ten Eyck, Tyler.

Regular meetings first and third Mondays in each month.

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

At the annual election of *Rising Sun Chapter*, No. 16, held at St. John's Hall, in the city of New-York, December 13, 5827, the following officers were elected:—

Henry C. Atwood, High Priest; Sylvester Spooner, King; Amasa Henshaw, Scribe; George C. Sickels, Captain of the Host; John C. Hurd, Principal Sojourner; Azarish Fisk, Royal Arch Captain; Joseph Houghton, Elias Hadley, and John Hodge, Masters of Vails; John Gasner, Treasurer; Thomas Slade, Secretary; Stephen Garthwait, Tyler.

At the annual election of *Lafayette Lodge*, held at St. John's Hall, in the city of New-York, on the 13th December, 5827, the following officers were elected:—

John Olmsted, Master; B. Tucker, Senior Warden; R. J. Whittemore, Junior Warden; H. P. Osborn, Secretary; Charles Bonton, Treasurer; P. G. King, Senior Deacon; James Hill, Junior Deacon; C. Goodale and A. Jark, Masters of Ceremonies; J. Hill and A. Raymond, Stewards; Rev. Drake Wilson and Rev. C. F. Frey, Chaplains; Robert Young, Tyler.

Officers of *St. John's Lodge*, in the city of New-York, elected December 13, 5827:—

William Van Norden, Master; William Ayres, Senior Warden; Alexander H. Robertson, Junior Warden; D. B. Keeler, Secretary; Smith Avutt, Treasurer; R. Lathrop, Senior Deacon; Ephraim Fumace, Junior Deacon; Joseph Marks and Lawrence Crum, Masters of Ceremonies; James E. Betts and J. Westervelt, Stewards; Five first officers of the Lodge, Standing Committee; B. Rositer, Tyler.

Officers of *Montgomery Lodge*, in the city of New-York, elected for the year 5828:—

Charles O'Conner, Master; James J. Ryan, Senior Warden; John M'Dermott, Junior Warden; William M'Donald, Secretary; Alexander Divver, Treasurer; Richard Swaim, Senior Deacon; John Mehan, Junior Deacon; J. Herar and J. Rooney, Masters of Ceremonies; D. Moore Tyler.

Officers of *German Union Lodge*, elected at Union Hall, in the city of New-York, December 13, 5827:—

John G. Rohr, Master; C. G. Gunther, Senior

Warden; F. Hartman, Junior Warden; John A. C. Seidel, Treasurer; Caspar Reinhold, Secretary; H. Winkler, Senior Deacon; John Lehman, Junior Deacon; D. Klauberg and Joseph Heine, Masters of Ceremonies; H. Chapman and C. V. Saltzen, Stewards; H. Fechtman, Tyler.

OTSEGO COUNTY.

Officers of *Laurens Lodge, No. 347*, elected at the annual communication held in Laurens, in the county of Otsego, December, 1827:—

Samuel Cooley, Master; Stephen G. Mott, Senior Warden; Harvey Butts, Junior Warden; J. A. Otis, Secretary; Job Allen, Treasurer; Job Straight, Tyler.

Officers of *Laurens Chapter, No. 120*, elected at the annual communication held in Laurens, in the county of Otsego, December, 1827:—

Abel Morse, High Priest; Samuel Cooley, King; Harvey Strong, Scribe; Rev. Elijah King, Chaplain; J. A. Otis, Secretary; Asa Griffith, Treasurer; Job Straight, Tyler.

VERMONT.

At the annual communication of *Randolph Royal Arch Chapter*, held in Randolph, Vermont, on the 7th December, 1827, the following companions were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Lovell Hebard, High Priest; Reuben Peck, King; Thomas Wilber, Scribe; Elias Carpenter, Captain of the Host; Asa Partridge, Principal Sojourner; Elijah Amedon, Royal Arch Captain; George Carpenter, George W. Barker, and Jacob K. Parish, Masters of Vails; Edmund Weston, Treasurer; Joseph S. Washburn, Secretary; William Sawyer, Tyler.

MAINE.

At the annual communication of *Freeport Lodge*, held in Portland, Maine, on the 3d December, 1827, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Robert R. Kendall, Master; Asa Bailey, Senior Warden; Joel Kelsey, Junior Warden; Joseph Lufkin, Treasurer; Samuel Dillingham, jr. Secretary; Jehial Eldridge, Senior Deacon; Joseph Mitchell, Junior Deacon; William Estes, Marshal; Eliza Sawyer, and Alfred Soule, Stewards; Thomas B. Dillingham, Tyler.

LOUISIANA.

At the first annual communication of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Louisiana*, held in the city of New-Orleans, on the 27th day of January, 1827, the following brethren were elected officers for the present year:—

J. H. Holland, Grand High Priest; J. M. Fleytas, Deputy Grand High Priest; Y. L. Monnier, Grand King; M. Cruzat, Grand Scribe; F. Dissard, Grand Secretary; C. Miltenberger, Grand Treasurer; P. Dubaylo, Grand Orator; J. F. Binson, Grand Royal Arch Captain; A. Philips, Grand Captain of the Host.

On the 3d day of February, the Grand officers elect were severally installed into their respective offices; and being duly proclaimed, they received the cordial and accustomed salutation of the brethren present.

MICHIGAN.

Notice is hereby given that a semi-annual Grand Communication of the *Grand Lodge of Michigan*, will be held at the Masonick Hall, in the city of Detroit, on Thursday, the 27th instant, at 10 o'clock A. M.

A punctual attendance of the members and officers of subordinate Lodges, is desired. By order of M. W. LEWIS CASS, Grand Master.

J. L. WHITING, Grand Secretary.
Detroit, Dec. 4, A. L. 5827.

EXPULSION.

VERMONT.

At a regular communication of *Federal Lodge, No. 15*, convened at Mason's Hall, in Randolph, Vermont, December 3d, 1827, Voted, that MARTIN FLINT, a member of this lodge, for unworthy and unmasonic conduct, ought to be, and hereby is expelled from this lodge. By order of the lodge.
J. S. WASHBURN, Sec'y.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS.

[Continuation of Extracts from Dr. Arnett's new work.]

MUSICAL EAR.

Philosophers have not yet been able to account for a remarkable difference among individuals as regards their perception of the musical relations of sounds. Many persons, without understanding anything of acousticks, can still tell instantly whether various notes heard together or in succession have the relations to each other which we call musical, and which we know to depend on the comparative number of beats in a given time: and there are others with an equally perfect sense of hearing, who can form no judgement on the subject. The former are said to have a musical ear, and the latter to want it. Cultivation will raise mediocrity to considerable expertness, but cannot bestow the faculty where it is absent. There is a misconception on this subject, which is a source of mortification to many on one side, and a cause of arrogance to many on the other. We hear it said, that the possession of a musical ear, or the power of distinguishing notes, is the indication of all the finer sensibilities of the mind, while the want of it proves an opposite deficiency; and Shakespeare's opinion of him "who has not music in his soul," is often triumphantly cited as applicable to all who want the distinguishing ear. Now, in truth, many of those who signally excel as musicians, are deficient in almost all else that humanity reveres; while many who have no musical discrimination are otherwise examples of excellence, and may be exquisitely sensible to other beauties and harmonies of nature, even as regards sound. They are not deaf, for instance, to the music of spring, when all nature bursts forth in voice of rejoicing; or to the awful music of the storm. They feel the music of silence in a lone wood, after being accustomed to the unceasing stir of multitudes; or of the stillness of night in a great city, where the astronomer, contemplating the wondrous spheres above, hears only the tongues of passing time in the church-towers, or the call of watchmen, faintly sounding in the distance. Many excellent poets have had no musical ear. Often the charm of music is as much from early associations as from peculiar aptitude in the individuals. The effects are well known of the Swiss airs, when heard by native Swiss in foreign lands, and, indeed, of the national melodies of all countries; for it is not in nature, that at any period of life, or in any clime, a man should cease to deem those modulations lovely which in his infancy and childhood he learned from a mother's voice: the mother whose affection was so long around him as a shield, whose tears fell to chide his errors, and to reward where there was promise of virtue; whose steady judgement was his guide, whose faultless life was his example, and who in all things to him was the personification of God's goodness on earth. It is the prejudice with respect to musical ear and musical taste of which we are now speaking, which, in the present day, condemns many young women possessed of every species of loveliness and talent except that of note distinguishing, to waste years of precious time in an attempt to acquire this talent, in spite of nature; and when they have succeeded as far as they can, they have only the merit of being machines: their performance is still as little pleasing to true judges, as would be the attempt of a foreigner, knowing only the alphabet of a language, to recite pieces of expressive poetry in that language. Such persons, when liberty comes to them with age or marriage, generally abandon the offensive occupation; but tyrant fashion will have their daughters to run the same course. The waste of time now spoken of, is only one of many evil consequences which arise from the prevailing false notions with respect to music; but the subject cannot be further entered upon in this place.

LIGHT-HOUSE.

It was a beautiful problem of this kind, which Mr. Smeaton, the English engineer, solved so perfectly in the construction of the far-famed Eddystone lighthouse. He had to determine the form and dimensions of a building which should stand firm on a sunken rock, in the channel of a swift ocean tide,

and exposed to the fury of tempest from every quarter. Only the man who has himself been driven before the irresistible storm in the darkness of night, and in the midst of dangers, and whose eyes have watched the steady ray from the light-house which saved him, can appreciate fully the importance of the studies which bring such useful results; and he feels how happy he is to have fellow-men, whose talents, although exerted, perhaps, for individual good, are yet, by God's providence, made to accomplish the most philanthropic ends, and to bind the whole of human kind into one great society of helping brotherhood.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

Those who have visited the Cape of Good Hope will recollect a striking phenomenon observed there, when the wind blows from the south-east. Beyond the city, as viewed from the bay, there is a mountain of great elevation, called, from its extended flat summit; the Table Mountain. In general, its rugged steeps are seen rising in a clear sky; but when the south-east wind blows, the whole summit becomes enveloped in a cloud of singular density and beauty. The inhabitants call the phenomenon the spreading of the table-cloth. The cloud is composed of immense masses of fleecy whiteness. It does not appear to be at rest on the hill, but to be constantly rolling onward from the south-east; yet, to the surprise of the beholder, it never descends, because the snowy wreaths seen falling over the precipice towards the town below, vanish completely before they reach it, while others are formed to replace them on the other side. The reason of this phenomenon is, that the air constituting the wind from the south-east having passed over the vast southern ocean, comes charged with as much invisible moisture as its temperature can sustain. In rising up the side of the mountain it is rising in the atmosphere, and is therefore gradually escaping from a part of the former pressures; and on attaining the summit, it has dilated so much, and has consequently become so much colder, that it lets go part of its moisture. This then appears as the cloud now described; but its substance no sooner falls over the edge of the mountain, and again descends in the atmosphere to where it is pressed, and condensed, and heated as before, than the water is re-dissolved and disappears: thus the magnificent apparition dwells only on the mountain top.

CALEDONIAN CANAL.

And what a glorious triumph to science and art it is, to be able to conduct vessels of all kinds, even those originally intended for the ocean—surge alone, through the quiet valleys of an interior country! In Scotland, at present, along the Caledonian canal, a noble frigate may be seen, wandering, as it were, among the inland solitudes, and displaying her grace and majesty to the astonished gaze of the mountain shepherd; and having traversed the kingdom, and visited the lonely lakes, whose waters until now had only borne the skiff of the hunter, she descends again by the steps of the liquid stair, and safely resumes her usual place among the waves.

CHRONOMETER.

It would be exceeding the limit marked out for this general work, to speak more particularly of those admirable watches which have been produced within the last thirty years under the name of chronometers, for the purpose of finding the longitude at sea; but the author may perhaps be excused for mentioning here a moment of surprise and delight which he experienced when he first saw their singular perfection experimentally proved. After months spent at sea, in a long passage from South America to Asia, his pocket chronometer with others on board announced one morning that a certain point of land was now bearing north from the ship at a distance of only fifty miles: in an hour afterwards, when a mist had cleared away, the look-out on the mast gave the joyous call of "land ahead!" verifying the report of the chronometers almost to one mile, after a voyage of thousands. It is allowable at such a moment, with the dangers and uncertainties of ancient navigation before the mind, to exult, in contemplating what man has now achieved—in contemplating the correctness of the sciences, and the perfection of the various arts which contribute to such a result as now related.

WATER JETS.

While the aqueducts are cited as specimens of grandeur, we may mention the fountains in the gardens of Italy and France, and particularly those at Versailles, as specimens of beauty. In these last the most magical effects are produced by varying the ways in which water is made to spout from orifices. In one piece it is seen darting into the air as a straight upright pillar; in others many such pillars rise together, like giant stalks of corn; sometimes, from an inclination given to the jets, they bend so as to form beautiful arches, which appear the roofs of apartments built of water, or they mingle together with endless variety; here and there water-throwing wheels send out spiral streams; and hollow spheres, with a thousand openings, are the centre of immense bushes or trees of silvery boughs. These effects, amidst cascades, smooth lakes, and scenes of lovely landscape, constitute a whole as enchanting, perhaps, as art, by moulding nature has ever produced, or as fancy has ever conceived.

THE EAR JUDGES OF DISTANCE.

The intensity of sound is to the ear a measure of distance. In a windy night the sound of a distant bell may be brought so quickly, that it has not yet had time to spread and be weakened; and a person is often roused from a reverie by its unusual loudness and apparent nearness. When a stormy wind blows directly upon a coast, and rolls the great waves in upon the beach or among the rocks, the countryman living far inland hears the uproar, as if the ocean had burst its boundaries and was pouring in upon the land. The scene contrivers at our theatres heighten the illusion of an approaching procession by letting the accompanying music be heard from a closed chamber or in a feeble tone, and afterwards making it gradually louder and louder. To the imagination already excited, perhaps to the highest pitch, by the drama of some divine mind, the advancing host is thus more vividly portrayed than by any other possible expedient; and when at last, with the thunder of drums and trumpets from the front of the stage, the troop also appears, the effect is complete. It is the varying loudness of the music of the Æolian harp which produces the feeling that the heavenly choir is sometimes approaching and sometimes receding.

ECHO.

As a wave of water turns back at a smooth wall, or obstacle, and at any distance from it after the reflection is just what it would have been at the same distance beyond, only moving in an opposite direction, so the pulses or waves of sound are regularly reflected from flat surfaces, and produce what is called echo. Such flat surfaces of nature's work are found only among the rocks and hills; hence the beautiful fiction of the nymph who dwelt concealed among the rocks. Science has now disclosed the secret of the viewless echo; but who does not vividly recollect the wonder and delight with which he has listened, in the morning of his days, to his shrill call returned to him from some bold precipice across the plain or the river, or sent down to him again from the vaulted roof of ocean's caves?

LEECH WORM WEATHER GLASS.

Observations on the Leech Worm, by a gentleman who kept one for several years, for the purpose of a Weather Glass.

I kept a Leech in a common eight-ounce phial, which I placed on the frame of my lower chamber window sash, and when I viewed it in the morning, I could know what the weather would be the following day.

When the weather is to be *serene and beautiful*, the Leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, rolled together in a spiral form. If it will *rain*, (before, or after noon,) it is found crept up to the top of its lodging, and there remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have *wind*, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of *thunder and rain* is to succeed, for some days before, it lodges almost continually without the water, and discovers uncommon uneasiness in throes and convulsive-like motions. In the *frosty*, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom; and in *snow*, as in rainy

weather, it pitches its dwelling on the very mouth of the phial.

What reasons may be assigned for the above, I leave for philosophers to determine; though one thing seems evident, that the worm is affected in the same way as the mercury and spirits in the weather glass, and has doubtless a very surprising sensation that the change of the weather, even days before, makes a visible alteration in its manner of life and conduct. This is a weather Glass that may be procured at a very trifling expense, and which will last I do not know how many years.

The phial is to be filled about three-fourths with common water, which should be changed twice a week in summer, and once in the winter, and the mouth of the bottle covered with a piece of linen cloth.

[London Paper.

RETIREMENT OF THE SEA.

As a proof of the continual deposit of the shingle and sand on the flat coast of the eastern counties, Mr. Taylor, in a valuable paper on this subject, in the Philosophical Magazine of the present month, observes that, at Lowestoft Ness, as well as at Yarmouth, the sea has erected a complete series of natural embankments against itself. The present extent of land thrown up by the sea, and out of the reach of the highest tides, is nearly three miles long, projecting from the base of the original cliff to the distance of 660 yards at the Ness. The respective lines of growth are indicated by a series of small embankments perfectly defined. Several of the ridges have been formed within the memory of men now living. A rampart of heavy materials is first thrown up by a violent gale from the north east. Sand is subsequently blown over, and consolidates the shingle, and the process is completed by the arundo arenaria and other marine plants taking root, and extending their fibres in a kind of network through the mass. In process of time the surface becomes covered with vegetable mould, and ultimately, in many cases, is covered with good herbage.

[London Literary Chronicle.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANTE.

This valuable material for building, which is found in great abundance, in various parts of our State, is not exceeded, says the Concord Register, by any stone of its kind in beauty of appearance, and in the ease with which it is wrought—being susceptible of almost any form into which the workman may choose to convert it for use or ornament.

On a late visit to the prison, we were much gratified in viewing several capitals wrought by the convicts from blocks of this stone. Each capital is about four feet across, and weighs about one ton; requiring a block, something more than four feet square, and about two feet thick, weighing more than two tons. These capitals are of the Grecian Ionick order, and ornamented with horns, medallions, and other enrichments appertaining to that order, the workmanship of which is executed with a smoothness little inferior to that done in marble. The process of working this material is necessarily slow—the carved work constituting a very important part of the Ionick capital, requiring a skilful and careful application of the chisel and mallet. About eighty days of convicts' labour are expended in the completion of one of these capitals. Add to this labour the cost of the rough stone, the expense of tools, superintendence, &c. makes it worth about one hundred dollars at the prison. We understand that twelve of these capitals have been wrought, during the present season, at the prison, and that they are intended for the splendid Arcade now building in Providence, R. I. They are to be placed on columns nineteen or twenty feet high, and two feet seven inches in diameter at top.

INDIGO FAST COLOURS.

The following account of an important and valuable process is inserted in the American Farmer, from the travels of Mungo Park:—

"The women of Mandingo, Kaarta and Ludamar, dye cotton cloth of a *rich and lasting blue*, by the following simple process: The leaves of indigo, when fresh gathered, are pounded in a wooden mortar and mixed in a large earthen jar, with a strong ley of wood ashes. The stuff is steeped in this mixture, and allowed to remain until it has acquired a

proper shade. Where indigo is not plenty, they collect the leaves, reduce a sufficient quantity to powder, and mix with ley, as above. In either way this colour is *very beautiful, with a fine purple gloss*, equal to the *best Indian or European blue*." (See Park's Travels, p. 318, American edit.)

Indigo is cultivated in many of the southern states with almost as much ease, as clover in Pennsylvania. Instead of pounding, it can be passed through rollers like sugar cane, and placed in vats made of brick work lined with water cement; and thus used on a large scale to dye cotton yarns for the northern markets. By this cheap and simple process our yarns will acquire a value of twelve or fifteen cents in the pound. It is very troublesome and uncertain to form cake indigo out of the weed, and the artificial blue vats are expensive and precarious. The African dyes are the best, and beyond all doubt the cheapest. If our factories succeed as we are well assured they will, southern planters should cultivate indigo, as well as cotton, in the vicinity of them. If the southern agriculturists are not wanting to themselves, what have they to fear. With the judicious employment of our cotton and slaves, and our indigo, our eastern brethren will soon acknowledge the value of our *whites*, our *blacks*, and our *blues*.

AN INDIGO PLANTER.

HISTORICAL.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, the ancient Byzantium, and called by the Turks Stamboul, city of Europe, and capital of the Turkish empire, is beautifully situated on the west side of Bosphorus, or straits of Constantinople, between the Black sea and the sea of Marmora. Lon. 28° 56' E. Lat. 41° N. The city stands chiefly on a slope, on seven eminences which rise above each other in beautiful succession, presenting a fine view to the approaching spectator. The harbour is not on the side of the sea, but in a long capacious inlet, running along the North side of the town. It is of sufficient depth for the largest vessels, and can contain 1200 sail, and has an open navigation to the Euxine on the North, and the Mediterranean on the South. The form of the city is triangular, with one side on the harbour, another on the sea of Marmora, and the third and longest towards the land. It is surrounded with walls. The streets are in general narrow, gloomy, and slanting; badly paved, and incumbered with dust or mud. The houses are low, built of wood and earth, and conflagrations are frequent. The number of mosques is about 300, and of these the oldest and most interesting is that of St. Sophia, which was built by the emperor Justinian. The interior still retains much of its ancient grandeur. The number of Christian churches in Constantinople and its neighbourhood is 22. The seraglio includes not merely the apartments of the women, but is an assemblage of palaces and buildings nine miles in circumference, inhabited by the Sultan and his court. It occupies the promontory or point of land in the eastern part of the city. The entrance of the first court is very wide and lofty; in this are the mint, the principal mosque, an hospital and other buildings. The second court is called the Divan-court, the great council chamber being there. To the North, adjoining the Divan is the third court, or seraglio properly so called, in which are the apartments of the women. Through it there is a narrow covered passage leading to the audience chamber of the sultan, which is of amazing magnificence, particularly the throne.

The population of Constantinople is variously estimated from 300,000 to 500,000. About one half are Turks, and the remainder Greeks, Christians, Armenians, Franks, and Jews.

The suburb of Galata stands opposite to the seraglio on the North side of the harbour; it is inhabited only by merchants and seafaring people. To the west is the suburb of Tophana, [cannon foundry.] On the heights above this suburb stands Pera, principally occupied by individuals in the suites of ambassadors to the Porte from the different European powers. Scutari, though standing on Asiatic ground, and separated from Constantinople by the Bosphorus, is still accounted a suburb of the great city. The castle of the seven towers is a state prison, near the sea of Marmora. [Morae.

POPULAR TALES.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

About three thousand eight hundred years before the vulgar era of the creation of the world, the celestial empire of China was governed by Xo Fi. He was, though a young man, of great wisdom; his face and figure were of the rarest beauty; and so prodigious was his strength, that he could break iron with the mere force of his arm—or his courtiers lied. He had one failing, and but one—he was too apt to yield to the impulses of his passions and to suffer his reason to slumber.

The young king's education had been superintended by the principal of the bonzes, a man to whom all the secrets of nature were perfectly familiar: the elements were at his command, and all the spirits which people them did his bidding like household slaves. He beheld with much anxiety the devotions of the young monarch to these enervating luxuries; and still more was he disturbed at the irascibility of his constitution. He remonstrated with him upon his indolence, and the unlimited indulgence of his passions: but youth is deaf to reason; and the ladies of the seraglio told him that the bonze was an old fool. The king coincided in the judgement of the ladies; and the bonze was dismissed from the court, with a civil intimation that his presence was no longer welcome. The old man retired to his sanctuary not a little surprised, but with as grave a visage as his philosophy would permit him to assume. The prince continued to lead the same life of enjoyment; and in the recesses of his seraglio, soon forgot the bonze, his advice, and the obligations he was under to him.

One morning he strolled into the magnificent gardens which surrounded his palace, and where art had been so luxuriantly employed that the seasons were subdued to its will. Upon one of the loveliest of this garden's banks reclined a female form; and the king, supposing it to be one of the ladies of his harem, approached, designing to surprise her with the bliss of his presence; when, to his astonishment, he found that it was a person unknown to him.

She slept:—he leaned over her with breathless delight; for she surpassed all that he had yet beheld of female beauty. He stooped down, and, with the air of a man whose very caresses were somewhat of a condescension, he was about to imprint a kiss upon the rosy half open lips, when an ugly withered hand was interposed, and he had barely time to prevent the intended kiss being bestowed upon it. He started, and beheld a dwarfish old woman, with a face of the most hideous description, to which a mixed expression of malice and cunning gave a disgusting appearance, and rendered the ugliness of her features still more revolting. The very few teeth which time had spared to her stuck out, and showed like discoloured fangs upon her withered lower lip; her hand, which had so nearly received an honour never intended for it, was more like the paw of a beast than any thing human, and long nails, like the talons of a bird, adorned it. Her figure was diminutive; her back curved, and rising above her shoulders. She was dressed in an odd garb of black cloth, upon which many fantastick symbols were depicted. The anger which the prince felt disposed to give way to, was checked by a sense of awe as he regarded this strange unearthly figure.

"Mighty father of the earth!" cried she, with a most reverend and humble inclination of her deformed body, "this sleeping maiden is my slave: no mortal has tasted the honey of her virgin lip; nor shall any one in this realm, where property is held sacred under the laws of a just monarch."

"What price will purchase her?" cried the infuriated youth.

"Fifty thousand purses of gold," replied the crone.

"Then she is mine!" exclaimed the king, in transport, as he caught her in his arms, and was about to complete his first purpose, when the grasp of the withered hand again prevented him.

"The purses!" said the old woman.

"They shall be paid to you."

"I trust not a debtor's memory; you may forget."

"I have said it," cried the king, in anger.

"But do it," rejoined the importunate old woman.

"Beldame, begone!" said the sovereign, taking

off a ring: "give this to my treasurer, who will pay you."

"The purses!" repeated the old lady, rejecting the ring.

The king, carried away by his passion, made a blow at her, which would probably have demolished her; but, to his surprise, he struck only the empty air; whilst the hag, standing at his opposite ear, roared again "The purses!" He struck again, but still as vainly as before; and when, exhausted with rage and his exertions, he threw himself into a seat, the elastic beldame repeated in a whisper "The purses!"

"Come with me, then," said the king, rising, and hurrying into the palace, while the hag hobbled after him.

The monarch summoned his treasurer, who accompanied by twenty porters and fifty thousand purses, appeared with that rapidity which his well known impetuosity had rendered habitual. He ordered the gold to be delivered to the old woman, who receiving it in her lap, was about to speak, when, his patience being utterly exhausted by the coolness of her demeanour, he very ungallantly ordered her to be kicked forth.

The treasurer, his porters, and forty black eunuchs, proceeded with the velocity of lightning to execute his commands; sixty-one feet were raised in attitude to kick; and in that attitude did they remain, frigid and fixed. The king found himself under the influence of some resistless power, and attempted, but in vain, to do that which he had ordered his attendants to perform. His limbs refused their office, and he foamed with rage; while the beldame, with a provoking indifference, went on to count her purses.

When she had done she took the treasurer's staff of office out of his hand, and, having made a solemn obeisance to the king, and kissed her hand to the treasurer, she seated herself on it very gracefully, saddlewise, and soared out of an open window into the air. As she disappeared the kickers recovered the use of their legs, and gave instant proof of it by running with all expedition, and wild with terror, out of the hall.

The king was too much occupied with the thought of his charming purchase to dwell upon this mark of disrespect, but rushed back to the bank where he had left her lying. She was still in the same posture; and, the witch being no longer at hand, he imprinted an ardent kiss upon the lovely lips which had so much fascinated him.

He started back, for he found they were as cold as marble, and that the beautiful form was inanimate as a corpse. Indeed, but for the gracefulness and ease of her posture, he would have thought she was really dead. He saw that he was the dupe of some magical delusion, and he heaped loud and bitter curses upon the authors of it.

At length he observed upon the belt of the girdle which bound her gauze robe, some characters which he could not comprehend. He instantly summoned all the wise men of the realm, the bonzes and mandarins, with the philosophers of all kinds, to decipher them. They met, and were puzzled; and, as none of them knew any thing of the matter, they hazarded various opinions, and then abused each other for their conjectures.

At length the emperor was told of a devotee of singular piety and mortification of life, who travelled from town to town in a sort of open sedan chair, the seat of which was filled with sharp nails, on which he constantly sate for the good of the souls of the faithful; and, in return for this sacrifice, he implored the charity of the righteous. He was consulted, and, after hearing the conflicting opinions of the wise men, and shaking his head at each, he read with great fluency the inscription, which he rendered into an exhortation to the emperor to sit upon a board covered with sharp nails. Nothing but the reputation of the sanctity of a particular part of this gentleman's person prevented the emperor from treating him as he would have treated the old woman who rode away with the treasurer's staff of office; but some ill fate seemed always to frustrate his majesty's kicking propensities, and the devotee was suffered to depart unburt.

The king dismissed his counsellors, and at length thought of his early tutor, the bonze, whose knowledge, he believed, was greater than that of all his

kingdom. He immediately sent for him, and implored him, by the affection he had formerly manifested, to extricate him from the misery into which his passion had plunged him.

After examining the characters, the bonze said, with an undisturbed air, "Potent and beloved monarch, the inscription contains the same caution which I formerly ventured to give your majesty, and for which I was so unhappy as to incur your displeasure; to repeat it would be to increase the weight of your anger."

"But is there no way," cried the monarch, "of awaking the maiden?"

"Yes," replied the bonze, "but it is fraught with peril to your gracious person."

"Tell it me, nevertheless," answered the prince.

The bonze read as follows:—"Beware of the storm of passion! The sleeper will awake when the knot which confines her hair shall be unbound:—but pause; for, the first time thine eyes, Xo Fi, shall behold the light of day, after the enchantment shall be dissolved, thou wilt be deprived of thy throne."

The king's hand was stretched out to unloose the fatal knot, when the bonze arrested it, and the chief mandarin urged the necessity of deliberation.

He was versed in all the subtleties of the law, and had a great talent at making any plain and obvious words bear a meaning very different from that which they were intended to convey, and thought some method might be adopted of evading the prediction, or of averting it until the means of appeasing the powers by whom it was wrought should have been hit upon.

"For example," said he, "if the emperor should have his palace and gardens lighted with lamps, and exclude the beams of the sun?"

Orders were immediately issued for the preparation of a palace which should exclude the light of heaven, and in which the soft blaze of aromatic lamps should shed a more beautiful illumination than that of the sun.

A costly pavilion was stretched over a beautiful garden: instead of windows, the most exquisite paintings were placed round the saloon, which presented a panoramick view of a fairy country; and the lamp-light aided a delusion which was so strong as to mock every sense but that of touch.

As soon as it was completed the enamoured monarch ordered the sleeping beauty to be carried thither, and, rushing with all the impetuosity which ardent love could add—if, indeed, any thing could add to his inflammable temperament—he eagerly embraced her. After gazing for a moment he unbound her beautiful tresses; her eye-lids slowly opened, animation seemed to return to her frame, and with it her beauty faded like a dream. Her eyes turned green; her nose, which was before of the most delicate beauty, sank flattened to her cheeks, which were as suddenly puffed out; her ivory teeth became black and uneven; while the once rich jetty locks, in the curls of which his fingers still played, were as red as a fox's tail! Xo Fi turned away enraged and disgusted, when a loud laugh was heard through the slender walls of the pavilion, and he recognised the infernal chuckle of the old hag who had thus duped him. Without casting another look upon the altered maiden, who could no longer be called dear to him but in the light of a purchase, he rushed out, resolved to tear the witch limb-meal. By dint of his prodigious strength he dashed down the frail partition, and soon found himself in the garden.

He looked round for the old woman, but in vain; he thought he beheld her ugly form gliding behind a thicket, and he darted towards it: in his anger he tore down the clustering blossoms, but his search was useless; she was not there, though her discordant voice still rang in his ear.

While he was employed in demolishing the arbour of roses in this fruitless search, the chief gardener came up, and saluted him with a smart blow from a spade which he carried, crying out, at the same moment, "Cursed slave! what has induced thee thus to destroy my roses, and the emperor's favourite tree?"

The king turned upon him, and seizing the poor gardener by the neck and one leg, he was about to hurl him away with as much ease as a man would lift a dog, when his eye happening to fall upon the

sleeve of his dress, he found himself in the garb of the lowest order of his people. He stopped, as if struck by lightning, and, letting the trembling wretch fall, he remained in stupid amazement. He looked around, but beheld nothing save the gardens and the palace in the distance;—no traces of the pavilion were to be seen. He examined his person, which seemed strangely altered for the worse: his hands were hard and discoloured; his legs, once the envy of all his courtiers, and the admiration of all his ladies, were wickedly bandy. He put his hand to his beard, and found, instead of that graceful cluster of descending curls which formerly decorated it, only a few harsh bristles.

(Conclusion next week.)

MISCELLANY.

FEATURES OF WAR.

Famine, the plague, and war, are the three most famous ingredients in this lower world. Under famine may be classed all the noxious foods which want obliges us to have recourse to, thus shortening our life while we hope to support it. In the plague are included all contagious distempers, and there are not less than two or three thousand. These two gifts we hold from Providence; but war, in which they are concentrated, we owe to the fancy of three or four thousand persons scattered over the surface of the globe, under the name of princes and ministers; and on this account it may be that in several dedications they are living images of the Deity. The most hardened flatterer will allow, that war is ever attended with plague and famine, especially if he has seen the military hospitals in Germany, or passed through some villages where some notable feat of arms has been performed. It is unquestionably a very notable art to ravage countries, destroy dwellings, and one year with another, out of a hundred thousand men, to cut off forty thousand. This invention was originally cultivated by nations assembled for their common good. It is otherwise in our time. An odd circumstance in this infernal enterprise is, that every chief of those ruffians has his colours consecrated, and solemnly prays to God before he goes to destroy his neighbour. If the slain in a battle do not exceed two or three thousand, the fortunate commander does not think it worth thanking God for; but if, besides killing ten or twelve thousand men, he has been so far favoured by heaven as totally to destroy some remarkable place, then a verbose hymn is sung in four parts, composed in a language unknown to all combatants. All countries pay a certain number of orators to celebrate these sanguinary actions, some in a long black coat, and over it a short docked cloak; others in a gown with a kind of a shirt over it. They are all very long winded in their harangues, and to illustrate a battle fought in Wateravia, bring up what passed thousands of years ago in Palestine. At other times these gentry declaim against vice; they prove by syllogisms and antitheses, that ladies forslightly heightening the hue of their cheeks with a little carmine, will assuredly be the eternal objects of eternal vengeance; that Polyucte and Athalia are the devil's works; that he whose table on a day of abstinence, is loaded with fish to the amount of two hundred crowns, is infallibly saved; and that a poor man, for eating two penny worth of mutton, goes to the devil for ever and ever. Among five or six thousand such declamations, there may be, and that is the most, three or four written by a Gaul, named Massillon, which a gentleman may bear to read, but in not one of all these, has the author the spirit to animadvert on war, that scourge and crime which includes all others. These grovelling speakers are continually prating against love, mankind's only solace, and the only way of repairing its losses; not a word do they say of the detestable endeavours of the mighty for its destruction.

Bear in mind! a very bad sermon hast thou made against impurity, but not one, either bad or good, on those various kinds of murders, those robberies, those violences, that universal rage, by which the world has been laid waste. Ye bungling soul physicians! to bellow for an hour or more against a few fleabites, and not say a word about that horrid distemper which tears us to pieces. Burn your books of moralizing philosophers! While the humour of

a few shall make it an act of loyalty to butcher thousands of our fellow creatures, the part of mankind dedicated to heroism will be the most execrable and destructive monsters in all nature. Of what avail is humanity, benevolence, modesty, temperance, mildness, discretion and piety, when a half a pound of lead, discharged at the distance of six hundred paces, shatters my body. When I expire at the age of twenty, under pains unspeakable, and amidst thousands in the same miserable condition; when my eyes at their last opening see my native town all in a blaze; and the last sounds I hear are the shrieks and groans of women expiring among the ruins, and all for the pretended interest of a man who is a stranger to us!

[Voltaire.]

MAN.

Various attempts have been made by philosophers, to give a concise and comprehensive definition of man. By some, he has been characterized as a *reasoning animal*; but if reason consists in deducing consequences from premises, man is not the only reasonable being. There are hundreds of animals who apparently do the same; and the process by which they advance from propositions to conclusions—though we deny to it the name of thinking—is unknown to us, and therefore not to be disparaged.

Others have described man as a *cooking animal*, in contradistinction from other bipeds, and from quadrupeds. But will this description apply in all cases? The crow prefers carrion to fresh meat; being in this respect very like certain epicures among his featherless fellow-bipeds, who choose to feed upon tainted venison. He likes a meal well putrified, i. e. *cooked* by elementary operations. Again, some dogs deposit their food in the earth, first making excavations for the purpose—which is also a mode of preparation nearly allied to *cooking*. Nor is man *always* a cooking animal. Many of his masticative and digestive feats are performed upon raw fruits and vegetables—and, seeing his exploits in an oyster-shop, where he has been often known to tear asunder the shelly covering of helpless bivalves and engorge the unfortunate habitants by dozens, all alive and palpitating, one can scarcely accord to him even the dignity of a *cooking animal*.

"Man," says Dr. Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains." The learned Doctor affirms that no other animal is given to traffick—one dog, says he, does not change a bone with another. Now this is honouring the brute creation in one particular, and depriving man, partially, of a quality to which he lays especial claim—namely, *friendship*. There is no friendship in trade, saith the proverb. Hence according to the true course of logic, the inference must be, that trading animals are destitute of those homogenous affections which elevate human nature above the beasts that perish. A most shocking and heterodox corollary! But is it true that man is the only bargaining animal? It has been observed by hunters, that old greyhounds intrust the more fatiguing part of their duties in the chase, to their younger companions—and place themselves in positions to encounter the game where less strength than sagacity may be requisite. Is not this a sort of *exchange*? And what is the voluntary service rendered by the mastiff to his owner, but an *equivalent* for board and lodging?

Man, it may be safely alleged, is exclusively a *political animal*. What other orders of being congregate together in squads and parties, for the purpose of bothering each other, and practising impositions upon individuals of their own species. No body ever heard of a canine politician, or ever saw a turkey-buzzard apostatize from his party. Goats hold no caucuses, and owls are no office-seekers.—Political science is the property of Man alone—and for all the intrigues, plots, projects, slanders, falsehoods and other mischiefs comprising the *arcana* of Politics, Man may take to himself the undivided credit—his rights in the premises will never be controverted by a single inhabitant of forest, air, or ocean, that is not a politician. [Boston Bulletin.]

SUPERSTITION OF THE PRINCE OF REFORMERS.

Eight years since (said Luther) at Dessau, I did see and touch such a changed child, which was twelve years of age; he had his eyes and all his

members like another child; did nothing but feed, and would eat as much as two clowns or threshers were able to eat. When one touched it, then it would cry out; when any evil happened in the house, then it laughed and was joyful; but when all went well, then it cried and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt if I were Prince of that country so would I venture *Homicidium* thereon, and would throw it in the river Moldaw. I admonished the people devoutly to pray to God to take away the devil; the same was done accordingly, and the second year after the changeling died. In Saxonia, near unto Halberstad, was a man that also had a *Killcrop*, who sucked the mother and five other women dry; and, besides, devoured very much. This man was advised that he should, in his pilgrimage at Halberstad, make a promise of the *Killcrop* to the Virgin Mary, and should cause him there to be rocked. This advice the man followed, and carried the changling thither in a basket. But going over a river, being upon the bridge, another devil that was below in the river called, and said, "Killcrop, Killcrop!" Then the child in the basket, that never before spoke one word, answered, "Ho ho!" The devil in the river asked further, "whither art thou going?" The child in the basket said, "I am going towards *Hockelstad*, to our loving mother, to be rocked." The man, being much affrighted thereat threw the child, with the basket, over the bridge, into the water. Whereupon the two devils flew away together, and cried, "Ho, ho, ho," tumbling themselves one over another, and so vanished. Such changelings and Killcrops, said Luther, *supponit Satan in locum verorum filiorum*; for the devil bath this power, that he chaungeth children, and instead thereof, layeth devils in the cradle, which prosper not, only they feed and suck. But such changelings live not above eighteen or nineteen years. [Colloquia Mensalia.]

DEATH OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

This unfortunate gentleman,—one of the United Irishmen who unwisely attempted by force of arms to obtain equal rights for his country—was on board a French ship, destined to land troops in Ireland, when it was captured by an English squadron. We learn from his interesting Memoirs, just published, that during the action, which lasted for six hours, he fought with the most desperate resolution. After the action was over, he was basely pointed out to the police officers, by a person who had been his fellow-student, at Trinity College, who stepped up to him, and said, "Mr. Tone, I am very happy to see you." From Letterkeney this unfortunate man was hurried to Dublin, where he made two attempts on his own existence after he had been sentenced to die by a court martial. The last of these attempts was successful. On the evening of the 11th November, 1798, it was discovered that Tone had inflicted a deep wound across his neck. A surgeon stopped the blood and closed it, reporting that the prisoner had missed the carotid artery. Tone murmured in reply, "I'm sorry I've been so bad an anatomist." Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which fitted before his eyes were those of the grim jailer and rough attendants of the prison; the only sound which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul and the possession of his faculties, to the last; and the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. On the morning of the 19th November, he was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said, that the surgeon whispered that if he attempted to move or speak, he must expire instantly; that he overheard him, and, making a slight movement, replied, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back with these expressions on his lips, he expired without farther effort.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1827.

Such of our subscribers as do not give us an early notice of their intention to discontinue the Record at the end of the present volume, will be considered as wishing a continuance of the same, and the next volume will be sent accordingly. Such as are still in arrears, are informed that we have not yet got hold of the "horn of plenty."

We solicit our masonic correspondents to furnish us with the result of the several elections in their respective masonic bodies, throughout the Union and the Canadas. Secretaries of Chapters and Lodges, and postmasters, will oblige us by endeavouring to extend the circulation of the Record, and forwarding the names of such patrons as may offer.

The list of officers elected at the annual communications of the Lodges and Chapter in this city will be given in our next.

The *London Literary Gazette*, *Artists' Magazine*, and the *London Mirror*, have been received at the Record office, by the late arrivals, down to the 1st of November, from which our columns will continue to draw their customary amusing variety.

"A Reader" will perceive that we have avoided, for some time past, making any mention of the principal subject to whom alludes. Our reasons are good.

CHRISTMAS.

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a christmas pye,
And ever more be merry."

[WITHERS.]

True, there is enough in the very name that represents this hallowed season, to banish every profane thought from the heart; yet with all its sanctitude, there is not a motive rises which ought to restrain for a moment that rational merriment, for which it has brought a fame even from the apostolic ages. True religion teaches us that our happiness may be lawfully promoted by any means which trespass not upon our own health, our neighbour's rights, or the laws of God. Those which have no tendency to outrage either of these sacred charters, can never be denounced as criminal amusements; and as those which have that tendency, deserve the malediction of the good at every season, so those which have the tendency to promote our health, establish our own or our fellow's happiness, and interfusing in no way with the laws of our Maker or our country, deserve a proportionate degree of support from the countenance and example of the wise. Whether all the modes of merriment, usually indulged in on this day, deserve to be ranked under the latter remark, we leave for the gay themselves to judge; the grave have given their opinion too often to have it needlessly repeated. Yet certain it is, that many innocent, salutary, and even religious practices, as well on this as other holy-days, are sure to meet with the hypocritical sneers, and censorious revilings of a few, who imagine they can see treason against high Heaven in a laugh, or behold an earnest of future worthlessness and depravity in the hop-skip-and jump of the chubby schoolboy!

It surely becomes the happy to be, if possible, more happy on this day. The most devout christian would be making a sorry figure to mourn over the sins and iniquities of the people, or his own, on the very anniversary of the day that brought into the world an INTERCESSOR, a MEDIATOR, and a COMPLETE REDEEMER. It would seem that the multitude who awakened the shepherds of Palestine, brought no "glad tidings of great joy," if the day in which they descended is to be a day for the priest to stand "between the porch and the altar, weeping for the sins of the people," and praying that the heritage of the Lord be not given to reproach. To the happy, therefore, this day calls

forth the strongest of motives to indulge in the overflowings of a glad heart, and he is the happiest who can pour the overflowings of his own into the heart of his neighbour.

Then why should not the afflicted soul revolt from its allegiance to sorrow, and be also merry? since the day is the glorious anniversary of the reign of "peace on earth and good will towards men." Life is short, and full of thorns are its greenest bowers; yet in the heart of its veriest desert, there springs now and then a blossom; and who that has ever felt one throb of innocent joy, will not own that there is enough of bliss in it to atone for ages of solicitude and weeping?

Happy season this for the young! Little have their guileless hearts felt of the wayward grief that too often weans maturer hearts from the merriment which is their life in seasons like this. Grief comes upon them indeed; but it is like the rush of the whirlwind, soon passed, and succeeded by a serener calm; while to mature manhood, it blows like the perpetual monsoon upon the reed, never prostrating but keeping it forever bent.

Their tears of grief may be shaken from their cheeks by the convulsive laughter of mirth. As nature speaks, they answer; and what heart, over which ago has passed its spell of apathy, does not yearn with agonizing desire for a return of the innocent gayety, and fickle humours of childhood? On this joy-inspiring day, the sad should banish their sadness, the vain should throw away their vanity, the wise should graduate their wisdom to correspond with the simple and unambitious merriment of the occasion, and the grave should melt their gravity down to a generous familiar smile. In a word, we should all become children in every thing but folly; or as one has said, "like a little child."—Then might we see on earth the equality of heaven; the only rational offering that gratitude can make, and that charity will receive; the ties of domestick bliss strengthened, and all made happier in the festive rites of merry, merry CHRISTMAS.

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM GREECE. In our last we gave some desultory remarks on the prospects of that struggling land, and expressed as our opinion that the day was not far distant for her deliverance, and the downfall of the Ottoman Empire. But we did not dream of placing so soon before our readers the most flattering realization of our hopes, as it is now in our power to do. By arrivals in New-York from Liverpool, during the last week, we have the perfect satisfaction of announcing the complete destruction of the combined Egyptian and Turkish fleet, in the harbour of Navarino. About 2 o'clock P. M. on the 20th of October, the British, French and Russian fleets, under the respective commands of Admiral Codrington, Count Heyden, and Chevalier de Rigny, entered the port of Navarino, and took up their anchorage within the batteries. The Turkish fleet, then in the harbour, were moored in the form of a crescent, with springs to their cables, and consequently ready for action. A boat was sent from the British ship Dartmouth to one of the Turkish fire vessels, but the officer, Lt. Fitzroy, and several of his crew were treacherously shot by the Turks, which being succeeded by a cannon shot from the Turkish ships, the battle soon became general, and resulted in a complete destruction of their fleet, consisting of seventy sail, of which only eight were left afloat after the action. The action being fought at anchor, was bloody and destructive.

The whole number killed on board the allied fleet was less than 150; of the Turkish more than 600 were killed on board of a single vessel! Making due allowances for inequality of skill and discipline, besides the advantage in weight of metal, which the allied fleet had, it is certainly the most complete and decisive victory ever achieved. The English papers express much concern for the European Embassadors, whom the infuriated Turks may be prompted to commit violence upon, and after reflecting on the baseness and cowardly treachery, evinced by the Turks, in the commencement of this action, we cannot but think that their fears have some grounds. After concluding an armistice in all the forms of good faith, to break over it in their accustomed impudent manner, and by returning only insolence to all questions concerning their motives to such conduct, together with their resolute essays to provoke the quarrel to blood, it would be no wonder if every Christian ambassador at Constantinople should be immediately put to death. Should this happen, nothing but the flames of Constantinople would close the breach. The tenacity of the Turkish character is so well known, that nothing short of the possession of that city would be looked at by the European powers; and its conquest—could be achieved only by scattering its ashes before the winds of heaven. The house of every Turk would be his fortress and his grave, and a fate an hundred fold more disastrous than that of Ismail, must await the capital of the Turkish Empire. At any rate we do not think that the Porte can be very easily frightened into terms. If such a hope can be said to have any grounds, the Ottoman power may exist a little longer; but be that as it may, there can be no mistake in boldly asserting that GREECE IS FREE. A consummation of the warmest hopes of every philanthropist has at last arrived, and the harbour of Navarino shall be to posterity, a field of fairer fame than Trafalgar, Elsinore, or Waterloo. These were the sacrifices made to the petty opinions of cabinet ministers and selfish sovereigns; Navarino was the altar on which was laid the cause of every principle connected with the term HUMANITY.

We have received several "effusions of a youthful pen," which show notwithstanding their defects, some of the genuine spirit of poetry. We regret that the author has not kept his Pegasus moving on at the same gait through the whole, as in these four lines under the head of "The field of Battle:"—

"But many a goodly form and fair,
In death's cold sleep lies stiffening there;
Nor can the trump of glorious war
Ere rouse them up again!"

This is the true language of poetry, which seems to show what the author can do, by the application of his whole strength. Again in the lines to the "Evening Star," we find this stanza:—

"But what art thou? A beacon bright,
To guide us by thy heavenly ray?
Or some pure spirit's gentle light,
To sooth our spirits, wrapped in clay?
Shine on—shine on—thou lovely star!
Whate'er thou art—whate'er we are;
Shine on, and point thy world of bliss,
Or sooth the weary soul in this."

A writer who can "thus awake the lyre," ought not rashly to send any thing tame or unfinished before the world. We would have inserted the whole of these musings, but we have too much regard for the unknown author to publish any thing that we know would fix a prejudice in the minds of the censorious, against his future effusions, let them be ever so meritorious. It would be a favour to us if this young correspondent would give us his name and residence. At any rate, let us hear from his muse again.

HARBOUR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

We introduce the following extract from "Eaton's Survey of the Turkish Empire," believing it may not be uninteresting to such of our readers as have their thoughts turned towards the affairs in that quarter at the present day. It shows the plan and probable success of a naval expedition in the year 1798, when the Russians meditated the reduction of that capital. Whether the case has much altered since that time we cannot say. Constantinople at the present day, contains between 4 and 500,000 souls; and the buildings being chiefly composed of wood, a bombardment would perhaps be the most prudent means of reducing it. They are not likely to have a fleet sufficient to tempt a revival of the project described below; yet it is some satisfaction to reflect that the harbour is not utterly impregnable by water, as its strength may ere long be put to the test.

"The channel of Constantinople is of different breadths, from about one to three miles, and runs between high hills, at the foot of which are batteries, from the entrance at the Black Sea to Serrieri (a village near Buyukdere). The north and north east winds blow down the channel nine or ten months in the year. The southerly winds, which blow up the channel when they reign, seldom last more than two or three days at a time; the north and north east winds on the contrary, are generally constant for two or three months, so that a fleet coming from the Black Sea at the proper season is almost certain of a fair wind to enter the channel and the port of Constantinople.

"The current is very strong from the Black Sea, except when the wind has blown two or three days from the south, when there is a current from the sea of Marmora. The stream divides at the point of the seraglio; a part of the water runs into the sea of Marmora, and a part is forced into the port, making, on the Constantinople side, a tolerably strong current, which runs towards the bottom of the port, and coming out again on the Galata side, and by an under current, occasions an eddy or still water in the middle; hence it is, that ships cannot sail at once from the port; but must be led or warped in the still water close to the shore of Tophana, till they are so far up the stream (that is to the northward) that they can make sail without danger of being carried against the seraglio point (as has sometimes happened) and where there is a perfect torrent.

"From this description it is evident, that a fleet coming from the Black Sea down the channel of Constantinople, with the wind and current in its favour, could with ease sail straight into the port; that the Turkish fleet in the port cannot go out to meet it in the middle of the channel, but by towing slowly up the shore, while the enemy's fleet coming down will have, within a few fathoms of it, the wind and current in its favour, and will be able to cast anchor, and form in whatever manner the commander may judge most advantageous.

"If the Turkish fleet is not in the port, but lies in the channel in the stream, where it usually is stationed before it sails in the spring for the Archipelago, three or four miles above the port, the Russian fleet may anchor at whatever distance it pleases from it, either to attack or not, while the Turkish ships cannot possibly advance against the current, not even by warping. In such a situation they are exposed to fire-ships, and if any part ship their anchors to avoid being burnt, they cannot again get into the line; the rest must follow them if they will preserve their line.

"As to the batteries on the two shores, they may be passed so rapidly, and at such a distance, that nothing is to be feared from them; but as the water is deep enough to admit line-of-battle ships to lie quite close to them, and the shore is perfectly clean, they may be soon silenced, and particularly as only one or two guns in the flanks can bear on a ship before it comes opposite to them. The stones of which they are built are hard and exceedingly brittle; they are also so low and so exposed that a ship with grape shot may soon drive out the gunners.

"In the first winter of the last war, a Russian sixty-four gun ship was dismantled in a violent storm in the Black Sea, and the officers being ignorant of the Turkish ports on the coast of Anatolia, saw no other means of saving their lives than by running into the channel of Constantinople. The ship entered it with a fair wind, but having only jury-masts, she sailed very slowly, yet the Turkish batteries, though they kept up a constant fire on her, did her not the least injury; when she had run by all the batteries, she cast anchor in the bay of Buyukdere, and surrendered herself. The captain was afterwards blamed for not sailing by Constantinople, and attempting to run between the forts of the Dardanelles, and get into the Archipelago.

"This example puts the matter beyond doubt, as to the possibility of a fleet's sailing by these batteries, reputed so tremendous."

NEWS & TABLE-TALK.

The managers of the Federal street Theatre, Boston, have given notice that they have received the manuscript of a new piece called, "Undone! or Spirit and Water." [We are no judges of theatricals, but this is the most dram-atic title we ever saw.]—A rogue, calling himself a watch maker, recently appeared in the shire town of Horry district, S. C. and having obtained possession of fifteen watches, decamped. [It is highly probable that the watches would not run otherwise than by being carried.]—Mademoiselle Mars, the unrivalled French comick actress, has been robbed of jewels to the value of 150,000 francs.—Married lately in Ipswich, Mass. Mr. James Staniford to Miss Mary L. Sweet. Her four sisters and one brother were all married within a period of seven months [What a cluster of *Sweets* the little winged gardener has plucked from a single vintage.]—Mr. Murray, bookseller, London, has given Washington Irving £3000 for his "Life of Columbus."—Mr. Joseph Pyle, of Chester county, Penna. has raised a hog which weighs thirteen hundred and eighty pounds and a half, and is still increasing!—New-England has 1034 ministers of the gospel: 862 Congregationalists, 605 Baptists, 167 Methodists, 72 Episcopalians, 15 Presbyterians, 25 Free-will Baptists, 24 Universalists, and 5 Christians. [We are sorry to observe so few Christians among so many divines.]—The United States ship Delaware, capt. Downes, is preparing to sail for the Mediterranean.—A pumpkin grew on a farm near Clarksburch, Va. weighing 320 pounds, and measuring nine feet in circumference. All that grew on the same vine weighed 840 pounds.—The button manufactory at Attleborough, Vt. manufacture buttons to the value of \$100,000 annually. Their work is not excelled, if equalled by any foreign manufacture.—The Cherry Valley Gazette says that 580 turkeys in a drove, have passed through that place for New-York.—In the legislature of Georgia a proposition has been made to tax dirks, spanish knives, sword canes, pocket pistols, and all kinds of secret arms.—Elias Boudinot a Cherokee Indian, educated at Cornwall, Conn. is about to commence the publication of a weekly paper for the exclusive benefit of the Indians.—We learn by various papers, that in the presidential campaign, Jackson will have all the votes of England!! And furthermore, Mr. Southwick says, that the Jackson Assembly Ticket in New-York was elected wholly and solely through Masonick influence!! "It was" says he, "a gigantic Masonick effort. We speak advisedly!" The New-York Morning Courier confesses the fact, and states that "at the late election, a number of giants, mounted on elephants, accompanied by four hundred drummers, all clothed in masonick aprons, attended the polls, and whenever an Adams man came up, a giant knocked him down with a hickory club, and an elephant immediately trampled the victim to death!! The vast number of mourners made on the occasion has materially raised the price of crape!"—Under the head of "fancy names," we observe an account of a Mr. Wall, who complimented his neighbour Stone, by naming his son after him. Another, named Pease, christened his son Green, out of respect for his physician who bore that name. Mr. Ball named his eldest son after his uncle Cannon: and to his second and third he gave the fancy names of Rifle, and Pistol. The result of all this display of taste produces the delectable appellation of *Stone Wall, Green Pease, Cannon Ball, Rifle Ball, and Pistol Ball*—Two whales were lately observed going up Loch Gair, in Scotland, and one of them having got into the shallow bay opposite Ardineapple Inn, was instantly assailed by the united warlike efforts of the whole neighbourhood. The unlucky voyager withstood a doubtful conflict of some hours. At last, a weight of skill and prowess, after escaping a dreadful splash from the whale's rudder, happened to reach his heart with the thrust of an old Highland broadsword. It died a few minutes after, and his companion was observed, by his blowing, to proceed swiftly up the Loch. The one which was captured is a

young fish, measuring 26 feet in length, and a very perfect specimen of the arctic whale

VARIETIES.

GEOLOGY.

An important geological discovery has recently been made near Scarborough, in Grysthorp Bay, of a large deposit of fossil plants, of the coal formation, presenting many varieties hitherto undescribed, and differing essentially from those of the Newcastle field. They occur in slate clay alternating with clay, iron, stone, and a thin seam of coal, about half way below the high water mark; and are principally stems and leafy impressions of tropical ferns, some finely pinnated, and nearly resembling the indigenous species of polypodium; others, again, the asplenium, and have occasionally been found in distinct fructification. Another species, apparently one of the gramina, is scarcely fossilized, retaining, when separated in small fragments from its stony bed, considerable elasticity and combustibility. Several of the specimens of the frondescent ferns are of large size and uncommon beauty. [London New Lit. Gaz.

LOCUST HUNTING.

In July last, the Russian General Cobley had a grand battue after the locusts from his estate of Coblavka, along the borders of the sea, to Oschakoff. The locusts were marching in twenty four columns, and were destroying all the crops. General Cobley collected all the peasants on his estate, and from all the neighbouring country, amounting to 500 persons. They were armed with pitch-forks, spades, drums, and bells, and thus equipped, they commenced their march against the locusts. They soon compelled them to retreat, and pursued them incessantly to the sea, where they were forced to jump into the water, and drown themselves. Three days afterwards, the sea shore was covered with dead locusts, cast up by the waves, the air was infected by a fœtid exhalation, and a great quantity of poisoned fish was also cast on the strand. It is probable the fish had fed on the locusts. During eight days, fishing was forbidden. These facts have been authenticated by an official report addressed to the quarantine office at Odessa, by the Chief of the Cossacks employed to guard the coast. [Journal of Odessa.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

At Houghtonle Spring on Monday last, by license, Thomas Simm, to Catharine Arthur, both of Eaington lane. Before the ceremony took place, the intended bride undressed in one of the pews, and the bridegroom elect put a chemise over her head, and this was the only article of dress she wore at her marriage. This indecent and ignorant practice originates in an idea that a husband who marries a wife thus, is free from the payment of all her previous debts. Should however, the creditors of his better half be disposed to try the question he will soon find out his mistake. [Durham (Eng.) Adv.

ABO.

The capital of Finland has been nearly destroyed by a dreadful fire, which broke out on the 4th of September. Of the whole of the rich and celebrated University of Abo, only the observatory remains. The academical building, the valuable library of 40,000 volumes, the cabinet of medals, the collection of astronomical and philosophical instruments, all became the prey of the flames. The palace of justice and its archives, and the town hall, were also consumed. Above seventy persons perished.

MARRIED.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Lacy, Mr. JOHN F. PORTER, to Miss ANN ELIZA WEBER, all of this city.

BOOK BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship. An assortment of new and Sub-copies, to the *American Masonic Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at \$2 1/2 per volume. Dec 22.

LEMAN.—Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonic, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market st. Albany. June 26.

POETRY.

EPIPHANY.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid!

Gold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

THE DROWNING DUCKS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Amongst the sights that Mrs. Bond
Enjoyed, yet grieved at more than others,
Were little ducklings in a pond,
Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things, like living water lilies,
But yellow as the daffodilies

"It's very hard," she used to moan,
"That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
Have never any pretty chucklings."
For why!—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—
She had a drake, his tail was curly,
Yet, spite of drake and ducks and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

The birds were both the best of mothers—
Their nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D's came forth like others—
But there, alas! the matter stuck!
They might as well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle!

For when, as native instinct taught her,
The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank, ere long, right under water,
Like any overloaded boat;
They were webfooted too, to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

The thing was strange—a contradiction
It seemed of nature and her works!
For little ducks, beyond conviction,
Should float without the help of corks:
Great Johnson—it bewildered him!
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond! what could she do
But change the breed—and she tried divers
Which dived, as all seemed born to do;
No little ones were e'er survivors—
Like those who copy gems, I'm thinking,
They all were given to die—sinking!

In vain their downy coats were shorn;
They foundered still!—Batch after batch went!
The little fools seemed only born
And hatched, for nothing but a hatchment!
Whene'er they launched—O sight of wonder!
Like fires the waters "got them under!"

No women ever gave their lucks
A better chance than Mrs. Bond did;
At last, quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up and desponded—
For death, among the water lilies,
Cried "duc ad me," to all her dillies!

But, though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas! 'twas darker than before!
At last, about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up, the sun did!

The thirsty Sirius, dog like, drank
So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And lo! from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawled some eels as big as conger!

I wish all folks would look a bit,
In such a case, below the surface;
But when the eels were caught and split
By Mrs. Bond, just think of her face,
In each inside, at once to spy
A duckling turned to giblet-pie!

EPITHALAMION.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Press thy hand to this heart, love!—it feels like lead;
I am weary of walking a journey of pain;
I'll smooth my earth pillow, and lay down my head,
And sleep, not to wake in this bleak world again.
Till the trump of the archangel peal through the gloom,
And break with its echo the trace of the tomb.

Nay start not, my maiden—the mansion is poor—
The couch not so lightsome as royal ones be;
But Death, the old warder, will stand at the door,
And watch, through whole ages, thy lover and thee.
The priest is in waiting—creep close to my side,
Nor shrink, though Eternity make thee a bride.

The night may be lonely and long—do not fear—
We cease from all sorrow—our labour is done—
'Tis true that the loves of the worm are here,
And spring from our bosom shall many a one.
Yet what are the masters of ocean and earth,
Save forms that are fashioned to give worms birth.

Place thy cold lip to mine, and lie close—closer still;
Come! seal up thine eye from the false fleeting day;
To-night we shall slumber—ay, slumber our fill—
From the poor wretched dreamers of life far away;
We may laugh, when we think that we never again
Shall see their cursed realm of sorrow and pain!

Good night to them all! Let them cloud their blue sky,
And trample their green earth. Good night! good night!
There are few in their caves shall sleep sounder than I,
Or care less what hour brings back the day light,
Unheeding, though even mortality's tread
Should mix with the reptiles to blacken our bed.

Hark!—the clock strikes the hour—adieu to thee, Time!
The dotard is ringing his drowsy fare well;
To-morrow the bells of Eternity chime,
To sooth each wan pilgrim asleep in his cell;
And soft as the musick of heaven shall glide
That chime to their spirits who lie side by side.

Thou art drooping, pale flower! then lean on my breast—
She sleeps—so the day of her trial is o'er;
Two travellers are sped to the chamber of rest,
To mingle their ashes, and part never more;
Right glad of the home which refuses no guest,
Though, of sad ones, least happy—of sinners, least blest.

[From the Connecticut Mirror.]

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

It is well known that naval officers as well as their seamen, appropriate Saturday night at sea, to the subject of their "domestic relations" over a glass of wine, or of grog, as the case may be. It may not be so notorious that their female friends drink salt water in celebration of this nautical vigil.

A mother stood by the pebbled shore,
In her hand she held a bowl—
"Now I'll drink a draught of the salted seas
That broadly to me roll!"
On them I have an only son,
Can he forget me quite?
O! if his week away has run
He'll think of me this night.
And may he never on the track
Of ocean in its foam
Fail to look gladly—kindly back
To those he left at home.
I pledge him in the ocean's brine,
Let him pledge me in ruddy wine."

A sister stood where the breakers fall
In thunders on the beach,
And out were stretched her eager arms,
For one she could not reach.
"I'll dip my hand, my foot, my lip,
Into the foaming white,
For sure as this sand the sea doth sip
He'll think of me this night.
And may he never, on the deck
Or on the giddy mast,
In gale or battle, storm or wreck,
Forget the happy past.
I pledge him in the ocean brine,
Let him pledge me in ruddy wine."

A wife went down to the water's brink,
And thither a goblet brought;
"Here will I drink and here I'll think
As once we two have thought.
We've romped by rock, and wood, and shore,
When moon and stars were bright,
And he, where'er the tempests roar,
Will think on me this night.
And may he ever, ever meet
With a friend as true and kind,
But not to night shall he forget
The wife he left behind.
I sip for him the ocean brine,
He'll quaff for me the ruddy wine."

A maid came down with a hasty foot—
"My lover is far at sea,
But I'll fill my cup, and I'll drink it up
To him who deserted me.
Nor mother, nor sister, nor wife am I,
His careless heart is light—
And he will neither weep nor sigh,
Nor think of me this night.
He will, as will! a sailor's heart

Is true as it is brave,
From home and love 'twill no more part
Than the keel will quit the wave.
I pledged thee, love, in ocean's brine,
Pledge gayly back in ruddy wine!"

[From "The Bijou," for 1828.]

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Verse; a breeze, mid blossoms straying
Where hope clings feeding like a bee,
Both were mine! Life went maying
With nature, hope, and poetry.

When I was young!
When I was young!—Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This house of clay not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er bill and dale and sounding sands,
How lightly then it flashed along;
Like those trim boats, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide;—
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; love is flowerlike;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that come down shower-like
Of beauty, truth, and liberty.

Ere I was old! Ah! woful ere,
Which tells me youth's no longer here!
O youth for years so merry and sweet,
Thy knows that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a false conceit,
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert eye a maker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone!
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This dragging gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes.
Life is but thought, so think I will
That youth and I are house-mates still.

LACONICS.

Were a man to deny himself the pleasure of walking, because he is restricted from the privilege of flying, and refuse his dinner, because it was not ushered in on a service of plate, should we not be more inclined to ridicule, than to pity him? and yet we are all of us more or less guilty of similar absurdities, the moment we deny ourselves pleasures that are present, and within our reach, either from a vain repining after those that must never return, or from as vain an aspiring after those that may never arrive.

He that sets out on the journey of life, with a profound knowledge of books, but a shallow knowledge of men, with much sense of others, but little of his own, will find himself as completely at a loss on occasions of common and of constant recurrence, as a Dutchman without his pipe, a Frenchman without his mistress, an Italian without his fiddle, or an Englishman without his umbrella.

He that shortens the road to knowledge, lengthens life; and we are all of us more indebted than we believe we are, to that class of writers whom Johnson termed "the pioneers of literature, doomed to clear away the dirt and the rubbish for those heroes who press on to honour and to victory, without deigning to bestow a single smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress."

It is lamentable that the intellectual light, which has so much more power than the solar, should have so much less rapidity; the sons of science mount to their meridian splendour, unobserved by the millions beneath them, who look through the misty medium of prejudice, of ignorance, and of pride. Unlike the sun in the firmament, it is not until they are set themselves, that they enlighten others.

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W. J. Ward
63 Pine St.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1827.

[No. 48.]

MASONIC RECORD.

*Semita certe,
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica viæ.* [Juv. Sat.]

ORATION.

Extracts from an Oration, pronounced before Clinton Lodge, and a number of chapters and lodges, assembled at Billerica, in the state of Massachusetts, on the 25th of June last, for the purpose of celebrating the nativity of St. John the Baptist.

BY REV. BR. PAUL DEAN.

The return of this day, the anniversary festival of St. John the Baptist, has ever been interesting to masons and christians throughout the world; but never more so than at this moment. It reminds us of the moral and intellectual wilderness which was aroused from the slumbers of darkness and superstition by the herald of light and truth, and was made to blossom beneath the effulgent beams of the sun of righteousness. It calls back the time when flocking multitudes pressed to the flowing waters of Jordan, to bathe in its cleansing stream, and to see and adore him whom the heavens there announced as the glorious Redeemer of suffering humanity. It also suggests to us the silent but rapid flight of time, which is carrying us all to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," and beneath whose noiseless march the empires of the earth are fast crumbling in undistinguished ruin.

Since our last anniversary, an important page in the book of Providence has been opened to us, and another chapter recorded in the history of masonry, and of the world. Garlands of joy have crowned many a wise and virtuous youth, and the weeds of lamentation and sorrow fallen over many a fair countenance. Some have advanced in the path of the just, which is brightening into perfect day—and others have forsaken the illuminated sphere of light for the shades of darkness and disgrace.

Some of the leading sentiments of the fraternity are the following, which, for their authority and happy influence on the hearts and conduct of mankind, are worthy of the high respect and the devout consideration of this assembly, and the world.

1. The being of a Supreme Architect, Ruler, and Guardian of the Universe; perfect in all his attributes, and worthy of the love and service of all intelligences—who rules by the right of having created and preserved, and by the power and the disposition to protect and bless forever those whom he governs. His all-seeing eye watches over us, and his all-bountiful hand ministers to the comfort and happiness of his vast creation. He is justly endeared to his creatures by his goodness; and inspires their confidence in his Providence by the equity and benignity of its administrations.

2. The unity and divine origin of man. Though dispersed over the globe, distinguished by colour, divided into tribes and nations, separated by laws, religion and habits; yet God hath made all of one blood, and given to each the same aversion to pain, the same desire for happiness, with the same right to avoid the one, and to acquire the other. Hence they are all God's family, and brothers to each other, having substantially mutual dependence, mutual wants, and mutual pleasures. Thus society as well as man is of divine origin, and its great duties of justice, benevolence, and temperance, are of universal obligation, founded in the common nature of man, and sanctioned by the will of God.

3. From this universal brotherhood of human nature, masons have always inferred that all men are bound to be helpers of each other's joys, and to practise universal charity in the relief of each other's sufferings and woes; and, therefore, that no difference of language, politics or religion, ought ever to be allowed to exclude one part of the hu-

man race from the sympathies and kind offices of the other. We admit that the formation of smaller associations within the greater, is conducive to human happiness—as nations in the world—states in a nation—districts and cities in a state—and families in a city—each being under special obligations to their own members or households. For similar reasons men may associate themselves for the worship of God, the propagation of truth, the cultivation of social virtue, and the diffusion of charity. But none of these can absolve them from the previous obligations of universal virtue;—and hence, the pride and selfishness that excludes, and the bigotry and superstition that anathematizes any part of the human race, are flagrant violations of the order and the laws of heaven; while the charity that beholds a brother in a foe, and welcomes the stranger and the child of adversity to the sympathy that feels, and the active benevolence that relieves misfortune, is both godlike and divine.

4. Masons totally disregard the selfish, proud, imaginary and hurtful distinctions of birth, wealth, and office, so much regarded among men and by the fashion of the world. At the threshold of our assembly the ruler and judge lay of their robes of office and mingle with their subjects—the priest and the Levite lay aside their sacerdotal distinctions—the Jew, the Pagan, and the Christian—the rich and the poor, the young man and the father of venerable age, all meet as on consecrated and equal ground, and hail each other as brothers. Here peace, and concord, and disinterested friendship, unite all hearts as by an holy enchantment. Here the listening ear, the diligent hand, the faithful tongue, the warm heart, and the sympathetic spirit, are honoured. Here order is perfect, and founded only on personal merit. Here nothing can degrade but sloth, ignorance, and vice. With us the true nobility of man is active virtue and intellectual worth: and such nobility we all strive to gain, by aiding each other, and by doing good to the world. Death will soon sweep to one common grave, crowns, and diadems, and mitres—robes of state, wreaths of honour, and every worldly distinction; but wisdom, and virtue, and goodness, will fit us to be kings and priests unto God—to walk with the King of kings in white, and amid the angels of heaven to wear immortal and deathless crowns of glory.

The objects of a society, founded on such principles as these, are readily seen, and need but be seen to be respected by every good man, and by all the friends of religion and humanity.

We associate, form lodges and chapters, and engage in the duties and studies of masonry for the purpose of directing our own vices, subduing our own passions to the dominion of truth and reason, and of expanding and improving our understandings by the acquisition of useful knowledge and sublime wisdom:—that we may check the selfish propensities of our nature, overcome the allurements of ambition, and inspire our hearts with the ennobling sentiments of divine benevolence; and thus to cherish and cultivate the social virtues, and extend the feelings of sympathy and kindness for our fellow travellers to eternity: that we may smooth the rugged path of life along a vale of tears and through this world of sorrow and grief, by deeds of charity and offices of kindness to the unfortunate and worthy poor, by gentle and friendly advice and counsel to the erring, and by attentive and soothing visits to the house of sickness and the prison of distress:—that we may provide for and relieve the cries of the desolate widow, and her suffering orphans: that we may give a staff to the aged, and furnish the young with a guide to usefulness and happiness,—offer the stranger a home, and the wounded the balm of healing,—wrest from the hand of the assassin his bloody knife,—from the savage his weapon of death, and snatch the despairing brother from the awful hands of the infuriate pirate:—and thus establish on earth the glorious empire of charity and happiness, and fit ourselves as living stones for the temple of God.

In pursuing this laudable object of our institution, we take the holy scriptures as our infallible guide, and lay the glory of masonry at the feet of revelation. Perhaps it may be asked by some, if revelation be superior to masonry, why do you not abandon masonry as useless? If it be so asked, let this be our answer: for reasons similar to those why God does not destroy the moon and stars, because the sun is greater and more useful than they are—and why we should not abandon domestic society because national is greater and more important. Whi any one question that the publick interest is to be regarded above the interest of any individual?—Surely not—but will you therefore wholly abandon the good of individuals?

It is not the object of Christianity to destroy the kingdoms of the world, or the institutions which were in existence previous to its revelation, (except those which are subversive of its influence,) but to perfect them; that they may all subserve the will and the glory of God.

We also regard the institution of civil society as of divine origin, and as having divine authority in all that relates to its preservation and prosperity, but not to suppress what does it no harm, and jeopardizes none of its interests. Masons are, therefore, from principle, peaceable and loyal subjects to the governments under which they may chance to live. But at the same time, they would not feel it to be their duty to abandon their ancient and peaceful society at the nod of any tyrant, temporal or spiritual.

Again, we deem the sexes to be equals, and consider woman to be formed and designed by the God of nature to be the companion of man, the partner of his joys and sorrows, the sharer and helper of his domestic happiness; but not the slave of his power, selfishness, or his lusts. To him she is the gift of heaven. He protects her person and her reputation, cherishes her virtue, and reciprocates her kindness. To her faithful care he commits his home, his reputation, his property, and the instruction and nurturing of his children for usefulness and happiness. To her he looks as to the friend that will remain when the world forsakes him—sympathize in his misfortunes, gently sooth his afflictions, render him numberless and kind attentions when cast on the bed of sickness, and with the vigilance of an angel, watch over his person, interest and happiness. His strength and fortitude will excite her confidence, his love make her cheerful and happy, and his labour and enterprise supply the good things of life, and satisfy her children with bread. While her intelligent conversation will cheer his heart and enlighten his mind, her company polish and refine his manners, and her virtue make his home the delightful abode of peace and joy.

Surely that which is thus friendly to religion, to the state, and to domestic felicity, and is founded on such sublime, pure and liberal principles, will never fail to have the favour of heaven, the prayers of saints, and the respectful regards of every friend to virtue and happiness.

For these reasons, we love masonry, and the brethren that cherish its principles and practise its virtues; and congratulate the faithful, the widow, the orphan, and the stranger, that it hath been handed down to us from the remotest antiquity, a sacred relic of its wisdom and benevolence; and that we have such reason to believe that it will continue to prosper and to shed its mild and radiant light on the pathway of man, till the earth shall be exchanged for heaven.

In this delineation of its principles, its objects, and its practices, I have had a sacred regard to truth—but yet I am sensible that the world can judge of their correctness, only by our conduct; and of the value of the institution, only by its fruits, as displayed in the lives of its members. Therefore, my brethren, may we so let our light shine before men that they shall see our good works, and be constrained to respect and bless the fraternity.

NEW-YORK.**MONTGOMERY COUNTY.**

Officers of *Constellation Lodge*, No. 103, elected at the annual communication in Mayfield, Montgomery county, December 5, 1827:—

Luke Woodworth, Master; Warren Adams, Senior Warden; Elisha Bentley, Junior Warden; Oliver Rice, Treasurer; Richard W. Wells, Secretary; Alinos Matthews, Master of Ceremonies; Jesse Hoyt, Tyler.

Regular communications Wednesday preceding full moon.

Officers of *Montgomery Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 45, elected at the annual communication in Broadalbin, Montgomery county, November 7, 1827:—

Collins O'ell, High Priest; Richard W. Wells, King; John Godfrey, Scribe; Oliver Rice, Treasurer; James S. Robertson, Secretary; William Haswell, Tyler.

Regular communications, first Thursdays in January, March, May, July, September and November.

SARATOGA COUNTY.

Officers of *Warren Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 23, elected at the annual communication in Ballston Spa, December 5, 1827:—

Lyman B. Langworthy, High Priest; Jonathan Edgcomb, King; Coddington W. Swan, Scribe; John Sackett Weed, Secretary; Thomas Palmer, Treasurer; John Sackett Weed, Captain of the Host; William Ford, Principal Sojourner; William C. Waterbury, Royal Arch Captain; A. R. Pattison, Willard Stratton, and Jerry Penfield, Masters of Vails; Stephen Tobey, Steward; George Lockwood, Tyler.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of the State of South Carolina*, unanimously re-elected at the annual communication in Charleston, December 14, 1827:—

Benjamin F. Hunt, Grand Master; R. W. Cogdell, Deputy Grand Master; G. B. Eckhard, Grand Senior Warden; James Eyland, Grand Junior Warden; Moses Holbrook, M. D. Grand Treasurer; Alexander M'Donald, Corresponding Grand Secretary; Edward Hughes, Recording Grand Secretary.

The installations took place on Thursday, the 27th December, inst.

DR. MAXEY'S MONUMENT.

The capstone of a monument erected to the memory of the late Dr. Maxey, was laid by Columbia Lodge, No. 39, in Columbia, South Carolina, on the 15th December, inst.

GEORGIA.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of the State of Georgia*, elected at the annual communication in Milledgeville, December 8, 1827:—

William Schley, of Louisville, Grand Master; Joseph W. Jackson, of Savannah, B. D. Thompson, of Augusta, and William Y. Hansell, of Milledgeville, Deputy Grand Masters; Thomas Stocks, of Greensborough, Grand Senior Warden; Irby Hudson, of Eatonton, Grand Junior Warden; Francis Ieter of Milledgeville, Grand Treasurer; Thomas F. Green, of Milledgeville, Grand Secretary; Rev. Thomas Darley, of Jefferson county, Grand Chaplain; Philip T. Schley, of Sandersville, Grand Marshal; Jacob Keister, of Milledgeville, Grand Senior Deacon; Nathaniel Barker, of Macon, Grand Junior Deacon; H. Darnell and J. T. Cushing, of Milledgeville, Grand Stewards; James Clark of Milledgeville, Grand Tyler.

DELAWARE.

A stated communication of the *Grand Lodge of the State of Delaware* will be held at Dover, on Monday evening, the 14th day of January, 1827, at seven o'clock. The subordinate lodges are requested to attend by their representatives.

WM. T. READ, G. Sec'y.

RHODE ISLAND.

Officers of *St. John's Encampment of Knights Templars*, in Providence, Rhode Island, elected December, 3, 1827:—

Asa Bosworth, Grand Commander; Henry Mar-

tin, Generalissimo; Jesse Clark, Captain General; Joseph Tompkins, Prelate; James Salisbury, Senior Warden; Pardon Clark, Junior Warden; Joseph S. Cooke, Treasurer; Christian M. Nestell, Recorder; Abner S. Tompkins, Warder; James Westcott, Standard Bearer; John R. Read, Sword Bearer; William P. Benson, Guard.

Officers of the *Royal Arch Chapter* in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, elected December 5, 1827:—

Abner S. Tompkins, High Priest; Lyman Claffin, King; William Field, Scribe; John Burbank, Captain of the Host; Alanson Thayer, Principal Sojourner; John B. Read, Royal Arch Captain; Arnold Peters, Rufus S. Gould and Israel A. Lee, Masters of Vails; James Barrows, Steward and Tyler.

Officers of *Union Lodge*, No. 10, in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, elected December 5, 1827:—

Thomas Lefavour, Master; Dwight Ingraham, Senior Warden; Daniel T. Carpenter, Junior Warden; Joseph W. Miller, Treasurer; James Hutchinson, Secretary; John A. Tompkins, Senior Deacon; Emory Taunt, Junior Deacon; James Barrows, Steward and Tyler.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

[From the American Journal of Science.]

Notice of the pressure of the Atmosphere, &c. within the cataract of Niagara, in a letter from Capt. BASIL HALL, Royal Navy, F. R. S.

TO PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

New-York, Oct. 29, 1827.

My dear Sir:—If you think the following notice of an experiment which I made at Niagara, early in July last, worthy of a place in your excellent Journal, it is much at your service.

You may remember, perhaps, that some time ago, it was suggested by Messrs. Babbage and Herschell, in a paper, I believe, upon barometrical measurements, that there was reason to suspect a change of elastic pressure might be found in the air near a water fall; and it occurred to me, when I was making preparation for the present journey, that a good opportunity, for bringing this subject to the test of experiment, might present itself at the Falls of Niagara. I accordingly provided myself with a mountain barometer, of great delicacy of workmanship, in some degree differently fitted up from the ordinary instruments of this description; and it may be worth while, to mention the particulars of its construction.

In the first place, as it is essential to the accuracy of barometrical measurements, that the tube be held in a vertical position, and as the instrument is often exposed, especially at the upper stations, to the action of high winds, it is of consequence to have some method of ensuring this position throughout the observations. Mr. Thomas Adie, instrument maker in Edinburgh, in conjunction with Mr. Jardine, the eminent civil engineer, devised a small fixed circular spirit level on the top of the instrument, the bubble of which is made to stand at the centre, when the tube is perfectly upright. In order to bring it to this position, four screws are necessary at the collar, near the centre of motion, by which not only the requisite adjustments are made, but the instrument can afterwards be firmly secured in its place. In other respects, it did not differ from the best mountain barometers, where both surfaces of the mercurial column are capable of being observed; and where, consequently, the observation being direct, no allowances or corrections are required.

Some days after reaching Niagara, I went behind the sheet of water, on the Canada side of the Falls, and although circumstances did not promise very favourably, I resolved to try what could be done with the barometer, in a place where no similar instrument had probably ever been set up.

I think you told me that you did not enter this singular cave on your late journey; which I regret much, because I have no hope of being able to describe it to you. In the whole course of my life, I never encountered any thing so formidable in appearance: and yet, I am half ashamed to say so, as I saw it performed by many other people, without

emotion; and it is daily accomplished by ladies, who think they have done nothing remarkable.

You are perhaps aware, that it is a standing topic of controversy, every summer, by the company at the great hotels, near the Falls, whether the air within the sheet of water is condensed or rarified; I had therefore a popular motive as well as a scientific one, in conducting this investigation. And the result, I hope, will prove satisfactory to the numerous persons who annually visit Niagara.

As a first step, I placed the barometer at the distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, from the extreme western end of the Fall, on a flat rock, as nearly as possible on a level with the top of the "talus" or bank of shingle, lying at the base of the over hanging cliff, from which the cataract descends. This station was about thirty perpendicular feet above the pool or basin into which the water falls. The mercury here stood at 29.68 inches. I then moved the instrument to another rock, within ten or twelve feet of the edge of the fall, where it was placed by means of a levelling instrument, exactly at the same height as in the first instance. It stood still at 29.68—and the only difference I could observe, was a slight continuous vibration of about two or three hundredths of an inch, at intervals of a few seconds.

So far all was plain sailing: for though I was soundly ducked by times, there was no particular difficulty in making these observations. But in the sheet of water, there is a violent wind, caused by the air carried down by the falling water, and this makes the case very different. Every stream of falling water, as you know, produces, more or less, a blast of this nature: but I had no conception that so great an effect could have been produced by this cause. I am really at a loss how to measure it—but I have no hesitation in saying, that it exceeds the most furious squall or gust of wind I have met with in any part of the world. The direction of the blast is generally slanting upwards, from the surface of the pool, and is chiefly directed against the face of the cliff, which being of a friable, shaly character, is gradually eaten away: so that the top of the precipice now overhangs the base thirty-five or forty feet; and in a short time I should think, the upper strata will prove too weak for the enormous load of water which they bear, when the whole cliff will tumble down. These vehement blasts are accompanied by floods of water, much more compact than the heaviest thunder shower; and as the light is not very great, the situation of the experimenter with a delicate barometer in his hand, is one of some difficulty. By the assistance of the guide, however, who proved a steady and useful assistant, I managed to set the instrument up, within a couple of feet of the "termination rock," as it is called, which is at the distance of one hundred and fifty-three feet from the side of the water fall, measured horizontally along the top of the bank of shingle.

This measurement, it is right to mention, was made a few days afterwards, by Mr. Ed. Deas Thompson, of London, the guide and myself, with a graduated tape.

While the guide held the instrument firmly down, which required nearly all his force, I contrived to adjust it, so that the spirit level on the top indicated that the tube was in the perpendicular position. It would have been utterly useless to have attempted any observation without this contrivance. I then secured all tight, unscrewed the bag, and allowed the mercury to subside: but it was many minutes before I could obtain even a tolerable reading, for the water flowed over my brows, like a thick veil, threatening to wash the whole affair, philosophers and all into the basin below. I managed however, after some minutes delay, to make a shelf or spout with my hand, which served to carry the water clear of that part of the instrument which I wished to look at, and also to leave my eyes comparatively free. I now satisfied myself by repeated trials, that the surface of the mercurial column, did not rise higher than 29.72. It was sometimes at 29.70, and may have vibrated two or three hundredths of an inch.

This station was about ten or twelve feet lower than the external ones, and therefore I should have expected a slight rise in the mercury; but I do not pretend to read or have the scale, to any great nicety; though I feel quite confident of having succeeded.

ed in ascertaining, that there was no sensible difference between the elasticity of the air at the station on the outside of the falls, and at that, one hundred and fifty-three feet within them.

I now put the instrument up, and having walked back towards the mouth of this wonderful cave, about thirty feet, tried the experiment again. The mercury stood now at 29.68 or at 29.70, as near as I could observe it. On coming again into the open air, I took the barometer to one of the first stations, but was much disappointed, though I cannot say surprised, to observe it full of air and water, and consequently, for the time, quite destroyed. My only surprise indeed was that under such circumstances, the air and water were not sooner forced in. But I have no doubt that the two experiments on the outside, as well as the two within the sheet of water, were made by the instrument, when it was in a correct state; though I do not deny, that it would have been more satisfactory to have verified this, by repeating the observations at the first stations.

On mentioning these results to the contending parties in the controversy, both sides asked me the same question. "How then, do you account for the difficulty of breathing, which all persons experience, who go behind the sheet of water?" To which I replied, "that if any one were exposed to the spouts of half a dozen fire engines, playing full in his face, at the distance of a few yards, his respiration could not be quite free; and for my part I conceived that this rough discipline would be equally comfortable in other respects, and not more embarrassing to the lungs, than the action of the blast and falling water, behind this amazing cataract.

I remain most sincerely your obedient servant.

BASIL HALL.

MINUTENESS OF ATOMS.

Gold beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold to leaves so thin, that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet those leaves are perfect, or without holes—so that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that, if formed into a book, 1,500 would occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick, would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked ordinary library of 1,500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight. The carrion crow smells its food many miles off. A burning taper, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth of a grain, would fill with light a sphere of four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silk worm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it, by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or four hundred miles. In the milt of a codfish, or in water in which certain vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules, of which many thousands together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand; and yet nature with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complex as those of the whale or elephant; and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter, there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of this globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the philosophic inquirer! Water, mercury, sulphur, or in general any substance, when sufficiently heated, rises as invisible vapour or gas; that is, it is reduced to the aeriform state. Great heat, therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breathe. Few have contemplated an annihilation of the world more complete than this. [English paper.

INDELIBLE WRITING.

As the art of man can unmake whatever the art of man can make, we have no right to expect an indelible ink; however a sort of approximation to it may be made as follows:—Let a saturated solution of indigo and madder in boiling water be made, in such proportions as give a purple tint; add to it from one-sixth to one-eighth of its weight of sulphuric acid, according to the thickness and strength of paper to be used; this makes an ink which flows pretty freely from the pen; and when writing, which has been executed with it, is exposed to a considerable but gradual heat from the fire, it becomes completely black, the letters being burnt in and charred by the action of the sulphuric acid. If the acid has not been used in sufficient quantity to destroy the texture of the paper, and reduce it to the state of tinder, the colours may be discharged by the oxymuriatic and oxalic acids and their compounds, though not without great difficulty. When the full proportion of acid has been employed, a little crumpling and rubbing of the paper reduces the carbonaceous matter of the letters to powder: but by putting a black ground behind them, they may be preserved, and thus a species of indelible writing is procured, (for the letters are, in a manner, stamped out of the paper) which might be useful for some purposes, perhaps for the signature of bank notes. [Quarterly Journal of Science &c.

PREPARATION OF BLACKING.

BY MR. BRACONNOT.

Take of plaster, ground and sifted, one kilogramme, (2 lbs. 4 oz.) lampblack 2 1-2 hectogrammes, (about 9 oz.) barley malt, as used by brewers, 5 hectogrammes, (18 oz.) olive oil 50 grammes, (1 oz.)

Steep the malt in water almost boiling hot, until the soluble portions are well extracted; put the solution into a basin, stir into it the plaster and lampblack, and evaporate to the consistency of paste; then add the oil, the quantity of which may be increased by degrees. To the mixture may be added, if desired, a few drops of oil of lemons or of lavender, as a perfume. If ground plaster be not attainable, its place may be supplied with potter's clay.

This is undoubtedly the cheapest and finest blacking; it spreads evenly, dries and shines quickly on the leather by a slight friction of the brush, and has not the objection of burning the leather.

[Bul. D'Encour. Mars, 1825.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Sir Christopher Wren was one of the greatest philosophers and mathematicians, as well as one of the most learned and eminent architects, of his age. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Wren, Dean of Windsor, and was born at Knoyle, in Wiltshire, in 1632. He studied at Wadham college, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1653, and was chosen Fellow of All Souls' College there. Soon after he became one of that ingenious and learned society, who then met at Oxford, for the improvement of natural and experimental philosophy, and which at length produced the Royal Society.

When very young, he discovered a very surprising genius for the mathematics; in which science he made great advances before he was sixteen years of age. In 1657 he was made Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College, London; and his lectures, which were much frequented, tended greatly to the promotion of real knowledge. He proposed several methods by which to account for the shadow's returning backward ten degrees on the dial of King Abaz, by the laws of nature. One subject of his lectures was upon telescopes, to the improvement of which he had greatly contributed; another was on certain properties of the air, and the barometer. In the year 1658 he read a description of the body and different phases of the planet Saturn; which subject he proposed to investigate, while his colleague, Mr. Rooke, then professor of geometry, was carrying on his observations upon the satellites of Jupiter. The same year he com-

municated some demonstrations concerning cycloids to Dr. Wallis, which were afterwards published by the Doctor at the end of his treatise upon that subject. About that time also he resolved the problem proposed by Pascal, under the feigned name of John de Montford, to all the English mathematicians; and returned another to the mathematicians in France, formerly proposed by Kepler, and then resolved likewise by himself, to which they never gave any solution. In 1660 he invented a method for the construction of solar eclipses; and in the latter part of the same year he, with ten other gentlemen, formed themselves into a society, to meet weekly, for the improvement of natural and experimental philosophy; being the foundation of the Royal Society. In the beginning of 1661 he was chosen Civilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, in the room of Dr. Seth Ward; where he was the same year created Doctor of Laws.

Among his other accomplishments, Dr. Wren had gained so considerable a skill in architecture, that he was sent for the same year from Oxford, by order of King Charles the Second, to assist Sir John Denham, surveyor-general of the works. In 1663 he was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society, being one of those who were first appointed by the council after the grant of their charter. Not long after, it being expected that the King would make the Society a visit, the Lord Brouncker, then president, by a letter, requested the advice of Dr. Wren, concerning the experiments which might be most proper on that occasion. To whom the Doctor recommended principally the Torricellian experiment, and the weather needle, as being not mere amusements, but useful, and also neat in their operation.

In 1665 he travelled into France, to examine the most beautiful edifices and curious mechanical works there, when he made many useful observations. Upon his return home, he was appointed architect, and one of the commissioners for repairing St. Paul's cathedral. Within a few days after the fire of London, 1666, he drew a plan for a new city, and presented it to the King; but it was not approved by the parliament. In this model the chief streets were to cross each other at right angles, with lesser streets between them; the churches, public buildings, &c. so disposed, as not to interfere with the streets, and four piazzas placed at proper distances. Upon the death of Sir John Denham, in 1668, he succeeded him in the office of surveyor-general of the king's works; and from this time he had the direction of a great many public edifices, by which he acquired the highest reputation. He built the magnificent theatre at Oxford, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Monument, the modern part of Hampton Court, Chelsea College, one of the wings of Greenwich Hospital, the churches of St. Stephen Walbrook, and St. Mary-le-Bow, with upwards of sixty other churches and public works, which that dreadful fire made necessary. In the management of which business he was assisted in the measurements, and laying out of private property, by the ingenious Dr. Robert Hook. The variety of business in which he was by this means engaged, requiring his constant attendance and concern, he resigned his Savilian Professorship at Oxford in 1673; and the year following he received from the king the honour of knighthood. He was one of the commissioners who, on the motion of Sir Jonas Moore, surveyor-general of the ordnance, had been appointed to find out a proper place for erecting an observatory; and he proposed Greenwich, which was approved of: the foundation stone of which was laid the 10th of August 1675, and the building was afterwards finished, under the direction of Sir Jonas, with the advice and assistance of Sir Christopher.

In 1680 he was chosen president of the Royal Society; afterwards appointed architect and commissioner of Chelsea College; and in 1684, principal officer or comptroller of the works in Windsor Castle. Sir Christopher sat twice in Parliament, as a representative of two different boroughs. While he continued surveyor-general, his residence was in Scotland-yard; but after his removal from that office, in 1718, he lived in St. James' street, Westminster. He died the 25th of February, 1723, at 91 years of age; and he was interred with great solemnity in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the vault under the south wing of the choir, near the east end

POPULAR TALES.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

(Concluded from page 373.)

It is impossible to say how long he might have remained in the state of stupor into which these afflicting discoveries had plunged him, but for the return of the gardener. This cunning rogue, as soon as he was extricated from the grasp of the metamorphosed monarch, picked himself slyly up, and with drew gently until out of his reach, when he set off in a full run to fetch the guard. He told them, as well as his fright and the state of his lungs would permit, how he had caught a vagabond tearing down the king's roses, who had answered his remonstrances by threatening to murder him. The guard arrived, and, without ceremony seizing the mighty monarch, by dint of hauling and kicking his sacred, but changed person, soon dragged him to the gate, out of which they pushed him. He raved, swore he was their sovereign, and threatened them with death by unheard of lingering tortures, for which they first repaid him with blows, but at which they afterwards laughed. The king's rage continued, and it was increased by perceiving that, in spite of all his exertions, he continued to utter his manacles and reproaches in the most vulgar dialect of China.

At length when he had nearly exhausted himself, and the joke began to seem somewhat too long for the guards, a porter came up, who cried out, "Well met, Fong! thy wife has been seeking thee; and as thou didst not come home to thy morning's meal, she has prepared a breakfast of bamboo for thee."

The king stared, but said nothing; he could not believe that the threat of a wife and bamboo had any relation to him.

"Who is this fellow?" cried one of the guards to the porter.

"Don't you know poor Fong?" was the reply: "he is a silly fellow, who has got a shrew for a wife, as his sore bones and empty belly often testify; eh, Fong?"

Poor King Fong made no reply, but, with a mind distracted between grief and amazement, he turned away, amidst the shouts of the soldiery. As he wandered slowly away he observed a little bustling woman before him, who was nearly as broad as she was long, clad in the coarsest garments; and her sleeve, being tucked up to the shoulder, exposed her muscular arm, which was, in point of dimension, much more like a man's thigh than any thing else. At the end of it her ox-fist clutched a piece of bamboo, the sight of which filled the late king with an anxiety almost amounting to terror, for which he could not account. A sudden turn of the street brought them opposite to each other: no sooner did the little woman behold him than her small red eyes twinkled with new fires.

"Idle dog!" cried she, "there you are, eh?" accompanying each monosyllable with a stroke of her baton, as an orator beats the table for the purpose of giving effect to his eloquence.

Fong, who had not been long enough married to endure such discipline, seized her arm, and endeavoured to wrest the stick from her; but he might as well have endeavoured to overthrow a bull: the double-jointed queen set her knee against his leg, and, giving him at the same time an adroit twist, laid him upon his back; she then knelt upon the pit of his stomach, and, having, as it must be allowed, somewhat the best of the fight, she continued the beating, which his intractability had interrupted, occasionally ceasing her blows, and applying her rhetoric.

The lady was gifted with uncommon volubility, and rated him soundly for deserting his family and killing away his time. When she had talked to a certain pitch she cried; then fell to beating him; and then rated him again; ending every reproach, and enforcing every blow, with "And then to fly into a passion! that's the worst, and what you know I hate. How often have I told you, Fong, that I hate people who are passionate? How many scrapes has it already led you into! It may be the cause of your death some day, and then what is to become of me and your poor children?" And here she wept again; but in a few minutes, resuming the bamboo exercise, she added, "But I'll cure you of your passionate tricks, or I'll know the reason on't."

At length, tired with her eloquence and exertion, she raised herself from poor Fong's chest, upon which she had been sitting like a night-mare, and assisted him to rise. He was so much exhausted with the discipline he had undergone, and the change to which he found himself subjected, that he was incapable of resistance, and was led by his little new wife to a small hovel in the neighbourhood, where he found five ragged children, who honoured him with the tender appellation of father. His wife who seemed to relax somewhat of her severity, set before him food of the coarsest kind, which she invited him to eat, hinting at the same time, according to the custom of some wives, that it was much more than he deserved. He fell to, for the events of the morning had not deprived him of appetite; and, having finished, his wife pointed to a load which stood before the door, and bade him carry it to the house of a certain merchant, at the other end of the city. He demurred; indeed he swore he would not carry it, his courage returning now that his hunger was appeased; when his wife, holding up the bamboo, said, "What you're going to be in a passion again, are you?" Fong took the hint and the burden, and carried the latter whither he was bid.

He soon discovered that his new trade was that of a porter; and as his food, and the treatment he met with from his strong armed wife, depended upon his diligence, he continued to labour in this vocation until he was absolutely used to it. It would be tedious to relate all the passionate airs he gave himself, and all the beatings his wife gave him in recompense for them. He found, however, that she was industrious and affectionate, and he became by degrees fond of her too. "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," and as poor Fong was no longer powerful, and in point of beauty was even inferior to his little wife, he embraced her and his fate with as good a grace as he could, and, in the course of two years, found his family, instead of five consisted of seven children. He continued his labours, and discovered that hard work and hard fare had altered the fiery nature of his constitution so much, that even his wife's remonstrances had become less frequent, and his acquaintance with the bamboo was now merely a distant one.

It has been said truly enough by a Chinese philosopher, and the saying has been adopted by the sages of other polite nations, "that there is no state so humble as not to have its grievances, anxieties, and difficulties, equal in number and in weight to those which burden the highest condition of society." It is the lot of humanity; and the porter Fong was not exempt from it any more than the potent Xo Fi had been. Fong was delighted as a father must be at the increase of his family; but he was as miserable too as a father must be when he made the discovery that his utmost exertions could not provide them with bread.

Children are naturally noisy; and, when there is nothing to stop their mouths with, the noise becomes reasonable enough on their parts, but infinitely vexatious to those who are obliged to hear them; and Fong was exactly in this latter predicament.

He had one day been employed in carrying a load to some distance from the city, and was returning home, his mind filled with anxious thoughts, and his body almost worn out with fatigue, when he felt that some repose was absolutely necessary; and he was devoured too by a burning thirst.

On his road he passed a small pleasure-garden, and looking through a latticed door, he saw a fountain throwing up its sparkling waters beneath the cool shade of a luxuriant tree. As nobody appeared at hand, he entered without ceremony, and, having quenched his thirst in the refreshing stream, he lay down in a thicket, when he soon fell into a deep slumber.

He was awaked after some time by a slight noise, which, upon raising his head, he found was occasioned by the passage near him of a person who was borne in a sedan by two slaves. They put him down near the place of Fong's retreat, which was so completely a concealment, that the position in which he lay prevented him from being seen. He however, recognized, in the person borne, the devotee who sat upon nails, and who, when he had been a king, pretended to decipher the characters which had been the cause of all his misfortunes.

The slaves having retired, the devotee very coolly

got up from his nailed seat, and proceeded to undress for the purpose of bathing; but in doing this he discovered the whole secret of his sanctity, for Fong perceived that the thin linen drawers in which he was clad were lined with a piece of buffalo's hide, which so firmly resisted the effect of the nails, that he sat as much unhurt as if he had been upon a bed of roses. The rogue, after bathing, dressed himself in a splendid robe, which he produced from his chair; and having taken from the same place a considerable sum of money, raised from the offerings of the pious in the course of the day, he spread it upon the ground, and sat down to count it.

A troop of young girls were, now seen, hastening down a walk of the garden in a dance, the measure of which they marked by a song. They saluted the pious anchorite with all the blandishments of mercenary affection; and Fong soon discovered that they composed the harem of this hypocrite, who retired hither to solace himself after the fatigues of his feigned mortification. He pursued the dance of his female companions with as much alacrity as they, and was soon lost sight of in the flowery thickets of the garden; while Fong, who feared that some unlucky bastinado might be in store for him, if he were discovered, crawled from his hiding-place, and, gaining the gate, pursued his road towards the city.

As he wandered along, reflecting upon the hypocrisy of the rogue he had left behind, he could not avoid contrasting his own present with his former condition.

"And if I had been still a monarch," he said, and smiled, "I should, upon the discovery of this imposture, have indulged in a fit of passion, and ordered his head off; but I thank the gods that, in all my misfortunes, I have at least subdued that weakness—I am no longer a passionate man."

As he uttered this soliloquy he looked up, and beheld the old woman who had sold him the sleeping fair.

"Another old acquaintance!" said he.

The witch, courtseying before him, presented him with the identical treasurer's staff of office upon which she had flown away from him, and said "will it please you to ride?"

"Oh, yes," replied Fong, smiling; and, taking the staff from her hand, he strode across it. No sooner had he spoken than he felt himself ascending; and after sailing in the air for a short space, the staff made a descent towards the palace, where it entered an open window of the state chamber, and deposited Fong upon the regal couch. To his utter amazement, he found too, that his person had during this flight undergone another change, and that he was now restored to his pristine condition of royalty. His attendants entering, he learned that he had lain in a trance for three days; and, shortly after, the bonze, prostrating himself before the throne, implored his pardon for the delusion he had practised upon him by means of a dream.

"Then we have no wife?" cried the monarch.

"None," replied the bonze.

"And are we a king again?"

"As you have ever been," continued the philosopher; "but fearing that you impetuosity would cause some formidable evil, I have taken this means of discharging the duty I vowed to your deceased father, and of teaching your majesty a lesson which I hope you will never forget."

"By the bamboo of my late little wife, I never will!" replied the monarch.

He then gave orders that a solemn festival should be proclaimed, at which every house and every garden should be illuminated with coloured lamps and lanterns, in commemoration of these strange events, and in some degree emblematical of his own illuminated pavilion in the gardens of the palace.

The bonze presented the king with a real slave, of beauty equal to hers of whom he had dreamed, and no foul witch interfered to mar his happiness. He sought out the dervise, and, having ascertained that part of the dream which related to this impostor to be correct, he only punished him by confiscating his harem and pleasure gardens, and taking away his buffalo-skin, which latter pointed mark of his displeasure he thought sufficient.

The remainder of the reign of Xo Fi was prosperous, and extended to an uncommon length, equally honourable to himself and beneficial to his people.

Annually, on the return of the day on which he awoke from his trance, he had the festival which he had ordered on that occasion repeated. The memory of it did not die with him, but it has been perpetuated during the last nine thousand six hundred and one years, and will probably be continued as long as the world exists. Such was the origin of "The Feast of Lanterns."

MISCELLANY.

LIFE OF FOURPENCE HALFPENNY.

[From the Connecticut Mirror.]

I had lain dormant in the bowels of the earth, for I forgot how many years, when by great labour and at pains for which I could not then account, I was brought to the light of the sun to mingle in the life that men lead above ground. My first trial was that of a martyr in a fiery furnace, but I came out bright, and I was rewarded by having impressed upon me the image of the king my master. I bore his arms, and went forth a fipenny bit. My first journey was to Spain, where I was lodged in the Royal Treasury with many of my former acquaintances, some of whom from their yellow complexions, though bearing the same image and superscription, seemed much greater favourites than myself. From the Treasury I was soon sent on my travels, and though habitually silent I gained a knowledge of the modern languages so as to understand them when spoken. I had a good memory and was very observing for a lad of my size, improving my constant opportunities to note the manners and feelings of many individuals with all of whom I met a kind reception, the more so with some than with others. It would be more tedious than interesting to tell my travels by sea and land, in armies and navies, sailing in packets and rattling in stages, and passing from hand to hand, sometimes with the rapidity of a fire-bucket, till I had completed the tour of Europe, gone through all the West India Islands so as almost to number the inhabitants, black white and grey, till after driving many a bargain, I found myself in the United States, which rejoiced my heart, as I always understood it was a land of liberty. Here the mark of monarchy which I was doomed to wear was nobly disregarded, and though the prodigal and thoughtless put me soon off, there were some more staid and considerate persons with whom I took up my abode so long as to become acquainted with their inmost thoughts. I have been lodged in silk, leather, steel, gourd shells, old stockings, broken teapots, tin canisters, and tobacco boxes. Of these, the most tenacious depository was the leather purse, and the shortest confinement was in the tobacco box.

I have often been ashamed of the use to which I have been put, and sometimes blushed at the lies of my master when he refused to put me to a good one, and lied to avoid some small charity, charging the mendicant at the same time with drunkenness or idleness though he knew nothing about it, and so committing about three sins to their one, even if the charge was true.

I have sometimes been stolen, and have known more than one person get decently drunk at my expense, (intoxicated I think you call it) though it was without my consent and to the prejudice of my character. Yet the law gave me no redress.

I have sometimes known my master when some one was in a hurry for change, pull out a dirty, worn-out, paper-rag, called a doubtful bill, a swindling, false token knave, with whom I always hated to associate, though he pretended to be worth a score of such as I, and claim that he had nothing else, and often have I been carefully separated from my brethren of a higher denomination, and set apart to some work of benevolence, so that I believe I have been devoted to pious uses oftener than any other coin known in arithmetick.

Speaking of bank bills—I have been often in the places where they made them; Ah! how unlike the Royal treasury! and have been left over night almost as much afraid as a small child is to go to bed alone in the dark.

I cannot better conclude this short account of myself than in the fashionable form of a statistical statement. I have been passed during the last ten

years, on an average, four times a day, equal to 26 cents a day, or \$91 a year, for I never skipped Sunday that I remember, which makes \$910 in ten years, to which add the interest, which belongs to me as regularly as a tail to a comet, and it amounts, when compounded, to about \$1700 by Rowlett's tables, which I have had some chance to study. I have been used in conjunction with others, so that my proportion of purchases would be fifty cords of wood, 39 bls. flour, 1200 glasses of grog, 75 papers of tobacco, 5 bladders of snuff. I have feed ten lawyers, 15 doctors, two settled ministers, and one missionary; heard 150 sermons, paid for 200 letters, been twenty times put into the contribution box, and three times actually given in charity to the poor. I have lately been hammered out with a view to passing me for a ninepence, so that the image of the king my master, and his royal arms are effaced, and I fraternize with half pistareens and the smaller coins of this happy republic. I am now on my way to one of the banks in Boston, where I think it doubtful if you ever hear from me again.

HAMILTON ROWAN.

[From Barrington's Sketches.]

A romantick spirit seemed to fill the country. On the eve of great convulsions, the moral atmosphere becomes rarefied as it were; personal sacrifices more common, and wild tenets more practically supported. An admirable specimen of Quixotism is given, in the person of the celebrated Mr. Hamilton Rowan. A young woman, Mary Neil, had been treated with violence by some unknown person; her cause was warmly taken up by some and by others her veracity was suspected. Mr. Rowan, a gentleman of rank and fortune, felt so deeply interested in her reputation, that he vowed vengeance against all her calumniators. One of the steps which he took to this end, is exceedingly well described in the following history of a visit he paid to a society of young barristers, of which Sir Jonah was a member.

"At this time about twenty young barristers, including myself, had formed a dinner club in Dublin: we had taken large apartments for the purpose; and, as we were not yet troubled with too much business, were in the habit of faring luxuriously every day, and taking a bottle of the best claret which could be obtained.

"There never existed a more cheerful, nor half so cheap a dinner club. One day, whilst dining with our usual hilarity, the servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be admitted for a moment. We considered it to be some brother barrister who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shown up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself! a man, who might have served as a model for a Hercules, his gigantick limbs conveying the idea of almost supernatural strength: his shoulders, arms, and broad chest, were the very emblems of muscular energy; and his flat, rough countenance, over shadowed by enormous dark eyebrows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigour and fortitude, completed one of the finest, yet most formidable figures I had ever beheld. He was very well dressed: close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach:—as he entered indeed, he alternately looked at us, and then up at his master, as if only awaiting the orders of the latter to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his great wrist: he had also a long small sword by his side.

"This apparition walked deliberately up to the table: and having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he looked round on all the company with an aspect if not stern, yet ill calculated to set our minds at ease either as to his or his dog's ulterior intentions.

"Gentlemen! at length he said, in a tone and with an air at once so mild and courteous, nay so polished, as fairly to give the lie, as it were, to his gigantick and threatening figure: 'Gentlemen! I have heard with great regret that some member of

this club has been so indiscreet as to calumniate the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own: if any present hath done so I doubt not he will now have the candour and courage to avow it. Who avows it? The dog looked up at him again; he returned the glance, but contented himself for the present, with patting the animal's head, and was silent: so were we.

"The extreme surprise indeed with which our party was seized, bordering almost on consternation, rendered all consultation as to a reply out of the question; and never did I see the old axiom that 'what is every body's business is nobody's business,' more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered each to his neighbour, and I perceived one or two steal a fruit knife under the table cloth, in case of extremities; but no one made any reply. We were eighteen in number; and as neither would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant's single query; and I fancy some of us could not have replied to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

"He repeated his demand (elevating his tone each time) thrice: 'Does any gentleman avow it?' A faint buzz now circulated round the room, but there was no answer whatsoever. Communication was cut off, and there was a dead silence: at length our visitor said, with a loud voice, that he must suppose if any gentleman had made any observations or assertions against Mary Neil's character, he would have the courage and spirit to avow it: therefore, continued he, 'I shall take it for granted that my information was erroneous; and in that point of view, I regret having alarmed your society.' And, without another word, he bowed three times very low, and retired backwards towards the door, (his dog also backing out with equal politeness) where, with a salute doubly ceremonious, Mr. Rowan ended this extraordinary interview. On the first of his departing bows, by a simultaneous impulse, we all rose and returned his salute, almost touching the table with our noses, but still in profound silence; which booing on both sides, was repeated, as I have said, till he was fairly out of the room. Three or four of the company then ran hastily to the window, to be sure that he and the dog were clear off into the street; and no sooner had this satisfactory denouement been ascertained than a general roar of laughter ensued, and we talked it over in a hundred different ways; the whole of our arguments, however, turned upon the question, 'which had behaved the politest upon the occasion?' but not one was uttered as to which had behaved the stoutest."

Mr. Rowan was soon after tried and convicted of circulating a factious paper;—while in prison, charges of a heavier nature, and of a political kind came out against him; and as is well known, he made his escape, and at length arrived in France.

EQUITY.

[From Selden's Table-Talk.]

1. Equity in law is the same that the spirit is in religion, what every one pleases to make it; sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, sometimes according to the rule of court. 2. Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure—know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him who is chancellor, and, as this is larger and narrower, so is equity. It is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call foot, a chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot; it is the same thing in the chancellor's conscience. 3. That saying, "Do as you would be done to," is often misunderstood; for it is not thus meant: that I, a private man, should do to you a private man, as I would have you to do to me, but do as we have agreed to do to one another by publick agreement. If the prisoner should ask the judge, whether he would be contented to be hanged were he in his case, he would answer, No—"Then," says the prisoner, "do as you would be done to." Neither of them must do as private men, but the judge must do by him as they have publickly agreed—that is, both judge and prisoner have consented to a law, that if either of them steal they shall be hanged.

A GREEK FUNERAL.

[From the Christian Observer for Sept. 1827.]

A recent traveller gives the following account of a Greek funeral:—"A low bier, standing near the centre of the church floor, bore the corpse, the remains of a female. On her head was a white turban, in which was gracefully entwined a large braid of hair. She was dressed in a long light brown silk mantle, with edges trimmed with sable. Her head was resting on a pillow of yellow silk, beautifully figured with gold, and a small coverlet of the same was spread over the lower part of the body, and hung down from the foot of the bier. She seemed like a person who had thrown herself on a couch, to rest from the fatigues of a journey. No coffin, no shroud, none of the wonted habiliments of the dead were seen. On each side of the bier stood large waxen candles, and around were standing hundreds of friends, each bearing a lighted taper in his hand. Half an hour or more, the priests alternately chaunted and recited the funeral service, and at short intervals numbers recited a sacred song. The Scriptures were opened, and from the ancient Greek was read, *the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth.* An aged priest, with a long hoary beard, standing by the side of the dead, in their own native dialect, then addressed the people. He stood there, he said, to speak for her who could no longer speak for herself, and for her to forgive any, who might ever in any way have injured her. If she had herself injured any, he hoped that they would freely forgive her. The assembly with united voice, responded, "we forgive, and may she also be forgiven of her God," crossed themselves and bowed. The crowd then parted, and the relatives themselves drew near. The eye of the husband was now, for the last time, fixed on the object of his affections. Thrice he crossed himself, then bowed and kissed the cheek now cold in death; and so feeling, so affectionate was this last farewell, that no one could pronounce it a ceremony merely. The deceased was then borne to the depository of the dead, and, when laid in the tomb, the priest poured oil on her head, repeating from one of the Psalms of David, *the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness; the world, and they that dwell therein.*"

NAVARIN.

The harbour of Navarin lies at the south west corner of the Morea. It is of a roundish form, with an island lying across the mouth of it. The entrance is by the south end of the island, where the passage is 600 yards wide; the north entrance is too shallow for large vessels. The island is two miles long and a quarter of a mile broad. The basin is six miles in circumference. The port of Navarin is the ancient harbour of Pylus. In the seventh year of the Peloponnesian war, Demosthenes, the Athenian general, seized and fortified Pylus. A Spartan army immediately besieged him there, and part of them passed over to the island, then called Sphacteria, for the purpose of completely blockading him, while the fleet watched the entrances of the harbour. An Athenian fleet, at last, entering the harbour, by both mouths, attacked the Spartan fleet lying within and destroyed the whole of it. The Spartans on the island, being cut off from all assistance, surrendered prisoners at discretion, to the Athenians. The late battle was fought on the anniversary of the great battle of Salamis, wherein the Greeks defeated the Persian fleet on the 20th of October, 480, B. C. 2306 years ago. May we indulge the hope that this battle is an omen of an equally happy and glorious deliverance for Greece?

HOME.

Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experiences of one individual. The place consecrated by parental love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, by the first acquaintance with nature, by the linkings of the heart to the visible creation is the only home. There is a living and breathing spirit infused into nature, every familiar object has a history; the trees have tongues, and the very air is vocal. There the vesture of decay does not close in and control the noble functions of the soul. It sees and hears, and enjoys without the ministry of gross material substance.

The morning star, its rays not yet dimmed in the light of day, shed a soft trembling beam on its summit. This beautiful star alone in the heavens, when all other lights were quenched, spoke to the superstition or rather imaginative spirit of Magawisca, "Star of promise" she thought, "thou dost still linger with us, when day is vanished, and now thou art alone to proclaim the evening sun—then thou dost send in upon my soul a ray of hope, and though it be but as the spider's slender pathway, it shall sustain my courage." [Hope Leslie.]

MUSIC AND ANIMALS.

Bonaventure d'Argonne says, "Doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sounds of instruments, and that beasts are touched with it, I one day, being in the country, endeavoured to determine the point; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected; and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time; the horse stopped short from time to time before the window, lifting his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward: some birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping on a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in bearing the trump marine."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1827.

Such of our subscribers as do not give us an early notice of their intention to discontinue the Record at the end of the present volume, will be considered as wishing a continuance of the same, and the next volume will be sent accordingly. Such as are still in arrears, are informed that we have not yet got hold of the "horn of plenty."

We solicit our masonic correspondents to furnish us with the result of the several elections in their respective masonic bodies, throughout the Union and the Canadas. Secretaries of Chapters and Lodges, and postmasters, will oblige us by endeavouring to extend the circulation of the Record, and forwarding the names of such patrons as may offer.

On Tuesday next, being the first day of the legislative year, the Senate and Assembly of this state will meet, and proceed to organize as soon as a quorum of members are convened.

"The dying year! How are those few words fraught
With images of faded loveliness!
How doth it fill with dreams of saddened thought,
The heart that sighs for all that once could bless!
It falls with mournful sound upon the ear,
The knell of something we have long held dear."

JANTHE.

To muse upon the departure of time, and bring back to our heart the sensations that it has known, whether of pleasure or pain, is perhaps a more unwelcome task to the unaccustomed ruminator, than even a dread of the future. There is more sadness in the retrospective channel, our thoughts must go, than in the future, for they are denied the support of that angel of the world, Hope, which never moves behind us, while she is forever studding the blue of future skies with stars of immortal light. This is the reason why the lover of pathetick fancy is so fond of sighing over the whole sphere of retropection; he finds that painful interest in every page of his memory which is life to his gloomy tem-

perament, but would be death to the giddy and thoughtless one, whose mental sight, if it ever passes beyond the horizon of to-day, revels on the pictured pleasures of the future, and shuns a thought of the past as he would a haunted castle at midnight.

Every thing that memory brings on her chequered page has a melancholy, and at the same time an inspiring influence. The sorrow which has whilome weighed down the sensitive heart, leaves a portion of its heaviness even on the remembrance. It was bitter; and though its bitterness has followed it in its flight from time, a feeling is left, which, if it is not sorrow, has so near an alliance to it, as to find no room in any heart, but that to which affliction has made for melancholy an undivided and welcome seat. If sorrow, when long past, and dethroned, comes back upon the heart with a power to damp the memory with tears, how much more so must the affections bend under the remembrance of faded joys; the estrangement of happy friendships; the blight of youthful hopes, and all the bright pages which the volume of Memory presents.

We now stand upon the line that separates the years, the future from the past. In such a situation we cannot but feel a yearning over the past, which would be insupportable, were it not for the fictitious contrast which hope conjures up among the untried glories of the future. We are forcibly led to compare our lot with our position in the scale of time. The hopes of the year before us are contingent on a thousand premises, and all liable to be proved false. That which we are about leaving is forever gone with all it brought us, whether of grief or gladness. How wonderfully small and indivisible is that point of time termed the *present!* never does it seem so diminutive as now, when placed upon the summit of its height, and looking alternately into the twilight gathering valley of the past, and the totally dark one of the future; its breadth were considerable were it but a hair!

The hilarity of a holyday, the festive hour of the natal morning of a year,

"To glory and gladness
New bliss may impart;
But oh! give to sadness
And softness of heart

A moment to ponder, a season to grieve,—
The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve.

Gayety hails the new; but the pure spirit of sympathetick thought will enjoy more deeply the last hour of the dying year. It will love to count over the brightness of objects which it knows have been, rather than reach forward for those, of which deceiving and fickle hope is the only guaranty that they ever will be. The year to come must awake our hopes; that which is gone, our tenderest regrets. When the reign of frost, which always ushers in the young years, had passed away like the first insensible lethargy of the swaddled infant, Spring opened upon the year a scene, as brilliant, and as full of blossoms, as the glad hours of childhood. Spring, and childhood have both passed away; spring has vanished, to bloom again; but childhood with its light heart, and its flowery path, is never more to gladden the soul which it has for a moment left. Summer then came on, fiery and lavish of its light and warmth, as the generous passion-wrought spirit of ripening youth. Summer, with its golden glories, and its ardent strength, has passed; but its reign will again be acknowledged

"Where the breezes play by stealth
Through the forest-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of health;"—

but when the summer of youth has given up its seat

to the chilling apathy, and passionless indifference that succeed it, no revolution of the varying seasons shall ever bring its hallowed gladness again to the soul. Autumn, sober, manly autumn, too, has passed with the ripened abundance its predecessors have gathered, like the full mind of manhood, in which are treasured the stores of industrious youth. Autumn too, shall revisit the fertile fields, and hang her clusters on the same vines; but when the winter of withering age begins to beat on the scenes of vernal gladness, of brumal warmth, and of autumnal profusion in the soul, the round of its seasons are closed forever. Never again shall the spring of childhood, the summer of youth, or the autumn of manhood succeed to the blackness of the winter of life; and here must the parallel end. The year but yields its station in the chain of ages, to another in every feature like itself. Not so the season of life. Beyond the bounds of life's dying year, there is no succession of the gladness of spring, the ardent glow of summer, or the solemn festivity of autumn, but all their glories are blended and drawn out, into ONE ETERNAL YEAR.

Farewell! fleeting seasons,—and as we now stand and look back upon your beauteous scenes, with no other pang than the melancholy but sweet reflection, that we shall see you no more, so may no bitter regrets, or cruel bodings hang upon our souls, when we thus stand and contemplate the DYING YEAR OF LIFE.

NEWS & TABLE-TALK

A mode has been discovered in France, it is said, of fabricating paper solely from the liquorice plant, of a whiteness superior to that generally made—it is cheap, and size is not required in its manufacture.—At Banbury, England, a solemn festival was held on the 15th of October, to celebrate the deliverance of the inhabitants from a pestilential disease, when two oxen and some sheep, fantastically decorated with ribbons &c. were paraded about the street, and roasted for the edification of the inhabitants.—Boileau once sent his servant to his friend Bois Robert, who was ill of the gout, to know how he did, and was told he was much worse. "He swears roundly then," said Boileau. "Yes, sir, alas! the poor gentleman has only that consolation left.—The head of John the Baptist which is at Amiens, was shown to the Abbe de Marolles. In kissing it he exclaimed, "God be praised! it is the fifth or sixth that I have had the honour of kissing.—A curate of a large city in France, was obliged upon a certain festival day to reply to a Latin discourse, but as he did not understand that language, he managed to get out of the scrape by observing, "The Apostles, sir, spoke many languages; you have just addressed me in Latin, and I am going to answer you in French.—Mr. Inman's fine picture of Macready as William Tell has been purchased by a Boston gentleman for \$500.—The citizens of Hamilton, Ohio, turned out eighteen young men for a squirrel hunt, who returned in a little better than a day, having killed 1558 squirrels. A few years ago, nineteen thousand were the avails of a three days hunt, in the same neighbourhood.—Four thousand pounds of wild ducks have been transported by stage from Martha's Vineyard to Boston, within five weeks.—There are at present 300 labourers employed on the Savannah, Ogeechee, and Altamaha canal, and Mr. Cruiger, of New-York, is engaged as principal engineer.—Provincetown, on Cape Cod, is a complete waste of sand, and produces nothing but a little beach grass, which partially prevents the sand from blowing about, or being changed by every strong wind. There are about fifty cows kept in the town, which live principally on fish. They devour the heads, back bones, and ribs of fish, daily left there by the fishermen.—Every family in Ontario co. is now furnished with the Bible.—Mr. Owen is in England, engaged in a Newspaper controversy on the soundness of Malthus' theory. His opponent is a Mr. Carlton.—The return of two pugilists to London is thus noticed in the London prints:—Tisdale complains of his upper works; Dick has got the snuffles, from the bats he received on the sneller and his right eye is in mourning. \$800 was the stake.—Among the numerous wants which are crowded into the advertising columns of a newspaper, a soul is the last thing for which we would have dreamed of seeing a reward offered. True there are many who have little or no soul, but we have always believed the totally destitute to be wilfully or ignorantly

so, and that those who possessed but a moiety were rather inclined to wish for less, than to take any extra measures for adding to their stock—ergo, by a fair deduction from such facts, we arrived at the opinion that soul was not an article of very great demand in market. Many sales have been made, it can not be denied; but they have been all made to one purchaser, and generally at his own price, and we should be much in the disposition to believe that the reward offered below, was by one of his agents, but for the extravagant price promised,—for it is well known that twenty souls, none the worse for wear, may be purchased for less than half the money. "\$100 reward.—The above reward will be paid to any one that will find a passage in the Bible that will prove that man has an immortal soul, and forward it to the subscriber in Salina village. G. W. Brooks."—A poor man was lately killed near Dundee, by the Marquis of Stafford's coach. The man was deaf, and not hearing the calls of the postillion to get out of the way, he was unavoidably ridden over. [We believe that an American jury of inquest would not, as was the case with the Scottish, have given a verdict of accidental death in a similar example.]—We have been informed, says a Pennsylvania paper, by a friend of ours, not far from Doylestown, (and a right clever bachelor he is too,) that a bed-quilt, manufactured by Miss F., a lady of his acquaintance, for curiosity and neatness of needle work, surpassed any thing of the kind he had ever seen. It was composed of 27,656 pieces.—Application is to be made to Congress, by Doct. C. Chapin and others, for the establishment of a marine hospital at Buffalo. There are said to be 1000 sailors employed on the different lakes, who have 20 cents per month to pay for hospital fees, and yet have no such resort in case of sickness or inability.—In the National Advocate of Monday, we observe the following card:—"The Debtors in jail, return thanks to Mr. Nibb, for the excellent dinner he sent them on Sunday. N. B. Nine men sleep on the floor, being without beds or bedding. Thermometer 5 degrees below freezing."—Mr. Emmet's bust, by Browere, is now exhibiting in New-York, and is much admired.—Forty-four ducks were killed at a single shot, a few days since, by Mr. S. M. Giddings, of Seneca Falls.—A newspaper in favour of Mr. Adams has been recently established in Geneva, Ontario county, and edited by Mr. Jackson.—A wild deer, escaped probably from the fastnesses of New-Hampshire, was lately discovered at sea, about two miles from land, and was secured by two men who were fishing in a skiff.—About 40 Greek pirates were destroyed in Douro Passage, by the U. S. schr. Porpoise, while in the act of towing an English brig on shore, which they had captured.—It is in contemplation to build a bridge over the Ohio, at Cincinnati.

BY THE LATEST ARRIVALS.

Negotiations were going, on Nov. 1, between Russia and Persia, through the mediation of England.—The insurrection in Catalonia is wholly put down, and the leaders either captured or put to flight.—Nothing further of consequence respecting the affairs of Greece.

VARIETIES.

An anecdote has been related to us, which we consider as too good to be lost. While party spirit was at its height in this state, a gentleman rode up to the door of a tavern in a neighbouring town, and accosted the landlord thus,

"Is this the tavern of Mr. L. the democrat?"
"Ves sir," said the obsequious, Boniface, "please to alight, and walk in."

Presently another guest arrived.
"Is this the house kept by Mr. L. the celebrated federal?" said the new comer.

"Yes, certainly," was the reply, "Jô, take care of the gentleman's horse."

"How is this," said a bystander, "federal to one and democrat to another?"

"Why, said the publican, in my younger days, I attended a dancing school, and I then learned to change step when the tune turned."

[Middlesex Gazette.

THE BETTER CHOICE.

A gentleman was waited upon by four workmen, usually employed by him, at Whitsunday last, who presented their compliments to him, and put him in mind of their new year's gifts, which he advised them to put off to the term, as they would then be of greater use to them. "Well, mylads," said the gentleman, "here are the gifts, choose one guinea or a bible!" "I canna read vera weel," said the first, "I'll just tak the siller." "I can read weel enouch, and has a bible at home," said the second, "but my rent's to pay," and he took the guinea. The third also made the same choice. He now came

to the fourth, a young lad of thirteen or fourteen years old. The gentleman looked at him with an air of goodness, and said, "Johnny, will you take the siller, a thing which you can get at any time by your industry?" "Weel, sir, as you say it's a good book, I'll tak it hame an' read it to my mither, for she's blin, an' I dinna think we have a book o' that name at hame." He took the bible, opened it, and found between the leaves four one pound notes. The others hung down their heads, and the gentleman said he was very sorry they had not made a better choice.

GREAT EATERS.

Theodoret relates, that a woman of Syria was in the habit of eating thirty fowls a day without being satisfied. A person named Phagon, in presence of the Emperor Aurelian, is said to have devoured a boar, a sheep, and a pig. The Emperor Claudius Albinus eat, one morning at breakfast, five hundred figs, a hundred peaches, ten melons, a hundred becaficos, forty oysters, and a large quantity of raisins. The Emperor Maximilian became so fat in consequence of excessive eating, that his wife's bracelets only served him for rings.

AN APOLOGY.

The following whimsical note from a neighbouring gentleman who had promised to be present at an entertainment, was received by the inviter: "Dear sir, you may reduce your turtle soup two quarts, and be minus a brace of ducks, &c. as my devilish jaws have given me notice, since last night, that they are not likely to qualify by to-morrow, at any rate. The fact is, that, by putting on a damp coat, I have taken a severe cold in my teeth and gums; so that the former refuse to meet by an inch and seven-eighths; but should they relent in time, you may yet expect to see me at six."

The consummate epicurism and coarse manners of Quin, the actor, often rendered him a very disagreeable guest. Dining one day with the Duchess of Marlborough, her Grace, to his great surprise, helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch of venison, which stood near her. "What!" said Quin, "and does your Grace eat no fat?" "Not of venison, Sir." "Never, my lady Duchess?" "Never, I assure you." Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, "I like to dine with such fools."

An amateur practitioner wishing upon one occasion, in the Court of King's Bench, to convince Lord Ellenborough of his importance, said; "My Lord, I sometimes employ myself as a doctor." "Very likely, sir," said his lordship dryly, "but is any body else fool enough to employ you in that capacity."

DIED.

At Troy, on Monday last, Mrs. PAMELA, wife of Mr. Jacob Stowits, and daughter of Mr. Josiah Winants, of this city.

TO ARCHITECTS.—Proposals will be received by the undersigned, till the first of February next, for erecting a MASONICK HALL, in this city.

The building is to be sixty feet front, by ninety deep, four stories high, of brick, the roof slated, and the front roughcast. The basement story containing two stores and a passage to be ten feet pitch; the second floor appropriated to public purposes, fourteen feet; the third, containing a lodge room and its appendages, fourteen feet; and the fourth, containing a chapter and preparation rooms, eleven and a half feet, with an arched ceiling, rising four and a half feet, and three sky-lights.

In front of the second and third stories are to be four pillars; the lower Dorick, the upper Ionick, of brick, roughcast, with stone plinths, bases and capitals.

The stairs are to be winding, from the ground floor to the top; and under the whole building is to be a cellar.

The work must be done in the best manner, and of the best materials. Lumber can be obtained in this city, at ten dollars per thousand, superficial measure—and brick at seven dollars and fifty cents per thousand.

Further particulars will be furnished on application to the undersigned.

When the contract is made, good security will be required for the contractors complying with their proposals; and they will be accommodated with advances during the progress of the work, the funds being now in hand, for the building.

THOMAS I. WRAY,
SAMUEL HALE
ALEX. MCKENZIE,
WM. T. GOULD,
JOHN W. WILDE,
Building Committee.

Augusta, Geo. 10th Dec. 1827.

POETRY.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

A year hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead,
And yet my bosom's careless wound
Still bleeds as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm,
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed;—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget?
For mate are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;
And thoughts in solitude have birth
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unblest—
To flee away and be at rest.
Rest? how, alas! should mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream?—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far beset
The child of sin—the heir of woe.
And what if mortal love may throw
A joy-imparted beam
O'er life's wide waste?—'tis quickly gone,
And we alone must wander on.
It was no charm of face or mien
That linked my heart to thee;
For many fairer have I seen,
And fairer yet may see.
It was a strong though nameless spell
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me,
And will remain;—thy form is fled,
But this can even recall the dead.
Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart;
And when on living charms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays—
Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.
Oh, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hushed around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear.
Oh! I could dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply;—
The waking—how severe!
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness!
A year hath past—another year
Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for one;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside?
Yet, dearest! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not now recall.
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may yet befall;
But I can share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven!

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

The laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' women was fashious to seek.
Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well;
McClish's an' dochter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
His wig was weel pouthered, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a wig, a sword and cocked hat;
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?
He took the gray mare, and rode canny;
An' rapt at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak to the laird o' Cockpen."
Mistress Jean was makin' the elder flower wine,
"An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?"
She put off her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribands, an' gae a wad down.
An' when she cam ben, he bood fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;

Amazed was the laird when the lady said na,
An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turned away.

Dumfounded he was, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare, and rode canny;
An' when he thought as he gae through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen.

An' now that the laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean had reflected on what she had said;—
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, its waur I'll get ten;
I was daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the laird an' the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green:—
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

TO A LADY.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Though my young cheek's untimely faded,
It owes it not to cankering care;
And though a cloud my brow hath shaded,
Ner pain nor sorrow placed it there.

'Tis weariness of all around me,
Which loathes, but fears to leave, the earth,
That in its leaden grasp hath bound me,
To mourn no woe, yet feel no mirth.

Thy ivory hand, with musick's power,
Strikes on my heart's dull chords in vain,
Stirring the memory of some hour
I would not have recalled again.

And vainly are thy blue eyes turning
Their starry radiance unto mine;
I've coldly greeted glances burning
With other fires than light up thine.

Yes—lovelier lips have bent to bless me
Than even thy mirror sees in bloom;
Yet did they at this hour caress me,
'Twould shed no sunshine o'er my gloom.

For, like to some unholy spirit
Condemned to walk the world awhile,
I but the form of man inherit,
Without his heart to sigh or smile.

O no! for I might hope to borrow
A balsam to my soul's despair,
Could mortal joy or mortal sorrow
Awake one kindred feeling there.

THE SWORD.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

'Twas the battle field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying,
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, midst death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honoured the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

[From the Philadelphia Album.]

TO

Go, ingrate, go! a face more fair,
A smile more gay, perhaps await thee;—
Thou shalt not see my soul's despair,
Though thou'rt the cause, I cannot hate thee!

Go, go! where other cares engage—
Where hollow, heartless smiles invite thee!
Is there no line on memory's page,
That with a sudden pang may smite thee?

Too oft thou'st read in this sad eye,
How fondly, truly, I've adored thee;—
No more a tear, or stifled sigh,
Unworthy triumph shall afford thee.

May no sad thought thy slumbers break,
May fortune's brightest gifts adorn thee,

And may no care for her, awake,
Who can not hate, and will not scorn thee.

EPITAPH ON A MR. PECK.

Here lies a Peck, which some men say
Was first of all a Peck of Hay;
This, wrought with skill-dying, while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh;—
Through various forms its maker ran,
Then adding breath, made Peck a man;
Full fifty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death relieved a Peck of troubles;
Then fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies—a Peck of dust.

THE GLEANER.

THE OBEDIENCE of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and is set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence has placed over us. [Addison.]

THE QUALITY OF FORTUNE, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it, is however the kind of quality, which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world. [Ibid.]

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE. Men in Scripture are called strangers, and sojourners upon earth, and life a pilgrimage. Several heathen, as well as christian authors, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore absurd to think of setting up our rest, before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet with, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another, in the way to it. [Ibid.]

A GOOD INTENTION, joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action extenuates its malignity; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it to virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

AN EVIL INTENTION perverts the best of actions, and makes them in reality, so many *shamingsins*. It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action; and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror, or in the language of sacred writ, makes sin exceeding sinful.

AN INDIFFERENT INTENTION destroys the merit of a good action; abates but never takes away the malignity of an evil action, and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

IT IS THEREFORE, of unspeakable advantage, to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions, at some laudable end, whether it be to the glory of our Maker; the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls. [Ibid.]

Patriotism, Liberty, Reform, and many other good things have a got bad name, by keeping bad company; for those who have ill intentions, cannot afford to work with tools that have ill sounds. When a knave allies forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in his best words, as naturally as his body in his best clothes; but they must expect a Flemish account, that give him credit either for the one, or for the other. [Lacon.]

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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[No. 49.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquillæ pervirtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

CAUSES OF OPPOSITION TO MASONRY.

[From the Pawtucket Chronicle & White Banner.]

It has been subject matter of admiration among mankind why the masonic fraternity have been doomed, from time immemorial, to encounter a formidable opposition in every country and clime where it has flourished. This is a historical as well as traditional fact, intimately connected with the progress of the institution, that in all ages throughout that extensive portion of the globe where masonry has been cultivated, there have uniformly been tagged to it, a host of *revolvers of its secrets*—Jachins and Boazes—Morgans, Millers, Cochrans, and last of all, *Southwicks*. This one circumstance has undoubtedly been more calculated to raise the institution, in the estimation of the world, than most other causes; for when it is discovered that a combination, or if you please, a banditti of the dregs of poor mortality—the disappointed and the unprincipled; through every age, vicissitude and epoch, composed of those alone who unite to overturn and destroy a particular institution whose only visible and real object is to benefit mankind, it is not surprising or wonderful that the operations of such hostility should be the reverse of that which is intended.

Those, who at the present day, unblushingly have assailed masonry in general, and branded it with every foul epithet which malignity, a depraved imagination, and folly can devise, are not apprised of the real advantages that necessarily and naturally accrue to the objects of their unsparing enmity, by reason of their efforts, when none can be so blind as not to discover the materials of which this filthy mass of opposition is composed. The Omnipotent himself has encountered opposing devils, and those who would dethrone him, had they possessed sufficient power to execute their project, and man ought not to repine, if occasionally in the progress of laudable pursuits, he is doomed to meet with hostility originating from the same source. If the fallen and chained rebel

"Roars and bites his iron bands"

by reason of his own degradation, disappointment and despair, why need we be affrighted, when those professing a like disposition, and placed in a similar inoffensive situation, strain their lungs and deteriorate their teeth by gnawing iron, in spiteful feeling towards such as are placed beyond their power to injure.

From the earliest dawn of masonry, before the first *cassia-apric* which its votaries had planted, put forth its leaves and flourished; it encountered the chill and biting frosts of deadly winter, produced by the blasts of tyrannical power and jealousy. But the *evergreen* lived. That beautiful emblem, held sacred from distant time, displays itself still with increased verdure, when the frozen snows fall thickest and bury it beneath their cumbrous weight.

History will evince the fact, that when hostility to masonry has been most violent and general, it has uniformly spread and flourished with redoubled strength, defying the inefficient force of its enemies who cannot know wherein it is vulnerable, if indeed it be penetrable in any respect, and who waste their feeble energies in the most hopeless cause that ever was undertaken by deluded man.

The first and principal cause of opposition to masonry is ignorance. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," were among the last words of the Saviour of the world, and has been and forever will be the prayer of every true mason, when he sees, as at the present day, the unprincipled and virulent assaults made on the society by men who have nothing—who expect nothing, and who deserve nothing in this world or the next, but

the universal execrations of every being, possessing the slightest glimmering of reason and justice.

We said that one of the prominent causes of hostility to masonry originated in ignorance. Our meaning was not that all who oppose it are deficient in knowledge on other subjects. Opposition necessarily attends an institution of any kind, whose transactions are not known to the world. Mankind always possess a strong propensity to judge for themselves in all matters, and whatever is done in secret from them is uniformly pronounced by many, without further evidence, to be reprehensible if not devilish.

Notwithstanding within the last century, about thirty books have been published in the English language, sixteen of which have appeared in the last twenty years, purporting to contain the true secrets of freemasonry, the curious have found they were just as near attaining their object, after reading them, as they were when they began. They have found that the hallowed arcana of the order have never been accessible to any but the true and accepted mason. What wonder then that the itching pricks of the age, after spending their eyesight and midnight oil in poring over the sage productions of some learned "printer's devil," or vitious, and disappointed and rejected member of the institution who very innocently wishes to furnish his pockets with a little loose cash, at the expense of the credulous—what wonder that such, with all their toil, having acquired so large a fund of *masonic information*, and still finding the door of masonry closed against them, and the drawn sword presented at their breast on the sacred threshold, like that which guarded the forbidden precincts of lost Eden, should turn away with chagrin, and swear vengeance and extermination to that which is far beyond their power.

We have been much amused by recently reading what has been called the "*Recantation*" of a certain clergyman in the state of New-York, who says he is a mason and has abjured the fraternity because he thinks the institution "*unchristian, unconstitutional and unjust*!" This wonderful recantation has been copied into all of the anti masonic papers, with suitable remarks of their editors, tending to bring masonry into disrepute as much as possible. But who is this *clergyman* who discovers such scrupulosity of conscience; for we know something respecting him. Report says that he was first *abjured* and shunned by every respectable person who knew him—that his depraved morals and conduct have reduced him to a vagabond, by which his clerical robes have been soiled and taken from him—that on the same account the masons have long since disowned him and debarred him entrance to their meetings—and that last of all, he has taken up the business of scribbling the most scurrilous articles for a prostituted print and a crest fallen publisher. On him the impress of ignominy is as indelibly placed as that mark which was fixed by the hand of the Omnipotent on the forehead of Cain.

From such only, who have once been honoured by the appellation of brothers, masonry has cause to fear anything, for this evil always has attended and perhaps always will attend the fraternity, and all other societies of men to the end of time.

MASONICK ANNIVERSARY.

[From the New-York Gazette, Dec. 31.]

The Festival of St. John the Evangelist was celebrated on Thursday the 27th inst. in the Grand Lodge Room, Masonick Hall. On which occasion that splendid Gothick Saloon was decorated in a magnificent manner. The East was ornamented with a rare collection of plants, comprising Orange trees, Geraniums, *Cassia*, &c. which, with the Banners of the twelve tribes of Israel, the Banners of the Associated Lodges, and the blendid flags of all nations, displayed around the room, evinced that unanimity of feeling, characteristic of the Order.

At ten o'clock the Stewards, decorated with their different Badges, were in attendance for the reception of ladies, when, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, nearly five hundred visited the Room, and after viewing the Tables, Grand Lodge, different Chapter and Lodge Rooms, and partaking of some refreshments, retired highly gratified. The dinner was served up by Br. Pardessus, in a style of peculiar elegance, comprising every delicacy of the season. Over the presiding officers was suspended a Star of five points, in the centre of which was placed a portrait of Washington, with the motto "For God and our Country." At six o'clock the following Lodges, viz:—

Independent R. A. Lodge No. 2	
Holland	" " 16
Washington	" " 84
Adelphi	" " 91
Albion	" " 107

having assembled in their respective Lodge Rooms, proceeded to the dining room, where being seated, the W. M. of the Senior Lodge ordered the Stewards to proceed and conduct the invited guests, who were received on entering with the usual honours. After which, the W. M. of Ind. R. A. Lodge No. 2, called on the R. W. and Rev. Dr. Feltus, P. S. G. W. and P. G. C. to invoke a blessing. The cloth being removed, the W. M. of Hol. L. No. 16 requested the P. G. C. to return thanks. The Deacons having reported to the W. Masters that no persons were in the room but members of the Craft—the associated Lodges were then opened by the W. M. of Ind. R. A. No. 2 and called to refreshment by the W. M. of Hol. L. No. 16. The following toasts were then given.

1. By the W. Br. Smith, M. of Washington L. No. 84. The Grand Lodge of the State of New-York; may its union be indissoluble, nor partizans, under any plea, be permitted to mar the brotherly love and social feelings that happily unite so dignified a body.

2. By the W. Br. Rockwell, M. of Adelphi L. No. 91. The different Grand Lodges throughout the world; may they be, in reality, as in name, *free*, nor be controlled by noble born or base hearted tyrants.

3. By the W. Br. Cleary, M. of Albion L. No. 167. The day we celebrate; may the disciples of St. John the Evangelist walk in the steps of their exemplary predecessor.

4. By the W. Br. Hawthorn, M. of Ind. R. A. L. No. 2. Freemasonry; may it ever continue to triumph over the combined resistance of ignorance, pride, and superstition.

5. By the W. Br. Seaman, of Holland L. No. 16. Charity the basis, Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty the pillars, and Honour and Honesty the architrave of the Temple of Masonry.

6. By the W. Br. Smith, of Washington L. No. 84. Brotherly Love; extended to the worthy and deserving—while we treat cowans, eaves-droppers, and apostates with contempt.

7. By the W. Br. Rockwell, M. of Adelphi L. No. 91. The honest man of every clime; he only wants the inward spiritual grace of Masonry to add Masonick splendour to his former virtues.

8. By the W. Br. Cleary, of Albion L. No. 107. The Light of Masonry; too brilliant to be obscured by the malevolence of designing men, and too pure to be extinguished by the ignorance of a few.

9. By the W. Br. Hawthorn, of Ind. R. A. L. No. 2. Faith, Hope, and Charity; may the faith of enjoying everlasting happiness from good works; the hope of immortality hereafter; and charity to all mankind, be the instruments of cementing the bonds of brotherly love among Freemasons.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By the R. W. Br. Hatfield, D. G. M. of the State of New-York. The associated Lodges who celebrate the day; may they ever be united and happy, and ever keep in view the motto placed over the centre of the room, "For God and our country."

By Br. Pearman—Masonry, that noble science which teaches us that as we enter upon the *Level*, so we should ever strive to part upon the *Square*, that peace and harmony may ever attend us.

By the W. Br. Stuyvesant, P. M. of Albion, No. 107—Masonick Hall where we now meet—may it be the rallying point for Masons.

By the W. Br. Brown, P. M. of Adelphi No. 91—The Masonick Government—coeval with the most remote antiquity—its excellence is tested by its perpetuity.

By Br. Longworth, S. W. of Holland No. 16—Masonry, which preserves friendship, awakens benevolence, and leads to a union of heart and sentiment in the practice of every social virtue.

By Br. Davis, J. W. of Holland No. 16. The Altar of Masonry—like the Rock of Ages, may it stand firm—like the Altar of the Grand Lodge above, pure and unpolluted.

By Br. F. A. Stuart, of Holland No. 16—Stephen Van Rensselaer, our worthy W. G. Master, in him are concentrated the brightest jewels of our order, faith, hope and charity—may every Mason emulate his virtues.

The Lodges were then called from Refreshment to Labour by the W. Br. Cleary M. of Albion No. 107, and closed by the W. Br. Hawthorn, M. of Ind. R. A. L. No. 2.

NEW-YORK.

CITY AND COUNTY OF ALBANY.

Officers of *Temple Royal Arch Chapter, No. 5*, elected at the annual communication in the city of Albany, December 25, 5827:—

John O. Cole, High Priest; Gerret W. Ryckman, King; Jacob T. B. Van Vechten, Scribe; Martin Gaylord, Captain of the Host; Thomas Silsby, Principal Sojourner; William Voorhees, Royal Arch Captain; Philip Phelps, 3rd, William Seymour, 2nd, and Roland Adams, 1st, Masters of Vails; Edmund B. Child, Secretary; T. Attwood Bridgen, Treasurer; Cornelius Higgins, Tyler.

The Past High Priest, Doct. Jonathan Eight, who had filled the office for several years in the most satisfactory manner, having declined a reelection, the Chapter unanimously resolved that a vote of thanks be presented to him.

Regular communications 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in each month.

Officers of *Masters' Lodge, No. 2*, elected at the annual communication in the city of Albany, December 27, 5827:—

Jacob Ten Broeck Van Vechten, Master; Gerrit W. Ryckman, Senior Warden; William Seymour, Junior Warden; Rufus Brown, Treasurer; Hamlet H. Hickox, Secretary; Isaac M'Murdy, Senior Deacon; C. A. Ten Eyck, Junior Deacon; William Bay and James M'Kown, Stewards; John Pearce, Tyler.

Officers of *Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 3*, elected at the annual communication in the city of Albany, December 20, 5827:—

Daniel M'Glashan, Master; Thomas Silsby, Senior Warden; Edmund B. Child, Junior Warden; Eli Perry, Secretary; Abraham Sickles, Treasurer; John Evertsen, Senior Deacon; Isaac Welch, Junior Deacon; Jacob Henry and Alonzo Borne, Stewards; Cornelius Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of *Temple Lodge, No. 53*, elected at the annual communication in the city of Albany, December 18, 5827:—

John O. Cole, Master; Daniel P. Marshall, Senior Warden; Philip Phelps, Junior Warden; Julius Church, Secretary; Cornelius A. Waldron, Treasurer; Norris Tarbell, Senior Deacon; J. Radliff, Junior Deacon; Zalmon Hampton, and Daniel Duesler, Stewards; Cornelius Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of *Westerlo Fayette Lodge*, in Westerlo, Albany co. elected December 26, 5827:—

Henry M. Bennett, Master; J. W. Lay, Senior Warden; Elias Prosser, Junior Warden; William Bentley, Treasurer; Henry Myers, Secretary; James Congar, Senior Deacon; William Reynolds, Junior Deacon; Calvin L. Ward, Chaplain; David Witbeck and Philip Reynolds, Stewards; John Newbury, Tyler.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

GRAND TRUNK, OR TRENT AND MERSEY CANAL.

[From "The Friend," a Philadelphia periodical.]

The laudable example set by the Duke of Bridgewater, gave rise to the Grand Trunk Canal, the plan of which was brought forward by the Marquis of Stafford, supported by the opinions of Brindley and Hucatan. Its construction was authorised by act of Parliament in 1766, and it was completed in 1777, and by its extensive usefulness gave immediately a great stimulus to the spirit for internal navigation, which soon pervaded all parts of England.

This canal commences at Preston-brook, where it is connected with the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and by that means has a communication with Liverpool and Manchester. Its original object was to establish a navigation completely across the Island of Great Britain, from the Trent, which falls into the North Sea, to the Mersey, which falls into the Irish channel; and also in conjunction with the Staffordshire and Worcester canal, which was undertaken, at the same time, to open a communication between those points and Bristol.

The importance of its outlets has induced the construction of many branches to this canal, the most remarkable of which are those extending to the city of London, by the successive execution of the Fazely, Coventry, Oxford, and Grand Junction canals; which together constitute a complete line of navigation between London and Liverpool, through the Trent and Mersey canal, whence this latter derives the name of the Grand Trunk, as being the centre of the navigable ramifications which stretch towards the four principal seaports of England, viz. Liverpool, Hull, Bristol and London.

The length of this canal from Preston-brook to its point of discharge in the Trent, is 93 miles. The summit level is 316 feet 3 inches above the Trent, and 408 feet 2 inches above the Mersey. The summit is supplied by five reservoirs, the principal one of which is near Leek, and covers 160 acres. At Hare Castle the summit level passes through a tunnel; the first of the kind accomplished in England: it is 2888 yards in length, 9 feet wide and 12 feet high, and 210 feet below the surface of the ground, and cost 70 shillings and 8 pence sterling, per yard forward; it is generally arched with brick, and has no towing path; but in passing it, each boat takes in two additional hands, who, lying upon their backs, push with their feet against the walls of the tunnel to effect the passage of the boat. This operation requires about two hours, and costs a shilling to each assistant. As the tunnel is too narrow to permit boats to pass each other within it, different times are allotted for making the passage in opposite directions; thus boats going from Liverpool towards London, occupy the morning, and those coming in the opposite direction, the afternoon; but so extensive is the trade, that the waiting boats not unfrequently accumulate in such numbers, as to cover a mile of the canal, before the hour for passing arrives. To remedy this inconvenience, a second tunnel is now constructing, parallel to the first, at an expense of about a guinea an inch forward, or an aggregate expenditure of more than half a million of dollars. There are four other tunnels upon this canal; one near to Preston, on the Hill, of 1241 yards; a second at Barton, of 572 yards; a third at Salterford, of 350 yards, and a fourth at Armitage, of 130 yards; each of which is 17 feet 4 inches high, and 13 feet 6 inches wide. The locks are in general 7 feet wide, and the boats most used, are 6 feet wide by 80 feet long, and carry from 18 to 20 tons; but on some parts of the canal the locks are 14 feet broad, so as to pass the boats in pairs. It has also 258 bridges, 16 basins, and 3 aqueducts, and several rail-roads on its banks. Boats generally require four days for the trip, from Longport to London, a distance of 186 miles, and go day and night.

When the charter for this canal was first obtained, its advantages were so highly appreciated, that almost all the proprietors of grounds through which it was intended to pass, relinquished their claims without compensation, and time soon realized their liberal anticipations. In all directions it gave birth to improvements of the greatest importance. Mines

of coal, rock salt, and iron, and quarries of stone previously of little or no value, were immediately worked upon an extensive scale, and to great profit, and manufacturing establishments of queensware and glass, which may be said at this time almost to supply the world, were put into operation.

The salt mines of Northwich, which are contiguous to this canal, and owe to it much of their value and importance, may be considered among the wonders of England. They consist of three beds of salt, the lowest of which is 289 feet below the surface, and is esteemed the best, both on account of the quality of the salt, and the thickness of the stratum. It has been already penetrated by the workmen, to the perpendicular depth of 72 feet, without having passed through it. A surface of three acres or more, and from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, has been removed in one mine, leaving pillars fifteen feet thick, which are at the frightful distance of 150 feet asunder.

Previous to the making of the canal, the product of the salt mines was consumed almost exclusively in Cheshire; but now, in consequence of the facility of transport, the manufacture has increased to about 60,000 tons per annum, two thirds of which are sent by the canal to Hull, and are thence transported to the Baltic.

Some idea of the manufacturing establishments which are carried on in the neighbourhood of this canal, may be formed from that of the Davenport at Longport, whose principal object is the making of queensware and glass. The proprietors of this manufactory employ four steam engines solely in grinding the earths necessary for their wares; they send three boats weekly to Liverpool with the articles manufactured; and it requires five government agents to collect the duties on their fabrics. In another manufactory of similar articles, 800 workmen are constantly employed.

The advantages which have accrued to the proprietors of this canal have been also great. The dividend has been equal to sixty per cent. per ann. and the shares which cost originally £100 are worth £1800, and besides paying this large annual dividend, the company has discharged very heavy loans, which it was obliged to make in consequence of the deficiency of its capital. The Marquis of Stafford is a large proprietor in the canal, and holds extensive mines of coal and other substances, which owe their value mainly to this enterprise. He was its principal promoter, and has derived from it the most striking pecuniary advantages. His income is said to be equal to about £1000 sterling per day.

DOG TRAINS OF THE NORTH WEST.

[From the American Journal of Science.]

Extract of a letter from Dr. Lyman Foote, from Cantonment Brady, Sault St. Marie, Lake Superior to the Editor:—

"Thinking it might be some amusement to you to see the mode of travelling in the North West, Mrs. Foote has sketched a dog train, which I enclose you. Three dogs will carry a man and his provisions. The traders travel all over the wilderness with them, over unbeaten snow, generally following the course of the rivers.

"As night approaches, the traveller seeks a thicket, to protect him as much as possible from the wind. He then digs an elliptical hole in the snow, at one end of which a fire is built. The bottom is covered with evergreen boughs on which he spreads a blanket, and wraps himself up with his feet to the fire. If the night is stormy, large evergreen boughs are placed across the hole, supported by the walls of snow on each side.—Thus the traveller and his dogs sleep comfortably in the coldest weather."

A more particular notice, contained in a letter from Dr. Foote to the editor, is subjoined:—

"The dogs are nearly trained to turn, halt, and go by word of command. The whip is only meant to crack at them or give any of them a severe whipping if he is obstinate. When the traveller wishes his dogs to turn to the left, he says "chuck," or "chuck," and cracks his little whip on the right side of his train: if to the right he says "go," and cracks it on the left side. When they wish them to start or quicken their gait, he says "march" or "avance" (advance); when they wish to turn slow-

about, they must commonly get out, or put one foot out, slew the train partly round, and say, "vena issue" (*venez ici*) or as the Canadians pronounce it, "vena issit," making a motion with the little whip at the same time. It is astonishing to see with what facility dogs are taught and managed. I own a train of dogs, one of which I broke myself. They are a great amusement to me in winter. I frequently ride over the river, and a mile or two round for amusement, and have, with three dogs, taken my wife and little boy a mile, to make calls on a genteel family, over the river, (a Mr. Erwatingen) who has resided here for ten years, carrying on the fur trade.

"As to the traveller's sleeping you will hardly believe what I tell you. Those who travel with trains, think no more of sleeping in the woods, in the coldest night, than you would of sleeping on your dining room carpet. There is a little management necessary, however. They first endeavour to select a thicket; they next dig away the snow to the ground, with a snow shoe, which they always carry, and build a large fire. They then (after boiling their chocolate, &c.) cover a spot close to the fire with some small boughs or evergreens, such as hemlock or spruce, and if it storms, raise a little covering of evergreens over them, a little resembling a rural cot. There, with two blankets, they will lie down by the fire, dogs and all, and sleep comfortably all night."

A ROMAN BREAKWATER.

Pliny, in one of his letters, says—"I received lately the most exquisite entertainment imaginable, at Centumcellæ (supposed to be Civita Vecchia.) This delightful villa is surrounded by the most verdant meadows, and commands a fine view of the sea, which forms itself here into a spacious harbour, in the figure of an amphitheatre. The left hand of this port is defended by exceeding strong works, as they are now actually employed in carrying on the same on the opposite side. An artificial island, which is raised in the mouth of the harbour, will break the force of the waves, and afford a safe passage to ships on each side. For the construction of this wonderful instance of art, stones of a most enormous size are transported hither on a sort of pentons, and being thrown one upon another, are fixed by their own weight, gradually accumulating in the manner as it were, of a sand bank. It already lifts its rocky back above the ocean, while the waves which beat upon it being tossed to an immense height, foam with a prodigious noise, and whiten all the sea around. To these stones are added large piles which in time will give it the appearance of a natural island. This haven is to be called by the name of its great author (Trajan,) and will prove of infinite benefit, by affording a secure retreat to ships that on extensive and dangerous coast."

THE MUSTARD TREE OF PALESTINE.

Remarks on the Mustard Tree mentioned in the New Testament. By John Frost, F. A. S., F. L. S., F. H. S. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Human learning and talents cannot be more usefully employed than in removing the difficulties which may be found in our received version of the Holy Scriptures. In this point of view, what light has been thrown upon the prophetic writings by the labours of Bishop Lowth, in his Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, and Translations of Isaiah! There are few persons who read their bibles with attention, that have not at times been impressed with the difficulty of reconciling what our Lord is respecting the mustard seed and tree, with what we know of it, as existing in this country. Whether it is our English mustard seed the most distinctive, nor the plant that issues from it the least which is known. In short our commentators have long felt the difficulty, and seen the necessity of substituting some other seed and plant to correspond with the description given of them by our Lord. Dr. Harris in his Natural History of the Jews, under the article "Mustard," quotes Sir Thomas Browne, who understanding it to be our British mustard, endeavours to explain what is said of it, by considering the language to be hyperbolic, and also by the peculiar luxuriance of vegetables in the eastern countries. The author of the

pamphlet before us expresses his dissent from the interpretation of Sir Thomas Browne, because, as he remarks, "climate and soil cannot convert an herbaceous plant into a tree." He is therefore of opinion, that the mustard referred to, is not the *Sinapis nigra*, but the *Phytolacca dodecandra*, which grows abundantly in Palestine—having the smallest seed of any tree, while it attains as great if not greater altitude than any other in that country, of which it is a native. He concludes his remarks by giving the generic characters of the *Sinapis*, and then of the *Phytolacca*, according to Linnæus. Mr. Frost has accompanied his remarks with a coloured plate, exhibiting the stem and foliage of the *Phytolacca dodecandra* according to nature.

His pamphlet is dedicated to the Bishop of London, who has, doubtless, ere this, pointed out to him a trifling mistake into which he has fallen, in the Preface, where he tells his readers that this figurative expression used in Scripture as a "beautiful emblem of the growth of faith." He should rather have said "of Christ's kingdom in the world;" for all the texts to which he refers have an immediate reference to that subject, and not to faith! [London Mag.]

DUTCH CAMELS.

The Nantucket Inquirer recommends the use in the harbour of that place, of what are called Dutch Camels, to enable loaded ships to pass the bar. This expedient is said to be used by the Dutch, particularly in the Zuyder Zee, and also at Venice, and on the river Neva in Russia. It consists of large and strong chests, which when filled with water are attached to the bottom of the vessel, after which the water is pumped out, and by this means a buoyancy is given to the vessel, proportioned to the capacity of the chest. The largest Russian camel is 217 feet in length, and 36 feet in breadth.

BIOGRAPHY.

EDWARD DRINKER.

Edward Drinker was born in a cottage, in 1680, on the spot where the city of Philadelphia now stands, which was inhabited at the time of his birth by Indians, and a few Swedes and Hollanders. He often talked of picking blackberries, and catching wild rabbits, where this populous city is now seated. He remembered Wm. Penn arriving there his second time, and used to point out the spot where the cabin stood in which Wm. Penn and his friends were accommodated on their arrival.

The life of this aged citizen is marked with circumstances which perhaps never befel any other individual. He saw the same spot of earth, in the course of his own life, covered with wood and bushes, the receptacle of wild beasts, and birds of prey, afterwards become the seat of a great city, not only the first in wealth and in arts in America, but equalled by few in Europe. He saw great and regular streets where he had often pursued hares and wild rabbits; he saw fine houses rise upon morasses, where he used to hear nothing but the croaking of frogs; great wharves and ware-houses where he had so often seen the Indian savages draw their fish from the river; and that river afterwards full of great ships from all parts of the world, which in his youth had nothing bigger than an Indian canoe; and on the spot where he had gathered berries, he saw their City-hall erected, and that hall filled with Legislators, astonishing the world with their wisdom and virtue. He also saw the first treaty ratified between the united powers of America, and the most powerful prince of Europe, with all the formality of parchment and seals, and on the same spot where he before saw William Penn ratify his first and last treaty with the Indians. And to conclude, he saw the beginning and end of the British Empire in America. He died on the 17th of November, 1782, aged 103 years.

CAPTAIN FELLOWS.

It is supposed that Capt. Fellows, of the British frigate Dartmouth, who acted a conspicuous part in the battle of Navarino, and of whom honourable mention is made by Vice Admiral Codrington and Chevalier de Rigny, in their official accounts of that

victory, is a native of Stonington. Mr. Thomas Fellows left Stonington some thirty years since, and soon after entered the British Navy. At the commencement of the late war between the United States and Great Britain, he was the only person of the name in the British navy; and at that time, as appeared from Steel's List, commandant of a sloop of war. There is no doubt, therefore, of the identity of the man. In the early part of his life, Capt. Fellows was engaged in the cod fishery from this port; and here it was, that he learned the first rudiments of seamanship, and laid the foundation of those qualifications which have paved the way to his present good fortune. From a humble origin, Capt. Fellows has arisen, by dint of merit alone, to his present honourable station. If we rightly understand the British account, Capt. Fellows is to be knighted for his gallant conduct at Navarino. If so, while Nantucket may boast of her Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Stonington may refer with pride to the name of Sir Thomas Fellows.

[Stonington Telegraph.]

VARIETY.

When instead of the witnesses or the client of each other, gentlemen of the bar pour their wit, or their abuse upon their own fraternity, the spectacle from without the bar is deemed not only amusing but appropriate. The following ludicrous scene of this sort is said to have lately taken place in our Marine Court—between two gentlemen of the bar—the one rather fat and the other rather small.

Brother Fat—(to the court,) I don't care what Mr. — says, he is only a moseheto, and I don't mind their sting.

Br. Small—I beg your pardon Mr. —, but it is a fact in natural history that moschetos never sting hogs.

Br. Fat—Is it so! Mr. —, then you had better inform your acquaintance of it—they'll be glad to hear it.

Br. Small—A hlow me then Mr. —, to communicate it to you among the first.

Here the court (amid a roar of laughter) called the gentlemen to order. [N. Y. Nat. Advocate.]

I remember to have read in the report of an inquest, the history of a remarkable suicide committed by a boy of nine years old. The brat got the barrel of a pistol without stock or lock, crammed it nearly full of powder and shot, and stuck it upright in the ground with a little trough round the touch-hole, which he filled with powder. Having thus made his arrangements, he procured a match, and remembering that his little brother might like to see the fire, he ran off for him and invited him to come and see him shoot himself. The younger, a child five years old, accepted the offer, and accompanied the elder to the spot, who, kneeling down, and stooping his head over the muzzle of the pistol barrel, put the match to the loose powder, and blew his brains out. [London Mag.]

CAMBRIDGE WIT.

A gentleman of St. John's College, Cambridge, having a clubbed foot, which occasioned him to wear a shoe upon it of a particular make, and with a high heel, one of the college wits called him *Bil-dad the shuhite*.

A lady of quality a few days since, asked a physician of eminence here, (Brighton,) if she might not pursue the Calisthenick exercises with every prospect of eventual advantage? And to which the M. D. with a smile replied, "If your ladyship would now and then condescend to assist your servants in shaking the beds, all the advantages you would seek would be much more speedily and easily acquired." [Sussex Advertiser.]

A Reverend sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a quaker who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December." "Why, where would you go?" "Into thy study."

In literature our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgement by that which we withhold.

POPULAR TALES.

THE ICE-ISLAND.

[From the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, for December.]

Mastless, helmless, gaping at every seam, and groaning and crashing at every pitch over the rolling surges, yet supported above the water by the buoyancy of the cargo, our miserable bark still struggled with the tempest. Sailors without further duty, and passengers without further hope, were seen in various parts, lashing themselves to the rigging, and commending their souls to heaven.

It is always awful to die; but when perishing in the unvisited solitudes of the deep, while the heavens and the seas are at war with each other, and nature herself seems to encourage the anarchy of her elements, awe is swallowed up in a more subduing horror. It was night too, and there was a moon in the sky, but a moon that

Wandered darkling in the eternal space,—

covered and concealed by massy volumes of vapour, which, except when shooting forth sheets of living flame, enveloped the great abyss with impenetrable darkness.

The uproar of the tempest was such as may be recalled by those who have witnessed similar scenes. Thunder that crashed, and rattled, and yelled through the firmament; winds that howled and whistled through the bleak air; and billows that put forth their voices in a hoarse, harsh roar—made up the music of the tempest.

A sudden dying away of the wind, and an unaccountable tranquillity, of the waters, filled our souls with transport; and many of us were expressing our joy with loud shouts and congratulations, when a voice deep and hoarse, but thrillingly distinct, exclaimed among us,—“The ice-islands!”

“The ice-islands! It is not so; it cannot be,” replied a dozen trembling voices; “it cannot be the ice-islands.”

“It is, it is,” replied the same hoarse, deep voice; “and God have mercy on us all!”

A flash of lightning, bright and universal, as if the whole sky were for an instant in a conflagration, revealed our situation to us. Masses of ice—the same that we had in the evening gazed upon with such pleasure and admiration, stretched about us to the N. W. rolling and rocking in the waves; and near to us, very near to us, towered a vast and tremendous bulk like some gigantic mountain, with its citadels and towers, undermined and sent drifting about in the shoreless seas. The flash was but momentary, yet it was sufficient to fill us with horror; and even after complete darkness had been restored, the dashing of the billows over the floating desolations, heard above the general roar of the tempest; the grinding and crashing of the fragments, as they struck against each other with a violence, which, on the solid land, would have caused a shock like an earthquake; continued and aggravated our apprehension into a wild ungovernable horror, little short of madness.

“We are under its lee!—It is upon us!” shouted a voice that rang like the peal of thunder in our ears; and at the same instant another bright and wide spread flash discovered the tremendous object moving swiftly towards us. As if to increase the horrors of the scene, by blasting our eyes with continued sight of it, the moon, like a wan and haggard ghost, at the same time burst through the clouds—and although the horizon around, on all quarters, still remained in frightful gloom, a circumscribed central spot, embracing within its limits the terrific island and the devoted vessel, now lay in a state of vivid illumination. There came the mighty desolation, its grand cathedral-like summits reflecting and refracting the lunar rays in many a wild and fantastic spectrum, and nodding to the force of the billows that drove it onwards.

I possess but little of that philosophick indifference of death which is found in some men; my fears distracted me. I remember nothing of the catastrophe but a loud, clamorous shock, a sinking of the broken deck, a whirling of the watery chaos; a wild and congregated shriek, so piercing, horrible that even the savage waves seemed to restrain their fury for an instant, to listen, and then I sank insensible among the waters.

I awoke as from a painful and horrid dream, dis-

turbed by something striking with repeated blows upon the back of my head: I lay on my face—and turning sluggishly round, I was startled by the rushing of wings. An albatross, or sea eagle, or some fowl of the deep, darted with shrill cries before my vision. I put my hand to my head; it was bleeding and mangled. My limbs were stiff and sore, and in many places leverely lacerated.

I rose, and found myself in a hollow or cavern of the ice, the bottom of which was filled with fissures, underneath which I could hear the rumbling and dashing of waves; and fearing lest this frail floor should give way, and precipitate me again into the abyss from which I had so providentially and mysteriously escaped, I crawled to the entrance of the cavern.

The sun was up; the waves were at rest, or rather were rolling onward with a regular and sluggish motion, scarcely sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of my icy float. Other icebergs were seen at a distance, shining like fire in the sunbeams.

Where were my companions? I shouted aloud; nothing answered me; the silence of death was on my island.

A harsh scream struck my ear. A bird of prey was hovering in the air a rod or two from me, and occasionally darting swiftly into a hollow of the ice, from which it issued again with wild cries. I approached the spot. Before me lay the corpse of a young man, whose good humour and mirth had often, in dull and weary hours, enlivened the spirits of his fellow voyagers. Although his body was dreadfully mangled, and his face contorted and in some measure mutilated by the voracious fowl, I soon recognised him, and for a moment endeavoured to please myself with the thought that he was not wholly dead. This however was soon proved by his glassy and sunken eyes, his motionless heart, and the general rigidity of his limbs.

A black ribbon hung around his neck; I drew it forth, and discovered the miniature of a beautiful young woman. I wrapped it, together with his watch and pocket book, determined, if saved myself, to transmit them to his friends, as mournful mementoes of his unhappy end. I then lifted his body in my arms, and approaching a brink of the ice, rolled it into the sea. I would have gladly kept it by me, and made society of it, but a horrid suspicion that I might before long tempt me to a repast abhorrent to my present feelings, determined me to put it beyond the reach of violation, and I committed it to the deep. I was now alone.

Struck to the heart with a feeling of my loneliness and forlornness, I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and gave myself up to despair. Why had not I perished with my companions! a quiet grave at the bottom of the ocean, or in the bowels of one of ocean's monsters, was preferable to this icy and living tomb.

The love of life prevailed over despair. Providence had not snatched me from the devouring waves to expose me to a more dreadful death, by deserting me in my greater need. I rose upon my feet, and looked around me for the means of preserving my existence. I soon discovered that in the vast mass of ice, upon which I stood, there were imbedded many fragments of rock, trunks of trees and other substances, denoting it to have been formed on the shores of some distant land. Nothing however capable of satisfying hunger, was to be found. No frozen animal, nor lifeless bird, rewarded my search; and having wandered painfully and laboriously about, wherever the asperities of ice or the presence of some land object, afforded me a precarious footing, I at last reclined hopelessly upon a cloven pine tree, that projected from the ice. Above me—for the berg was of great height—towered in inexpressible grandeur, cold and glittering pinnacles of pure and almost transparent ice. Below lay the ocean, silent and calm, presenting a surface boundless and unvaried.

The day passed away wearily and monotonously, the night found me; and still I clung listlessly to the shattered pine.

The moon rose—I have always loved the moon; and that night, while gazing upon her pure orb, now doubly solitary, and thinking of many friends with whom I had sat at my own vine-covered porch, almost adoring her peaceful loneliness—of many friends who might be, that very hour, in my

own lost land, recalling the memory of their friend by gazing upon her again—I forgot for a time that I was alone, and a dweller of an iceberg.

A rack of clouds passed over her face, I started—a sudden explosion followed by a long and heavy growl of thunder, admonished me of another tempest. I fastened my arms to a branch of the pine, while the winds rose, and covered the moon and stars with black clouds. The ocean again was lashed to fury, and the foam of billows dashing against the sharp angles of the island, and snatched up by the winds, broke over me in incessant showers.

It was some time before my floating habitation felt and acknowledged the influence of the storm; but when the agitation of the sea had arrived at its height, there commenced a scene so appallingly sublime, that even the apprehension of approaching destruction could not wholly unfit me for enjoying it. The island rocked, but not as a ship rocks, when she tumbles from a lofty wave, into the trough of the sea, nor even as a mountain, when vexed by the earthquake in its bowels. It seemed rather to reel or spin round like a kraaken in the whirlpool of Norway; sometimes lurching heavily over, until its tallest precipices were buried in the waves. Then a more regular assault of gusts and breakers prevailing, it would stoop and yield before the wind, and drift with amazing celerity through the waters.

Happily my position was in a central part; and although occasionally a billow more mountainous and voracious than the rest, would seem almost to overwhelm the island, and dash itself at my feet I felt myself partially secure.

All this, however, was trifling to that which soon followed. I know not whether the tornado had huddled the other ice-islands together and impelled them with violence against my own, or whether my island may not have struck upon some concealed rock. Be that as it may, I was suddenly alarmed by a shock that communicated itself in a vibratory shudder to all parts of the island, followed by a deafening crash; and in another moment, I was made sensible, by the distracted and impetuous tossing of my berg, and by many successive shocks, that it had been split in twain, and was now breaking to pieces.

The storm gradually died away; and with the morning sun came another calm, and another day of famine and misery.

Several days succeeded to this, a dull and horrid calendar of starvation, distraction and stupor. Of water I had plenty: I slaked my thirst, by sucking it from a piece of ice, or scooping it in my hands from the puddles that formed every day around the trees, rocks and earth on my island. But food—I had no food. I chewed such splinters of bark and wood as I could tear away from the pine tree—they were dry and disgusting. I cut strips of leather from my shoes, and endeavoured to eat them. A letter that I had valued beyond my life remained in one of my pockets—I chewed and swallowed it; but it gave me no relief.

A burning, excruciating fire was in my stomach; and although I drank copiously of the melted ice, the feverish agony increased, till at last even this grew nauseous, and my stomach revolted at it. Then I began to sicken and swoon, and lie for hours in a state of stupefaction, insensible to every thing but a dull gnawing pain in my stomach. Rains would pour down upon me, and beat in my face unregarded; and once there happened another storm, almost as violent as those I have described, which I listened to with indifference. I cared not—nay I rather desired that some friendly billow might wash me away, and make an end of my miseries. But they disturbed me not; and still I lay by my pine tree, unmindful of the joyous sun that burst out after the gale.

Once too, as I lay in that state of fearful stupefaction, my nostrils were suddenly saluted with delicious odours coming upon the breeze, and my ears invaded with the shrill cries of birds. I started up, and, looking around, I beheld myself within a few leagues of land. Was this an illusion of madness? Did I dream? Were these glorious blue hills that rose before my eyes, those green fresh forests, those yellow beaches edged with snowy surf, merely a phantom paradise made up of delusive fogs?—an airy nothing conjured up to mock me in my misery? My soul was filled with transport: the vision grew

in my eyes, and as the current bore me nearer and nearer to it, it increased in beauty, magnificence and reality. I could count the shells on the shore; I could distinguish the seal and turtle sunning themselves in the golden sands. I could behold rivulets of fresh water come dashing down the blue hills in a sparkle of light and splendour. Tall palms and cabbage trees, rose on my sight; green sloping hills, and verdant valleys were before me.

I was evidently under the controul of a current, that seemed to sweep round a little promontory, and then make a circle into a deep bay beyond it.

Distracted, frantic with joy, I waited for the moment when I was to double the cape, and throw myself from my island, in an effort to swim to the shore.

It came—I whirled round the point, and the next moment found that the estuary beyond it was the mouth of an impetuous torrent, which in an instant swept me far from the land. I shrieked, I howled, I tore my hair; I approached the edge of an icy cliff to throw myself into the sea, and drown: but my emotions were beyond my strength—I fell into a swoon, and that blissful shore, that Eden of the waters was lost to me forever.

I awoke from my trance—I cast my eye back to the land; it lay like a blue cloud on the horizon, sinking, and sinking, and sinking in the distance and the twilight, until it vanished, and I was again sent out into the wide ocean.

Famine, fatigue, and suffering, and disappointed hope had done their work: and the afternoon of another day saw me reclining on a fragment of rock watching with a voracious eye, a flock of sea birds skimming and eddying above me.

They flew around me, croaking and screaming; my they flapped their wings in my face, as if impatient of the hour which was to give them a banquet of human flesh. I waved my hand; I shouted, and the hoarse sound frightened them from me. One alone remained; it crept for food into a little hollow of the ice, where I followed and secured it. I tore it with my nails, and devoured it. Refreshed, although but half-satisfied, I arose and looked again up in the ocean. A white speck appeared on the horizon; it grew, it increased, it approached—I saw it—a sail—one, two, three, four—O heaven! a gallant fleet, rising white and glorious from the blue waters. Onwards and onwards they came, their sails set, and their prows dashing up the dark element in clouds of snowy foam. Hope gave me supernatural strength, I climbed an icy peak, and stretched forth my arms to them. I shouted to them, till my voice, hollow and broken, dwindled into a feeble whisper. The foremost of them was now within a mile of me. I could see men thronging the decks, and methought even at that distance I could distinguish them, all with their eyes fixed on me, and some surveying me through glasses. But they did not deviate from their course—they seemed passing me. I tore the garments from my back, and waved them in the air. They passed on in their course. The second came, and the third—all—all—they passed me, and replied not to my frantic signals. The seventh and last, the convoy of the squadron, now appeared. The starry flag of my country fluttered from her peak. My gestures and cries were now like those of a madman. I flung my neckcloth high in the air; and the wind swept it from me into the sea. But they saw it—they saw it! They fired a gun; and I looked for them to lay to. I watched for the launching of the boat. I deceived myself. It was a signal for the squadron to vary their course, and squadron and convoy soon vanished from my eyes.

I swooned, and revived to curse my fate and act the madman. The sun was setting. I crawled to a brink of the ice, fully resolved to throw myself in the sea. A dark object presented itself to my eyes, lying immediately under the island; and night had not so far advanced, as to prevent me from recognizing in this singular apparition, a wreck, water logged and without masts, rolling heavily in the sea. Somethg moved upon the stern. Oh—heaven! was it a human being—one spared like myself, spared to be mocked as I had been? I endeavoured to call aloud, but my previous exertions had left me voiceless. I presented myself on the cliff, and this miserable creature now appeared to me a dog, which seeing me, set up a loud howl. It was not the plaintive cry we so often hear uttered by this animal;

not the animated yelp of recognition: no—hunger had changed its nature, as it had changed mine,—it was the howl of a famished fiend, the scream of a beast of prey. This also disappeared, and night was again upon the ocean.

The morning came, I cared not for it. The sun was melting my island under me, and must soon mingle it with the waters; I cared not for that.—Days passed; I forgot to count them. I was resigned to my fate; the pangs of hunger were now unfeeling. I was happy, for I knew I was dying; but death came slowly, my constitution resisted him. I lay in a horrid stupor.

From this state I was roused by a human voice—yes, many voices shouting and calling aloud. I crawled from my cave—I rose feebly to my feet.—A ship with her sails backed, lay a few furlongs to windward of me. They had despoiled my handkerchief, which I had hung upon a branch of the pine, and stuck in one of the most elevated parts of the island.

They saw me, and shouted cheerily and triumphantly. They put out a boat, which approached the ice; but its sharp and upright sides rendered it impossible for them to land on it. I succeeded in crawling to a part of the berg, where it inclined shelvingly to the water, and as a last effort slid myself down into the sea.

I was taken up, and found myself fostered among the rude but kind hearted tars of my own country.

MISCELLANY.

THE MAN AT THE TOLL-GATE.

[From the Boston Evening Bulletin.]

Various and deep were the musings of Peter Padlock, whose station was at the turnpike-gate, as a toll-gatherer, on the road from Boggletown to Porridgeford. The travellers were "few and far between," who passed in review in front of the little hut wherein Peter's official affairs were transacted; and while the fee fell into his purse, ruminations would arise in his mind, of and concerning the respective personages, their characters and destinations, who came and went before his greedy vision. Peter's chances for reflection were therefore ample; and he improved them to their full extent—for his intellect had little else to feed upon. Though of a contemplative temperament, Peter's cogitations were often haunted by a most inveterate spirit of curiosity; and while he very plausibly weighed in the balance of imagination, the several fortunes and destinies of such as were preordained to pay toll at his gate, he also indulged occasionally in exceeding wild and unwarrantable conjecture.

One raw and misty morning, just as Peter had swung open the huge gate, kindled a birchen blaze in his lonely office, and squatted himself cosily beside the jamb, with a pipestem in his mouth, and a noggin of cider in his left hand, he fancied a sound of approaching wheels. "Who the plague, thought he, can be coming this way at such an hour? It is something very uncommon. It can't be Gil Gullet the butcher; for he only goes o' Wednesday's. It isn't the Charcoalman; for the wheels move too quick for an ox-team. It must be something extraordinary!" And so, after another sip at the tankard, Peter posted himself at the door of his tabernacle—but he could see nothing for the fog, which fast gathered in drops of pearl upon his outstretched ear locks and eyelashes. The sound drew nearer, and the toll-gatherer advanced two paces towards the road. It must certainly heave in sight shortly, quoth Mr. Padlock internally, at the same time brushing off the dew that bespangled his oakum-coloured whiskers. The rattling continued, and evidently grew louder. Still, nothing could be seen that bore the least affinity to a moving vehicle. Peter stood still farther forth, peering and blinking in every direction without success; while the noise and his own anxiety momentarily increased. His teeth began to chatter with chills and expectation—his doublet was now drenched, and he pondered on the application of somewhat warming to the inner man. Pendulous, his formidable queue slunk pitifully against his collar—its very binding of stout eel-skin, being entirely softened into subjection. Wherefore, considered Peter, I'll just step in, finish the beverage, and return in a trice.

So saying, in a mood of melancholy impatience, he made good his retreat. But he had scarcely rested the noggin's earthen rim upon his nether lip, when, with a furious whirl, and a tremendous clatter of hoofs, a carriage of some sort seemed to pass the gate, as though drawn by the steeds, and driven by the horsemen of Jehu. The whole region rung and trembled. Peter resigned the cider with a sigh, and once more hastened to the high-way. All was again void in the prospect. Nothing was distinct, save the departing tramp, and the roll, gradually subsiding along the invisible road. Peter's optics were of no more service than though he had been wrapped in the middle of a huge crab coloured cloud. He doubted whether he could most reasonably doubt his ears or his eyes—he even questioned touching the question of his own identity—and he concluded, that, if he were himself, he should remain in a state of uncertainty, for an indefinite term of time.

With these wise meditations, he took a seat in the door-way, leaning his cheek mournfully upon one hand, and grasping courageously the handle of his cider-mug with the other. While in this frame, he was accosted by a rough voice, demanding information concerning four run-away horses, with a stage coach at their heels. "I know nothing of them," quoth Peter, in a tone of dogged despondency. But they passed this way, said the inquirer. I am not yet satisfied whether I saw or heard them, replied the toll-man, without raising his head, or relinquishing the mug-handle. If I did not see them, he resumed, there has been an earthquake—and if I did not hear them, my ears and eyes have changed places. The alarmed stage-driver, deeming his respondent stark mad, bolted in pursuit of his coach. Poor Peter took to his bed, retired from his perilous vocation, abandoned all thoughts and surmises of other people—and, in order to settle the misgivings of his own conscience, spent the remainder of his days in self examination.

Moral—Mind your own business.

ANECDOTES OF CHIROGRAPHY.

[From the Talisman.]

The tale is old of the English gentleman, who had procured for his friend a situation in the service of the East India Company, and was put to unprofitable expense by misreading an epistle, in which the latter endeavoured to express his gratitude. "Having," said the absentee, "been thus placed in a post, where I am sure of a regular salary, and have it in my power, while I enjoy health, to lay up something every year to provide for the future, I am not unmindful of my benefactor, and mean soon to send you an equivalent." Such a rascally hand did this grateful Indian write, that the gentleman thought he meant soon to send him an elephant. He erected a large out-house for the unwieldy pet; but never got any thing to put in it, except a little pot of sweet meats, and an additional bundle of compliments.

Few who have read the newspapers have not seen an anecdote of an amateur of queer animals, who sent an order to Africa for two monkeys. The word two, as he wrote it, so much resembled the figures 100, that his literal and single-minded agent was somewhat perplexed in executing this commission, which compelled him to make war on the whole nation. And great was the naturalist's surprise and perplexity when he received a letter informing him, in mercantile phraseology, that 80 monkeys had been shipped, as per copy of the bill of lading enclosed, and that his correspondent hoped to be able to execute the rest of the order in time for the next vessel.

Many, too, must have read a story which appeared in the English newspapers, a few months since, of the distressful predicament into which a poor fisherman's wife was thrown, by the receipt of a letter from her husband, who had been absent from home, with several of his brethren, beyond the ordinary time. The honest man stated, in piscatorial phrase, the causes of his detention, and what luck he had met with in his fishing. But the conclusion of his bulletin, as spelled by his loving and hibious helpmate, was as follows: "I AM NO MORE!" The poor woman gazed a while on this fatal official intelligence of her husband's demise, and then on her

eleven now fatherless infants; and then she burst into a paroxysm of clamorous sorrow, which drew around her the consorts of seventeen other fishermen, who had departed in company with the deceased man. None of them could read; but they caught from the widow's broken lamentations the contents of the supernatural postscript; and talking it for granted that they had all been served in the same manner by the treacherous element, they all lifted up their voices, and the corners of their aprons, and made an ululation worthy of so many forsaken mermaids. In the words of the poet, they made "igh water in the sea," on whose margin they stood; when one of the overseers of the poor, who came to the spot, alarmed by the rumour that the parish was likely to be burthened with eighteen new widows and an hundred and odd orphans, snatched the letter from the weeping Thetis, and silenced the grief of the company, by making out its conclusion correctly, which was, "I add no more."

There is a memorable passage in our annals, which must be familiar with those who have read the old chronicles and records of our early colonial history. I allude to the consternation into which the General Court of Massachusetts and their associated settlements were thrown, when their clerk read to them a letter from a worthy divine, purporting, that he addressed them, not as magistrates, but as a set of *Indian Devils*. The horror-stricken officer, paused in his prelection, aghast as was the clerk in England,—for whose proper psalm a wag had substituted "Chevy Chase," when he came to the words, "woful hunting." He looked at the manuscript again, and after a thorough examination, exclaimed "yea! it is Indian Devils." A burst of indignation from the grave Sanhedrim, long, loud, and deep, followed this declaration. They would all have better brooked to have been called by the name of baptists, papists, or any other pestilential hereticks, than to be branded as the very heathen, whom they had themselves never scrupled to compliment, by calling them children of Beelzebub. If I remember aright, the venerable Cotton Mather notes, in his biographies of the eminent divines of his day, that the innocent offender was, in this instance, roughly handled by the secular arm of Justice, for insulting the dignitaries both of church and state, before he had opportunity of convincing his brother dignitaries, that the offensive epithet, *Indian Devils*, was a pure mistake in their manner of reading his epistle; inasmuch as he had meant to employ the more harmless phrase, *Individuals*. The apology was accepted; though I observe that the latter word is, at present, deemed impolite, if not actionable, in Kentucky; and is as provoking to a citizen of that state, as it was to dame Quickly to be called a woman.

A BALL.

I was pinned by dire necessity to one pin, namely, to a chair between Mrs. Pry and her youngest daughter; and having "no delight to pass away the hours," I sought amusement in playing the eaves-dropper, and picking up such passages of polite conversation as the following: "Will you dance the next *hail* with me, Miss?" "No Sir, thank ye, no more *hails* for me, I am too hot as it is," replied a fat and frowsy spinster, as she seated with her whole weight into the centre of an arm chair. "O don't say so, Miss," rejoins the preserving swain, "but let me mix you a tumbler of lemonade, which will make you as cool as *cowcummer*." "O dear," screamed out the delicate creature, "take awee the limonade, it always gives me the belly-eeke." "Pray Sir," asked a gentleman in a fine coat at a gentleman in a green coat, "who might yonder young *leedy* be that's *spakin* to Mr. Bumberry?" "Pon my honour, Sir," responded the respondent, "I don't know, and not to give you an ill answer, neither do I care. But I never seen such a face of *confrunthery* in my life." "Waithur," growled a green-grocer from Grange Gormalane, who had lodgings near the *Spa* for the benefit of his health, "Waithur," says he, as he took his seat at the supper-table in front of a leash of patridges, "what do you *main* by setting a butterbeat full of *stirabout* alongside of these little pullets?" "Stirabout, Sir!" cried the waiter, "that is bread-sauce for the patridge-

es, Sir." "Patridges!" quoth the vender of vegetables. "I thought they were chickens, Mrs. Rooney; I have the buzzom of patheridge smothered in bread-sauce, at your sarvice, Ma'am." "No, much obletched to you, Mr. Parsley," said the agreeable and accomplished Widow Rooney, pointing to a bowl of whipt cream that stood in the middle of the table, "I think I'll just try a bit of that thing that looks so like suds." [London Magazine.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1828.

¶ We have received several notices of masonick elections, celebrations, addresses, &c. all of which shall be noticed as soon as our opportunities will allow.

¶ Such of our subscribers as do not give us an early notice of their intention to discontinue the Record at the end of the present volume, will be considered as wishing a continuance of the same, and the next volume will be sent accordingly. Such as are still in arrears, are informed that we have not yet got hold of the "horn of plenty."

¶ We solicit our masonick correspondents to furnish us with the result of the several elections in their respective masonick bodies, throughout the Union and the Canadas. Secretaries of Chapters and Lodges, and postmasters, will oblige us by endeavouring to extend the circulation of the Record, and forwarding the names of such patrons as may offer.

JANUARY.

The year, the rolling year comes on,
With all its changing, fleeting dreams,
That look upon us—and are gone,
Swift as some wandering meteor's beams,
When from the orbit of its birth
It hurries heading to the earth.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Friends, patrons, and readers, of whatever class or occupation, we wish you all a happy new year. Now commences the month, which opens the gate of this new era, not a token of war, as the etymology of the word would seem to indicate, but of the most happy auspices,—the assurance of national prosperity and peace. The first day of the year may be considered as the summit level of that channel of hilarity, by which we transport ourselves from the sober and unbroken current of one year, into that of the next. The old land marks of holy-day festivity, multiply, both in number and interest, till we arrive at this point, and then in the same gradual ratio settle away, till the industrious citizen thinks no more of them, and finds himself profitably employed in the ordinary duties of his avocation.

It is natural for us when we close any remarkable period of time, to revolve in our minds the events it has brought, and their consequent influences upon the good or ill tendency of the whole. So when we enter upon a new year, or a new month, both of which being the fact at this time, it may follow on rational principles, that an anticipation of those that must, or may transpire before their termination, is very proper for mental exercise.

Looking into our almanack, and then into our mind for the idea which measures the length of a year upon the scale of memory, we are astonished at the comparison between the duration of a month and the quantum of wonder and noise it may produce by the combination of nature and the beings who either ape her, or carry on a perpetual hostility against her works.

One man, by lounging around in every place, except where his business calls him, three hours each day, for a month, throws away, of regular working time, seven days and a half; worth at the moderate price of one dollar per day, which a man's time is always worth, if he do nothing more than oversee his own work, the decent little sum of seven dollars and fifty cents, allowing that he spends nothing but his time. Then again, one man, thinking him-

self perhaps very temperate, by drinking three glasses of wine per day, for one month, at the usual price of six cents per glass, may very easily spend five dollars and forty cents per month. Again, one woman by spinning nine hundred yards of what is familiarly termed street-yarn, per day, for the space of one month, will produce twenty-seven thousand yards of that article, worth more or less as the case may be. Moreover, one member of the legislature, by speaking at the moderate rate of one word per second, or thirty six thousand per day, will speak more than one million words per month, which if printed, would occupy more than one thousand pages, worth in general—nothing at all. Such estimates may serve to show what may be done by perseverance in the brief term of one month, and much the same proportion we may calculate the amount of noise and wonder to be achieved during the year. But to estimate the perpetuity of follies, the endless series of vanities, the unlooked for reverses, the frustrated hopes, the violated faith, the alienated friendships, the accumulated barriers between us and sublunary happiness, and the whole train of mortal troubles, one month presents a catalogue sufficient to make the firmest hearts bend, but for the atoning sweets which are so mercifully blended with the unwelcome score.

Time would be but little valued were it not the material of which life is made. As it is, how few place the full value on it, until it has passed from them forever; and in how many do we discover the strange paradox of a lamentation over the fleetness of time past, coupled with an anxious anticipation of time to come. The present is the only point with which we are discontented, and the future, the only portion we deem calculated to make us happy. Such is the fallibility of our nature, and such the weakness of our judgement, that the only season left in our power to secure happiness to ourselves, is wholly lost in the visionary expectations, or the futile regrets, which alone are sufficient to make us miserable. With such evidence in favour of the rational value of the present, why do we deprive ourselves of the little real enjoyment which life promises, by obstinately clinging to that which has in fact no value in it at all? If fortune has been treacherous to us, and loaded us with cares and vexations beyond our ability to bear, the present is the only possible chance we have of retrieving her ravages upon our peace. If we have placed our bliss in hope, and dream of happiness which is not yet born, the present is our only season of preparation, the only season to ensure the realization of our hopes, and the meed of happiness that futurity has in store for us. Are not these truths enough to do away our unkind strictures upon the will of heaven? Are they not enough to reconcile our feelings to the asperities of any season, and were there nothing else to cheer the gloom of winter;—no pleasures, no warmth within doors to atone for the severity of the elements without, would not this consolation lend a warmth, and a light to the chilly winds and clouded skies of JANUARY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

¶ We have received the November and December numbers of "The Manuscript," a monthly publication, published in New-York, by G. & C. Carvill, and Elam Bliss. It consists of Original Tales and Sketches, which discover some taste and no small share of talent. The contents of the numbers received are, The Illustrious Dead; Na-

hant, or the Indian's Cave; The Legend of Schooley's Mountain; General Washington's Escape; and American Literature. Communications and subscriptions addressed "To the editor of the Manuscript, at G. C. Morgan's, 353, Pearl-street, New-York," will meet with attention.

The 8th, or November number of the "*Western Medical and Physical Journal*," has been received. The contents are of the same interesting character as those of the former numbers, and need but to be read to recommend them to the applause of the scientific reader. They are as follows:—Original Essays and Cases:—Wound of the Internal Jugular vein, and Ligature of the Carotid Artery; Report and Remarks on a case of Cataract produced by Hooping-Cough; The extirpation of a Tumour from the Eye. Selected Essays and Cases:—Observations on the use of Sulphuric Acid in the Cure of Intemperance; Further Observations on the Case of John Coyle, cured of Anchylosis by a Surgical Operation. Selected Review:—On the Treatment of the more protracted cases of Indigestion. Original Review:—Diseases of Dutchess County, New-York, from 1809 to 1825. Original Intelligence and Notices:—Syphilis irritated, and continued, by constitutional derangement, irrelevant to the local disease; Cæsarian Operation; Endemick Sirk Stomach; Injury resulting from the retention of some of the bones of the foetal cranium; Union of Opium with Catharticks, in Dissentery; Cincinnati Eye Infirmary; Tincture of Iodine in Scrofulous ophthalmia.

The *Rural Folio*, a neatly printed weekly paper, has made its appearance in Rensselaerville, in this county, by C. G. & A. Palmer. Newspapers are multiplying beyond calculation just at this time. This paper will be neutral as it respects politicks.

The *Monroe Republican*, and *Rochester Mercury*, have assumed the single name of the *Rochester Republican*; it is enlarged in size, and the advertisements are to be published in a supplement accompanying each number.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

The two branches of the legislature of this state convened in this city on the 1st inst. as required by the constitution, and proceeded to enter upon their respective duties.

In the senate, the customary preparatory business was transacted, and the annual message from the governor was received and read, after which a motion to adjourn was made and carried, and the senate adjourned till Wednesday at 11 o'clock.

In the assembly, the house proceeded to organize. Gen. Root was re-elected speaker: Francis Seger was elected clerk, (Mr. Livingston having declined a re-election;) John C. Ellis sergeant at arms, William Seeley door-keeper, and James Scollard assistant door-keeper, were re-appointed by resolution; and other business connected with the house was transacted as usual. Mr. Butler gave notice that he should ask leave of the house, at some future day, to alter the time of holding the Circuit Court, and the court of Oyer and Terminer, in the county of Albany, appointed for February. The house then adjourned.

Wednesday, Jan. 2. In senate, the president appointed the regular committees, and the annual report of the trustees of the State Library was received and ordered to be printed. The library contains at present, 2760 volumes, 23 maps, 4 charts, 12 portrait prints, and one bust. Regulations were made for furnishing the members with newspapers,

and also for printing catalogues, documents, and other references for the use of the members. Several resolutions were introduced, which will be noticed when decided.

In the assembly, the regular committees were appointed, and provisions made for furnishing the members with a book of reference, &c.

The house concurred in a resolution of the senate for the appointment of a joint committee to prepare and report rules, prescribing the mode of procedure in the revision of the laws. The governor's message was under the consideration of both houses, and the subjects treated of, in the message, referred to standing, or select committees.

Thursday, Jan. 3. In senate, Mr. Spencer from the joint committee reported rules respecting the order of business and mode of proceeding in considering the revised statutes, which after some debate were adopted. Several reports were received, and agreed to, from the Secretary of State, relative to maps, profiles, &c. of canal routes surveyed by the State. Several bills were passed in committee of the whole, and ordered to be engrossed. In Assembly, after sundry petitions were presented and referred, the memorial of Samuel Sidney Breese was presented, claiming a seat as a member from the county of Oneida, in the place of Linus Parker, who is returned duly elected, which was referred to the committee on privileges and elections. Mr. Bradish, from the committee on engrossed bills, reported a bill altering the time of the commencement of the next Circuit Court, and Oyer and Terminer in the county of Albany. It was subsequently read a third time, and passed. The house concurred in a resolution of the senate adopting certain joint rules of the two houses, prescribing the mode of procedure in relation to the revision of the laws. Committees were appointed on various parts of the governor's message, and a standing committee on the militia, when the house adjourned.

Friday, Jan. 4. After the petitions were read and referred, a message was received from the governor, transmitting a communication from the department of state of the United States, containing certain complaints of the minister of Great Britain, against a law of this state relative to the publick administrator in the city of New-York. Other business relative to the revision of the statutes was attended to, and the two senators from the first district proceeded to determine their respective periods to serve, by lot. Mr. Schenck drew for four years, and Mr. Tyson for one. Two bills were read a third time, and passed; one to appoint commissioners to perform certain duties of a justice of the Supreme Court, in the counties of Suffolk and Lewis; another to enable Rhesa Beardsley to change his name. A bill to amend the act incorporating the village of Palmyra was engrossed for a third reading. Adjourned.

In assembly, after a number of petitions were read and referred, several bills were reported, and Mr. Edgerton from the committee of privileges and elections, reported a resolution that Samuel Sidney Breese is entitled to a seat in the house, in the place of Mr. Parker. The report was received, the resolution passed, and Mr. Breese was qualified and took his seat. Mr. Parker had declined taking his seat under the certificate. A debate of some length ensued on a motion to re-consider the resolution adopting certain rules prescribing the mode of conducting the business in the revision of the laws; the motion for re-consideration prevailed. A communication from the governor respecting the elec-

tion of a clerk in Seneca county, was referred to the committee on privileges and elections. An act to enable Charles Edwards Ellis to change his name was read a third time and passed. The remainder of the day was chiefly taken up in conferring upon the mode of conducting the business relative to the revised statutes. Adjourned.

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.

The Troy Budget has come out much improved in appearance, and its general merits are in no wise discreditable to the talents of the conductors of a semi-weekly newspaper. We can not but wonder that Troy has no daily print, when Albany is about establishing the third. In consequence of the great flood of foreign and uncurrent bills, now circulating in Rochester, some of which have the appearance of being forced upon the community, a large number of the merchants of that place recently assembled and passed resolutions that it was deemed inexpedient to receive any of the bills of the "Washington Banking Company" of New-Jersey—Sitting, (says the Belvidere Apollo,) looking very composedly over our subscription list, a few days since, in popped a good natured, jolly looking fellow, who accosted us with, "I was thinking I would take your paper." "Very well, sir," was the reply—accompanied with our best bow—"But as I am a mechanic," said he, "and it is always the rule to take each other's work in the way I want you to take it out in trade." As it is our desire to accommodate and please our friends, we replied, that there was no doubt we could make arrangements, and inquired his trade. "A fiddler!" was the answer. Ye Gods! take our pay in fiddling! We let him have the paper—glad to receive even that for it!!! The editor of the New-York Morning Courier was on the point of concluding a bargain of this kind, when he discovered, to the no small perturbation of his palpatory organs, that his collocutor was an undertaker; of course, the negotiations closed.—The house of Assembly of South-Carolina have passed a bill, by a vote of 71 to 42, to prohibit the instruction of people of colour in reading and writing!! [We would recommend an improvement in this philanthropic system:—prohibit their breathing the same air with other human beings, and further legislation will be unnecessary, on the subject.]—A mulatto man jumped into the river from the stern of a boat in which he was returning to slavery, and was drowned.—Mr. White, a delegate to Congress, from Florida, has introduced a motion, to inquire into the expediency of increasing the duty on foreign oranges.—Several coaches have been shipped from New-York for Mexico, which are to be used in establishment of stage lines, under the superintendence of an American gentleman.—Upwards of 2000 persons were present in the Lafayette theatre, on Christmas night, to witness the tragedy of George Barnwell.—Messrs. Wells and Lilly have in press, the life of his excellency the late Elbridge Gerry, L. L. D. governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Vice President of the United States of America; illustrated in letters of Cotemporary patriots, to the close of the Revolution. By James T. Austin.—Mr. Fordyce Ruggles, of Hardwick, Mass. is said to have invented a percussion Pistol, the barrel 5 3-4 inches long, with which he killed 15 turkeys, set up singly at the distance of 20 rods, holding the pistol at arm's length.—The Livingston Journal informs the publick against a villain named Isaac Ponches, who sold a forged note to a gentleman at Seneca falls—"cleared out"—and finally, with the officers of justice at his heels, stole his pursuers horse, and has not since been heard of.—Com. Porter has issued a proclamation at Vera Cruz, offering to grant licences to vessels for privateering.—Among the passengers who were lately precipitated into the Slaney, by the falling of Wexford bridge, in Ireland, was a man and his wife, who had previously been drinking together at a publick house. The man was a little groggy, and after they had been picked up and safely landed, he said, turning to his wife, "if you had waited for t'other noggin, we should not have had this dip!"—The publication of the Jefferson manuscripts, consisting of a memoir of himself to the year 1789, and his correspondence, omitting only those letters as relate to private affairs, will be commenced and completed during the ensuing summer.—In 1825, the village of Rochester contained 5,271 inhabitants. It is supposed by a late census that the number will amount to about 11,000.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Gredley, of Greenbush, Mr. ROBERT D. KEMP, of Chatham, Columbia county, to Miss LOUISA ROWE, of this city.

DIED,

In Brockport, Monroe county, on the 28th ult. Mr. COLEMAN MURRAY, late of this city.

POETRY.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

To the Patrons of the "American Masonick Record,
and Albany Saturday Magazine."

BY THE CARRIER.

It was one fleeting year ago,
Old Time, who never taries
To let the cup of joy o'erflow
Which he so swiftly carries,
Came blustering on with wind, and snow
Flow round like Lapland fairies.

Old Boreas laid his blows about
Id the true boxer fashion;
There seemed a general "turn out"
Of such "long winds" as dash on,
Like statesmen who do stamp and spout
In such a mighty passion.

The snow built many a running wall
Across our streets in vain;
In vain new winds and snows did fall
Like equinoctial rain,
When deep to deep lifts up its call,
And deluges the main.

And why in vain?—In spite of cold,
And wind and snow together,
The printer's boy came forth to hold
A parley with the weather,
With step like any soldier bold—
Heart lighter than a feather.

Yes;—'twas in vain—that rushing sound
Where elements were meeting,
Since at the patron's door he found
A warm and cheerful greeting;
Oh, Time! why should thy rapid round
Leave hours like this so fleeting!

But so it is;—wave after wave,
Along life's boundless river,
Sweeps the first rapture that it gave
Back to its glorious Giver;
Our joys are like our loves;—the grave
Shuts over them forever!

And here again, do we meet all
We hailed a year ago!
Have the spring's footsteps in their fall
Nought wasted but the snow?
Has Death not passed with Autumn's call
Where 'life's best blossoms grow?

Aye, they have perished,—their short score
Of rolling years has fled,
And they are with them who before
Have sunk among the dead;
Peace to their sleep for ever more,
And blossoms o'er their bed!

Now to the living,—they are still
A life of wondering wonders.
The bar, the desk, the scribbler's quill,
And the tremendous thunders
Of senates,—all but work the will
Of their own stubborn blunders.

But how go matters now with those
Who put on such long faces,
And talk of *whiskers*, *frozen toes*,
Big teeth, and—good fat places
In store for those who lack *half-Joes*
And many other graces.

Swimmingly! There's our *name sake*
Talks of a law to tickle us
With hemp, and thus forever break
Secrets and necks; and *Nicholas*,
Chapin, and *Sheldon*,—la! they'll make
Speeches too sour to pickle us!

And what is strange, they've raised a *Storm*
Within the Capitol;
Not calm nor windy, cold nor warm,
And scarce a *storm* at all
But for the radical reform
He'll bring about next fall.

Shepherd has left his *fleece* at home,
And *Mixer* drinks no *slings*;
Glover wears *mitten*; *Woodworth's* come
When *wood* is a dear thing;

With such names how renown will roam,
And make the westward ring!

All this, my friends, and what is still more
Surprising to be told,
For fear "masonick law" would kill more
Before the first is cold,
There comes a certain *Luther Fillmore*,
To empty the whole fold!

These, to be sure, will spout and prate enough
For any body's patience,
And keep the session going late enough
To half exhaust the nation's;—
G. A. S. Crocker was not *straight* enough
To come in for the rations.

And *Thompson* too, six thousand men—
"Masonick giants" truly—
Do, sir, come out and try again;
They'll not vote so unduly,—
Tell *Solomon* your wrongs, and then
He'll be your *te sustuli*.

There is not there a single *Weed*,
Though one would gladly grow there;
'Twas not for want of *Works* or seed;
And *Backus* does not flow there;—
These "able bodied men" indeed
Cooke would be glad to show there.

But let them go; they know their duty
Too well to shun the test;
They are the wisdom, strength, and beauty
Of all the mighty west!
Our rights will be *nil magis tuti*,
So we may let them rest.

A year has passed,—and has it given
To the young bounding breast—
Where the heart beats as yet untriven—
One half hope's promised rest?
No; we but strive as all have striven,
For futile hopes at best.

Plenty has dropped from both her hands
The richest of her stores;
Peace still has spread her silken bands
Before our open doors;
And Freedom's voice from distant lands
Has reached our happy shores.

These we may see, and yet how few
Look not beyond their light,
To watch the fading of some new
Ideal from their sight!
Our hopes fly, as they always flew,
Beyond the comet's flight.

Freedom to Greece,—peace to our land,
And every land where dwell
Free hearts and true,—may plenty's hand
Awake the minstrel's shell,
And generous patrons understand
The Carrier's song;—Farewell!

SONG.

The following song, copied from the third number of the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, has an allusion to the fate of a young American officer, who died and was buried in one of the uninhabited islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Though lone the land, and wild the sea,
Unknown the heaven that's over thee;
Ne'er found a hero of the wave
A lovelier bower or sweeter grave.
The palm groves wave their feathery crest,
The sea dove builds her spicy nest,
And wild flowers grow upon thy breast—
Rest in thine isle, young hero, rest.

What if upon thy fragrant sod
No sorrow planted jasmine nod;
Nor maiden's heart, nor mother's breast,
Shall burst above thy place of rest?
The palm groves wave, &c.

Still shall the tropick zephyrs fling
The flowers and fruits of endless spring;
And the loud sea, upon the shore,
Shall chant thy dirge for evermore.
The palm groves wave, &c.

We've raised the cross, and said the prayer,
Each stolen a love lock from thy hair;
And pausing on the sea beach night,
Poured back the last and saddest sigh.
The palm groves wave, &c.

And when in eastern climes again
We see the sun to westward wane,

We'll know, that as he meets the wave,
His setting disk is on thy grave.
The palm groves wave their feathery crest,
The sea dove builds her spicy nest,
And wild flowers grow upon thy breast—
Rest in thine isle, young hero, rest.

THE CLEANER.

LAUGHTER, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind; weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul—and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom (which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits) with transient and unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life. [Addison]

TALKING. It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric. [Ibid.]

EDUCATION. I consider a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher exhibits the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental vein and spot, that run through the body of it. Education after the same manner, draws out to view, every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

TO ARCHITECTS.—Proposals will be received by the undersigned, till the first of February next, for erecting a MASONICK HALL, in this city.

The building is to be sixty feet front, by ninety deep, four stories high, of brick, the roof slated, and the front roughcast. The basement story containing two stores and a passage to be ten feet pitch; the second floor appropriated to public purposes, fourteen feet; the third, containing a lodge room and its appendages, fourteen feet; and the fourth, containing a chapter and preparation rooms, eleven and a half feet, with an arched ceiling, rising four and a half feet, and three sky-lights.

In front of the second and third stories are to be four pillars; the lower Dorick, the upper Ionick, of brick, roughcast, with stone plinths, bases and capitals.

The stairs are to be winding, from the ground floor to the top; and under the whole building is to be a cellar.

The work must be done in the best manner, and of the best materials. Lumber can be obtained in this city, at ten dollars per thousand, superficial measure—and brick at seven dollars and fifty cents per thousand.

Further particulars will be furnished on application to the undersigned.

When the contract is made, good security will be required for the contractors complying with their proposals; and they will be accommodated with advances during the progress of the work, the funds being now in hand, for the building.

THOMAS L. WRAY,

SAMUEL HALE,

ALEX. MCKENZIE,

WM. T. GOULD,

JOHN W. WILDE,

Building
Committee.

Augusta, Geo. 10th Dec. 1827.

BOOK BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship.

As a supplement on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume Dec. 22. 216

LEMAN, —Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Masonick, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market-st Albany. June 23. 216

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. The terms are Three Dollars a year, which can be liquidated by paying Two Dollars in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty cents, within six months; or Three Dollars if after that period. No subscription received for less than six months; for which term, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged, which may also be liquidated by the payment of One Dollar, and Twenty-five Cents in advance. Letters must be post paid, or they will not receive attention. JOB PRINTING done at the Record office with neatness, accuracy, and despatch.

W. S. L. W. R. 63 Pine St.

AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

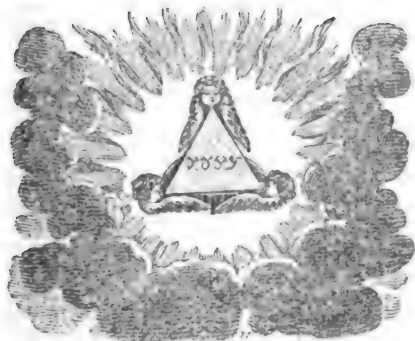
ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1828.

[No. 50.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla pervirtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

Universi Terrarum Orbis Architectonis per gloriam
Ingentis.



UNITAS, CONCORDIA FRATRUM.

VIRTUS JUNCT, MORS NON SEPARABIT.

The Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem established at the G. East in the city of Albany, N. Y. will commence their next anniversary convention on the 19th day of the month Shevat, 5588, (Feb. 4, A. D. 1828,) 4 o'clock P. M. at the Masonick Hall in said city. The several subordinate Lodges and Councils will take due notice hereof, and govern themselves accordingly.

G. F. YATES, G. C.

The G. C. would beg leave to call the attention of the Lodges to the perusal of the mandates and decrees of this G. Council; but more especially to the following sections thereof:—

Art. III. Sec. 9. "Before the G. Master and G. Senior and Junior Wardens of any Lodge of Perfection, can receive the degrees conferred by this G. Council, a certificate of the Secretary of said Lodge, must be produced in the following form:—

"I certify that on the — day of — last, A. B. was duly elected Grand Master, C. D. Grand Senior Warden, and E. F. Grand Junior Warden, of — Lodge of Perfection.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my [L. s.] hand, and affixed the seal of said Lodge this — day of — J. J. G. Sec'y.

Art. IV. Sec. 8. "It shall be the duty of the Grand Secretary of every Lodge of Perfection, on or before the anniversary convention of this Grand Council, to transmit to the Grand Recorder thereof, a list of all the officers and members of such Lodge; of those who have received any degrees in the same, although they have not become members, with their respective places of residence, time and place of birth, avocations, and religious persuasion of such officers, members, and recipients of degrees; also a list of all brethren suspended or expelled."

Art. VI. Sec. 6. "Every brother offering himself as a proxy for any Grand Master, or Grand Senior or Junior Warden of a Lodge of Perfection, shall before he takes his seat as such, produce to the Grand Recorder a certificate in the following form:—

"I, A. B. Grand Master [or Grand Senior or Junior Warden as the case may be] of — Lodge of Perfection, do by these presents constitute and ap-

point my illustrious brother C. D. my proxy, to represent me and said Lodge in the Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem, at their next — convention in —; hereby conferring on my said proxy, all the powers vested in me by virtue of my said office."

"Given under my hand and seal of said Lodge, this — day of — A — B —.

NEW-YORK.

ALBANY COUNTY.

Officers of *Rensselaer Lodge*, No. 69, in Rensselaerville, Albany county, elected Dec. 3, 5827:— J. B. Moore, Master; Francis Milo, Senior Warden; Asa K. Jackson, Junior Warden; Franklin Frisbee, Treasurer; William D. Stead, Secretary; Josiah Tanner, Senior Deacon; J. G. Palmer, Junior Deacon; D. F. Holdridge, and C. Brink, Stewards; John J. Frisbee, Tyler.

RENSSELAER COUNTY.

Officers of *Apollo Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 48, in the city of Troy, for the year 5828:— Samuel Pitcher, High Priest; Matthew Lane, King; Stephen S. Seller, Scribe; William T. Smith, Captain of the Host; Joseph W. Churchill, Principal Sojourner; Peter Sharpe, Royal Arch Captain; Adna Treat, Simon Relyea and John Clark, Masters of Vails; Stephen R. Warren, Treasurer; A. J. Rosseau, Secretary; Reuben Purdy, jr., Tyler.

Regular communications 2d and 4th Tuesdays in each month.

Officers of *Apollo Lodge*, No. 49, elected at the annual communication in St. John's Hall, in the city of Troy, December 4, 5827:—

John D. Willard, Master; Joseph W. Churchill, Senior Warden; Lyman Garfield, Junior Warden; Heman Griswold, Secretary; Samuel Pitcher, Treasurer; Thomas H. Dutton, Senior Deacon; William Mather, Junior Deacon; Peter Neels and John S. Perry, Stewards; Reuben Purdy, jr., Tyler.

MADISON COUNTY.

Officers of *Sullivan Lodge*, No. 109, in Sullivan, Madison county, elected November 28, 5827:— Robert Riddle, Master; John Dayharsh, Senior Warden; Harvey Barrett, Junior Warden; Benjamin Kellogg, jr. Secretary; David Riddle, Treasurer; George Grant Senior Deacon; Edmund Merills, Junior Deacon; George Ehle and Peter Van Valkenburgh, Stewards; David Randall Tyler.

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY.

The anniversary of the nativity of St John the Evangelist, was celebrated by the brethren of *Hamilton Lodge*, No. 177, in the village of Waddington, St. Lawrence county, on the 27th December last. An address was delivered in St. Paul's church, and after the exercises, suitable refreshments provided by Br. Bridges.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

The festival of St. John the Evangelist was celebrated by the brethren of *Northern Constellation Lodge*, No. 148, on the 27th December last, in the village of Malone, in the county of Franklin. The publick exercises were had in the court house. The committee of arrangements consisted of Brothers Samuel Peck, Noah Moody, and Richard H. King.

STEBEN COUNTY.

The anniversary of St. John the Evangelist was celebrated in Painted Post, Steuben county, on the 27th December, 5827, at the house of Brother John Knox. The committee of arrangements consisted of Brs. R. W. Hoyt, J. Fellows, L. Mallory, S. Adams and William Wyatt.

PENNSYLVANIA.

On the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, December 27, 5827, the *Grand Lodge of the State of Pennsylvania* met, agreeably to ancient custom, in its Hall in Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of installing its officers for the ensuing masonick year. The list of officers follow:—

Thomas Kittera, Grand Master; Samuel Badger, Deputy Grand Master; Michael Nisbit, Grand Senior Warden; John Steel, Grand Junior Warden; Samuel Thomas, Grand Secretary; Solomon Allen, Grand Treasurer.

PITTSBURGH.

Our Masonick brethren in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have purchased a lot on the corner of Front and Ferry-streets, in that city, for the purpose of erecting thereon a splendid Masonick Hall. The Commonwealth says, "it is designed to build an edifice of Gothick architecture, three stories high, fronting on Ferry-street. The lower portion of the building will probably be divided into rooms for offices, and the second story into lecture rooms or halls, for the meeting of committees, and different associations. In the erection of a Masonick hall, we look for that display of the tasteful and magnificent which will alike do credit to the architect and fraternity, and prove an ornament to the city. The work will be commenced at the earliest possible period."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The annual communication of the *Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia*, was held at the Western Masonick Hall, in the city of Washington, on the 6th of November, 5827. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

William Hewit, of No. 9, Grand Master; Thomas Corcoran, jr. of No. 5, Deputy Grand Master; Richard Rock, of No. 2, Grand Senior Warden; William Easby, of No. 4, Grand Junior Warden; William Lambert, of No. 7, Grand Secretary; William Hayman, of No. 5, Grand Treasurer; John B. Hammatt, of No. 8, Grand Visitor and Lecturer; Rev. William Hawley, of No. 9, Grand Chaplain; Samuel Isaacs, of No. 9, Grand Junior Deacon; Charles W. Boteler, of No. 1, Grand Senior Deacon; Philip Munro, of No. 7, Grand Marshal; Thomas Shields, of No. 2, Grand Steward; William Duncan, of No. 3, Grand Sword Bearer; George W. Haller, of No. 5, Grand Pursuivant; John H. Wade, of No. 3, Grand Tyler.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

The new Masonick Hall recently erected in the city of Washington, is so far completed as to admit of the use of the principal room.

MAINE.

Officers of *Ancient Land Mark Lodge*, in Portland, Maine, for the year 5828:—

John L. Megquire, Master; John Chute, Senior Warden; Oliver B. Dorrance, Junior Warden; Henry H. Boody, Treasurer; Benjamin C. Fernald, Secretary; James Henley, Senior Deacon; Samuel Cutter, Junior Deacon; Asa H. Seavy and Leonard Stoddard, Stewards; David Burbank, Marshal; James Norton, Sentinel; William Stevens, Tyler.

OHIO.

The Masonick Hall in Worthington, Ohio, was dedicated on Thursday, December 27th, 5827, and the day celebrated by New England Lodge, No 4.

DELAWARE.

An annual communication of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Delaware*, will be held in Dover, on the 14th day of January, 5828. Subordinate Chapters, by their representatives are requested to attend, and present complete returns. Milford, December 28, 5827.

JOHN BRINCKLOE, G. Sec'y.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following members of the *Grand Lodge of South Carolina*, were installed as officers for the ensuing year, in Charleston, on the 27th December, 1827:—

Benjamin Fauvel Hunt, Grand Master; R. W. Goodell, Deputy Grand Master; G. B. Eckhard, Grand Senior Warden; James Eyland, Grand Junior Warden; Moses Holbrook, Grand Treasurer; Edward Southworth, Assistant Grand Treasurer; Alexander McDonald, Corresponding Grand Secretary; Edward Hughes, Recording Grand Secretary; John B. Rodgers, Assistant Recording Grand Secretary; Horatio G. Street and Samuel Rowan, Senior Grand Deacons; James W. Rouse and John Bennet, Junior Grand Deacons; Mark Marks, L. W. Sass, A. Bailey and John H. Honour, Grand Stewards; Edward Sebring, Grand Marshal; Joseph Cole, Grand Pursuivant; John Roche, Grand Tyler; A. McDonald, G. B. Eckhard, H. G. Street, R. B. Gilchrist, J. Bennett, Samuel Rowan, H. A. Desaussure, Amity Bailey, John Roche, and John H. Honour, Committee for Inspection and Instruction.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of Massachusetts*, for the year 1828:—

John Soloy, of Charlestown, Grand Master; Rev. John Bartlett, of Marblehead, Deputy Grand Master; John Keyes, of Concord, Senior Grand Warden; Henry Purkitt, of Boston, Junior Grand Warden; John J. Loring, of Boston, Grand Treasurer; Thomas Power, of Boston, Recording G. Secretary; William J. Whipple, of Cambridge, Corresponding G. Secretary; John P. Bigelow, of Boston, G. Marshal; Rev. James Sabine, of Boston, Rev. H. Hersley, of Barnstable, Rev. B. Huntoon, of Canton, Rev. Sam'l Barret, of Boston, Rev. Henry Jackson, of Charlestown, Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler, of Quincy, Rev. James Morse, of Newburyport, Rev. Samuel Osgood, of Springfield, Rev. Benjamin Willard, of Northampton, and Rev. Titus Strong of Greenfield, Grand Chaplains; James A. Dickson, of Boston, Senior Grand Deacon; Benjamin B. Appleton, of Boston, Junior Grand Deacon; Michael Roulstone, of Boston, Daniel Baxter, jr. of Boston, Elias Haskell, of Boston, and David Parker, of Boston, Grand Stewards; Thomas J. Goodwin, of Charleston, Grand Sword Bearer; George G. Smith, of Boston, and Eliab W. Metcalf, of Cambridge, Grand Pursuivants; Josiah Baldwin, of Boston, Grand Tyler.

The following brethren are the District Deputy Grand Masters:—

Abraham A. Dame, of Boston, 1st District; John Cook, jr. of Newburyport, 2d district; Seth Sprague, jr. of Duxbury, 3d district; Thomas S. Mann, of Wrentham, 4th district; William Whiting, of Concord, 5th district; O. Hayden, of Brookfield, 6th district; Horatio G. Newcomb, of Greenfield, 7th district; Charles Baker, of Williamstown, 8th district; Ephraim Buck, of Malden, 9th district; William W. Partridge, of Northampton, 10th district; Sylvester Baker, of Barnstable, 11th district; Rev. William Morse, of Nantucket, 12th district; ———, 13th district.

MICHIGAN.

Monroe Chapter, No. 1, in concert with Zion and Detroit Lodges, and the brethren in general, celebrated the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, on the 27th December, 1827. The procession formed at the Masonick Hall in the city of Detroit, and moved to the Protestant church, where an oration was delivered by a brother, and prayers by the clergy of the city. After the ceremonies, the brethren partook of a dinner prepared for the occasion by Br. Woodworth.

LOWER CANADA.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the Column to be erected to the memory of Gen. Wolfe, at Quebec, was performed a short time since. The troops of the garrison commanded by Colonel Nicol, of the 66th Regiment, were paraded, and his Excellency the Governor assisted. The stone was laid with Masonick rites, and a Mr. Thomson, the only living witness present of Wolfe's death, gave the three blows with the mallet.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.**CONTAGION.**

When Dr. Bancroft took charge of the pest-houses at Aboukir, in 1801, he found that every medical officer who preceded him in that dangerous service had caught the disease, and that of the twelve officers seven had died! The nurses, and other attendants on the sick, shared a like fate, though, as Dr. Bancroft remarks, if there be any spot on earth exempt from the operation of marsh miasmata, it would have been that upon which these pest-houses were placed, the surrounding country being dry, barren, and sandy. The medical officers of the French army had previously experienced the effects of contagion to a much greater extent; no fewer than eighty medical officers had fallen victims to plague within a year. In the two following years it was thought expedient to dress buboes, carbuncles, and blisters, as well as to bleed and perform other minor offices, under the direction of the Medical Staff. From these precautions only twelve medical officers died in two years; but more than one-half of the Turks, who were thus employed in assisting the French surgeons, took the plague, which in several instances proved fatal.

When the plague raged at Moscow, in 1771, a physician who offered his services as chief surgeon, relates, that in three of the principal hospitals at Moscow, all the assistant surgeons who were employed under him (fifteen in number) took the disease, three of whom only recovered; whilst the physicians who walked among the sick but carefully avoided all contact with them, generally escaped.

During the campaign in Egypt in 1801, the French lost nearly 2,000 men by plague, and it was thought politic for a time to deny the existence of the disease. Buonaparte, at that time a general in the French army, and Desgenettes, the chief physician, exposed themselves to considerable hazard, in order to allay, in some measure, the apprehension of the soldiers, fear being, as you all know, a powerful predisposing cause of disease. The doctor attempted to inoculate himself with the disease, but in order to secure himself against the danger, he washed the part in which the matter was inserted, with soap and water. For three weeks the two little points of inflammation, corresponding to the two punctures, were visible, and, to prove himself free from the disease, he bathed in the presence of the army. Desgenettes candidly acknowledged himself that this incomplete experiment, which made considerable noise at the time, proves little, and does not refute the transmission of contagion demonstrated by 1,000 examples, and only shews that the circumstances necessary to insure inoculation taking effect are not well determined.

Besides, how often does inoculation for small pox, and even vaccination, fail on the application of the morbid virus? This experiment seemed to mislead Dr. White, an English medical officer, who under the belief that plague could not be communicated either by contact or inoculation, submitted himself to the test of experiment; he entered the pest-house of the Indian army, and soon after he rubbed some matter from the buboe of a woman on the inside of his thighs. The next morning he inoculated himself on the inside of his wrists with a lancet dipped in matter discharged from the buboe of a Seapoy; he continued in good health on the fifth day, but on the evening of the sixth he was attacked with rigours and other symptoms of febrile action; to these succeeded much affection of the head, tremors of the limbs, a dry black tongue, weakness and anxiety, and other unequivocal symptoms of plague. Even now he persisted that the disease was not plague, and would not allow his groin and armpits to be examined. He became delirious on the ninth, and died on the afternoon of the tenth day.

These are facts, and one fact is worth a thousand unsupported assertions; the conclusion, therefore, I conceive to be irresistible, that plague is a contagious disease. At the same time, I freely confess my conviction that the disease would less readily spread in a pure atmosphere, if there be at the same time proper attention to personal cleanliness and diet. When these precautions have been disregarded during the visitation of plague, the disease has not only attacked greater numbers, but the general character of the malady has been remarked to be more malignant and fatal. It is on this principle that the immunity of Oxford from a visitation of the plague, while it raged in London, in 1665, is accounted for. About a century before, the inhabitants of Oxford had begun to improve the streets and dwellings, and to establish regulations for securing greater cleanliness in general.

[Dr. Tweedle's Lecture.]

TUNNELS IN ENGLAND.

The first Tunnel ever constructed in England, was on the Trent and Mersey Canal, executed for the Duke of Bridgewater. It is about 2880 yards in length, and some parts cut out of the solid rock. The canal is 93 miles in length, and has four other tunnels—131, 850, 573, and 1241 yards.

The Worcester and Birmingham Canal, of 29 miles in length, has five tunnels; one of 2700 yards long, 18 feet high, and 18 1-2 feet wide; and four others—110, 120, 400, and 500 yards long.

The Leeds and Liverpool canal has two tunnels, one of which is 1550 yards.

The Leicestershire and Northampton canal has four tunnels, of 275, 880, 990, and 1056 yards.

The Leominster canal has two tunnels, of 1250 and 3850 yards.

The Thames and Severn canal has one tunnel of 4300 yards, or 2 miles and 3 8ths.

The Chesterfield canal has two tunnels, one of which is 2850 yards in length.

The Crumford canal has one tunnel of 2966 yards, and several smaller.

The Dudley and Owen canal has three tunnels, of 623, 2926, and 3776 yards, or about 4 miles.

The Ellesmere canal has two tunnels, of 487 and 775 yards.

The Hereford and Gloucester canal, of 35 1-2 miles, has three, of 440, 1320, and 2192 yards.

The Edgerton canal has four tunnels, of 100, 400, 500, and 2700 yards.

The old Birmingham canal has two tunnels, one of a mile and a quarter, the other 1000 yards.

The Grand Union canal has two tunnels, 1165 and 1524 yards.

The Grand Junction canal has two tunnels, 3045 and 3080 yards.

The Oxford canal has two tunnels, one of them 1188 yards.

The Huddersfield canal, of only 19 1-2 miles long, with a lockage of 770 feet, has a tunnel of three miles and 1540 yards, through a rocky mountain.

SINGLE BLOCKS OF STONE.

The enormous columns of granite, destined for the portico of the new church now building in the place d'Isaac, at St. Petersburg, in Russia, are very remarkable. In order to form a proper estimate of their size, we will here state the comparative magnitudes of the largest blocks known, both ancient and modern.

1st. The column of Alexandria, commonly called Pompey's Pillar, holds the first rank. It is of a single block of red granite, 67 feet, 4 inches, 11 1-2 lines. 2d. The columns of the Church d'Isaac, just mentioned, in height 56 feet. 3d. The columns whose ruins are near mount Citorio, at Rome, height 52 feet, 4 inches. 4th. Columns of the portico of the Pantheon, height, 46 feet, 7 inches, 11 lines. 5th. Columns of the Cathedral of Casan, at St. Petersburg, height, 42 feet. 6th. Two columns of the Church of St. Paul, at Rome, without the enclosure, height, 38 feet, 4 inches. 7th. The columns near the Baths of Dioclesian, and those of Caracalla, now placed at Florence, near the point Trinite, of the same height as the preceding.

To these may be added a beautiful column of white marble, about 40 feet long, taken from a quarry on the south side of the Alps, and now lying by the side of the Simplon road; it was destined by Napoleon for the ornamental improvements of Milan.

PATENT WATER WHEEL.

The Dover, N. H. Republican, states that Mr. Elijah Skinner, of Sandwich, has patented an improvement in the open Single Screw or Spiral Water

Wheel, called the *Open Screw Water Wheel*, which promises to be of great utility. This wheel is used by placing it horizontally in a river parallel with the current, and where the depth of water will admit, wholly immersed, giving the water free passage into the screw or float boards. In small streams, where there is but little head and fall of water, this wheel may be used in a similar manner to the tub wheel, by means of the water passing through a long hollow cylinder in a perpendicular or an oblique direction. The advantages claimed for this improvement are, that these wheels may be used to advantage in slow and deep currents where, a dam cannot be conveniently built, without obstructing navigation, and may also be used in tide waters with the ebb and flow of the tides, or in floating mills, or at the bow or stern of vessels for working the pumps, &c.; and lastly its cheapness of construction.

CHARACTER.

FRANKLIN.

Of the few hours which our vocation enables us to devote to book reading, none are more pleasantly spent than while perusing the few volumes of the American biography which have yet come from the press. In the eventful lives of the sages of the revolution, the reader will find much to interest and instruct, and in their characters much to admire. They lived in a time well calculated to develop character and test virtue, and in very few cases indeed, was treachery or baseness discovered. The life of our FRANKLIN, as has been often remarked, was distinguished for its peculiar eventfulness. It furnishes a lesson to youth, by which they may essentially profit; and as a practical tract, it might be put into the hands of apprentices, with the happiest results. With reference more particularly to his social character, the biographer of this excellent man remarks:—

[*Boston Patriot.*]

Franklin enjoyed, during the greater part of his life, a healthy constitution, and excelled in exercises of strength and activity. In stature he was above the middle size; manly, athletic, and well proportioned. His countenance, as it is represented in his portrait, is distinguished by an air of serenity and satisfaction; the natural consequence of a vigorous temperament, of strength of mind, and conscious integrity. It is also marked, in visible characters, by deep thought and inflexible resolution.

His colloquial accomplishments are mentioned by those who knew him, in terms of the highest praise. From the great diversity of life which he experienced, from his extensive intercourse with the world, he had stored his memory with a variety of knowledge extremely curious and interesting; and besides the diffusion of thought and sentiment with which he animated his discourse, it was enlivened, in his peculiar manner, by ingenious illustrations, pointed sentences and aphorisms, and mostly seasoned by a vein of good humour and pleasantry, which he appears to have carried even into his most important and serious transactions; and which, in all societies, amongst the sprightly and morose, the old and young, learned and illiterate, recommended him to peculiar favour and attention.

He bore adversity with courage, patience and dignity; and prosperous fortune with the most commendable moderation. Amidst the splendours of monarchy, where he spent a great portion of his life, and in all his intercourse with the fashionable world, he retained the simplicity of his dress and manners; discovering in no instance any solicitude to conceal the obscurity of his origin. On the contrary, he inquired, whilst in England, into the history of his relations, with a laudable piety; visiting the remote place of their nativity for this purpose. To his parents, also, while they lived, he showed the most dutiful regard, and after their decease, he erected a tomb upon their ashes, and paid every decent tribute to their memory.

The necessities of his early life; the perpetual struggles which he maintained to improve his fortune and to procure the means of subsistence, had given him habits of severe and patient economy; and observing the multitude of evils which arise from negligence in domestic management, he endeavoured in his writings, to inculcate amongst the people precepts of order and frugality, and dwelt upon this subject with a frequency of repetition and fervour, that will scarcely be discovered in the speculations of any other writer; but as, from the ig-

norance and malignity of the world, discretion, which is the perfection of human reason, is often ascribed to insidiousness or cunning; so economy, which is the very source of generosity, is sometimes imputed to meanness or avarice. The deep concern, however, which on all occasions he manifested for the interest of the poor, who constitute so considerable a portion of mankind, we may use as an evidence, and perhaps the strongest that could be adduced, of the beneficence and generosity of his nature. We might also, in illustration of this part of his character, refer to the charitable appropriations of his last will, and to many individual acts of humanity, extremely honourable to his memory; to the many useful political and literary institutions, and benevolent societies, which he founded, and which grew into importance under his munificent protection.

His correspondence shows the manner in which he bore his sufferings, and viewed his approaching dissolution. In a letter to his favourite niece he says—"You kindly inquire after my health; I have not much reason to boast of it. People that will live a long life, and drink to the bottom of the cup, must expect to meet with some of the dregs. However, when I consider how many terrible diseases the human body is liable to, I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones, the gout, the stone, and old age. And these notwithstanding I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget all my ills and amuse myself in reading or writing, and telling many stories, as when you first knew me, a young man about fifty." "I have now grown so old as to have buried most of the friends of my youth. By living twelve years beyond David's period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity. Yet had I gone at seventy, it would have cut off twelve of the most active years of my life, employed too, in matters of the greatest importance; but whether I have been doing good or mischief is for time to discover."

When he had approached to the very close of his life, he reasoned thus coolly with a friend:—"Death is as necessary to the constitution as sleep: we shall rise refreshed in the morning. The course of nature must soon put a period to my present mode of existence. This I shall submit to with the less regret, as, having seen, during a long life, a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to become acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind, who created it, and who has so graciously protected and preserved me from my birth to the present hour."

VARIETY.

JUDICIAL TESTIMONY.

Suppose, in a suit of law, a witness offered and directed to hold up his hand to be sworn. At the moment, the opposite party object on account of the infamy of his character. Ah, but says the witness, stretching his hand higher, "I have a religious belief. I believe in future rewards and punishments." But, says the objector, you was never known to speak the truth, when it was your interest to tell a lie. You never paid a debt, when you could cheat your creditor out of it. You stand convicted by the unanimous voice of the public as a liar, a knave and a hypocrite. More than that, you was convicted of sheep stealing not two years since. "But I have been pardoned by the general Assembly," says the witness. You now stand convicted of perjury, says the objector. "Judgement is not yet pronounced," says witness: and stretching his hand as high as he could reach, "I have moreover a very religious belief. I hold my book higher, and read my prayers louder, than any man in the church. I pray your honours, am I not a competent witness?" Certainly, says the Court according to *Common Law*, as held by sound lawyers. You must therefore be sworn. [Boston Bulletin.]

KING'S COCK-CROWER.

Among the ancient customs of this country, one of matchless absurdity was continued even to so late a period as the reign of George the First. During Lent, an ancient officer of the crown, styled the King's Cock-Crower, crowed the hour each night within the precincts of the palace. On the

Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the 2d. sat down to supper, this officer abruptly entered the apartment, and in a voice resembling the shrill pipe of a cock, crowed "past ten o'clock." The astonished Prince, at first conceiving it to be a premeditated insult, rose to resent the affront; but upon the nature of the ceremony being explained to him, he was satisfied. Since that period this silly custom, which was introduced to remind the court of their errors, by that clarion which called Peter back to repentance, has been discontinued.

[Notes of a Book-worm.]

A GLUTTON.

An itinerant medical practitioner, cycled a quack, called on Monday at the house of a farmer near Umberleigh-bridge, and after a vain attempt to procure a customer for his "health renovating preparation," begged a cup of cider; the hostess gave him a pint, and which, at the repeated importunities of her guest, was thrice replenished, accompanied by several huge slices of bread and cheese; the doctor then made his best congee, and withdrew. At the distance of about a gunshot he waited on a second farmer, when he was supplied with a quart of cider and a large apple dumpling; he then entered a neighbouring inn, and after swallowing two gallons of beer, desired the landlady to fry a pound of bacon, and a mess of potatoes; this request was acceded to, and presently the whole had found a home in the rapacious maw of the man of physick;—his appetite not being yet satisfied, he asked for some bread, which was at first refused by the landlady, but it was subsequently arranged that he should eat as much as he chose, of a supper which was cooked for seven or eight people, who had been employed by the landlord in picking apples; in a few minutes the whole, viz:—a peck and a half of potatoes, and a large quantity of cold meat had vanished under the influence of the physical operator. With this supper he drank a quart of water and a quart of beer, he then ordered a glass of grog, paid his reckoning, and proceeded on his route to Southmolton.

[English paper.]

TURKISH PROPHECY.

The following is extracted from a book of prophecies called Mahamedus, which is held in veneration by the Turks:—The Turkish Emperor shall conquer Rome, and make the Pope Patriarch of Jerusalem: and he shall, some time after, profess the Mahometan faith. Christ shall then come, and show the Christians their error in not having accepted the Alcoran, and instruct them that the dove which came down from Heaven was not the Holy Ghost, but was Mahomet, who shall be again upon earth thirty years, and confirm the Alcoran by new miracles. After that time the power of the Turks shall decline, till they retire to the Desert of Arabia, and then there shall be an end of the world. Their overthrow shall be accomplished by a People from the North, called Caumicks or yellow haired sons. The ruin of Constantinople shall happen in one Sultan Mehemet's time, and then the Turks shall be reduced to so few in number, that sixty Turkish women shall have but one husband among them.

TRANQUILITY IN DEATH.

The Duke of Biron heard the decree for his instant death pronounced by the Revolutionary Tribunal, 1793, with unmoved tranquillity. On returning to prison, his philosophy maintained that character of Epicurean indifference which had accompanied his happier years; he ordered some oysters and white wine. The executioner entered as he was taking this last repast. "My friend," said the duke, "I will attend you; but you must let me finish my oysters. You must require strength for the business you have to perform: you shall drink a glass of wine with me." He filled a glass for the executioner, another for the turnkey, and one for himself, and went to the place of execution, where he met death with the courage that distinguished almost all the victims of that fearful period.

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, married immediately after his wife died. Johnson said, it was the triumph of hope over experience. [Boswell.]

POPULAR TALES.

(From Watts's "Literary Souvenir," for 1828.)

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ.

In days of yore there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate and strict; but he had one vice:—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribe continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew so well as he the ceremonies necessary for the initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments, and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform." But he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the voice, "awake! a child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou mayest do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there no younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins, "I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast abjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger, with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened, that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done," and as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou

sporest with the gray hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Wo unto him that insults the hoary head!"

The stranger made an excuse; and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there was a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces—they were the faces of men pained within; and he saw by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin.* He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and behold! he saw upon him too the mark that showed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber;" and, accordingly the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stairs to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes!" said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan, the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart." He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said, "Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?" "I do," said he, with a heavy groan; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then, further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been, imports not thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest forever—lost, even as I am lost." And she wept again. The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Wo is me! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a Doctor of the Laws, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child whom thou sawest, is our first born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to myself."

"I swear, before heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly after the traditions of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thy escape."

* Demons.

"What is that? O lady of beauty!" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here: and as long as thou canst do thus the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying,—

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day: and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon, "I will not that thou shouldst break thy vow;" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and day weeping, and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said,—

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee, be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow;" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber, by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said,—

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine;" and he offered him dainties.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed; and he answered,—

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so, then," said the other, "arise, and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw it was of solid silver,—floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch light, as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi," said the Demon, "take of these what thou pleasest, aye, were it the whole."

"I cannot, my lord," said Jochonan, "I was abjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins, which were deposited in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the Demon; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest would make the richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Jochonan refused again; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled

him, as if he had looked upon the noon-day sun. In vases ofagate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever-living light, brighter than the rays of noon-tide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me, then, I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy careless grief more grievous? You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment, without furniture. On its filthy walls, hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take, if they be offered to me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand; "thou mayst depart. But Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?" "Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and, in the space of a moment, he heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who need to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God. But people wondered, and said, "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?" And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year according to the lesser supputation, five hundred ninety and seven, that thou mayst learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

MISCELLANY.

BRUMMELLIANA.

A great deal used to be said of Beau Nash and his witticisms; but certainly we never met with any thing of his which was at all equal to the oracular sentences of the gentleman who gives a name to this article. Of all the beaux that ever flourished—at least, of all that ever flourished on the same score—exemplary of waistcoat, and having authoritative boots from which there was no appeal—he appears to us to have been the only one who made a proper and perfect union of the coxcombical and ingenious. Other men may have been as scientific on the subject of bibs, in a draper-like point of view; and others may have said as good things, which had none of the colouring arising out of the consciousness of fashionable preeminence. Beau Fielding, we believe, stands on record as the handsomest of beaux. There is Beau Skeffington, now rather sir Lumley, who, under all his double-breasted coats and waistcoats, never had any other than a single-hearted soul; he is to be recorded as the most amiable of beaux; but Beau Brummell for your more than finished coxcomb. He could be grave enough, but he was any thing but a solemn coxcomb. He played with his own sceptre. It was found a grand thing to be able to be a consummate fop, and yet have the credit of being something greater; and he was both. Never was any thing more exquisitely conscious, yet indifferent; extravagant, yet judicious. His superiority in dress gave such importance to his genius, and his genius so divested of insipidity his superiority in dress, that the poet's hyperbole about the lady might be applied to his coat; and

"You might almost say the body thought."

It was a moot point which had the more tact, his gloves or his fingers' ends. He played the balls of wit and folly so rapidly about his head, that they lost their distinctions in one crowning and brilliant halo.

Mr. Brummell, it is true, is no longer in favour as a settler of fashions. Why, it is not our business to inquire. But though it may be said of his waistcoat, like Troy, that it was, his wit is, and will remain; and here, for the first time, a few specimens of it are collected. If George Etheridge himself would not have acknowledged a brother in George Brummell, then are no two gloves of a colour.

To begin with what is usually reckoned the prince of his good things, Mr. Brummell having fallen out of favour with an illustrious person, was of course to be cut, as the phrase is, when met in public. Riding one day with a friend, who happened to be otherwise regarded, and encountering the personage in question, who spoke to the friend without noticing Mr. Brummell, he affected the air of one who waits aloof while a stranger is present; and then, when the great man was moving off, said to his companion, loud enough for the other to hear, and placidly adjusting his bibs, "Eh! who is our fat friend?"

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea."

Being met limping in Bond-street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg."

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not know: "they put me in my coach and take me somewhere."

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar: nobody could achieve a good collar but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?"—"No."—"Why, do you know, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummell," observed a

sympathizing group. "Why, do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel, Weston, (his valet,) put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? port?—Oh, port!—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drank by the lower orders?"

Going to a rout, where he had not been invited, or rather, perhaps, where the host wished to mortify him, and attempted it, he tufted placidly round to him, and, with a happy mixture of indifference and surprise, asked him his name. "Johnson," was the answer. "Jauhnson," said Brummell, recollecting, and pretending to feel for a card: "Oh, the name, I remember, was Thau-son (Thompson); and Jauhnson and Thau-son, you know, Jauhnson and Thaurison, are really so much the same kind of thing?"

A beggar petitioned him for charity, "even if it was only a farthing." "Fellow," said Mr. Brummell, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin."

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It was his opinion, that port, and not porter, should be taken with cheese. "A gentleman," said he, "never *malts* with his cheese, he always *ports*."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody, condoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage."

Upon receiving some affront from an illustrious personage, he said that it was "rather too good. By gad, I have half a mind to cut the young one, and bring old G—e into fashion."

When he went visiting, he is reported to have taken with him an elaborate dressing apparatus, including a silver basin; "For," said he, "it is impossible to spit in clay."

On being asked by a friend, during an unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one? "Yes," replied B. "last winter."

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said "that with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life, "For instance" said he, "I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."

ANIMAL GRATITUDE.

It is mentioned in the Life Herald, as a remarkable instance of animal gratitude, that a boy of fourteen years of age, while herding cattle on the farm of Roideley's, was attacked by a bull, without the least provocation. He was repeatedly knocked down and trampled upon for a length of time so as to be severely bruised in all parts of the body. No person being near, his cries were not heard—and fatal consequences would very soon have ensued, had he not been released in a most singular manner. While the furious animal was getting more enraged, he was attacked by the rest of the cattle (oxen) in a determined manner, that in order to defend himself, he left the boy, who was fortunately still able to remove, and who was thus enabled to escape. Such an example of the exertion of a degree of intellect in cattle, led to an inquiry of the boy regarding the circumstances of the case. The boy informed the writer of this article, that only one of the cattle came first to his rescue and attacked the bull, and in a little time the others came, as if to the assistance of the first. This grateful and generous

animal had been during the last winter in rather a sickly condition, during which time the boy had paid it considerable attention, giving it handfuls of corn and otherwise administering to its comforts, which attention it has so nobly repaid by rescuing its benefactor from a violent and shocking death.

The gratitude and affection of mute animals is indeed surprising. It is related in the *Memoires du Marquis Longallery*, that on "returning home from an absence of two years in the army, a favourite dog which he had left came to meet him in the court yard, and recognized him as if he had been absent only two days, leaped upon his neck, and died of joy at having found him. The dog of Sabinus who suffered execution for his attachment to the family of Germanicus, alone remained faithful to his master. He never left the body for three days, and when at length it was thrown into the Tiber, he leaped in after it, and preserved it from sinking. Chenier in his "Present state of Morocco" says, that a Brebe who went to hunt the Lion met with two whelps, with whom he shared his breakfast. Soon after the dam, stole up so slyly that he had not time to take his gun. The lioness after having looked for some time at them disappeared, but returned soon, bearing a sheep, which she laid at the hunter's feet.

The story related of the gratitude of a goat to a Scot who bound up her fractured leg, and her defence of him when he was brought into trouble by his participation in the rebellion of 15'5, is well attested. Even tigers, the most ferocious, and least grateful of all beasts, have been known to fawn upon those who had rendered services to them, or their young. Jengis Khan escaped from destruction by the gratitude of an owl. There is no creature but *man* that forgets services done him.

NAMES.

We observed in a late paper a communication purporting to be from a gentleman who enjoys the egregious name of *Preserved Fish*, esq. and is said to be one of the Greek Executive Committee. If there be such a person in existence, we beg his pardon; but his baptismal sponsors have certainly more sins than his to answer for. We beseech him to adopt some other appellation immediately, for how is it possible that any one should lend a grain of faith to missives, however respectable otherwise, subscribed *Preserved Fish*?—they must really seem worse than anonymous; their readers must at once say, with Iago,

"Fie!—there is no such man!"

Nay, the most intimate correspondent of a man so unhappily denominated, must often feel some misgivings as to his reality. We are not quite such believers in the importance of names, as Mr. Shandy, or Montaigne, (see his chapter on them); but at times it strikes us. We wonder, for instance, that Dr. Lyall should ever have thought of writing his travels; or that Captain Coward, though brave, perhaps, as Cæsar, could persuade himself to enter the army. But what are these names compared with that mentioned above, which is actually enough to ruin its bearer.

[*Marylander.*]

WIT AND INTELLECT.

Very frequently the most unbounded ambition, the strongest passion for affairs, the finest purpose, and the most undaunted courage, are united to the most absolute mediocrity of talent and narrowness of conception. Those who are not admirers of the late Lord Castlereagh, will agree in placing him in this category, which is one of the most mischievous. Where there exists an absolute disagreement between the voluntary and the intellectual powers, or where there is even a wide disparity in their forces, excellence can not be expected. But there are occasions in which the greatest characters fail, from local and accidental circumstances, acting upon slight inequalities of these two principles of action. The volition of Napoleon at Moscow was too powerful for his intellect; and it betrayed him into the deepest consequences. In the campaign of 1814 and 1815, he exhibited the strictest harmony of force of intellect and force of will. After the battle of Waterloo, his character wholly failed him; and the resources of his mind were crippled and palsied by despair. Talleyrand, with the highest

intellectual powers is *un grand homme manque*, for want of character. With a mind capable of large conceptions, he possesses a will influenced by the most paltry motives. Louis XVI. had more than the average intellect of kings, and ten times the average heart; he perished, the victim of an utter incapacity for forming a decided volition.

[*New Monthly Magazine.*]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1828.

In the Newport Mercury, under date of Oct. 18, we find the following advertisement:—

"A person offers to teach a school in Coventry, four months, without any compensation, and supply the same school with an instructress five months, at his own expense. A letter directed to A. B. Newlpwvich, New Hampshire, and conveyed by mail, will be faithfully regarded."

We would be apt to look on this as a relative to some of the fashionable hoaxes of the day, but for the fact, that the same man, or some one of the same description, has actually taught three winters, in different parts of the state of Rhode Island, without either declaring his name, or receiving any compensation for his services. In 1824, he taught in West Greenwich, Rhode Island, to the perfect satisfaction of those whose children were benefited by his instruction, not even suffering them to pay his board, or any little incidental expenses which he incurred. He was known only by the assumed initials of "A. B." and his title "the master," and in the spring he left them as ignorant of his real name as at first. The next year, 1825, he taught, in the same disguise, and on the same terms in Richmond, Rhode Island, and at the expiration of his term he paid one of his pupils, a female well qualified to teach a school, to continue on through the summer months, which she performed. In 1826, he made the same proposition to the inhabitants of Hopkinton, in the same state, and as usual taught, permitting the inhabitants to find none of the requisites of a common school, but wood and a room, himself furnishing the scholars gratuitously with most of the necessary books. He is stated to be a young gentleman of amiable and becoming manners, and of a highly cultivated mind, making the most grateful impressions on the minds of those who are acquainted with him. His talents as a teacher are said to be of the first order, and so much does his truly polite demeanour influence those with whom he associates, that he is very seldom solicited to disclose his real name. A teacher on such terms cannot fail to please such as look for no better qualifications than cheapness of tuition, and to this class belong too many of our country employers. There are those, however, who look more to the interest of science than the wages of an instructor, and in this particular it seems, the incognito above mentioned, was not wanting. It could not however be so profitable to him as in an instance within our knowledge. A young applicant for the magisterial office, was rather tenacious of his price, making the observation that the present wages, were barely sufficient to clothe the teacher, and furnish him with the usual fashionable appendages of a young gentleman. To convince him of his error, an aged farmer, who held the office of a trustee for the district vacant, assured him that Mr. ———, their late teacher actually laid up a *hundred dollars a year* while he staid with them, with the bare stipend of *eight dollars per month*. Who would not be a school-master, to get rich at that rate?

FOREIGN. The latest arrivals give nothing satisfactory relative to the affairs of Turkey. Rumours however are afloat that war is considered inevitable; that Austria was making the most formidable preparations; that Prussia is to send out 40,000 troops auxiliary to the Russian army; and that there has been a massacre of the Franks by the Turks, at Patras, and the crews of several vessels seized and put in irons.

The elections in France have turned out unfavourably to the ministerial party. A change in the ministry will very likely be one consequence, and we hope a more liberal policy will be another. Gen. Lafayette is said to be re-elected to the chamber of Deputies.

The victory of Navarino has furnished the crowned "doodles" of Europe with fresh leaven for a new batch of dignitaries—Sir Edward Coddington and Count Heyden, have been named Grand Crosses of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis; Captain Fellows, a Commander of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour; and the captains commanding the English and Russian ships have all been named Knights of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis. This is a hungry sort of reward for the exposure of life and limb in any cause, and looks infinitely inadequate to the service achieved; yet even such notice is better than the cold neglect, and studied parsimony of our own government, towards the remnant of that phalanx of heroes to whom we owe our existence as a nation.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK

It is said that we shall have no remarkable eclipses of the sun, although some partial ones, except in 1833, 1836, and 1842. In 1847, we shall have the famous annular eclipse of St. Denis, so impatiently looked forward to by astronomers.—We notice in a western paper, the marriage of a Mr. Moon, to a Miss Chare.—Let the lady remember the advice of Laertes:—

"The Chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauties to the Moon."

—Mr. Gideon Smith of Baltimore, advertises that he will furnish, to any person sending him \$5, as many Silk Worm's eggs as will lead to the production of from 150,000 to 500,000, next year. A couple of very fine bucks were lately killed at Islip, Long Island, by a company of sportsmen, eight in number, under the command of Mr. John Carll. One of the deer led them a chase of fifty miles.—A church has been commenced at Moscow, on a scale of stupendous magnitude; it is said that its height is to be 770 feet.—Seven vessels arrived at New-Haven on the 12th ult. from Chesapeake Bay, loaded with 10,000 bushels of Oysters.—Mr. Thornton of the Nantucket Inquirer, in reply to a call for reasons why he does not enter the field of political controversy, says that he will do so, whenever his correspondent will show logical reasons why *headach* is spelt without a final e, and *bellyache* with it.—We observe the following notice in the Warren (Penn.) Gazette:—"Dry stove wood wanted immediately at this office, in payment for papers. *W.* Don't fetch logs that the devil can't split." [Our devil makes use of an article for fuel which requires no splitting;—not brimstone, but Lehigh coal].—A twenty-fourth share of the London Courier was lately sold for 5000 guineas. The whole of the London Morning Chronicle is valued at £40,000, about one third the value of the Courier. The purchaser of the share alluded to, has upwards of ten per cent profit on his money.—Mr. Strong, of the Pittsfield Argus, says he has just seen through a solar microscope, a *flea* larger than a common sheep; a *fly* fifteen feet in length; the leg of a *spider* about twenty feet; and a common *house* full seven feet long. Why did he not take a squint at "*old father long legs*?" [These remarks we copy from a country paper, under the head of "signs of the times," a caption very much in fashion, about these days. How the science of optics will influence the presidential suit, we shall not inquire; but if any of the numberless signs promise more than ordinary success to the cause of general Jackson, it must be the "coalition" of "*Merry Andrews*" which follow, or the father of Tristram Shandy was in error, when he put so much faith in the virtue of a christian name. "Married at Essex, Conn. Mr. Andrew Burnham 3d, to Miss Anna Andrews; Mr. Adoniram Burnham to Miss Sally Andrews; Mr. Nehemiah S. Burnham to Miss Susan Andrews; Mr. Nathaniel Burnham to Miss Hephpy Andrews; Mr. John Wagfield to Miss Polly Andrews; Mr.

Ephraim P. Low to Miss Hannah Q. Andrews; Mr. Enoch White to Miss Eliza B. Andrews; Mr. Caleb Andrews to Miss Sally Brown; Mr. Seth Andrews to Miss Sally Daniels; Mr. Obed Andrews to Miss Ruth Butler; Mr. John L. Andrews to Miss Anna G. Burnham; Mr. Andrew Andrews to Miss Ann Andrews. A round dozen set of living witnesses to the value of a name.—There are forty Indian Schools maintained at the expense of government, having 1291 pupils, and costing about \$7000.—In London there are no fewer than 15000 boys, between the ages of eight and fifteen years, who live by theft.—It is asserted that Boston does much larger business, in proportion to its population, than any other city in the union, New-York not excepted.—Some type was lately stolen from an office in Indiana, by a disappointed lover, and when recovered, the name of the dear but cruel fair one was found set up in every size of letter, from seven line pica down to nonpareil.—Among the curiosities of the day, we notice an anti-masonic almanack advertised in the Rochester Balance.—“What do you think of the president's message?” said one neighbour to another, a few days ago. “Why,” he replied, “I can't say I find much fault with it, but he doesn't say a word about the Morgan affair.”—The old synagogue in Miller street, New-York, was entered on the night of the 4th instant, by a gang of villains, who broke through the windows, broke the pulpit or reading desk, forced the circular doors of the sanctuary containing the sacred rolls of the pentateuch; but not finding any thing valuable, they departed without doing any further mischief. The lamp before the ark which burns continually, afforded sufficient light to enable them to see their way. The plate belonging to the sacred rolls, which may consist of from two to three hundred ounces, is never kept in the synagogue, and is only brought there early on the morning of the Sabbath. A correspondent of the Boston Centinel furnishes that paper annually with a statement of the fires in that city. Eight have occurred the past year, all of which excepting one, were soon extinguished. The entire damage does not exceed ten thousand dollars.—A printer's twelfth toast:—Myself—may the man who takes my paper, and wont pay me for it, never have money to buy a primer, nor a friend to lend him one: may he remain as ignorant as that man, down yonder there, on Bennett's creek, who never heard there was an Indian war.—Some beautiful gowns have been imported into Boston, from Angora, ancient Ancyra, a town in Asia Minor, 212 miles south-east from Constantinople, celebrated for the manufacture of fine wool and goat's hair. The goods are both white and coloured; and resemble the texture of Cashmere shawls.—The legislature of North-Carolina has incorporated a gold mine company. An individual has petitioned for a loan of \$250, to enable him to work a gold mine [This looks like doing business on a large scale. We would advise him as a disinterested friend, to petition rather for a loan or lease of some lot of western wild land, and journey thither with his axe, on his shoulder, and ten to one he will realize the more gold by it.—The Niagara Sentinel gives the dimensions of a *lad* of 18, named Darius Whitman, now on a visit at Lockport; viz:—six feet three inches high, four feet eight inches round the waist, and weighing 298 pounds! He is said to be comparatively lank, having lately had an attack of the ague, which pulled him down considerably.—Mr. Catlin, a young artist of New-York, has been engaged in copying Sally's celebrated full length portrait of Jefferson, at Westpoint. He has also taken portraits of the most distinguished gentlemen attached to that institution.—“Strang's Confession, a tragick poem in verse, by Isaac Wellman,” is advertised for sale at Poughkeepsie.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Jan. 5. In senate, the hon. P. R. Livingston, was elected President pro tem. on account of the indisposition of the hon. N. Pitcher, which prevented him from attending in the senate chamber. Several petitions were presented and referred. On motion of Mr. Jordan, it was resolved that (if the assembly concur) the committee of the two houses on so much of the governor's message as relates to the state road, be a joint committee. A report from the commissioners for building a state prison in the first and second districts was read, referred, and ordered to be printed. Two bills were read a third time and passed; one to amend the act incorporating the village of Palmyra; the other enabling Charles Edwards Ellis to change his name. The senate concurred in the amendment of the assembly to the joint rules,—appropriating one day instead of two, after the first of February to the revision of the laws. Two bills from the assembly, to confirm the election of justices in the towns of Vienna, Oneida county, Hancock, Delaware county, and Clermont,

Columbia county, were considered in committee of the whole, but were finally referred to the committee on privileges and elections.

In assembly, several petitions were presented and referred. The following bills were reported, passed in committee of the whole, and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading: An act to enable the first christian society of Royalton, Niagara county, to sell and convey certain real estate; to enable the first congregational church and society in the same town to sell a certain lot of land; and an act to divide the town of Halfmoon, in the county of Saratoga. The house concurred in a resolution of the senate, constituting the committees of the two houses on the subject of the state road, a joint committee. The annual report of the inspectors of Auburn state prison was received and ordered to be printed. The bill for the appointment of commissioners in the counties of Suffolk and Lewis, to perform the duties of supreme justices, was read a third time and passed. The house, in committee of the whole, occupied the rest of the day in business relating to the revised statutes, and after some debate the committee rose and reported.

Monday, Jan. 7. In senate, Mr. Bogardus from that part of the governor's message which relates to the amendment of the constitution of the United States, made a long report, concluding with resolutions that the means resorted to at the last presidential election “again admonish the citizens of the union of the necessity of a further amendment of the constitution of the United States, by which the choice shall, in no contingency, rest on the house of representatives;” that our senators and representatives in congress be instructed to propose and by all proper means support, an amendment to that effect; that the circumstances also indicate the necessity of an amendment declaring that no person once chosen to the office of president, can ever be again eligible to that station; and that our senators and representatives be instructed to propose and support this latter principle in the same manner. These resolutions caused much debate, as would be expected, but they were finally laid on the table by common consent.

In assembly, petitions were presented and referred, bills reported, notices given of intentions to bring in bills, all of a local or uninteresting nature. A resolution was adopted to appoint a committee of eight members, one from each senatorial district, to inquire into the propriety of altering the salaries of the state and county officers. Both houses were occasionally occupied in the business of the revised statutes, but that being a dry subject for most of our readers we shall pass it over, our intention being to give only an abstract of such proceedings as are likely to be of some interest to all.

Tuesday, Jan. 8. In senate, several petitions were presented; several bills were also received from the assembly and referred to standing committees. On motion of Mr. Cray, it was resolved, that the committee on banks and insurance companies, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of limiting by law the profits on money vested in such companies, and appropriating the excess to the use of the state. The report of the select committee on so much of the governor's message as relates to the election and continuance in office, of the chief magistrate of the union, was referred to a committee of the whole, and ordered to be printed, without opposition. Two bills were read a third time and passed; to authorize the supervisors of Herkimer county to sell their poor house; and for the relief of Chloe Palmer.

In assembly, Mr. Johnson from the committee on religious and charitable societies, made an unfavourable report on the petition of the Methodist society of Huntington, Long Island, for leave to sell their meeting-house; the committee being of opinion that the relief of the petitioners may be obtained in chancery. No other business was transacted of importance in either house, excepting that relating to the revised statutes.

Wednesday, Jan. 9. In senate, nothing important was decided, the revision and executive business occupying the whole day. The same may be said of the business of the day in the house of assembly.

Thursday, Jan. 10. In senate, Mr. Stebbins offered a substitute for the report and resolutions relating

to the election and term of continuance of the president of the United States. The substitute was referred to a committee of the whole, when on the report and resolutions of the select committee, and ordered printed. The remainder of the day was spent in committee of the whole, on the revision, and executive business.

In assembly, it was resolved, that when the house adjourn, it adjourn to meet at ten o'clock to-morrow, and that ten be the regular hour of meeting until otherwise ordered. Mr. Pierce offered a resolution that the clerk be instructed to furnish each member of the house with a pen knife, paper folder, and seal or stamp, from the contingent fund. Mr. Brasher proposed to strike out the pen knife, but the motion was lost. Mr. Metcalf moved to strike out the seal or stamp, which motion Mr. Granger proposed to amend by rejecting the whole resolution, believing it to be useless, and too small for legislation. [We consider it so too. If the house should take it into their heads to order each of the members a suit of clothes, and gold watch, it would become a question of some more importance. The principle however is much the same.] The annual report of the treasurer was received, ordered to be printed, and referred to the committee of ways and means.

Friday, Jan. 11. In senate, a message was received from the governor, transmitting certain communications from the legislature of Vermont, now in session, relative to the amendment of the constitution of the United States respecting the choice of president, and the emancipation of slaves. A bill was read a third time and passed, appropriating \$35,000 for the state prison now building at Mount Pleasant. The resolutions respecting the choice of president, &c. were again discussed, and left as before, with no definite time fixed upon for consideration. Some other local and uninteresting business was agitated, but nothing decisive effected.

In assembly, thirteen bills were engrossed for a third reading; six bills were read a third time and passed:—to extend the charter of the Mutual Benefit Society (of cordwainers); to reduce the capital of the Mechanick's Fire Insurance Company, of New-York; a bill relating to the Herkimer county poor house; a bill relating to the incorporation of the village of Palmyra; the state prison at Mount Pleasant; and the school districts at Rome. A resolution was received from the senate, constituting the standing committees of the two houses, on the subject of state prisons, a joint committee on that part of the governor's message relating to the erection of a state prison for female convicts, and was concurred in by the house.

Mr. Luther Pratt of this city, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, “*A defence of Freemasonry*.” Mr. Pratt, we believe to be competent to the task, and wish him success in the undertaking. The work will comprise 150 pages, duodecimo, and be afforded to subscribers at 40 cents. If the patronage warrants, it will be in the press early in March next.

Among the general amusements of the city, we know of none at present more attractive than the Circus. If exertions to please, merit success, Mr. Wemple will undoubtedly receive it.

The following are the drawn numbers of the New-York Consolidated Lottery, as decided on Wednesday last:—
27...6...9...23...24...45

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POETRY.

THE FIRST BALL.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

Ay, wreath thy tresses, o'er thy brow,
The pearls amid thine hair,
And gaze until that young cheek grow
A thousand times more fair.
With sunny smiles and blushes bright,
The Parthian arrows which to-night
Must the young beauty wear;
Clasp the last ruby of her zone,
And now go forth, thou lovely one!

And, glad as fair, it is thy first,
Ah, that the charm hath made.
Thou hast not seen the bubble burst,
Nor watched the flower fade;
And little dreamest an hour will be,
When festal scene shall seem to thee
A silence and a shade.
Thou knowest not pleasure has the wing,
As well as song of bird in spring.

Oh, spring is beautiful as brief!
The cheek forgets its rose,
The colour withers from the leaf,
And worse still, I know those
Who wear their outward breath and bloom,
Like blossoms placed upon the tomb,—
To hide the darkest woes.
For, soon as these fair hues depart,
They fade yet faster from the heart.

But thou, as yet, canst only see
The festal hall, where Night
Reigns, throned like a divinity,
With incense and with light.
Like musick and like echo meet
The harp notes and the silvery feet,
And thousand flowers unite
In gathered beauty to declare
Their soul's sweet secrets to the air.

What dost thou dream of, lovely one?
Of pleasure? Look around,
Behind the veil and mask, for none
Unveiled, unmasked are found.
Mark you fair girl! the tears have rushed
To her blue eyes, the cheek has blushed,
As with a crimson wound:
And why? your head is bound with pearls,
While hers hath but its own bright curls!

Or, pass you such poor triumph by;
The pride is on your brow,
And laughing lip and flashing eye
Another hope away.
What dost thou dream of, lovely one!
Of hearts that but a look hath won?
Looks shaft-like from a bow,
That slay by chance! Now, out on thee!
To think of such cold vanity.

Or do you dream a dearer dream,
And can such dream be love?
No star hath such a fatal beam
In you wide heaven above.
Go, waste your first, your sweetest years;
Go, wash away your rose with tears;
Go, like a wounded dove;
The poisoned arrow in your side
You cannot bear, you yet must hide!

Mark her who by yon column lone
Leans with dark absent eye;
A blush upon her cheek is thrown,
'Tis from the red wreath nigh;
She's musing over some sweet word,
Long whispered but still freshly heard,
Some honeyed flattery;
Careless, perchance, and lightly spoken,
But which the heart too oft hath broken.

Why should I speak these words of doom
To one of fairy gleam?
Alas! who ever looked on bloom,
Nor thought how it would be?
Soon, nothing but a thing too deep
For weary memory to weep,
And thus it is with thee;
For all thy beauty and thy breath
Are nursed by care, to end in death!

NED BOLTON.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

A jolly comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea—
When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be!
And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame,
If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name!
Up, up, my lads!—his memory!—we'll give it with a cheer,
Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!

Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor speck;
Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter-deck;
He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,
And Spanish planters crossed themselves at whisper of his name;
But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely smile—
His bark will take no prize again, nor e'er touch Indian isle!

'Sblood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—
The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!
With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,
No need would he have had to cruise in tropic climes again:
But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on shore,
And fortune cried God-speed at last, & welcomed Ned no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—
The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef;
Upon a cutting coral reef—scarce a good league from land—
But hundreds both of horse & foot were ranged upon the strand:
His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and with an old canoe,
Even had he numbered ten to one, what could Ned Bolton do!

Six days and nights the vessel lay upon the coral reef,
Nor favouring gale nor friendly flag brought prospect of relief;
For a land breeze the wild one prayed who never prayed before,
And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore:
The Spaniards shouted from the beach but did not venture near,
Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer!

A calm!—a calm!—a hopeless calm!—the red sun burning high,
Glared blisteringly and wearily, in a transparent sky;
The grog went round the gasping crew and loudly rose the song,
The only pastime at an hour when rest seemed far too long.
So boisterously they took their rouse upon the crowded deck,
They looked like men who had escaped, not feared, a sudden wreck.

Up sprang the breeze the seventh day—away! away! to sea
Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters free;—
Their battle flag these rivers bold then hoisted topmast high,
And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.
"One last broadside!" Ned Bolton cried,—deep boomed the
cannon's roar,
And echo's hollow growl returned an answer from the shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous cheer
Ceased not, so long an ocean spared the shattered privateer:
I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning in the gale,—
We strove to save, we tacked, and fast we slackened all our sail.
I knew the wave of Ned's right hand—farewell!—you strive in
vain!
And he, or one of his ship's crew, ne'er entered port again!

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might?—A reed, upborne
By an overmastering current!

Gentle and lovely Form!
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shiver'd crest
Beside thee strown,
Tell, thou amidst the host,
Thy work was done.

Yet strangely, softly, pale,
O'er thy will scene,
Gleams through its golden hair
That brow serene.

Low lies the shately head,
Earthbound the free;
How gaze those haughty Dead
A plea to thee?

Slumber'd thine early bier
Frier's should have crown'd,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, about the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave,
With the white rose.

Now meet the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep—
Why canst thou here?

Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest-ground
Proud reapers came—
Some for that stirring sound,
A Warrior's name:

Some for the stormy play,
And joy of strife;
And some to fling away
A weary life.

But thou, pale Sleeper! thou
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame:

Only one thought, one power,
Thou couldst have led,
So through the tempest's hour
To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Tears on the dust.

THE WEDDING RING.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Nay, Annie, start not thou aside,
Nor strive to reach the door,
When we have taken a ten mile ride
To view the goldsmith's store.
See that gay brooch, that bracelet see,
And that fine glittering tie,—
And look—O dearest far to me!—
On this plain golden ring.

Wilt thou not look?—Nay, shrink not sweet,
Nor turn thine eyes away:
What canst thou see in yon dull street,
And this no market day?
Two children toddling home from school,
Linked gravely hand in hand;
An old wife perched upon a stool
Beside her apple stand;

A burly burgess, grand of pace,
As vessel under sail;
A band-boxed miss, all smirk and grace,
With flounce, and scarf, and veil;
And, as I live, on spavined steed,
Our vicar, spare and wan:
Full soon may we his reverence need—
Heaven shield the holy man!

Nay, Annie, catch not back thy hand,
Nor turn away thine eye,
Nor hang thy head, nor sidling stand,
As the whole world were by.
There's none to scare my trembling dove,
Or her sweet shame to see—
Ay, that's the very finger, love,
And that the ring for me!

LACONICS.

Forgive not the man who gives you bad wine more than once. It is more than an injury. Cut the acquaintance as you value your life.

If you see half-a-dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has a hundred virtues to counterbalance them. I love your fault, and fear your faultless woman. When you see what is termed a faultless woman, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of completely concealing the defects that she must have, is of itself a serious vice.

If you find no more books in a man's room, save some four or five, including the red-book and the general almanack, you may set down the individual as a man of genius, or an ass;—there is no medium.

The eye is never to be mistaken. A person may discipline the muscles of the face and voice, but there is a something in the eye beyond the will, and we thus frequently find it giving the tongue the lie direct.

I never knew a truly estimable man offer a finger, it is ever a sign of a cold heart; and he who is heartless is positively worthless, though he may be negatively harmless.

Cut the acquaintance of any lady who signs a letter with "yours obediently."

Always act in the presence of children with the utmost circumspection. They mark all you do, and most of them are more wise than you may imagine.

Men of genius make the most ductile husbands.—A fool has too much opinion of his own dear self, and too little of women's to be easily governed.

A passion for sweetmeats, and a weak intellect, generally go together.

I have known many fools to be gluttons, but never knew one that was an epicure.

The affliction of woman is the most wonderful thing in the world; it tires not—faints not—dreads not—cools not. It is like the Naptha that nothing can extinguish but the trampling foot of death.

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[No. 51.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Batavia Royal Arch Chapter, on the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, December 27, A. L. 5827, by HENRY BROWN, Esq. G. C. of the Genesee Encampment.

We are not convened, my brethren, to sanction "wrong or outrage," or to devise expedients for the protection of guilty men from punishments due to violated laws; we are not convened to bow the knee in humble adoration at the shrine of petty despots born to enslave, or to pour out the effusions of servile hearts upon the altars of persecuting bigots pretending to hold the keys of heaven; we are not convened to celebrate events marked by human sufferings, degraded by human crimes, or deplored by human tears; nobler and more exalted themes excite our thoughts: we are assembled pursuant to a long established custom, venerable for its high antiquity, to commemorate the birth day of an illustrious saint, an eminent patron of our order, and one whom Jesus loved.

Let us therefore, my brethren, with that humility which becomes the christian, that zeal for truth which animates the patriot, and that integrity of purpose which exalts the man, devote a few moments of our attention to a consideration of the origin, the progress, the design and the utility of our institution.

"Ever since symmetry began and harmony displayed her charms," our order is said to have had a being. If so, my brethren, it ought not to excite surprise that it found its way into Eden's bowers, that Solomon's Temple, that the proudest monuments of antiquity and the most splendid structures which adorn our globe, have owed to it their origin. It ought not to excite surprise that the Roman Cæsar ranked himself beneath its banners, and the venerable Alban, the first martyr to the Christian faith in Britain, pleaded the rights of masonry before his sovereign. It ought not to excite surprise that men of the most distinguished piety, of the most splendid talents and the most exalted characters, have in every age enrolled their names among our number, and testified to its mystic beauties.

It has of late, I am aware, been contended that its origin is recent, though admitted by all to be unknown. The subject however, is one which admits not of profitable discussion. Suffice it then to remark, that it is lost in the lapse of ages.

Since masonry however, began her glorious march—"since her sublime edifice first dipped its spire in the clouds and shed its brilliance on the benighted bosom of the world," nations have arisen, flourished and fallen. The whirlwinds of war have passed over it and converted the spot where Eden bloomed into a wild and solitary waste. The monuments of ancient glory have crumbled into dust. The sceptre has fallen from the monarch's palsied arm. Kings have tumbled from their exalted thrones, and empires passed away like a dream. Amid the melancholy ruins of time she has reared her standard and proclaimed her triumphs. The bigots and tyrants of every age have sought her ruin and found repose in the vortex of oblivion, while masonry like the bow of promise which encircles the pavilioned arch of heaven, remains the wonder, excites the admiration, and extorts the applause of every clime.

Her progress can excite no other or deeper interest than her origin. In every part of the civilized globe where man has ceased to roam in hordes, the mason finds a home. No matter whether he travels o'er Afric's burning sands or penetrates the polar snows; if civilization or Christianity have trod the paths before him, he is sure to be greeted by a friend and brother in every clime. Gathering strength amid the fall of kingdoms and the ruin of empires, unappalled by the mighty bulwarks which igno-

rance and bigotry and tyranny have reared in every age, she has pursued her eagle flight to glory amid the blaze of every science, "crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, decked with the wreaths of every muse." Efforts to arrest her flight have often been made, but fallen harmless at her feet. Ferdinand, the tyrannical, bigotted Ferdinand, who sways the Spanish sceptre, and broods in sullen majesty o'er its throne of blood, by an imperial mandate has closed her doors. His puny efforts, however, like Indian arrows aimed at the sun eclipsed, have recoiled at last on his own devoted head, and masonry even in that ill fated kingdom has marched through her own blood to victory and glory.

Where liberty however dwells, there is emphatically her country. Hence the most prominent martyrs to American freedom were conspicuous alike in the lodge and in the field. Warren, her first illustrious victim, was Grand Master of our order, and installed as such but a few days before he sealed with his blood the sincerity of his faith and practice on "Bunker's awful mount." Washington, "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was for a long time Grand Master of our order, and died as he had lived, a Free and Accepted Mason. Franklin, the immortal Franklin, who "heaven's artillery averted from the protected dwellings of mankind," was a conspicuous mason, and so was the lamented Hamilton. Lafayette, the patriot of two hemispheres, the early friend and companion of our Washington, who recently left us in a blaze of glory, was greeted in every city, and almost every village by his companions and brethren. Were a longer catalogue of illustrious names required, I would refer you to the late patriotick Tompkins, formerly Grand Master of our order, and to a long list of the most pious and venerable clergy who adorn our country. I would refer you to our late secretary John Wells, than whom a more pure and spotless character scarce ascended from earth to heaven. Were living names required, I would refer you to Madison and Monroe, to Adams and Clay, to Jackson and Clinton, and to a long list of heroes, of statesmen and of patriots, and in the language of the Roman matron exclaim "these are our jewels—these are our ornaments." Were names of the illustrious dead required to cap the climax and fill the measure of masonic glory, I would refer you to Alfred the Great of England, to Frederick of Prussia, and to Napoleon Buonaparte. Napoleon, who for a long time opposed and afterwards embraced the principles of Masonry, "who pointed the thunder of his artillery at Italy, and she fell before him—who levelled his lightning at Spain, and she trembled to the centre of her throne—who sounded the knell of vengeance on the plains of Austerlitz, and all Europe was at his feet." Napoleon, my brethren, who did so much to encourage learning—who patronized every art and science—who plucked so many wreaths from the diadems of ancient warriors and disposed of so many kingdoms and thrones, did not think it beneath his dignity to lay aside the sword and crown, and comply with our mode and manner of initiation, trifling and insignificant as they are—nor did he at a subsequent period, when at his word "empires swung from their moorings," deem it unworthy of his notice to attend and patronize our assemblies.

But why, my brethren, repose for a moment on illustrious names. They possess no charm which can save us from the ruin that awaits every thing human. It is the intrinsic merit of our institution only, that has preserved it so long—where is the mighty Hector and the dreadful Achilles—where is Athens, and Thebes, and Sparta—where is Babylon the great, and where is Nineveh. They exist only in name. Their victorious armies—their illustrious statesmen—their valiant warriors—their immortal poets are no more—they have descended to the house prepared for all living, and left scarcely one wreck behind. If the object and design of masonry meets

not the approbation of christians and patriots—if it finds not an approving conscience and an approving heaven—if it be not founded on human wants and adapted to man's necessities, like other institutions which have gone before it, it must sink into the womb of time and be swallowed up in the vortex of oblivion. But on the other hand, if its principles are derived from the sacred oracles of God, and from thence are transplanted to human bosoms, it will endure "till the last syllable of recorded time." Yes, my brethren, it will survive "the wreck of empires and the crush of worlds," for the great archangel when he shall have kindled the last fire to consume the globe, will stretch forth his mighty arm and pluck its deathless scroll from devouring flames, and give it a place in the archives of eternity.

As masons, my brethren, we are taught "faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind." Not that charity which seeks the incense of popular applause—but that charity descended from heaven to fill, inspire, and expand the human bosom:—

"Tis not to pause when at our door,
A shivering brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,
For faults he once had known;
'Tis not to leave him in despair,
And say that we have none.

The voice of charity is kind,
She thinketh nothing wrong;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith,
Hope smileth at the door;
Relieveth first, then kindly saith,
Go brother—sin no more."

The utility of our institution like that of every other, depends upon the conduct of its members. Religion we are told, has been made "the unwilling instrument of some of the greatest calamities which have been experienced by man." Look at her history—see its pages stained with blood—contemplate for a moment with shame and horror the crimes which have been committed in her name. See her "altars burn brightest when human victims feed the flames. See her unhallowed professors steeped in crime, dealing damnation round our land." Still religion is not responsible for this. She weeps in secret over the conduct of her pretended friends, and deplores their guilt. Nor is it reasonable, my brethren, that religion be held thus responsible. The little family of our Saviour while on earth, consisting of but twelve members, contained a Judas! It ought not therefore to excite surprise, that Christianity, embracing so many millions of human beings, should among its professors, include some who dishonour her name and disgrace her cause. The same remarks will apply with equal and perhaps with superiour force to the society of which we are members, and were all those who profess Christianity endowed with any portion of its spirit or possessed of any particle of its principles, the same charity would long since have been extended to us, which mankind with one accord extend to every other on the globe. Owing however to causes whose explanation at this time is perhaps unnecessary, it has become common of late, with what justice I need not remark, to hold the masonic fraternity responsible for the conduct of all its members. It was observed by the celebrated Edmund Burke, that the public sentiment was often wrong, the public feeling, never. Hence in periods of strong excitement great excesses have often been committed by the effervescence of popular feeling, and the multitude at the same time actuated by the purest of motives. As soon however as passion has subsided and reason acquired one more her empire, the most liberal amends have usually been made. Thus Greece, while in her glory, often voted the fatal hemlock to her distinguished benefactors, and then raised sta-

ties to their memory: Should the publick sentiment in this vicinity remain for a length of time under its present delusion, we must console ourselves with the reflection that—

"One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs,
Of stupid stagers and of loud hums,
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

We must also console ourselves with the further reflection that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." Continue then, my brethren, to discharge the duties which we are taught as Masons, "to God in never mentioning his name but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his creator—to our neighbours in acting upon the square, and to ourselves in avoiding all irregularity and intemperance, which may impair our faculties and debase the dignity of our profession," and having done so, leave the rest to heaven.

An extraordinary excitement exists around us, nor is it, my brethren, without cause. When Cato, the Roman Censor, was told that his neighbours spoke ill of him, he replied, then I must so conduct in future as not to give them occasion. Let us imitate his great and god-like example. Let our light so shine before men, that they seeing our good works may glorify our father which is in heaven, and our standards will rise triumphant on every hill, and "Holiness to the Lord" echo through every vale.

The abduction of Morgan was a very simple and foolish act, as well as a gross and palpable violation of law. It was calculated from its nature and from the circumstances by which it was attended, to excite alarm. Its authors therefore, with the exception of one, who was unquestionably convicted by perjury, have deservedly met their doom. If other wrongs have been inflicted beyond his abduction, their authors had better make their peace with an offended God without delay, and should they escape punishment here below, they cannot hope to escape that "All-Seeing-Eye whom the sun, and the moon and the stars obey." The excitement my brethren, was not only perfectly natural, but such as ought ever to be produced by a recurrence of similar circumstances—and so long as those to whom its management was intrusted, confined their efforts to the detection and punishment of guilt, so long they deserved the approbation of every patriot. It is however to be feared that under the guise of patriotism other objects have been sought.

When a venerable father of the church bearing on his head the frost of seventy winters—whose whole life had been one continued scene of christian benevolence, is arraigned before his brethren, not for any supposed participation in guilt, but merely for belonging to an institution reared on the basis of "truth, honour and justice," which the most pious christians and the most ardent patriots of every age have delighted to honour; it is to be feared that something is "rotten in the state of Denmark." When men whose lives have been as pure as "the driven snow"—and who from their situation probably never heard of the name of Morgan till long after his unfortunate catastrophe, are outlawed and proscribed for being masons—the object of such proscription ought, and I trust hereafter will excite inquiry. When a human body reclaimed by accident from a watery grave, without any pretence whatever, is palmed upon a credulous community for Morgan's—stripped of its natural marks for purposes of deception, and witnesses brought to swear to its identity, with the view to effect a political object, it deserves consideration whether it is not time for that community to pause.

Still my brethren, 'tis not for us to complain—

"For in the fatness of these pury times,
Virtue itself, of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good."

We seek no contest with the throne or the altar. We ask no converts to our cause. The storm that howls with such terrific fury around our tabernacle will yet descend in genial showers, and finally replenish those fountains of benevolence from which have emanated so many refreshing rills. Our duty is plain before us. 'Tis engraven on every heart:—

"Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends ye aim at be your country's,
Your God's and truth's: then if ye fall my brethren,
Ye fall as blessed martyrs."

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

STOMACH OF BIRDS.

In most birds the stomach lies at the upper part of the abdomen, that is, close to the spine, and rests, in a manner, on a stratum of intestines; in the cuckoo, however, it lies below. This peculiarity does not belong exclusively to that curious bird, for I have found it in the ramphastos and the corvus carocatactes (the nut-cracker).

The structure of the stomach differs most widely in the different orders and genera of this class. It appears merely as a thin membranous bag in several of those which feed on flesh and insects, when compared with the thick muscular globes of the granivorous genera. But there are both many intermediate links between these extremes, and at the same time considerable analogies in the structures, which are apparently the most opposite. This is particularly observable in the course of the muscular fibres, and in the callous structure and appearance of the internal coat, in which points many membranous stomachs have a great resemblance to those of the gallinæ.

Both parts, but particularly the muscular, are very strong in the gizzard (ventriculus bulbosus) of granivorous birds. We find here, instead of a muscular coat, four immensely thick and powerful muscles, viz.—a large hemispherical pair at the sides (laterales), and two smaller ones (intermedii) at the two ends of the cavity; all the four are distinguished, both by the unparalleled firmness of their texture and by their peculiar colour, from all the other muscles of the body.

The internal callous coat must be considered as a true epidermis, since, like that part, it becomes gradually thicker from pressure and rubbing. It forms folds and depressions towards the cavity of the stomach, and these irregularities are adapted to each other on the opposite surfaces. The cavity of this curious stomach is comparatively small and narrow; its lower orifice is placed very near the upper. Every part of the organ is indeed calculated for producing very powerful trituration. The numerous experiments which Reaumur performed, in order to determine the extent of this tritutive power, are universally known. There are two curious observations on this subject less generally known. Felix Plater, found an onyx, which had been swallowed by a hen, to be diminished by one-fourth in four days, and a louis-d'or lost in this way sixteen grains in its weight. The end and use of swallowing stones with the food, the well known instinctive practice of granivorous birds, have been very differently explained. Cæsalpinus considered it rather as a medicine than as a common assistance to digestion; Boerhave, as an absorbent for the acid of the stomach; Redi, as a substitute for teeth. According to Whytt, it is a mechanical irritation, adapted to the callous and insensible nature of the coats of the stomach. Spallanzani rejected all supposition of design or object, and thought that the stones were swallowed from mere stupidity. I think there is not much sagacity to be discovered in this opinion, when we consider that these stones are so essential to the due digestion of the corn, that birds grow lean without them, although they may be most copiously supplied with food. This paradoxical opinion has, however, been already refuted by Hunter and Fordyce. The use of swallowing these stones seems to me to consist in this—that they kill the grain, and deprive it of its vitality, which otherwise resists the action of the digestive powers. Thus it has been found, that if the oats and barley given to horses are previously killed by heating, the animal only requires half the quantity, and yet thrives equally. [Btumenbach.]

THE MANNA GUM TREE.

Manna Eucalyptus. The tree blossoms from November till May. In those and the intermediate months, the Manna falls, the weather being hot and dry. The quantity of Manna depends upon the number of flowers which the trees and seasons produce, as the Manna proceeds from the flowering cups, which are full of honey. These cups become the seed vessels, they grow very thick on the tops of the branches, and form, with the cups, the distinguishing character of the genus, as named by the

French botanists. The flowers are much thicker on this than they are on others of this genus, that I have observed, which abound in New-Holland.

The flowering cups, or seed vessels, being filled with this sweet juice, and, as the wind gently moves the branches, it falls on the leaves, these congeal by the heat of the sun, and fall to the ground in white lumps of various shapes and sizes. It sometimes falls so abundantly as nearly to cover the ground under some of the trees. The ants devour it very fast, and they are always very numerous under the trees; probably it is to them a delicious food.

The Manna Gum Tree, is, when in full growth, and in rich alluvial soil, a very beautiful tree, affording, in the hot season, a very agreeable shade; is of a large size, and I have seen them, when full grown, five feet in diameter at the but, and of considerable height. It sheds its outer bark, which peels off throughout the year. The bark is of a bluish white; the foliage of a very dark green; very thick and pendent on the tops of the branches. The wood of this species of Eucalyptus is remarkable for its resistance to fire, probably from the saccharine nature of its sap, and in a state of decay becomes arid. [Australian.]

USEFUL RECIPES.

FININGS FOR WINES.

If wine does not become clear soon enough, for each forty gallons dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a quart of water. Strain and mix this with part of the liquor, beat it up to a froth, and pour it into the rest; stir the whole well, and bung it up, except there should be an appearance of fermentation; if so, leave the bung out till it has ceased. Instead of isinglass, some use hartshorn shavings, in rather larger quantities; red wines are fined with eggs, twelve to the pipe, beaten up to a froth, mixed with the wine, and well stirred in.

Gypsum or alabaster is used to clear cloudy white wines; as also fresh slaked lime; and the size of a walnut of sugar of lead, with a table spoonful of salernixum, is put to forty gallons of muddy wine, to clear it; and hence, as the sugar of lead, which falls to the bottom, the practice is not so dangerous as has been represented.

MANNER OF USING FININGS.

Put the finings, when ready, into a pail, with a little of what you are going to fine; whisk them together till they are perfectly mixed, and then nearly fill up the pail with the liquor, whisking it well about again, after which, if the cask be full, take out four or five gallons to make room; take a staff and stir it well; next whisk the finings up, and put them in, stirring well together for five minutes; then drive in the bung, leaving the vent-peg loose for three or four days, after which drive it in tight.

OF FLAVOURING AND COLOURING WINES.

The quality of roughness, natural to those red wines in which the skins and a portion of the stems have been subjected to the process of fermentation, is readily communicated by astringent substances, and by none more easily or purely than by catechu and kino, substances free from injurious flavour; the sloe is also used; similar roughness, accompanied with flavour, is given by the chips of oak and beech; and if logwood and walnut peels are used, the astringency will also be united to a portion of colour and flavour. All these substances may be rendered highly useful in giving positive qualities to insipid wines. A simple infusion alone is necessary, in such proportion as the exigencies may require; care being taken to rack and fine the wine after the desired effect has been obtained.

[The Vintner's Guide.]

GEOGRAPHICAL.

OTTAWA OR GRAND RIVER.

This great river is suspected to have its source in the Rocky Mountains afar in the North West regions of Canada, and after descending over various sublime waterfalls, and down numerous shutes forming strong rapids, at last, joins the St. Lawrence at the Island of Montreal. The Ottawa discharges over the falls of the Chaudiere during the months of autumn, when it is at the lowest ebb, about

250,000 tons of water every hour; as far as it has yet been explored, it averages one mile and a quarter broad, 12 feet deep, and in the above season runs at a velocity of six miles an hour. In the latter end of June or beginning of July, when the floods come roaring down, turning the falls to rapids, and the lakes to currents, rising at Hull twenty-four feet perpendicular; the discharge will be about twenty times the former quantity, or 5,000,000 tons per hour. Considering the season that the floods come to the St. Lawrence, which is drawing near to midsummer, this river must traverse an immense distance, not less than 2500 miles; and from the colour and extent of its floods, it must pass through immense wastes of snow. As far as it is known, the channel is rocky, banks steep, growing all species of hard wood. The stone is chiefly lime, in horizontal strata. About half a mile from the banks, the country is general is extremely fertile—and abounding in oak groves and rich pineries. Conceiving the river to be an inclined plane, according to the discharge, velocity and distance calculated, the difference of level between where it falls into the St. Lawrence and its source must be about 650 feet. In the extent of its course there are many islands, and what in Canada are termed thirty mile lakes, or lakes of the second order. These are deep, and in many places out of soundings, while the colour of their waters are quite different from those in the large lakes, such as Ontario, Erie, &c.

The shores of its lakes are generally swampy, occasioned by the rising, every year, of the water over them. They are covered with half drowned timber, and present a melancholy prospect. The floods continue at a height about a month, but do not abate for three; they must be composed of as much melted snow as would cover at least 13,000,000 acres of land five feet deep.

As far up the noble stream as the lake of the Chats, the country adjoining is tolerably well settled to the distance it might be said, of 180 miles from the city of Montreal; the settlers have found the country extremely healthy and fertile, and the waters good to drink; in breweries it makes good ale, and is accounted excellent for washing, bleaching, dyeing, &c. Where the country had been cleared about twenty years, little thriving villages begin to spring up. Even the Indian one, of the Lake of the Two Mountains, begins to look similar to Ambleside on the banks of Windermere, England, praised by all feeling travellers and admirers of lake scenery. Many of the settlers are people of great enterprise; amongst these may be mentioned Chieftain Mac Nab, and Philemon Wright, esq. Between Hawkesbury and Hull, a distance of sixty miles, the country has been given to people who have not located it, a circumstance to be regretted, as it leaves a blank wilderness between settled districts, cutting off connexion and greatly destroying the good of intercourse. At a place called Vaudreuil a rapid is made passable for a steamboat by means of a lock—and above the chute of long Soult, which is now canalizing, there is another steam-boat running to Hull during the season.

This river may be said to be the grand high way to the extensive and unexplored North West territories of Canada; along the banks, in many instances, the famous North West Company, had posts—now in possession of the Hudson Bay Company—it was expected that the furtrade would have enlightened the world by an account of the Ottawa; but it is to be regretted, this has not yet been done. The want of inclination does not seem to be the cause; but the want of general knowledge, and leisure to attend to any object but that which forms their wild and precarious business. Is it not after all singular to say, that here one of the largest and most interesting rivers in the known world, running through a healthy country, and exceedingly large colony of Great Britain, should at this time of the day remain almost unknown? On the English maps, it is not to be seen, and the geographer only hears of it as if it were one of the rivers of the moon, which no one can tell whether it exists or not. The Nile and the Niger have their annual host of travellers—all well found from the parent country—but the glorious unknown Ottawa must not be visited by science; the burning savage deserts of Africa, are more respected by her, than our own, dear, wonderful Canada. [Montreal Herald.]

THE ABORIGINES.

INDIANS ON THE NORTHWESTERN FRONTIER.

[From the North American Review.]

It is usual to consider the Indians as one people, with the same feelings, views, and politics. But they are broken into independent communities, frequently enemies, and always rivals, claiming and occupying separate districts of country, and receiving for their cessions separate considerations.

The intercourse of the United States with the Delawares had been varied and extensive, and they had gradually retired as our settlements advanced, ceding, in succession, the lands possessed by them; and, at the declaration of war, they were established upon White river, an important tributary of the Wabash. They withstood every temptation, and not a Delaware raised a weapon against the United States during the whole contest.

The Shawnees were also faithful. Their history is involved in much obscurity. Their language is Algonquin, and closely allied to the Kickapoo and other dialects, spoken by tribes who have certainly lived for ages north of the Ohio. But they are known to have recently emigrated from the south, where they were surrounded by a family of tribes, Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, &c. with whose language their own had no known affinity. Their traditions assign to them a foreign origin, and a wild story has come down to them, of a solemn procession to the brink of the ocean, and of a miraculous passage through the great deep. That they are closely connected with the Kickapoos, the actual identity of language furnishes irrefragable proof, and the incidents of the separation yet live in the oral history of each tribe.

We are strongly inclined to believe, that not long before the arrival of the French upon the great lakes, the Kickapoos and Shawnees composed the tribe known as the Erie, living on the Southern shore of the lake, to which they have given their name. It is said, that this tribe was exterminated by the victorious Iroquois. But it is more probable that a series of disasters divided them into two parties, one of which, under the name of Kickapoos, sought refuge from their enemies in the immense prairies between the Illinois and Mississippi, and the other under the name of Shawnees fled into the Cherokee country, and thence farther south. Father Sagard in 1632, called the Eries, the *nation duchat*, or of the racoon, on account of the magnitude of those animals in their country; and that is the *soubriquet*, which to this day is applied by the Canadians to the Shawnees. But, however this may be, the tribe itself, like the Delawares, had been migratory, and had removed its council fire from place to place, as the white man advanced to extinguish it. They, too, had made important cession, and occupied the country at the sources of the great Miami. Their relations with the United States were scrupulously preserved; but Tecumthe and the Prophet, instigated by personal ambition, abandoned their brethren, and with a little party of seceders, estimated in the Quarterly at "half a score,"^{*} passed over to the British camp.

The Maimies had long been stationary in the country between Lake Michigan and the Ohio, and had yielded to the United States, for valuable returns, valuable tracts of country. At the commencement of the war, and for some months afterwards, they adhered to their engagements, and forty of their warriors accompanied William Wells, who was sent to conduct the garrison of Chicago to Fort Wayne, when our operations in the northwest were palsied by imbecility, and one disaster seemed to make way for another, this tribe yielded to the combined effects of threats and promises, and accepted the tomahawk, which was tendered to them by the British officers.

The Senecas, who also occupied a portion of the country South of Lake Erie, were a shoot from the main stem in New York. They preserved their integrity with honourable firmness.

The history of the Wyandots, we shall presently examine. We have here but to remark, that their claims extended over important sections of the

country, and that they were parties to various treaties, by which the American Government had acquired extensive jurisdiction. The great body of the tribe resided upon the Sandusky river, and there its legitimate government was established. Neither people nor government abandoned their friends, nor forgot their duties.

These were the tribes upon our frontier, with whom our relations had been most complicated, and they were the tribes, who evinced the strongest disposition to remain neutral, or to join us in the contest.

The Chippewas, Ottawas, and Potawatomes, are more closely connected than any other tribes.—They have one council fire, and almost an identity of interest. The Chippewas extend from Lake Erie far to the North and West, and their different bands have no common point of union, but manage their concerns like independent tribes. Those in the peninsula of Michigan are associated with the Ottawas and Potawatomes, and, previously to the war of 1812, not an acre of the country belonging to these tribes, had ever been occupied by the United States. The settlements were confined to the districts, acquired by their predecessors, French and British, and although a cession of territory had been made in 1807, yet not a white man had settled upon it, and the entire usufruct was in the Indians. The Northern Chippewas, the Menomonies, the Winnebagoes, and the Sioux, who are enumerated in the Quarterly as active allies, and who probably constituted three-fourths of the British savage force, had never been brought into contact with the American Government, nor ever ceded to it the smallest portion of their lands. Nor to this day, has a rood of their country been bought, or claimed, or settled, or occupied. The little insulated communities at Green Bay and Prairie du Chien are now, as they were at the capitulation of Montreal.

What then becomes of the pretext, that the Indians engaged in this war "for the preservation of their territory?" When, in fact those who had ceded most were most anxious to remain at peace. And when those who had ceded nothing, and who will for ages cede nothing, clutched the tomahawk with as little scruple as it was presented. Was it a provident regard for the future, that dictated to the aboriginal politicians the necessity of providing for events, which, if they ever come, must come when some mighty physical revolution shall render the Southern coast of Lake Superior, and the table land of the Mississippi, pleasant residences for civilized man? Such prospective wisdom is rarely found among the Indians. It would disclose not a mere trait of character, but a new feature of human nature, if these improvident beings, with whom the past is forgotten and the future contemplated, and whose whole existence is absorbed in the present, should encounter the United States in war, lest their country might be sold after the lapse of centuries.

But it is felt, that some justification is necessary for this union of St George's cross and the Indian *Kukewium*,^{*} and it is now discovered that the Christian troops were fighting the battles of the Indians. And whose battles were they fighting in the revolutionary war? What land had the infant government acquired, or what aggression had it committed? When the British ministry quailed before the eloquent invective of Chatham, it was said by Lord Suffolk, in the House of Lords, that if they did not employ the Indians the Americans would. How false this was, we have already shown. But the ministry adhered to their resolution with a tenacity of purpose, which, in a better cause, would have merited the appellation of just inflexibility. As the alliance was consummated openly, better to avow it boldly. Better to avow at once, what no canting will ever conceal, that the savage "co-operation" was useful to the British troops; and it was therefore sought with an anxiety no ways diminished by the ruthless consequence of its employment.

^{*} This is the Indian standard, and the word, which is Algonquin, means something to stand by. It is a long spear, with feathers attached to the staff from one end to the other, and is-uing at right angles from it. The colour of the feathers is variegated; and this ensign is borne by the chief warriors. Whenever it is displayed, the hostile parties will understand that there is neither peace nor truce, and that a battle alone can decide between them.

^{*} Quarterly Review, No. 61, p. 107.

POPULAR TALES.

THE RESCUE.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

"King Stephen was a worthy peer."

The hall was lofty, sculptured round with armorial devices, and hung with gayly embroidered banners, which waved in the wind streaming from the orannies in windows which had suffered some dilapidation from the hand of time. Minstrel harps rang throughout the wide apartment, and at a board well covered with smoking viands—haunches of the red deer, bustards, cranes, quarters of mutton, pasties, the grinning heads of wild boars,—and flanked with flagons of wine, and tankards of foaming ale, sat King Stephen, surrounded by the flower of the Norman nobles, whose voices had placed him on the English throne. In the midst of the feast, the jovial glee of the wassailers was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who, forcing his way through the yeomen and lacqueys crowding at the door, flew with breathless haste to the feet of the king, and falling down on his knees, in faltering accents delivered the message with which he had been intrusted. "Up, gallants," exclaimed the martial monarch, "don your harness, and ride as lightly as you may to the relief of the Countess of Clare, she lies in peril of her life and honour, beleaguered by a rabble of unnurtured Welsh savages, who, lacking respect for beauty, have directed their arms against a woman. Swollen with vain pride at their late victory, (the fiend hang the coward loons who fled before them,) they have sworn to make this noble lady serve them barefoot in their camp. By St. Dennis and my good sword, were I not hampered by this pestilent invasion of the Scots, I would desire no better pastime than to drive the ill-conditioned serfs howling from the walls. Say, who amongst you will undertake the enterprise?—What, all silent? are ye knights? are ye men? do I reign over christian warriors, valiant captains who have been sworn to protect beauty in distress; or are ye like the graceless dogs of Mahomed, insensible to female honour?" "My ranks are wonderful scant," returned Milo Fitzwalter, "I may not reckon twenty men at arms in the whole train, and varlets have I none; but it boots not to number spears when danger presses; so to horse and away. Be shrew me, were it the termagant Queen Maude herself, I'd do my best to rescue her in this extremity." "Thou art a true knight, Fitzwalter," replied the king, "and wilt prosper: the Saint's benison be with thee, for thou must speed on this errand with such tall men as thou canst muster of thine own proper followers: the Scots, whom the devil confound, leave me too much work, to spare a single lance from mine own array. We will drink to thy success, and to the health of the fair countess, in a flask of the night Bourdeaux: and tell the lady that thy monarch grudges thee this glorious deed; for by my Halidom, an thou winnest her unscathed from the hands of these Welsh churls, thou wilt merit a niche beside the most renowned of Charlemagne's paladins." Fitzwalter made no answer, but he armed in haste, and, leaping into his saddle, gave the spur to his gallant steed, and followed by his esquires and men at arms, rested not either night or day, until he reached the marches of Wales. The lions of England still proudly flying over the castle walls, assured him that the countess had been enabled to hold out against the savage horde, who surrounded it on all sides. The besiegers set up a furious yell as the knight and his party approached their encampment. Half naked, their eyes glaring wildly from beneath a mass of yellow hair, and scantily armed with the rudest species of offensive and defensive weapons, their numbers alone made them terrible; and had the castle been manned and victualled, it might have long defied their utmost strength. Drawing their falchions, the knight and his party keeping closely together, and thus forming an impenetrable wedge, cut their desperate path through the fierce swarm of opposing foes, who, like incarnate demons, rushed to the onslaught, and fell in heaps before the biting steel of these experienced soldiers. Pressing forward with unyielding bravery, Fitzwalter won the castle walls; whence, with the assistance of such frail aid as the living spectres on the battlements could give, he beat back the

Welsh host, and in another quarter of an hour, having dispersed the enemy with frightful loss, gained free entrance to the castle. Feeble was the shout of triumph which welcomed Fitzwalter and his brave companions; the corpses of the unburiad dead lay strewn upon the pavement; the heroick countess, and her attendant damsels, clad in the armour of the slain, weakened by famine, and hopeless of succour, yet still striving to deceive the besiegers by the display of living warriors, by this stratagem retarded the assault which they could not repel. Fitzwalter took advantage of the darkness of the night, and the panic of the Welshmen, to withdraw from a fortress which was destitute of all the implements of war; and with the rescued ladies mounted behind them, the brave band returned to the court of King Stephen; and the charms of the fair one, and the valour of her chivalric defender, formed the theme of the minstrel in every knightly hall and lady's bower throughout Christendom.

THE REPOSITORY.

From "The Bijou," for 1828.

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

A Fragment.—By S. T. Coleridge.

"A little further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight!" Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come into the open moonlight. Ah, why dost thou groan so deeply?"

"Lead on my child," said Cain, "guide me, little child." And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on the fir tree! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? Is it because we are not so happy as they? Is it because I groan sometimes as thou groanest?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him; and Cain lifted up his voice, and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he is around me even as the air, O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils, so I might abide in darkness and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head when he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven looked terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, "Arise my father, arise, wear a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher;" and Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and the child answered—"Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him, and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright, and followed the child. The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees

formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness the child was affrighted for the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was black, and matted into loathly curls, and his countenance was dark and wild, and told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach, it was desolate; the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of their white sand. You might wander on, and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks, and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn, and the winter's snow that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophecy mutely of things that then were not; steeples and battlements and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the terrible groan the earth gave when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its points and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they arrived there they beheld a human shape; his back was towards them, and they were coming up unperceived, when they heard him wipe his breast and cry aloud, "Wo, is me! wo, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

The face of Cain turned pale; but Enos said, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O my father! this is it!" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet can not refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. Enos crept softly round the base of the rock, and stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the shape shrieked and turned round, and Cain beheld him, and that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed; and Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terrible of a dream; and ere he had recovered himself from the tumult of his agitation, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands—and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said, "The creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garments, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sat beside him; the child by his right hand and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; "I know where the cold waters are but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his

heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me—but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground; and Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and walked slowly back to the rocks, and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said—"Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovest, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape rose and answered—"O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee?" and they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as their shadows.

MISCELLANY.

SALLY HOLT AND THE DEATH OF JOHN HAYLOFT.

[From Hood's "Whims and Oddities,"—second series.]

Four times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's, a very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do char-work or needle-work—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of woman—at least for woman.

I think it is not often servitude begets much kindness between two relations: her's, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerly's she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. Her she doats upon—her she fondles—and takes upon her longing lovely lap.

O let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Dominie Sampson to the tall boy Bertram, be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange, unlapped from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful marriageable hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed, as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments; I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant; and this expectation makes her particular, and earnest to a fault in her inquiries about sweethearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances; questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible; but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-Bab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring.—My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles: but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred; for, plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperian, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief, at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments. Some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and others poetize on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetic to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

It might have been thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting O dear! Passion could not wring more from her, in the way of exclamation, than the tooth-ache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By and by, she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, a rusty hair; then she fell to rocking—then O dear! O dear!—and then Da Capo.

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littleton's!

"Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?" was a very natural inquiry from my aunt, when she came down into the kitchen: and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but, one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holy-day, except that the water stood in her eyes.

"If you please, ma'am," said she, rising up from her chair, and dropping her old courtesy, "if you please ma'am, it is John Hayloft is dead!" and then

she began rocking again as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging a sleep.

My aunt was pained. She would fain have comforted the mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, sal volatile; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish grief—in some cases a cordial. In others a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed; or fainted, or gone stupefied, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked in her chair—

What the devil could my aunt do?—

Why nothing;—and she did it as well as she could.

PREFACE TO AN ALBUM.

[From "The Talisman."]

This book is destined to preserve the memorials of acquaintance, of esteem, of friendship, of affection—to contain the thoughts of many minds—to bear the impress of many characters. Who can anticipate its further contents? How various will be its tone—its temper—its talents—its moral expression—influence and feeling!

Such a volume is an apt emblem of the history of our own minds.

In the mysterious order of Providence, we are all made subject to each other's influence. We assume the shape, colour, fashion of the little world about us. We become the very abstracts and brief chronicles of the opinions, feelings, tastes, and principles of those amongst whom we live. We are as mirrors, giving back the reflections of the society in which we are placed—sometimes, it may be, brighter and purer than the original forms themselves; how much oftener imparting to them our own dimness and distortions!

Our power over the materials of which our daily thoughts are woven, is but that of the owner of this book over the thoughts which fill its pages, a power too rarely exercised in real life that of shutting out the intrusion of gross evil, and opening our sympathies and affections to the kindly welcome of all that is beautiful and good.

Happy they, who, taught by the sure instinct of their own purity, have ever shrunk back from the near approach of vice. Happy they; upon whose hearts and memory and imagination the vain and bad ones of the earth—the worldly, the licentious, the grovelling, have never written any lasting transcript of their own thoughts. Into such the spirit of this world does not enter—its seductions, follies, and vices soil not them—the delusions of life find no resting place in their minds, and glide off like rain-drops from the pure and smooth plumage of the dove.

This theme is fruitful in still deeper and higher morals.

That influence, so powerful in its sway over us, we must, in turn, exert upon others. Other minds must become in part the transcripts of ours and perpetuate the evil or the excellence of our short being here. It is not given alone to the great, the eloquent, or the learned, to those who speak trumpet-tongued to millions of their fellow creatures, from the proud elevations of power or talent, thus to extend themselves in the production of good or ill into after-times. We are each and all of us, as waves in the vast ocean of human existence; our own little agitation soon subsides, but it communicates far onward and onward, and it may often swell as it advances into a majesty and power with which it would scarcely seem possible, that our littleness could have had any participation.

Happy, then, reader—happy thou, if thou hast confined the bad tendencies of thy nature to thine own breast,—if thou hast never proved the cause of offence—not even to any "little one"—if thou hast led none into dangerous error, lulled none into careless or contemptuous negligence of duty, nor ever sullied the whiteness of an innocent mind.

Yet remember—that it is the mysterious and awful law of thy nature, that no one of us can pass through life insulated and solitary, leaving no trace.

behind him. The influence will be, must be, for good or for evil after thee. Then, although haply thou mayest have but a single talent-committed to thy charge, whether thou writest thy thoughts in these pages, or engravest them in living characters upon the hearts of those who trust or love, or honour thee, strive always that they may be such as will tend to "give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth" so that others may be holier and happier because *thou hast lived*.

SADHU SING AND MORA.

The following is an extract from "The Surgeon's Daughter," one of the stories contained in the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

Here the travellers stopped to drink, and to refresh themselves and their horses; and it was near this spot that Hartley saw a sight which forced him to compare the subject which engrossed his own thoughts, with the distress that had afflicted another.

At a spot not far distant from the brook, the guide called their attention to a most wretched looking man, overgrown with hair who was seated on the skin of a tiger. His body was covered with mud and ashes, his skin sun-burnt, his dress a few wretched tatters. He appeared not to observe the approach of the strangers, neither moving nor speaking a word, but remaining with his eyes fixed on a small and rude tomb, formed of the black slate stones which lay around, and exhibiting a small recess for a lamp. As they approached the man, and placed before him a rupee or two, and some rice, they observed that a tiger's skull and bones lay beside him, with a sabre almost consumed by rust.

While they gazed on this miserable object, the guide acquainted them with his tragical history. Sadhu Sing had been a Sipahsee, or soldier, and freebooter of course, the native and the pride of a half-ruined village which they had passed on the preceding day. He was betrothed to the daughter of a Sipahsee, who served in the mud fort which they saw at a distance rising above the jungle. In due time, Sadhu, with his friends, came for the purpose of the marriage, and to bring home the bride.

She was mounted on a Taton, a small horse belonging to the country, and Sadhu and his friends preceded her on foot, in all their joy and pride. As they approached the nullah near which the travellers were resting, there was heard a dreadful roar, accompanied by a shriek of agony. Sadhu Sing, who instantly turned, saw no trace of his bride, save that her horse ran wild in one direction, whilst in the other the long grass and reeds of the jungle were moving like the ripple of the ocean, when distorted by the course of a shark holding its way near the surface. Sadhu drew his sabre and rushed forward in that direction, the rest of the party remained motionless until roused by a short roar of agony. They then plunged into the jungle with their drawn weapons, where they speedily found Sadhu Sing holding in his arms the lifeless corpse of his bride, while a little farther lay the body of the tiger slain by such a blow over the neck as desperation itself could alone have discharged.

The brideless bridegroom would permit none to interfere with his sorrow. He dug a grave for his Mora, and erected over it the rude tomb they saw, and never afterwards left the spot. The beasts of prey themselves seemed to respect or dread the extremity of his sorrow. His friends brought him food and water from the nullah, but he neither smiled nor showed any marks of acknowledgement unless when they brought him flowers to deck the grave of Mora. Four or five years, according to the guide, had passed away, and there Sadhu Sing still remained among the trophies of his grief and his vengeance, exhibiting all the symptoms of advanced age, though still in the prime of youth. The tale hastened the travellers from their resting-place; the Vakeel because it reminded him of the dangers of the jungle, and Hartley because it coincided too well with the probable fate of his beloved, almost within the grasp of a more formidable tiger than that whose skeleton lay beside Sadhu Sing.

I never knew a truly estimable man offer a finger, it is ever a sign of a cold heart: and he who is heartless is positively worthless.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1828.

Many notices of elections, &c. are again omitted, to make room for the excellent address in this day's paper.

Post masters and Secretaries of chapters and lodges, are respectfully requested to act as our agents.

We have received from our New-York correspondent, French and English papers to the 23d November inclusive.

Those who have listened to the funeral discourses of bigoted sectarians, when called upon to do the last duties to some deceased patron of their church, whose life has been none of the most regular, but whose donations have in some degree atoned for their licentiousness, cannot but remark the unpleasant dilemma in which the clergyman finds himself when he comes to speak of the future state of the deceased. It is easy enough to praise his deeds of charity, and dwell on the public spirit and benevolence of the deceased; but if he has never made a formal profession of a belief in the peculiar creed of the officiating divine, it becomes a very delicate task to speak of his future state. He dare not express a hope of his salvation, while he steadfastly maintains that without faith and repentance the soul must inevitably be lost; and yet to express the contrary is giving but poor encouragement to deeds like his.

We are led to these remarks by perusing an anecdote which happened at the funeral of General Scott, father-in-law to Mr. Canning the late premier of Great Britain. General Scott had been noted for his success at gaming, so much so, that owing to his extraordinary success at a certain game, he had acquired the familiar sngnomen of "*whist Scott*." The minister who officiated at his funeral was the Rev. Peter Glass, of Grail. He was a man of very eccentric humour, and often had recourse to his shrewdness to extricate himself from such a dilemma, as we have just described. He did ample justice to the life and character of the deceased "muckle amn;" regularly poising his virtues against his frailties, and thus, with all due impartiality drew a true portrait of his late friend and patron. But when Mr. Glass came to the important point, which his auditory looked to perhaps as a criterion for their own fate, he made a full and emphatic pause, and then proceeded with a solemn and earnest tone, "My dear friends, my heart will na alloo me to sen' him to heeven, an' my conscience winna let me sen' him to hell; but do thou O God, of thy infinite goodness tak him up; give him a good shak ower the bottomless pit; but, for Christ's sak dinna let him fa' in!"

FISH STORIES. In a late number of the Liverpool Mercury, we are informed that in September last a shoal of whales appeared in the offing, near Fitfoll Head, in Shetland. They were immediately attacked by the fishermen, who succeeded in driving twenty-seven of them on shore, in Quendal bay. One of them measured 74 feet in length. This we can believe by the aid of some coughing and awallowing; but what to say of a paragraph which immediately follows it, we do not really chose to decide. It is told with all the serious matter-of-fact confidence of a true story, and moreover credited

with the truly indisputable signature, "*Furet de Londres*." With such evidence it is not very good manners to express our doubts, if we have them; much less encourage others in their incredulity; we shall therefore give it as our opinion, that the story is in this country, in every respect and circumstance true—as it is in England. It is stated that a Danish fisherman lately caught a salmon of enormous size, round the throat of which was fixed a sort of amulet, inscribed with antique characters. These characters, on application to the academy of Copenhagen, proved, when deciphered, to be Runick poetry. Their translation is given: "Fish, thou wert once my prisoner; but merciful as skilful, the great powerful Erik restores thee to the sea deities; return thanks therefore to Odin." This by a comparison with chronological tables, must carry back the period at which the fish was caught, from six to eight hundred years, or before Christianity was introduced into the Norwegian, Danish, or Swedish kingdoms. What a glorious treat this fish would have made for Dr. Mitchell!

LEGAL DECISION. In a late London paper, we observe a decision in the court of the King's Bench, which if taken as a precedent in our courts of law, will materially change the present usages. The suit brought before the court was to recover the sum of £45, being the price of linens and haberdashery furnished by the plaintiff to the defendant's wife. The defendant and his wife, it appeared lived separate; for what cause it did not appear. The judge, Lord Tenterden, gave it as his opinion, that when the husband and wife were living apart, and no cause stated, it was to be presumed that they did so by mutual consent, and that presumption was against the liability of the husband. A verdict was given for the defendant.

FOREIGN. Nothing new to be depended upon has been heard from Greece. The insurrection in Spain has been entirely put down, and the papers contain accounts of the execution of eight Spanish colonels at Tarragona, for having taken an active part in it. The admirals of the allied squadrons have addressed the Greek Permanent Committee of the "Corps Legislatif," on the subject of the Greek piracies.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The "*Albany Morning Chronicle*," a new daily paper, made its appearance in this city, this morning. It is edited by Samuel B. Beach, esq. a gentleman already favourably known as a writer, and published by Beach, Denio and Richards. Its politics are in favour of the present administration of the general government.

The first and second numbers of "*The Bower of Taste*," a very neat and beautiful weekly paper in the octavo form, edited by Mrs. Katharine A. Ware, has come to hand. It is the Boston Spectator in a new form, and under a new name. It has already acquired considerable celebrity, and we do not believe its literary reputation is any the worse for Ware.

The "*Toilet, or Ladies' Cabinet of Literature*," a new literary paper, edited by Owen G. Warren and a lady of Providence, has also been received.

The eighth or December number of the "*Western Monthly Review*," is on our table. Contents:—Violetta and Thoroughgrabb; Duelling;

Mrs. Mason's Monody; Reviews:—Caldwell's Elements of Phrenology; Brown's Novels; Harrison's Speech; Cooper's Crisis; To correspondents.

The January number of "The Casket" comes out much improved in appearance. It is embellished with a correct likeness of General Jackson; also views of the Bank of Pennsylvania; The Destruction of the Kent East Indian; two cuts of the School of Flora; and the popular song of "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove," assung by Mr. Horn.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.
[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Jan. 12. In senate, the bill for confirming the election of justices of the peace, in the towns of Vienna and Verona, in Oneida, Hancock, in Delaware, and Clermont in Columbia, was read a third time and passed; also the bill reducing the capital of the Mechanick's Fire Insurance Company in New-York.

In assembly, the day was mostly occupied in considering the bill to establish a superiour court of law in the city of New-York, in committee of the whole.

Monday, Jan. 14. In senate, the day was mostly taken up with the revision; several bills were received from the assembly for concurrence, but nothing acted upon.

In assembly, a communication was received from the surveyor general on the subject of publishing the state map, which was referred to the committee on literature. Bills for the pardon of David Linus, and for incorporating of the Ithaca and Owego Rail Road Company, were severally read a third time and passed. The revision brought on an extensive and talented debate in both houses, which however does not elicit interest sufficient to warrant a publication in our columns.

Tuesday, Jan. 15. In senate a long and desultory debate in committee of the whole was maintained on the revision. The bill from the assembly, making an appropriation of \$4000 to the Auburn state prison, was read a third time and laid upon the table.

In assembly, the resolution yesterday submitted by Mr. Brasher, that the bill to establish a superiour court of law in the city of New-York, be referred to the attorney general, to examine and report whether any of its provisions are repugnant to the constitution,—was adopted. The bill to rebuild a lock and waste-wier at Rome, was read a third time and passed.

Wednesday, Jan. 16. In senate it was resolved "that when the senate adjourns it will adjourn to meet at half past ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and at that hour on each succeeding day until otherwise ordered." On motion of Mr. Carroll, resolved, that the comptroller be requested to submit to the senate, a statement of all banks, insurance and lombard associations, of this state; the date and limitation of their respective acts of incorporation; the amount of capital authorized to be invested; the amount paid in; the amount of stock owned by the state in each; the amount of receipts into the treasury from the tax imposed thereon respectively; together with such remarks as he may think proper to communicate. A bill appropriating \$4000 to the Auburn state prison; and to pardon David Linus, were severally read a third time and passed.

In assembly, the following bills were read a third time and passed:—to divide the town of Malone in the county of Franklin; for the relief of Dan Chapman; to provide for building a fire proof clerk's office, in the county of Yates; to repeal the act for the preservation of trout in the Owasco lake; to facilitate the publication of a map and atlas of this state; to settle the claim of John Sargent, and the account of the administrators of Jabez Gould deceased; and to authorize the levying of a tax in the county of Orleans, to defray the expense of building the jail in the same county.

Thursday, Jan. 17. In senate, the bill to divide the town of Halfmoon, was recommitted to the committee on the division of counties and towns. The remainder of the day was occupied in the revision and executive business.

In assembly, the annual report of the adjutant general was received, ordered printed, and referred

to the committee on the militia. Much unfinished business is before both houses, and it is daily accumulating, the revision at present preventing its consideration.

Friday, Jan. 18. In senate, it was resolved, that the canal commissioners report to the senate what leases or contracts they have made for surplus waters of the Erie canal, for hydraulic purposes, &c. &c. A concurrent resolution was received from the assembly directing the secretary of state to furnish each member of the present legislature, who were not members of the legislatures of 1825, '26, '27, with a copy of the revised laws as lately published. It was amended so as to read, "a copy of the session laws, containing a part of the revised statutes, as lately published," and agreed to.

In assembly, the bill relative to the surrogates' offices in the several counties of the state, was read a third time and passed.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

The New-York Gazette says that thirteen men, all in a state of beastly intoxication, were counted on the night of the 3d inst. in the course of a walk between 10 and 11 o'clock, from Pump street near the Bowery, to Hudson near Anthony street, in that city.—A northern paper apologizes for delay in publication, and adds, "to those who have not paid us, we say, we are in want of wheat, corn, tallow, hay, and a little cash."—Our neighbour Solomon Southwick (says the New-York Morning Courier) is full of Masonry, Morgan and Murder. We take a brick from Babylon:—

"Again—have I not brought you all the sad story Of Morgan the martyr, and true son of glory— Who was murdered and thrown in Niagara's stream, When the sun, when the moon, when no star shed a beam Of light, to disclose the dark deed that was done By Freemasons—Oh! well might the sun, The moon, and the stars, hide their faces—(and blush) From beholding the blood of the brave martyr gush, When the demons of masonry dealt the foul blow That our friend, benefactor, and hero laid low!"

This (continues the Courier) must be Solomon's own—his carrier never could have hit on the beautiful fancy of making a star blush. The sun however must be exonerated from this charge—for the story goes that Morgan was murdered at midnight; ergo, if the sun at that time saw any thing at Niagara to shock his feelings, he must have looked through the solid globe.—The Berkshire American, in animadverting upon the grumbling propensities of some people, who are ingenious enough, if they can not find ground for grumbling, to make it, concludes his article—"Wo unto you, grumblers! for ye pass by good manners, truth, and decency, to gain a point, and grumble when you have got it."—There is more difficulty in counting a million than is apparent at first sight. Mr. Cooper, the tragedian, is said to have made a bet with a friend, that he could travel from Boston to New-York, and return before the sum could be counted. Some eastern editor reckons it would take four or five days, or more. We guess, at the rate of two per second, or 120 per minute, counting ten hours a day, it would take "a considerable while, if not more,"—as likely as not *thirteen days, three hours, and twenty minutes!*—Upwards of twenty young rioters were taken up in Philadelphia, on New-Year's eve, and bound over for trial; the mayor having organized a special patrol with the view to stop the intended disturbances.—The legislature of North-Carolina has declared the seat of Abner N. Vail, a member elect, of that body, vacant, in consequence of his not being a freeholder. [How long will this remnant of aristocracy disgrace our institutions? Suppose this gentleman had owned a few acres of some swamp in that state, which would represent the people in the legislature of the state, the swamp, or the man?—As an attorney and a physician were rallying each other on the merits of their respective professions, the doctor inquired for the definition of the term "to dock an entail" "It is not a term that can be so easily defined comparison with the technical phrases of your practice; it signifies to suffer a recovery."—Egbert united the kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy in 827, so that it is just 1000 years since England became a kingdom.—A patent has been granted to a person in Somerstown, for a machine for making shoes, gloves, caps, and various other articles of leather, from one piece without seam.—Doctor Arne was once asked by two rival vocalists of Covent Garden theatre, to decide which of them sung the best. The day being appointed, both parties exerted themselves to the utmost and when finished, the doctor, addressing the first, said, "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah, ah!" said the other exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, sir," says the doctor, I have a word to say—as for you, sir, you can not sing at all."—On the 16th ult. two persons went a snake hunting, and having arrived at a place

where they were very numerous during the warm season, they dug about two and a half feet below the surface, when they came to a large knot of black snakes, which they very dexterously snaked from their hiding place, and digging further, they discovered another knot, which they also dislodged from their winter quarters. The whole family numbered 70, from 2 feet 8 inches to 6 feet 10 inches, their average length 4 1-2 feet, and making a collective line of 315 feet. The den is situated near the "Devil's Foot Rock," North Kingston, Rhode Island. [By the bye, a very proper place for the "old serpent" to take up his winter quarters.]

THE "ODD-FELLOWS."

Monday evening, January 7th, being the anniversary, and installation of the elective officers of Hope Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows, the following brethren were installed officers for the ensuing term:—

Br. Alexander Cameron, M. N. G. Br. R. Woodruff, V. G. Br. J. Glass, Secretary. After the business of the lodge, the members, accompanied by several brethren of the Philanthropic lodge, sat down to a sumptuous repast, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, at Br. Kane's, Heaven-st. After the cloth was removed the following toasts were drunk, accompanied by volunteer sentiments and songs, suitable to the occasion:

1. The institution of Odd Fellowship.—When virtuous actions shall become universally prevalent, and charity and good works characterise all mankind, then its principles will be no longer "odd."
2. Hope Lodge, No. 3, of Independent Odd Fellows.—May the name be always realized in the brethren, by their christian hope and charity.
3. Our motto—"friendship, love, and truth."—May it be exemplified in our actions.
4. "Friendship, love, and truth"—The ornamental pillar of our institution, and the gems that adorn and enlighten the path of man through the wilderness of life.
5. The "chain" that binds "the hand and heart" of every odd fellow.
6. Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5, of Odd Fellows, the offspring of Hope Lodge—may their greatest emulation be fraternal affection.
7. The "hand and heart," when they are both full, may the worthy and the needy receive its benefits.
8. Br. J. Wilsey, G. S. of the U. S.—A pattern well worthy our imitation.
9. "Odd Fellowship."—An odd man for acts of benevolence and friendship.
10. May no independent odd fellow ever feel want, or want feeling.
11. Charity,—the fair offspring of heaven, and the bright attribute of man.
12. The fair sex.—We are not so odd as to withhold our tribute of respect due to their charms and virtues.

VARIETIES.

The fathers of the church considered the earth as a great ship, surrounded by water, with the prow to the east and the stern to west. We still find in Cosmas, a monk of the fourteenth century, a sort of geographical chart, in which the earth has this figure. Even among the ancients, though many of their geometricians had acknowledged the sphericity of the globe, it was for a long time imagined that the earth was a third longer than it was broad, and thence arose the terms of *longitude* and *latitude*. St. Athanasius expresses himself most warmly against astronomers. "Let us stop the mouths of these barbarians," he exclaims, "who, speaking without proof, dare assert that the heavens also extend under the earth."

Monsieur de Fontenelle had a brother who was an Abbe. He was asked one day—"of what profession is your brother?" "My brother (said he) is a priest." "Has he any benefices?" "No." "How then does he occupy himself?" "He says mass in the morning." "And in the evening?" "In the evening, he knows not what he says."

A plagiarist one day reading his tragedy to the Abbe de Voisenon, the latter arose frequently from his seat, and made a low bow. "What the devil ails you," said the reader, "with all your bows?" "A man," replied the Abbe, "ought to salute his acquaintances politely, when he meets them."

MARRIED,

At Chester Court House, South Carolina, on the 27th December last, by the Rev. John B. Davis, Mr. JOSEPH M'CORM, formerly of Charleston, S. C. to Miss MARY HOLBEN, of the former place.

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. (C) Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12.

POETRY.

[From "The Memorial"]

A NEW-ENGLAND VILLAGE.

BY J. H. NICHOLS.

There stand the holy apires of prayer,
Devoutly looking up to heaven,
Like moral telegraphs, to bear
The upward thoughts of the forgiven;
And, as the sun-gilt windows gleam
In their unstained transparency,
Chaste thoughts come o'er me, as I dream
Of that soft hour, when, tenderly,
The gray-haired pastor crossed my brow
With water from the fount of snow.

How sweetly every mansion lifts
Its clean white front among the trees,
While the blue smoke, in early drifts,
Sails off before the healthy breeze;
Behind each roof, long meadows slope
In swards that blush with clover blossoms,
And new-washed clothes swing on the rope,
Just hung by maids of tranquil bosoms.
And there the yellow street is seen,
Ribbioned both sides with virgin green.

With what a gay and tidy air
The tavern shows its painted sign!
Causing each traveller to stare,
And either out the gold-leaf line;
And yonder is the merchant's stand
Where, on the benches round the door,
Gather the story-telling band—
And all burst out in hearty roar,
As some wild wag, at his tongue's rots,
Deals the convulsive anecdote.

Why is the dust in such a rage?
It is the yearly caravan
Of peddlers, on their pilgrimage
To southern marts, full of japan,
And tin, and wooden furniture,
That try to charm the passing eye,
And spices which, I'm very sure,
Ne'er saw the shores of Araby.
Lord! how the women start and run,
To catch a glimpse, ere they are gone!

Close underneath yon gentle hill
The district school-house wins the view,
Where jabbering urchins, 'gainst their will,
In swinging rows their task pursue;
And there's the turf on which they play,
And tan their open-collared necks,
And there's the brook, where, every day,
Their paper barks meet sad shipwrecks
Of little hopes, that now endure
The coming world in miniature.

These scenes are pleasant, but there's one
More precious to the heart than all:
It is—when on the ear the tone
(Of mellow bells, with gentle fall,
Proclaims the Sabbath morn is come.
Then, every road and path 's alive
With young and old—none stay at home!
But, clad in best attire, all strive
To fill their places, lest they hear,
In private, from the minister.
And when from some wood-waving height,
Upon the moss at leisure thrown,
I view the sylvan shade and light,
And know the landscape is my own—
Dear native land! when I behold
The orchard lawn, the suburban wheat,
The mill, the foaming fall of gold,
And hear the pastoral song and bleat—
O, how I bless with streaming eyes,
That heaven which gave the paradise!

FAREWELL.

BY LORD BYRON.

"He will return—but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word—farewell!
—List!—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
One kiss—one more—another—oh! adieu!"

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,
Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.
—Hark! peals the thunder of the signal gun!
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly pressed,
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed!
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is Conrad gone?

"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!
And now"—without the portal's porch she rushed,
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"

[From "The Bower of Taste"]

WINTER.

Fierce, from the Boreal caverns of the north,
Where gelid nature lies in endless sleep—
The furious spirits of the storm rush forth
And o'er the wave their ghastly vigils keep.

With fiendish yell—that mocks at human woe,
They shriek and gibber o'er the mastless deck,
Now, roaring wild—now, murmuring dirges low,
As sinks the *Sea boy* 'neath the heaving wreck!

O'er all of nature with despotick sway
Pale WINTER, like a ruthless tyrant reigns—
Shrouds in deep gloom the genial orb of day,
And scatters desolation o'er the plains.

The night breeze sighs amid the rifled bower,
While crystal wreaths are bright on every spray,
When erst the vernal leaf and glowing flower
Bloomed in gay loveliness—but 'where are they!"

Nought, but the fair Exotic's tender bloom,
From cheerless scenes relieves the wandering eye,
While these, like blossoms scattered o'er a tomb
Seem but the cherished flowers of memory.

The houseless wretch whom want has forced to roam,
Wraps in a tattered garb his shivering form,
And humbly begs a temporary home,
To shield him from the fury of the storm!

Perhaps a treacherous friend, or faithless wife,
Has laid the deep foundation of his woe—
And urged to these, the lesser ills of life,
Have struck, alas! too sure, the fatal blow.

Perhaps an Exile from his native land,
He wanders destitute of home and friends—
Till pressed by Poverty's relentless hand,
At length beneath the mighty weight he bends;
Then—oh ye *Sons of wealth* reserve an hour
From the resplendent circles of the gay,
And know 'tis ye whom heaven has armed with power
To chase the haggard fiend of want away.

Too oft, alas! does pomp and vain parade,
Usurp Humanity's superior claim
The lofty schemes of human pride to aid;
These are the tribute *Avorice* pays to fame!

Oh ye—whom bounteous Heaven has deigned to bless,
On you a greater, nobler task depends—
'Tis yours to pity and relieve distress,
On deeds like these, prosperity attends!

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG.

Away, away! your care is vain!
No leech could aid me now;
The chill of death is at my heart,
Its damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears
Within a warrior's eyes;
Away! how can ye weep for him
Who in the battle dies!

If I had died with idle head
Upon my lady's knee—
Had fate stood by my sickened bed,
Then might ye weep for me.

But I lie on my own proud deck
Before the sea and sky;
The wind that sweeps my gallant sails
Will heave my latest sigh.

My banner floats amid the clouds,
Another droops below;
Well woe my heart's best blood is paid
Such purchase from a foe.

Go ye and seek my halls, there dwells
A fair haired boy of mine;
Give him my sword, while yet the blood
Darkens that falchion's shine.

Tell him that only other blood
Should wash such stains away;
And if he be his father's child,
There needs no more to say.

Farewell my bark!—farewell, my friends!
Now fling me on the wave;
One cup of wine, and one of blood,
Pour on my bounding gale.

THE HONEY MOON.

A SONG.

When maidens enter into life,
And blushing Miss becomes the wife,
The female heart 's in tune;
When love beats high, and reason 's hid,
And dearie does whate'er he 's bid,
Then springs the Honey Moon.

When trinkets, rings, and such bijoux,
Are bought to please the lovely spouse,
And jaunts are made to town;
When smiles bedeck the pleasing face,
The new caught husband shines with grace,
More bright the Honey Moon.

When reason through a cloud is seen,
And business wakes from a dream,
And August thinks on June:

When family matters call for aid,
The wife sits easy on the maid,
And wanes the Honey Moon.

When orders come from lips so sweet,
And money, money, they repeat,
And mistress dare presume,
The fettered lover feels his chains,
And struggles but 't increase his pains,
Then droops the Honey Moon.

When, "Sir, you must come in at three—
There 's company to dine with me,"
And husband's brows fall down;
Then madam rules with iron rod,
And purse and patience feel the load,
Then sets the Honey Moon.

Let reason's planet then be bright,
'Twill gild the lonely winter's night
With friendship's cheery bloom;
No family broils will cry aloud;
Good nature's sun peeps through the cloud,
Nor changes like the moon.

THE REFLECTOR.

THE SUM OF RELIGION.

[Written by Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, and found in his closet, amongst other papers, after his decease.]

He that fears the Lord of heaven and earth,
walks humbly before him, thankfully lays hold
of the message of redemption by Jesus Christ, and
strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity
of obedience—he is sorry with all his soul, when he
comes short of his duty. He walks watchfully in
the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy
with any lust, or known vice; if he fails in the least
measure, he is restless till he has made his peace by
true repentance. He is true to his promises, just
in his dealings, charitable to the poor, sincere in
his devotion. He will not deliberately dishonour
God, although secure of impunity. He bath his
hopes and his conversation in heaven, and dares not
do any thing unjustly, be it ever so much to his ad-
vantage; and all this, because he sees him that is in-
visible, and fears him because he loves him—fears
him as well for his goodness as his greatness. Such
a man, whether he is an Episcopalian or a Pres-
byterian, an Independent or an Anabaptist: wheth-
er he wears a surplice or wears none; whether
he kneels at the communion or for conscience sake,
stands or sits, he hath the life of religion in him;
and that life acts in him, and will conform his
soul to the image of his Saviour, and go along
with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice
or non-practice of things indifferent. On the other
side, if a man fears not the eternal God, he can
commit sin with presumption, drink excessively,
swear vainly or falsely, commit adultery, lie, cheat,
break his promises, live loosely, though at the same
time he may be studious to practice every ceremony,
even to a scrupulous exactness; or may perhaps,
as stubbornly oppose them. Though such an one
should cry down Bishops, or Presbytery; though
he should be re-baptised every day, or declaim
against it as heresy; and though he fast all Lent, or
feast out of pretence of superstition, yet, notwith-
standing these, and a thousand external conformi-
ties, or zealous oppositions of them, he wants a life
of religion.

LEMAN, — *Military Standard, Fancy, Glass, Me-
sonick, and Sign Painter, No. 382 North Market
st. Albany. June 23.*

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger,
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WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all
its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first
rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manu-
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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1828.

[No. 52.]

MASONIC RECORD.

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ. [Juv. Sat.]

PENNSYLVANIA.

Officers of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Pennsylvania*, for the year 5828:—
Joseph S. Riley, Grand High Priest.
John M. Read, Grand King.
Samuel H. Perkins, Grand Scribe.
Frederick Erringer, Grand Treasurer.
Samuel H. Thomas, Grand Secretary.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania*, for the year 5828:—
Thomas Kittera, Grand Master.
Samuel Badger, Deputy Grand Master.
Michael Nisbet, Senior Grand Warden.
John Steele, Junior Grand Warden.
Solomon Allen, Grand Treasurer, in room of Robert Toland, who declines a re-election.
Samuel H. Thomas, Grand Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE YEAR 5828.

District Deputy Grand Masters.
First District. Garrick Mallory, of Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, for the counties of Luzerne, Wayne and Susquehanna.
Second District. Joseph Kingsberry, of Sheshequin, Bradford county, for the counties of Bedford and Tioga.
Third District. George B. Porter, of Lancaster, for the counties of York and Lancaster.
Fourth District. Thomas H. Crawford, of Chambersburg, Franklin county, for the counties of Franklin, Cumberland, Adams, Perry and Bedford.
Fifth District. Charles Shaler, of Pittsburg, for the counties of Westmoreland, Allegheny, Butler, Beaver, Armstrong, Jefferson and Indiana.
Sixth District. Isaac Heister, of Reading, Berks county, for the counties of Berks, Schuylkill and Lehigh.
Seventh District. James Kelton, of New London Roads, Chester county, for the counties of Chester and Delaware.
Eighth District. Rev. Henry Lenhart, of Williamsport, Lycoming county, for the counties of Lycoming, Northumberland, Union and Columbia.
Ninth District. Thomas Burnside, of Bellefonte, Centre county, for the counties of Centre, Mifflin and Huntingdon.
Tenth District. Stephen Barlow, of Meadville, Crawford county, for the counties of Crawford, Mercer, Erie, Warren and Venango.
Eleventh District. John H. Hill, of Hatborough, Montgomery county, for the counties of Bucks and Montgomery.
Twelfth District. John De Pui, of Harrisburg, Dauphin county, for the counties of Dauphin and Lebanon.
Thirteenth District. Thomas H. Baird, of Washington, Washington county, for the counties of Washington, Fayette and Greene.
Fourteenth District. James M. Porter, of Easton, Northampton county, for the counties of Northampton and Pike.
Grand Chaplains. Rev. George C. Potts; Rev. Gregory T. Bedell; Rev. William E. Ashton; Rev. R. U. Morgan; Rev. Benjamin Allen.
Senior Grand Deacon. Joseph R. Hopkins.
Junior Grand Deacon. James Gowen.
Grand Sword Bearer. Henry Horn.
Grand Marshal. John K. Kane.
Grand Pursuivant. David Nathans.
Grand Tyler. Charles Schneider.
District Grand Chaplains. Rev. Solomon Everts, James De Pui, Richard D. Hall, Robert Piggot, W. H. Rees, Timothy Alden, John B. Clemson, Joseph Spencer.

Standing Committees.

Of Correspondence. Samuel H. Perkins, Joseph S. Riley, David M'Clure.

Of Bye-Laws. Samuel H. Thomas, Stephen W. Smith, N. Fowle.

Of Publications. Nathan R. Potts, Thomas M. Pettit, R. R. Moore.

Of Charity. Solomon Allen, Joseph R. Hopkins, Henry Y. Carter, Robert Kid, Samuel Wonderly.

Of the Hall. Frederick Erringer, George W. Jones, William Weaver.

Of the Gas Manufactory. Samuel M. Stewart, John W. Kelly, Charles Stout, George A. Leinaw, William Carl Brewster, M. D.

Of Finance. William Page, William Boyd, Britton White, John M. Read, James M. Linnard.

Masonick Loans, for the year 5828.

Trustees. Thomas Kittera, Samuel Badger, Michael Nisbet, John Steele, Solomon Allen, Samuel H. Thomas, Edward Burd, Stephen Girard, Thomas Hale, Thomas Biddle, Joseph Swift, Norris Stanley.

President. Edward Burd.

Treasurer. Thomas Hale.

Secretary. Samuel H. Thomas.

NEW-YORK.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.

Officers of *Oliver Branch Chapter*, No. 99, in Bloomingburgh, Sullivan co. for the year 5828:—

Samuel G. Dimmick, High Priest; Jacob Mills, jr., King; John J. Tappen, Scribe; Archibald C. Niven, Captain of the Host; Bevier Dupuy, Principal Sojourner; James Marshall, Royal Arch Captain; Isaac B. Miller, Stephen Newkirk and ———, Masters of Vails; Daniel G. Niven, Secretary; A. Campbell Niven, Treasurer; Joseph Miller, Tyler.

Regular meetings, Saturday on or before the full moon in each month.

Officers of *Bloomingburgh Lodge*, No. 310, in Bloomingburgh, Sullivan co. for the year 5828:—

Daniel G. Niven, Master; Samuel G. Dimmick, Senior Warden; ———, Junior Warden; James Marshall, Secretary; Alpheus Dimmick, Treasurer; Isaac Doolittle, Senior Deacon; E. Schoonmaker, Junior Deacon; Joseph Miller, Tyler.

Regular meetings, Monday after the full moon in each month.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Officers of *Abiff Lodge*, No. 373, in Ephratah, Montgomery county, elected December 4, 5828:—

James C. Ott, Master; Christopher Getman, Senior Warden; Samuel R. Dudley, Junior Warden; Solomon Cummings, Treasurer; Peter A. Smith, Secretary; Abraham Durfee, Senior Deacon; John S. Allen, Junior Deacon; Ezra B. Gilbert, Chaplain; Chauncey Hutchinson and Timothy Riggs, Stewards; Philip J. Erkenbrach, Tyler.

CLINTON COUNTY.

Officers of *Plattsburgh Chapter*, No. 39, elected at the Masonick Aall in Plattsburgh, Clinton county, December 10, 5827:—

Frederick P. Allen, High Priest; Samuel Emery, King; Jeremiah Scribner, Scribe; Hiram Carter, Captain of the Host; Elijah B. Jones, Principal Sojourner; Daniel Grant, Royal Arch Captain; Horatio Nelson White, Chester Bliss and Hiram Wood, Masters of Vails; George Hicks, Treasurer; Zephaniah C. Platt, Secretary; Daniel Bromley, Chaplain; Alven Wooster and St. John B. L. Skinner, Stewards; Michael M'Dermott, Tyler.

BROOME COUNTY.

Officers of *Western Light Lodge*, No. 105, in Union Village, Broome county, for the year 5827:—

Daniel Sherwood, Master; Nathaniel Bosworth, Senior Warden; Samuel M. Hunt, Junior Warden; Carding Jackson, Treasurer; Ira Fuller, Secretary; Luman Richards, Senior Deacon; Peter Burghardt, Junior Deacon; John Peck, Tyler.

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY.

Officers of *Oswegatchie Lodge*, No. 378, in Gouverneur, St. Lawrence county, for the year 5828:—
David Barrall, Master; Josiah Waid, Senior Warden; A. Z. Madison, Junior Warden; Moses Rowley, Treasurer; William Ashley, Secretary; D. R. Attwood, Senior Deacon; Calvin Bullock, Junior Deacon; George Hibard and Wolcott Griffin, Stewards; William Cotton, Chaplain; Luther Fowler, Tyler.

MADISON COUNTY.

Officers of *Cazenovia Chapter*, in Cazenovia, Madison county, for the year 5828:—
Enos Cushing, High Priest; J. Kilborn, King; J. Whipple, jr., Scribe; S. Brown, Captain of the Host; H. Ross, Principal Sojourner; H. Woodworth, Royal Arch Captain; C. Hitchcock, J. Stafford, E. Dornon, and William F. Martindale, Masters of Vails; J. Needham, Secretary; D. Hutchinson, Treasurer; John R. Gray Tyler.

VERMONT.

Officers of *Zerubbabel Chapter*, No. 11, in Danville, Vermont, elected at Mason's Hall, December 4, 5827:—

Josiah Shedd, High Priest; Nathaniel Hazeltine, King; Ebenezer Peck, Scribe; John Weeks, Captain of the Host; Guy Chamberlain, Principal Sojourner; Horace Evans, Royal Arch Captain; Benjamin F. Weeks, Ebenezer Eastman, and Darius Harvey, Masters of Vails; George B. Shaw, Treasurer; Samuel B. Mattocks, Secretary; Robert H. Hunkins, Tyler.

Officers of *Champlain Chapter*, No. 2, in St. Albans, Vermont, elected at Masons Hall, December 18, 5827:—

Jonathan Berry, High Priest; John Nason, King; Joseph Parmalee, Scribe; Charles W. Wetmore, Captain of the Host; Harley B. Sanderson, Royal Arch Captain; Luther L. Dutcher, Principal Sojourner; Leonard Robinson, Zoroaster Fisk, and Ira Church, Masters of Vails; Ashbel Smith, Treasurer; G. A. Barber, Secretary; Rev. Sylvester Nash, Chaplain; Orlando Stevens, Tyler.

Officers of *Franklin Lodge*, No. 10, in St. Albans, Vermont, elected at Mason's Hall, Dec 4, 5827:—

William Bridges, Master; Joshua Doam, Senior Warden; H. B. Sanderson, Junior Warden; Luther L. Dutcher, Senior Deacon; Sebastian Brainerd, Junior Deacon; Ashbel Smith, Treasurer; Carlton Wright, Secretary; Rev. Josiah Chamberlain, Chaplain; G. A. Barber and Lucius Royce, Stewards; Harvey Ingalls, Tyler.

Officers of *Green Mountain Chapter*, in Rutland, Vermont, elected at Mason's Hall, December 27, 5827:—

John Purdy, High Priest; Alvin E. Parker, King; Hiram Watkins, Scribe; Benjamin Smith, Captain of the Host; James Barrett, jr., Principal Sojourner; Rodney C. Royce, Royal Arch Captain; Benjamin Lord, Treasurer; Aaron Barnes, Secretary; W. W. Bailey, Amasa Pooler and A. G. Gates, Masters of Vails; Benjamin Fay, Tyler.

DELAWARE.

Officers of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Delaware*, elected at Dover, on the 14th day of January, 5828:—

Joseph F. Clement, Grand High Priest; Joseph G. Oliver, Deputy Grand High Priest; Caleb S. Layton, Grand King; Samuel Harker, Grand Scribe; Thomas Robinson, jr., Grand Recorder; Arnold Naudain, Grand Treasurer.

Appointments by the Grand High Priest:—
Richard Clement, Principal Sojourner; James Lattimer, jr., Royal Arch Captain; Thomas A. Reese, 1st, Edward Collins, 2d, and Elisha Huxley, 3d, Masters of Vails; Jethro Johnson, Grand Chaplain; Abel Harris, Grand Janitor.

OHIO.

Officers of *Amity Lodge, No. 5*, in Zanesville, Ohio, elected November 30, 1887:—

David Spangler, Master; Josias S. Copeland, Senior Warden; Robert Stewart, Junior Warden; James Caldwell, Treasurer; Adam Peters, Secretary; Robert Richmond, Senior Deacon; George Hahn, Junior Deacon; William Swadlow, Steward and Tyler.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

SINGULAR PROPERTY IN THE HUMAN HAIR.

Mr. W. Tulley has discovered a singular property in almost all (human) hairs, which I do not think has ever been remarked or described. If a hair is drawn between the finger and thumb, from the end to the root, it will be distinctly felt to give a greater resistance and a different sensation, to what is experienced when drawn the opposite way; so that, if the hair is rubbed between the fingers, it will only move one way (travelling in the direction of a line drawn from its termination to its origin, from the head or body,) so that each extremity may be thus easily distinguished, even in the dark, by the touch alone. The mystery is resolved by the microscope. A hair viewed on a dark ground as an opaque object, with a high power not less than that of a lens one-thirtieth of an inch focus, and duly illuminated by a cup, which seems to answer best, is seen to be indented with teeth somewhat resembling those of a coarse round rasp, but extremely irregular and rugged; as these incline all in one direction, like those of a common file, viz: from the origin of the hair towards its extremity, it sufficiently explains the reason of that singular property I have described. This is a singular proof of the acuteness of the sense of feeling; for the said teeth may be felt much more easily than they can be seen. We may thus understand why a razor will cut a hair in two much more easily when drawn against its teeth than in the opposite direction.—*Dr. Goring—Quarterly Journal of Science.*

Dr. Goring is mistaken in supposing that the property which he so accurately describes has been now for the first time "discovered." Many are the thousands who have observed and experimented upon it before him; and but that, like the object of their admiration, they were rather of the minute order, their experiments would, doubtless, have occupied a more conspicuous place than they do now in the annals of science. Dr. Goring directs the hair to be drawn "between the finger and the thumb;" but schoolboys and girls, will probably still prefer their old practice of drawing it between the lips, as possessing greater acuteness of touch.

[*London Mechanick's Magazine.*]

DISEASES OF PERSONS ENGAGED IN SNUFF MANUFACTORIES.

M. Pointe, physician of the Hotel Dieu, at Lyons, in a paper read by M. Pattissier, to the Royal Academy of Medicine, in Paris, observed that the fabrication of Snuff is not so injurious in France as in Spain, and England, because it is made after the tobacco has been moistened. He then added, that having kept for seven years, an exact register of the diseases with which the Manufacturers of Snuff at Lyons were attacked, he found that the diseases were inflammatory; inflammation of the respiratory organs, and particularly of the mucous membrane of the bronchi, chronic gastro-enteritis, dysentery, ophthalmia, rheumatism, carbuncles. On the contrary, the exhalations of the Snuff appeared to him to preserve from scrofulous affections and intermittent fevers. The reporter here observed, that M. Pointe differed completely from what had been long since advanced by Ramassini, and recently by M. Merat, on the narcotick effects of the exhalations of tobacco. According to them, not only the workmen, but even those persons near the manufactory, would be greatly injured by it. In order to remove all doubt from this subject, he had, in conjunction with M. Bordin, jr. visited the manufactory of Grossillon, where twelve or fifteen hundred workmen are employed. He had seen them of every age, of both sexes, enjoy the most perfect health; it

was true, that the tobacco was moistened. He had questioned the oldest workmen and the superintendents, and he was told that for the first few days, they are seized with headacha, nausea, colick, and diarrhoea, but that these complaints soon cease; with the exception of those who are accustomed to chronic diseases of the chest, no workman is ever ill. [*Archives Generales.*]

SALT OBTAINED FROM OPIUM.

M. Dupuis lately presented to the *Society Philomathique* a salt obtained from opium, which he considers as a natural compound of morphia, and such as it exists in the vegetable; analysis induces him to believe that it is sulphate of morphia. The salt in question is obtained in the following manner: he exposes extract of opium, nearly of the consistence of thin honey, to the air for five or six months: this extract gradually becomes a crystalline mass: he mixes it with a small quantity of water, and the crystals, which he purifies by washing them with a small quantity of water, and then with cold alcohol. M. Dupuis concludes from his experiments, that opium contains narcotine, and more of the sulphates of morphia, lime and potash. [*Jour. de Pharm.*]

RHEINE A PECULIAR SUBSTANCE IN RHUBARB.

M. Vaudin treated 1 part of rhubarb with 8 parts of nitrick acid at 36° with a gentle heat, and then reducing it to the consistence of a sirup, and diluting it with water, he observed that a peculiar substance was precipitated, which he has denominated Rheine, and which has the following properties when dried:—It is of a yellowish orange colour, without any peculiar smell; its taste is rather bitter, and it is almost entirely soluble in alcohol and ether; these solutions become yellow by acids, and of a rose colour by alkalies. Rheine burns like other vegetable bodies, especially starch. Rhubarb treated directly by sulphuric ether yields a perfectly similar substance; this proves that the new substance exists already formed in the rhubarb, and that it is not acted upon by the nitrick acid. [*Journ. de Chim. Med.*]

COTTON OF THE ANCIENTS.

The synonymy of the vegetables known to the ancients, is one of the most difficult points of science to establish, and is a continual subject of regret, especially when reference is made to vegetables which have been extensively employed. M. Mongez has therefore rendered a service to science, by clearing up that part of the history of cotton in a new memoir lately published. Two very different vegetables have been confounded under the name of cotton, *Bombax* and the *Gossypium* or cotton tree. It is the former of these that was designated by Herodotus, as well as by Strabo, who relates that the Macedonians employed in Babilonia, the down of the tree which bears wool to make housings for horses. Theophrastus speaks of both. The substance which Virgil mentions as fabricated by the Seres is the cotton which came from Bactria, called *serique*. The *Gossypium* was only cultivated in Egypt after the time of Ptolemy; in the Western Morea, in the second century. Asia and Persia among other countries, already possessed very celebrated manufactures of cotton. It was used as a substitute for papyrus, and the parchment which succeeded it until it was itself replaced by paper made from flax and hemp. The word cotton evidently comes from ghotton, by which the Arabians, who cultivated this vegetable before the commencement of our era designated it, and from Cottonara (now Conora,) a country on the coast of Malabar, from which the Arabians and Egyptians carried it into their respective countries.

IMPROVED SHIP WINDLASS.

A beautiful ship, called the *Morea*, was launched a few days since from the yard of Mr. J. M. Robertson, Charlestown, (Mass.) This ship is owned by Mr. William Eager, of Boston, who has caused to be placed on board, a very valuable and improved windlass, the invention of Mr. Samuel Nicolson of Boston. The windlass of Mr. Nicolson, is considered by competent judges, as great an improvement as could possibly be effected in a ship's tackle; by

this powerful engine four men can raise an anchor, which would require the efforts of fifteen or twenty persons by the ordinary process. All vessels which carry deck loads, will acquire another advantage by the use of the Improved Windlass, as men work forward of the windlass.

CURIOUS CLOCK.

In the long room of the publick library at Geneva is a clock in the form of a temple, on the dome of which stands a figure of the bird "whose lofty and shrill-sounding throat awakes the god of day." The mechanism being wound up, chanticleer flaps his wings and crows lustily; whereupon twelve figures, representing the Apostles, dance to the music of chimes, round a peristyle. Still lower down the mimic structure is a balcony, in which the Virgin Mary sits enthroned; to her, out of a door on the right, comes a winged figure, representing an angel of the annunciation. Presently after, from another door on the left hand side, a skeleton, as the image of Death, advances, and falls prostrate at the feet of the Virgin. At that moment a personage in the centre of the dome, behind "Our Lady" opens a third door, and strikes upon a bell the time of the day. On this whimsical piece of horology the date of 1650 is inscribed.

VARIETY.

THE SIROCCO OF THE LEVANT.

The depressing effects of the Sirocco of the Levant can only be conceived by those who have suffered from them; the unwonted dullness with which it overcasts even the most active mind; the deep-drawn sighs it will elicit; and if there be one melancholy feeling which presses on the heart more heavily than another, the ample development which it enjoys during the prevalence of this enervating breeze. It seldom, however, blows with force; it is rather an exhalation than a wind. It scarcely moves the leaves around the traveller, but it sinks heavily and damply in his heart. A stranger is at first unaware of the cause of the mental misery he endures; his temper sours as his spirits sink; every person, an every circumstance annoys him; it affects even his dreams, and sleep itself is not a refuge from querulous peevishness; every motion is an irritating exertion, and he trudges along in discontent and unhappiness, sighing and thinking of home, and attempting to philosophize on the arrant folly that could induce him to leave England for an hour, to come to such a dismal, miserable, uninteresting banishment as the Levant.

DEATH OF PHRENOLOGY.

A humorous article in a late *Kaleidoscope*, gives an account of the trial and death of that notable personage, Phrenology. The trial took place before Mr. Judge Justice, on the bench of reflection, with a special jury of common sense and discretion. The poor defendant was found guilty on all the counts in the indictment, to the number of thirty-six, having been indicted no all the bumps severally and conjointly.

In publick he appeared with a numerous train of dependants and auxiliaries—such as horses, dogs, monies, and donkeys' heads, by which he logically proved the knowledge contained in his own. He was in his youth a wanderer, an outcast and a vagabond: banished from Vienna, drummed out of Paris, and nearly starved in London and Edinburgh; he came to Liverpool, where he finished his career, having suffered the last penalty of the law, and was buried with all scientific pomp. His friends (particularly Dr. Cameron and the *bumpologists*) were to wear sackcloth and ashes for six months, and to have their organs of veneration highly developed.

NEW SPECIES OF BRILLIANTS.

At a ball in Calcutta, a lady remarkable for the splendour of her dress and ornaments, attracted the eyes of the company, on entering the ball room. Rows of brilliants, which threw around her a light like that of the fabulous carbuncles of the Arabian Nights, glittered down her dress, and eclipsed all the jewels in the room. When the other ladies, desirous of examining her sumptuous ornaments, drew near and began to pry into the mystery, it was

discovered that the ingenious fair one had imprisoned some hundreds of fire flies in little bags of muslin, the *ventus textiles* of Petronius; and that proud to adorn so much beauty, they fluttered as she moved, and gave her the appearance of being decked out with jewels of living fire.

[*London Weekly Review.*]

CHINESE METHOD OF FATTENING FISH.

The Chinese are celebrated for their commercial acumen, indefatigable industry, and natural adroitness in making the most of every gift of nature bestowed on their fertile country. Useful as well as ornamental vegetables engross their care; and animals which are most profitable to rear, and which yield the greatest quantity of rich and savoury food are preferred by them for supplying their larders and stews. When a pond is constructed and filled with water, the owner goes to market and buys as many young store fish as his pond can conveniently hold: this he can easily do, as almost all their fish are brought to market alive. Placed in the stew, they are regularly fed morning and evening, or as often as the feeder finds it necessary; their food is chiefly boiled rice, to which is added the blood of any animals they may kill, wash from their stewing pots and dishes, &c. indeed, any animal offal or vegetable matter which the fish will eat. It is said they also use some oleaceous medicament in the food, to make the fish more voracious, in order to accelerate their fattening. Fish so fed and treated, advance in size rapidly, though not to any great weight; as the perch never arrive at much more than a pound avoirdupois; but from the length of three or four inches, when first put in, they grow to eight or nine in a few months, and are then marketable.

Drafts from the pond are then occasionally made; the largest are first taken off, and conveyed in large shallow tubs of water to market; if not, they are brought back and replaced in the stew, until they can be disposed of.

THEATRICALS IN LIMA.

The theatre at Lima, which was opened during the festivities upon the accession of the new Viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long oval, the stage occupying the greatest part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed entirely of men, and that in the galleries of women (a fashion, borrowed, I believe, from Madrid); the intermediate space being divided into several rows of private boxes. Between the acts, the viceroy retires to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal, that he is to be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his cigar, and puffs away furiously, in order to make the most of his time; for when the curtain rises, and the Viceroy again comes forward, there can no longer be any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette. The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fire-flies had been let loose, and the cloud of smoke rising afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic than incidents really important. I may add, that the gentlemen all smoke on these occasions, and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff, behind her fan. The Viceroy's presence or absence produces no change in the gallery aloft, where the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening. [*Hall's Journal of a Residence in Chili.*]

SHADOW CATCHER.

I was present, some years ago, at the trial of a notorious obeah-man, driven on an estate in the parish of St. David, who, by the overwhelming influence he had acquired over the minds of his deluded victims, and the more potent means he had at command to accomplish his ends, had done great injury among the slaves on the property before it was discovered. One of the witnesses, a negro, belonging to the same estate, was asked—"Do you know the prisoner to be an obeah-man?"—"Ees, massa, shadow catcher, true." "What do you mean by a shadow catcher?"—"Him ha coffin, (a little coffin produced,) him set for catch dem shadow." "What shadow do you mean?"—"When him set obeah for summary, (some body,) him catch dem shadow and

dem go dead;" and too surely they were soon dead, when he pretended to have caught their shadows, by whatever means it was effected.

[*Barclay's Slavery.*]

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF LOWER ANIMALS.

There is a link between animals and the Deity—Man (added he) is merely a more perfect animal than the rest. He reasons better. But how do we know that animals have not a language of their own? My opinion is, that it is presumption in us to say so, because we do not understand them. A horse has memory, knowledge and love. He knows his master from the servants, though the latter are more constantly with him. I had a horse myself, who knew me from any other person, and manifested, by capering and proudly marching with his head erect, when I was on his back, his knowledge that he bore a person superior to the others by whom he was surrounded. Neither would he allow any other person to mount him, except one groom, who constantly took care of him; and when rode by him, his motions were far different, and such as seemed to say, that he was conscious he bore an inferior. When I lost my way, I was accustomed to throw the reins upon his neck, and he always discovered it in places where I, with all my observation and boasted superior knowledge, could not. Who can deny the sagacity of dogs? There is a link between all animals. Plants are so many animals who eat and drink; and there are gradations up to man, who is only the most perfect of them all. The same spirit animates them all in a greater or lesser degree.

[*O'Meara.*]

JEU D'ESPRIT.

A number of travellers and tourists, when they alight at an inn, are in the practice of scratching their names, and the date of their visit, on the window glass. Among a multitude of names written on the window of a certain inn in the Highlands, is the following *jeu d'esprit*, which should go far to abolish that mode of commemoration. One of a party of four, it would appear, had written his own name, and the names of his three comrades, with the month and year in which they had made their visit. Immediately under the names, and in a quite different hand (evidently by some wag), is inscribed in legible characters. Nota Bene. The whole of the above were *hanged for sheep stealing!* The reply of the enraged writer of the names, written at a subsequent visit, is equally amusing, as it is in characters, if possible, still more legible *False as Hell.*

CRISPIAN ANECDOTES.

From a work just published at Sheffield, England, under the above title, the following passages are extracted:—

GEORGE FOX. The founder and head of the English Quakers, was born at Drayton, Leicestershire, 1624, and died in 1681. He was brought up a shoemaker, and followed his trade at Nottingham. He was an extraordinary man, and has had the honour of founding a sect, the most amiable in their social manners, and the most praiseworthy in their public intercourse, to whom the Legislature have made concessions and granted dispensations denied to every other sect. A high character of George Fox's spirit of piety and depth of understanding is given by Wm. Penn in his "Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers."

SIR SIMON EYRE. The annals of commerce present few instances of successful speculation more memorable than is exhibited in the life of Sir Simon Eyre, and none to which shoemakers ought to feel themselves more indebted, when they visit that great mart of their staple commodity, Leadenhall. He was originally a shoemaker in Leadenhall-street, and hearing that a vessel laden with leather, from Tripoli, was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, conceived that he might make great advantages from purchasing it. He accordingly collected as much money as his confined means would permit, and departed from London on foot to Penzance, where he bought the leather, returned to London, commenced dealer in that article, and soon amassed a fortune sufficient to build Leadenhall, obtain a knighthood, fill the office of Lord Mayor, and form a splendid ecclesiastical brotherhood.

THE SUPREME BEING.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen from his having made so little matter that does not swarm with life—nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures—had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has therefore specified in his creature every degree of life every capacity of being—the whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with various kinds of creatures rising one over another by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the transition from one species to another, are almost insensible—the intermediate space is so well managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception, which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness of the Divine Being more manifested in any other, than in this his proceeding?—If the scale of being rises by such a regular process, so high as man, we may by a parity of reasoning suppose that it proceeds gradually through those beings, which are of a superior nature to him! since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees and perfection, between the Supreme Being, and man, than between man and the most despicable insect.

[*Addison.*]

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MOON.

The astronomer Gruithuisen, who maintains that he has discovered by his telescope, such marks of artificial constructions in the moon, as could only be the work of intelligent beings like ourselves, is even of opinion that a correspondence with them might be established. His plan is similar to one communicated many years ago by Gans to Zimmerman; namely, to erect a geometrical figure on the plains of Siberia; since a correspondence with the Lunarians could only be begun by means of such mathematical contemplations and ideas as we and they must have in common. It is but right to notice, however, that Noggerath, the geologist, while he does not deny the accuracy of the description published by Gruithuisen, contends that all these appearances are owing to vast windykes, or trap veins, rising above the general lunar surface.

We meet the following anecdote in a British Magazine of 1782: When Cornwallis dined with General Washington for the first time, Rochambeau, being asked for a toast, gave "the United States." Washington gave "the King of France." Cornwallis gave "the King;" but Washington, in putting the toast, added "of England—and confine him there, and I'll drink him in a full bumper," (filling his glass till it ran over.) What a pity that many of our modern peppery toast-makers do not copy the good feeling and gentlemanly moderation of such illustrious exemplars.

[*Commercial.*]

There is a language in flowers, which is very eloquent—a philosophy that is instructive. Nature appears to have made them as emblems of women. The timid snow-drop, the modest violet, the languid primrose, the coy lily, the flaunting tulip, the smart marigold, the lowly blushing daisy, the proud fox-glove, the deadly nightshade, the sleepy poppy, and the sweet solitary eglantine, are all types.

Dr. Campbell, the author of the survey of Great Britain, was so absent, that looking into a pamphlet at a bookseller's shop, he liked it so well that he purchased it, and it was not until he had read it half through, that he discovered it to be his own composition.

FRIENDSHIP.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him. A new friend is as new wine, which when it becomes old thou mayest drink with pleasure. A friend cannot be known to posterity; an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

A very considerate medical writer begs to inform the fair sex, that by too active a use of their fans, they check perspiration; which produces pimples, and an actual change of the complexion.

FLATTERY.

The only benefit it can bestow is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

POPULAR TALES.

[From "The Token."]

THE LONE INDIAN.

"A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again."

Powontonamo was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam; and he leaped long the chase like the untiring waves of Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout, "Look, Eagle-eye, look, and see the big hunting grounds of the Mohawks!—Powontonamo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will speak loud; as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonamo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them. But he treated them with all the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonseetah raise her long dark eye-lash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming glance of beauty. Soonseetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight, graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew drops after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soonseetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonseetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle that the Sunny-eye of Oneida, was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonamo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle and placed his firm springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war-song. If there was vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonseetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should set beside her till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near; but when he said, "Will the Sunny-eye look on the gifts of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the colour of her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "The furs of Powontonamo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonseetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food, and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny eye would be his wife.

There was feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonamo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with

the ribbands and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully; and said, "The moose and the beaver will not live within the sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said—"The land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe, levelling the old trees of his woods. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day he left his home before the gray mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonamo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonseetah: he did not speak to her boy; but silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "Why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonseetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, "The Eagle has taken a snake to his nest; how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee; the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air; but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where were his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they had joined with the British in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brothers, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he's like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonamo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting excursion, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence.

"Listen, Buffalo-head!" shouted he; and as he spoke he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake. "Listen to the chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of the Iroquois and Abnauquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes, like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck ye then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning. Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonseetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of the Oneidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonamo replied, "This is the burial place of my fathers;" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last, their boy sickened and died, of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep; but her heart had received its death wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning, Powontonamo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soonseetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him, lay motionless and cold.

He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the beads which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was wrung from of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately, as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonseetah toward the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man, as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontonamo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "Home!" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day, a tree, which Soonseetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was struggling among the loose stones, and Powontonamo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms around him." He spoke in the wild musick of his native tongue; but

there was none to answer. "Yes; Powontonamo will go home," sighed he. "He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonsetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonamo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas, the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now, yellow and withered, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth, during thousand and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastick mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bow-string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed forever.

None ever knew where Powontonamo laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off toward the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother, and the wolves of the desert long ere this, may have howled the death song of the Mohawk Eagle.

MISCELLANY.

RELIGIOUS FORTUNE TELLING.

The *Sortes Sanctorum*, or *Sortes Sacrae* of the Christians, has been illustrated in the *Classical Journal*.

The writer observes, were a species of divination practised in the earlier ages of Christianity, and consisted in casually opening the Holy Scrip-

tures, and from the words which first presented themselves deducing the future lot of the inquirer. They were evidently derived from the *Sortes Homericae* and *Sortes Virgilianae* of the Pagans, but accommodated to their own circumstances by the Christians.

Complete copies of the Old and New Testaments being rarely met with prior to the invention of printing, the Psalms, the Prophets, or the four Gospels, were the parts of holy writ principally made use of in these consultations, which were sometimes accompanied with various ceremonies, and conducted with great solemnity, especially on publick occasions. Thus the emperor Heraclius in the war against the Persians, being at a loss whether to advance or retreat, commanded a publick fast for three days, at the end of which he applied to the four Gospels, and opened upon a text which he regarded as an oracular intimation to winter in Albania. Gregory, of Tours, also relates that Meroveus, being desirous of obtaining the kingdom of Chilperick, his father consulted a female fortune-teller, who promised him the possession of royal estates; but to prevent deception and to try the truth of her prognostications, he caused the Psalter, the Book of Kings, and the four Gospels to be laid upon the shrine of St. Martin, and after fasting and solemn prayer, opened upon passages which not only destroyed his former hopes, but seemed to predict the unfortunate events which afterwards befel him.

A French writer, 506, says, "this abuse was introduced by the superstition of the people, and afterwards gained ground by the ignorance of the bishops." This appears evident from Pitton's Collections of Canons, containing some forms under the title of *The Lot of the Apostles*. These were found at the end of the Canons of the Apostles in the Abbey of Marmousier. Afterwards, various canons were made in the different councils and synods against this superstition; these continued to be framed in the councils of London under Archbishop Lanfranc in 1075, and Corboyl in 1126.

The founder of the Franciscans, it seems, having denied himself the possession of any thing but coats and a cord, and still having doubts whether he might not possess books, first prayed, and then casually opened upon Mark, chapter iv., "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them which are without, all these things are done in parables;" from which he drew the conclusion, that books were not necessary for him.

One Peter of Thoulouse being accused of heresy, and having denied it upon oath, one of those who stood by, in order to judge of the truth of his oath, seized the book upon which he had sworn, and opening it hastily, met with the words of the devil to our Saviour, "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?" and from thence concluded that the accused was guilty, and had nothing to do with Christ!

The extraordinary case also of King Charles I. and Lord Falkland, as applicable to divination of this kind, is related. Being together at Oxford, they went one day to see the publick library, and were shown, among other books, a Virgil, finely printed and exquisitely bound. Lord Falkland, to divert the king, proposed that he should make a trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianae*. The king opening the book, the passage he happened to light upon was part of Dido's imprecation against Æneas in lib. iv. l. 615. King Charles seeming concerned at the accident, Lord Falkland would likewise try his own fortune, hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thus divert the king's thoughts from any impression the other might have upon him; but the place Lord Falkland stumbled upon was still more suited to his destiny, being the expressions of Evander upon the untimely death of his son Pallas, lib. xi. Lord Falkland fell in the battle of Newbury, in 1644, and Charles was beheaded in 1649.

The kind of divination among the Jews, termed by them Bath Kol, or the daughter of the voice, was not very dissimilar to the *Sortes Sanctorum* of the Christians. The mode of practising it was by appealing to the first words accidentally heard from any one speaking or reading. The following is an instance from the Talmud:—Rabbi Johanan and Rabbi Simeon. Ben Lachish, desiring to see the

face of R. Samuel, a Babylonish doctor: "Let us follow," said they, "the hearing of Bath Kol." Travelling, therefore, near a school, they heard the voice of a boy reading these words out of the First Book of Samuel, "And Samuel died." They observed this, and inferred from hence that their friend Samuel was dead, and so they found it. Some of the ancient Christians too, it seems, used to go to church with a purpose of receiving as the will of heaven the words of scripture that were singing at their entrance.

To pay a very great deference in opening upon a place of scripture, as to its affording an assurance of salvation, used to be a very common practice amongst the people called Methodists, but chiefly those of the Calvinistick persuasion; this, it is probable, has declined in proportion with the earnestness of these people in other respects. They had also another opinion, viz. that if the recollection of any particular text of scripture happened to arise in their minds, this was likewise looked upon as a kind of immediate revelation from heaven. This they call being presented or brought home to them.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MADAME DE STAEL.

I laugh heartily at times when some poor young fellow says to me, with impatient naivete,—"These fine saloons fatigue—the solemn mannerism of these women displeases, the frivolous pretension of these young people disgusts me. Look out from this place where we are shut up, upon that fine sky—that delicious air. Ah, why am I not abroad in the fields! Why may I not fly to the beloved haunts of my childhood, the woods, the streams, the blossoming orchards! There, at least, I might mix with simple and honest men; there find a sensible and faithful friend; or there meet some woman at once modest and gentle, to become the partner of my life, the confidant of my heart, and whom I could, without fear of ridicule, doat on even to madness."

My poor friend, what are you talking about? It is indeed easy to see you are fresh from the provinces, or from college. I must warn you, that all this rurality of yours is no longer the fashion here, and that such fancies will do you serious mischief through life. Let us talk all this over seriously.

I have no wish to ridicule the language of virtue and sensibility. Notions like these form, in general, a part of the system of education, and yours is scarcely completed. But though I sincerely respect these sentiments, yet they appear to me, when one has fairly entered the world, like money which one keeps at a banker's—it is not required to be all carried about with one. When I am in want of sentiment, I can find it in romances; passion, in tragedies; science, in dictionaries. Is not my lawyer always at hand to arrange my business; my physician, to take care of my health; books, to furnish me with ideas. Reflection and knowledge are equally useless for a man of the world. Besides this, the very formalities which you cry out against, are, as every one acknowledges, but mere illusions. One man asks after your health, about which he is not at all interested; another tells you he is your humble servant, although he is nothing of the kind. The first would flatter your self-love, the second your vanity. You trifle with them in the same way, and neither deceives the other. What a delightful world it is, where every thing is artificial! Pray look at that little girl of ten years old, playing with her doll, which is to her a husband: at fifteen, her husband will be like a doll. On that green table are some paper puppets, which are called kings and queens—It sometimes happens that a king or a queen is led away by a paltry ace or insignificant trump, which is amusing enough. But every thing in life is a game. At the Theatre, they play at "Kings and People"; in society, they play at "Fortune" with cards; they play at "Friendship" under the semblance of politeness; at "Love" under the name of gallantry; they laugh, in order to look gay; they speak rapidly and loudly, to appear impassioned. The infant beats his drum, to mimic the soldier; little girls strut about, to be thought like women; children play, to resemble men; and men trifle in their turns, to resemble children. The very things that you cavil at, in these pastimes of

life, are its delights: what you censure in these youths is gracefulness itself. Now, all this is a most essential part of style and fashion: and fashion is to manners, what good taste is to the productions of intellect. It is the good sense of trifling—the delicate feeling of the slightest shades in the vapoury proprieties of social life. Splendid subversion! which can make littleness so great, and greatness so little! Delicious round of interesting deceits and ingenious delusions! Are not such enchanting falsehoods sweeter than truth? Is not magick like this worth more, much more than nature?

THE NEGRO RACE.

The following extract from Dr. Lawrence's Lecture on the Differences in the Moral and Intellectual qualities of the various races of Man, places the Ethiopian variety in a rank which has been denied to it by some Physiologists, as well as by the vulgar prejudices of all the white nations:—

I see no reason to doubt that the Negro race, taken all together, are equal to any in natural goodness of heart. It is consonant to our general experience of mankind, that the latter quality should be deadened or completely extinguished in the slave ship or plantation; it is as little creditable to the heads as to the hearts of their white masters to expect affection and fidelity from slaves after the treatment they too often experience.

The acute, and accurate Carbot, in his large work on Guinea, says, "The blacks have sufficient sense and understanding, their conceptions are quick and accurate, and their memory possesses extraordinary strength: for, although they can neither read nor write, they never fall into confusion or error in the great hurry of business and traffick. Their experience of the knavery of Europeans has put them completely on their guard in transactions of exchange; they carefully examine all our goods, piece by piece, to ascertain if their quality and measure are correctly stated; and show as much sagacity and clearness in all these transactions, as any European tradesman could do."

Of those imitative arts, in which perfection can be attained only in an improved state of society, it is natural to suppose that the Negroes can have little knowledge: but the fabrick and colours of the Guinea cloths are proofs of their native ingenuity; and that they are capable of learning all kinds of the more delicate manual labours, is proved by the fact, that nine-tenths of the artificers in the West Indies are Negroes. Many are expert carpenters, and some watchmakers.

Negroes have been known to earn so much in America by their musical exertions, as to purchase their freedom with large sums. The younger Freidig in Vienna was an expert performer, both on the violin and violoncello; he was also a capital draftsman, and had made an excellent painting of himself. Mr. Edwards, however, speaks very contemptuously of their musical talents in general: he says, "they prefer a loud and long-continued noise to the finest harmony; and frequently consume the whole night in beating on a board with a stick."

The capacity of the negroes for the mathematical and physical sciences is proved by Hannibal, a colonel in the Russian artillery, and Lislet, of the Isle of France, who was named a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences, on account of his excellent meteorological observations. Fuller, of Maryland, was an extraordinary example of quickness in reckoning. Being asked in company, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived who was seventy years and some months old, he gave the answer in a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained: "Have not you forgotten the leap years?" says the Negro. This omission was supplied, and the number then agreed with his answer.

Omitting Maddocks, a Methodist preacher, and not attempting to enumerate all the Negroes who have written poems, I may mention that Blumenbach possesses English, Dutch, and Latin poetry, by different Negroes.

In 1734, A. W. Amo, an African from the coast of Guinea, took the degree of Doctor at the University of Wittenberg: and displayed, according to Blumenbach, in two disputations, extensive and well digested reading in the physiological books of the time.

Jac. Eliz. Joh. Capitien, who was bought by a slave dealer, when eight years old, studied theology at Leyden, and published several sermons and poems. His *Dissertatio de Servitute Libertati Christianæ non contraria*, went through four editions very quickly. He was ordained in Amsterdam; and went to Elmina on the Gold Coast, where he was either murdered, or exchanged for the life and faith of his countrymen those he had learned in Europe.

On reviewing these instances, which indeed must be received as exceptions to the general results of observation and experience respecting the Negro faculties, I may observe, with Blumenbach, from whom some of them are borrowed, that entire and large provinces of Europe might be named, in which it would be difficult to meet with such good writers, poets, philosophers, and correspondents of the French Academy. These insulated facts are not, however, adduced to prove that the African enjoys an equality of moral and intellectual enjoyments with the European race; but merely to show, that, of the dark coloured people, none have distinguished themselves by stronger proofs of capacity for literary and scientific cultivation, and consequently that none approach more nearly than the Negro to the polished nations of the globe. That the Ethiopian, taken altogether, is decidedly inferior to the Caucasian variety in the qualities of the heart and of the head, will be soon recognized by any one who attentively weighs the representations of all unprejudiced and disinterested observers respecting the conduct, capabilities, and character of the Africans, whether in their own country, in the West Indies, or in America; and the continuance of the whole race, for more than twenty centuries, in a condition which, in its best form, is little elevated above absolute barbarism, must give to this conviction the clear light and full force of demonstration. I cannot therefore admit, without some restriction and explanation, the quaint but humane expression of the preacher who called the Negro "God's image, like ourselves, though carved in ebony."

CHARACTER OF THE SEPOYS.

Our countrymen at home are frequently perplexed by the apparent contradictions of a traveller from the East, when describing the characters and manners of the inhabitants of Hindostan. If, for instance, he alludes to our gallant seapoys, he pours forth unmeasured praise, and appears altogether charmed with their docility, courage, honour, and fidelity. On the other hand, his opinion of the natives in the aggregate is often as exactly the reverse as it is possible to imagine. They are described, perhaps, in the strongest terms, as at once servile, cowardly, treacherous and ungrateful. The fact is, that our troops are all from the northern provinces of India, the natives of which are a brave and generous race, who hold the profession of arms in the highest estimation. The *Bengalees*, on the contrary, (with the most universal and shameless indifference to truth,) are mean, effeminate, and avaricious. They are chiefly composed of merchants, copying clerks, mechanicks, and domestick servants, and are invariably refused admittance into the company's army. These people are vastly inferior to the natives of the upper provinces in mental and corporeal energy, though more polished in their manners, and more easily initiated into the arts and mysteries of civilized life. I will illustrate the nice sense of honour which distinguishes the native soldier by the following anecdote.

A sepoy of the Bengal native infantry was accused by one of his comrades of having stolen a rupee and a pair of trousers. The sergeant major before whom, in the first instance, the charge was brought, was both unable and unwilling to give it credence. Besides the unusual circumstance of a native soldier being guilty of so base an act, the accused sepoy had always been remarkably conspicuous for his brave and upright conduct. His breast was literally covered with medals, and he had long been accustomed to the voice of praise. Still, however, justice demanded that the charge should not be dismissed without an impartial investigation. The whole affair was brought to the notice of the commanding officer, who desired that the sepoy's residence should be immediately and thoroughly exam-

ined. On opening his knapsack, to the utter astonishment and regret of the whole regiment, the stolen property was discovered. None, however, looked more thunderstruck than the sepoy himself. He clenched his teeth in bitter agony, but spoke not a single word. The colonel told him, that though circumstances were fearfully against him, he would not yet pronounce him guilty, as it was not impossible he might be the victim of some malignant design. He therefore dismissed him from his presence until the result of further inquiries should produce a full conviction of his guilt or innocence. In a few hours the sepoy was observed to leave his little hut, and walk with hurried steps to a neighbouring field. He was soon concealed from sight by a thick cluster of bamboos. Suspecting the purpose of his present visit to so retired a spot, a comrade followed him, but was unfortunately too late to arrest the hand of the determined suicide. The poor fellow lay stretched on the ground, with his head hanging back, and the blood gushing from his open throat. He had effected his purpose with a sharp knife, which he still grasped, as if with the intention of inflicting another wound. He was carried to the hospital, and carefully attended, but the surgeon immediately pronounced his recovery impossible. A pen and ink were brought to him, and he wrote with some difficulty on a slip of paper, that he firmly hoped he had not failed in his attempt to destroy himself, for life was of no value without honour. He stated, too, that though it might now be almost useless to affirm his innocence, he hoped that a time might come when his memory might be freed from its present stain. He lingered no less than fifteen days in this dreadful state, and died, at last, apparently of mere starvation. It was my painful duty as "officer of the day," to visit the hospital very frequently, and he invariably made signs of a desire for food. This it was, of course, impossible to give him, and any nourishment would merely have prolonged his misery. Two days before he died, it was discovered that a Bengalee servant of low caste, who had taken offence on some trivial occasion, had placed the stolen goods in the sepoy's bundle, and then urged the owner to accuse him of the theft. The disclosure of this circumstance appeared to give infinite satisfaction to the dying soldier.

[London Weekly Review.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1828.

✂ The present number closes the first volume of the Record. The title page and index belonging to it will be forwarded as soon as possible, to all who have received the volume. Our next number will appear in an entire new dress on Saturday next.

FOREIGN. By the latest arrivals we learn that the news of the catastrophe at Navarino reached Constantinople on the 29th October, and so exasperated the Sultan that he shut himself up, and would allow no one to go near him for twelve hours. On the 3d November, the Reis Effendi sent for the Drogomans of the three powers, and upbraided them for what he termed their breach of faith, and without either threats or assurances of safety, informed them that the Sultan had resolved to break off all intercourse with them. On the 6th of November nothing certain was known of the intentions of the Porte, only that all the treaties with the three powers, France, England, and Russia, and especially the convention of Ackerman, were declared null and void, and that he breaks off all negotiation with the three powers. He however considers the ambassadors under the protection of the laws of nations, and intends to provide for their safety so long as they remain on the Turkish territory. The next advices from Constantinople must be of a very interesting character. Rumours are afloat already, but they have but little credit with the Eng-

lish and French papers. One is by a letter from Vienna, of the 19th November, which contains a report that the three ambassadors who were already on board their ships, had been detained, in consequence of the interception of a Russian despatch, in which the Russian army on the Pruth was ordered to invade the Turkish territories. It was however only a report, and no confidence was placed in its authenticity.

CONGRESS. In the senate of the United States, on Friday the 18th inst. the bill to *Abolish Imprisonment for Debt* was read a third time and passed. It has not yet become a law, but the probability is that it will. The same subject was brought up once before in congress, but whether it has laid all this time among the rubbish of unfinished business, or has recently been renewed, we presume the subject is founded upon the same principle. It will have, when it has become a law, but a limited influence of itself, the extent of its provisions being only to such judgements as are rendered in the Supreme, District, or Marine courts of the United States. It can have no bearing upon the laws of the several states, congress having no constitutional right to interrupt the course of our civil authority in any case. Yet it is establishing a precedent, or rather giving countenance to a principle, which may, in time, prove instrumental in doing away that unnatural practice, even in the legal usages of the states themselves.

NATIVITY OF ROBERT BURNS. The anniversary of the birth day of this poet was yesterday very appropriately noticed by a portion of our citizens. A Caledonian ball was given in the evening at Knickerbacker hall in honour of the occasion.

NEWS AND TABLE-TALK.

One of the most ludicrous of Mr. Hood's illustrations to his new series of "Whims and Oddities," is entitled "Hydrophobia," and represents a dog, walking out in a shower of rain, carrying an umbrella over his head — It is not perhaps generally known that the old fashioned chorus called "derry down" is originally Welch "Hri'r derry down" signifies "hie to the oaken shades." The Celtic word *derry* is descriptive of sylvan scenery, and Sir Walter Scott says that this old quaint air was chanted by the Druids, in their sublime ceremony of gathering the mistletoe. — The term "good society" is no longer of a doubtful significance. It has been defined to a demonstration. A country bumpkin lately visited the great city which has been the theatre of so much discussion on this topic, and was asked among other things, whether there was any good society in the town of W.... "Ees, sir," said he, very honestly, "there is very good *siety*; there is a praying *siety*, a singing *siety*, rifle company, bass-drum, and flute." [It is however a different definition from the one given by the imitable author of Don Juan:

"For 'good society' is but a game,
The 'royal game of goose,' as I may say,
Where every body has a separate aim,
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
The single ladies wishing to be double, &c."

But the New-York solution of this difficult problem is worth twenty of his Lordship's wire-drawn demonstrations. He has however a rather laconic description of society in general:

"Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored."

Neither of which essentially militate against the first opinion.] — A rope-maker in New-York, some years since, being in want of some extra manual assistance, met a person in the street, who was by profession a rigger. "Come, Bill, said he, "lend us a hand to-morrow, to lay a cable; we can't get along without you." "Oogh, colonel, I can't work to-morrow, any how; father is dead, and he'll be mad if I don't go to the funeral." — The ruling passion was never more clearly evinced, than in the following incident, related in the Onondago Journal. While standing on a step in front of our host's, a horse which had been fastened near a store opposite, got loose, and throwing his heels and the mud high in the air, darted away

with the speed of a racer under whip and spur. Some one informed the owner who was within, when he rushed out into the street, bawling like Richard at Bosworth. "My horse! my horse! — why don't you stop my horse?" "Here's your jug," said a lad, picking up a sack with a jug in one end, and a stone to balance it in the other; "here's your jug, sir," "O, very well," returned the man in a subdued tone, "if the jug is safe, let the horse go to h—!"

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK. [Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Jan. 19. In senate, the following bills were read a third time and passed: to incorporate the Florida bridge company; for the relief of the settlers on the Cowasselon tract of land in Madison county; authorizing George Whitney to erect a dam across Chenango river; to repeal the act for the preservation of trout in Owaseo lake; to amend the act providing for the erection of a new court house in Steuben county; to authorize the supervisors of Westchester county to raise money to complete their poor-house; for the relief of certain school districts in the town of Rome; relative to the fees of the sheriff of Oneida county; and to divide the town of Bangor in the county of Franklin.

In assembly, the following bills were severally read a third time and passed; to confirm the election of justices of peace in the town of Wilson, in Niagara county; authorizing the laying out of a road through the towns of Westmoreland, Vernon, and Vienna; authorizing Stephen Tuttle to erect a dam across the Chemung river; directing the appropriation of \$1000 of the poor fund of the town of Gouverneur to the support of the common schools of that town; to change the name of Orramel Ross; [This bill was rejected in the senate in committee of the whole, Mr. Stebbins in the chair,] and for the relief of William and James Bunyan. The annual reports of the canal commissioners and of the comptroller, were received, ordered to be printed, and referred to the proper committees.

Monday, Jan. 21. In senate the following bills were read a third time and passed: for the relief of Dan Chapman; to divide the town of Malone in Franklin county; to fix and establish the location of the court house and other buildings in St. Lawrence county.

In assembly, the annual reports of the New-York state prison, and of the New-York Eye Infirmary, were received, ordered printed and referred to proper committees.

Tuesday, Jan. 22. In senate, the bill to incorporate the Ithaca and Owego Rail Road company, was read a third time and passed. The remainder of the day was chiefly taken up in debating on the revision.

In assembly, the house concurred with the senate in an amendment to the bill to incorporate the Ithaca and Owego Rail Road Company. Some debate on the revision, and the provisions of a bill authorizing George Crookshank, an alien, to hold real estate, took up the remainder of the day.

Wednesday, Jan. 23. In senate, it was resolved, that a select committee be appointed, whose duty it shall be to examine the laws passed 21st March, 1823; and 11th February 1824, under the operation of which, passengers arriving in the port of New-York are compelled to contribute to the hospital funds, and report such modifications or amendments as they may deem expedient. The committee was ordered to consist of Messrs. Wilkeson, Livingston, and Bogardus. The bill for the division of the town of Bangor, after some amendment was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, the following bills were read a third time and passed: authorizing the Coxackie Turnpike Company to abandon part of their road; altering the time of the annual meeting of the board of supervisors of the county of Essex; amending the act to divide the town of Holland, Erie county; relative to jurors in the town of Prattsburgh, Steuben county; authorizing Robert Correll to erect a dam across the south branch of Chemung river. The bill for the relief of George Crookshank, was again called up, in committee of the whole, and lost, only eighteen rising in favour of it.

Thursday, Jan. 24. In senate, a long interesting and animated debate took place, in the committee of the whole, under the motion of Mr. Spencer, that all

the terms of the Supreme court be held at the capital in the city of Albany. The motion prevailed.

In assembly, the annual report of the Dry Dock Bank in the city of New-York, was received and ordered printed. The house had much interesting business before it, in committee of the whole. A sketch of their proceedings or a bare recapitulation of the debates on the business before both houses, would swell our reports beyond due limits. It is our intention to notice only the most important acts of either body, and not even those until they have assumed something like a fixed form.

Friday, Jan. 25. In senate, several bills were received from the assembly for concurrence, but were not acted upon, on account of the revision and executive business.

In assembly, the annual report of the Canajoharie Deaf and Dumb Asylum, with a petition for further legislative aid, was received, and referred to the committee on literature. A bill entitled "an act more effectually to suppress duelling," was under the consideration of the house, in committee of the whole. It was supported by Mr. Edgerton, on the generally received principles of philanthropic abhorrence to a practice so barbarous, and was opposed by the speaker, because in his opinion, it diminished instead of increasing the terrors of the law. To kill a man in a duel, (says the General,) is murder at the common law; and by the common law, it is murder if a wound is inflicted by which the party dies within a year and a day, whereas the bill now introduced makes the inflicting such wound murder only in case the party dies thereof within three months. The committee rose without taking a question, and the house adjourned.

American Masonick Record, and ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

The first number of the second volume of this work will be issued on Saturday the 2d day of February next, and the publication will be continued regularly every Saturday. The volume will be printed on a fine royal sheet, in the quarto form, and with an entire new type.

Its columns are devoted to Freemasonry, the Arts and Sciences, Selections from the works of recent Travellers and writers upon the works of Nature, Sketches of the Lives and Characters of Eminent Individuals, Essays on various subjects, Tales, Sketches of Fancy, Scraps of Sentiment and Humour, Anecdotes, Poetry, Foreign and Domestic News, Literary News, &c. &c. &c.

The Masonick Department contains Essays, Oration, Addresses, Odes, Hymns, Songs, accounts of Elections, Calendar of Regular Communications, and all other Information touching the interests of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity.

Such portions of the Miscellaneous Departments as are not occupied by Original matter, are devoted to Selections from choice and valuable works. The Editor has entered into arrangements by which he receives from Europe, regular files of several periodical publications of the first respectability in that country, and which have been thought eminently entitled to the confidence of the American reader; and he trusts, that, by making liberal expenses to enrich the columns of the RECORD and MAGAZINE, he will entitle himself to a share of the public patronage.

TERMS:

To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year, payable half yearly. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Three dollars* a year, which may be discharged by paying *Two dollars in advance*, or *Two dollars and fifty cents* within three months after subscribing. No subscriptions received for a less term than six months.

Agents, on procuring six subscribers and forwarding the amount of subscription to the editor, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

All letters intended for this paper must be post paid and directed to

Albany, N. Y. Jan. 26, 1828.

MARRIED,

On the 1st instant, at New-Hartford, Oneida county, by the Rev. Norman H. Adams of Unadilla, Mr. EMERSON PERKINS, jr. of Oxford, Chenango county, to Miss EUNICE BUTLER, formerly of Weathersfield, Connecticut.

POETRY.

THE LAST DAY.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret-coming of the Son of Man;
When all the cherub thronging clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign.
When the great husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping like chaff the wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that endless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain.
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe,
Till earth a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.
Lord! what is man? up to the sun he dies—
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust.
There he is lost 'midst heaven's high mysteries,
And here in error and in darkness lost;
Beneath the storm clouds on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost,
Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more;
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair,
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing earth and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an ark:
Lord of all power! when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon;
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide accepted monarch o'er the realm of doom!
When from the sea depth, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait;
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn,
Like forest leaves, in the autumn of thine ire;
Faithful and true! thou still shalt save thy own!
The saints shall dwell amidst unharmed fire.
Each white robe spotless—blooming o'er palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side.
So shall the charmed, thy bright and mystick bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf, as Ayon bird of calm.
Yes, mid you angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, almighty to redeem.

MEDORA.

The sun hath sunk, and darker than the night
Sinks with his beam upon the beacon height
Medora's heart—The third day's come and gone—
With it he comes not, seeds not, faithless one!
The night breeze freshens—the day had past
In watching all that hope proclaimed a mast.
Sadly she rate—

CONSAIR.

He comes not—he will ne'er return
To cheer this dreary heart again!
The midnight watch fires palely burn—
The moon's swift course reveals in vain
The flight of these lone hours of sorrow,
That herald but a darker morrow!
In vain I watch, in vain I weep,
My sickening heart grows dark and chill,
With present griefs that will not sleep,
With deeper dread of coming ill.
Ah! wherefore smile upon me only
To leave me thus—more sad, more lonely.
Was it for this I loved him so,
And lavished hopes that brightly shone—
My heart, my soul, my weal below,
My trust in heaven—on him alone!
All—all too little to retain
One so beloved, yet loved in vain!

He used to come, in happier hours,
Ere yet the dews of night were dry
Upon my gift of token flowers;
But now they drop reproachfully,
And as my hand the garland weaves,
Tears, tears alone are on their leaves!

How oft hath he sat by me here,
And I have hooded not! How oft
His voice unmarked hath met mine ear!
He could not whisper now so soft,
But I should fly to greet his coming,
And chide—yet no, not chide—his roaming!

To fall upon his neck and weep—
To gaze upon his brow—to hold
His hand in mine, while gentle sleep
Steals o'er that spirit stern and bold,
Must these dear tasks of tenderness
No more my blighted bosom bless!

If thou hast passed from earth, oh gaze
Upon me from those realms on high!
A sign, a word of earlier days,
Shall prove thy mandate from the sky
To call me home—obedient still
In patient duty to thy will.

So we might meet, were 't in the grave,
'Twere welcome still! But ocean storm
Must o'er thy shroudless relics rave,
While turfed clouds will yield my form
A dark, a lonely sepulchre,
Unhallowed by one human tear!

THE BLACK FRIAR.

BY LORD BYRON.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he motters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the lord of the hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman Church his prey,
And expelled the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his might, with king Henry's right,
To turn church lands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay,
A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
And he did not seem formed of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,
Though he is not seen by day.

And whether for good, or whether for ill
It is not mine to say;
But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriagebed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death,
He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn,
And when night is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadowed by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is still the church's heir
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night,
Nor wine nor waite could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
And he'll say nought to you;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.
Then grammarcy! for the black friar;
Heaven rain him! fair or foul,
And whatsoever may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

A PARTING SONG.

When will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me!
—When the last red light of the sunny day
From the rock and the river is passing away;
When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burdened with tender thought,
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?
—When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime;
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread;
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
—When the sudden tears overflow your eye,
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream;
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream;
Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you my friends!
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound;
As of a wanderer whose home is found—
So let it be!

LYRIS.

BY HENRY NEELE.

Bliss is so brief and fragile, it departs
Ere pomp and pride can to its level bow:
Beloved! happiness, like ours, cold hearts
And proud unbending spirits never know.

Life's dearest joys, like sweetest scented flowers,
Blow best in lowly places: there they group
In safety, there they court the smiling hours;
And they who wish to gather them must stoop.

THE GLEANER.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage enlarges the scenes of our happiness,
and misery. A marriage of Love is pleasant; a
marriage of interest, easy, and a marriage where
both are united, happy. A happy marriage has in
it all the pleasure of friendship, all the enjoyments
of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of
life. I should prefer a woman that is agreeable
in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the
world, to a celebrated beauty—good nature and
evenness of temper, will give you an easy companion
for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend;
love and constancy, a good wife or husband. The
world notwithstanding these, is more intent on
trains, and equipages, and all the showy parts of life
—we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than
consult our proper interest, and are at greater pains
to appear easy and happy to others, than really to
make ourselves so. Before marriage, we cannot be
too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the
person beloved, nor after it, too dim sighted and
superficial. However perfect and accomplished she
appears to you at a distance, you will find many
blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon
a more intimate acquaintance, which you never
suspected before. Here therefore discretion and
good nature are to show their strength; the first will
binder your thoughts from dwelling on what is dis-
agreeable, the other will raise in you all the ten-
derness of compassion and humanity, and by
degrees soften those very imperfections into beau-
ties.

INCONSTANCY.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man
appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the
world as inconstancy, especially when it regards re-
ligion or party. In either of these cases, though
a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side,
he not only makes himself hated by those he left,
but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes
over to.

RELIGIOUS ZEAL.

Whenever it is contested for, every one is ready
to venture his life and his limbs in the dispute—but
when that is once at an end, it sleeps in oblivion,
buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth
his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

OLD AGE.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in
length of time, nor that is measured by number of
years, but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and
unspotted life is, old age.

DUTY OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and for-
get not the sorrows of thy mother. How canst thou
recompence them the things that they have done
for thee.

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